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The Complete Works of Thomas Carlyle

History of Friedrich II. of Prussia
Called Frederick the Great

VOLUMES V AND VI



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FREDERICK THE GREAT.

BOOK XV.

(CONTINUED.)

SECOND SILESIAN WAR, IMPORTANT EPISODE IN THE GENERAL EUROPEAN ONE.

15th Aug. 1744–25th Dec. 1745.

CHAPTER XIV.

BATTLE OF KESSELSDORF.

A "CORRESPONDENCE" of a certain Excellency Villiers, English Minister at Dresden, — Sir Thomas Villiers, Grandfather of the present Earl of Clarendon, — was very famous in those weeks; and is still worth mention, as a trait of Friedrich's procedure in this crisis. Friedrich, not intoxicated with his swift triumph over Prince Karl, but calculating the perils and the chances still ahead, — miserably off for money too, — admits to himself that not revenge or triumph, that Peace is the one thing needful to him. November 29th, Old Leopold is entering Saxony; and in the same hours, Podewils at Berlin, by order of Friedrich, writes to Villiers who is in Dresden, about Peace, about mediating for Peace: "My King ready and desirous, now as at all times, for Peace; the terms of it known; terms not altered, not alterable, no bargaining or higgling needed or allowable. *Convention of Hanover*, let his

Polish Majesty accede honestly to that, and all these miseries are ended.”¹

Villiers starts instantly on this beneficent business; “goes to Court, on it, that very night;” Villiers shows himself really diligent, reasonable, loyal; doing his very best now and afterwards; but has no success at all. Polish Majesty is obstinate, — I always think, in the way sheep are, when they feel themselves too much put upon; — and is deaf to everybody but Brühl. Brühl answers: “Let his Prussian Majesty retire from our Territory; — what is he doing in the Lausitz just now! Retire from our Territory; *then* we will treat!” Brühl still refuses to be desperate of his bad game; — at any rate, Brühl’s rage is yellower than ever. That very evening, while talking to Villiers, he has had preparations going on; — and next morning takes his Master, Polish Majesty August III., with some comfortable minimum of apparatus (cigar-boxes not forgotten), off to Prag, where they can be out of danger till the thing decide itself. Villiers follows to Prag; desists not from his eloquent Letters, and earnest persuasions at Prag; but begins to perceive that the means of persuading Brühl will be a much heavier kind of artillery.

On the whole, negotiations have yet done little. Britannic George, though Purseholder, what is his success here? As little is the Russian Bugbear persuasive on Friedrich himself. The Czarina of the Russias, a luxurious lady, of far more weight than insight, has just notified to him, with more emphasis than ever, That he shall not attack Saxony; that if he do, she with considerable vigor will attack him! That has always been a formidable puzzle for Friedrich: however, he reflects that the Russians never could draw sword, or be ready with their Army, in less than six months, probably not in twelve; and has answered, translating it into polite official terms: “Fee-faw-fum, your Czarish Majesty! Question is

¹ “*Correspondance du Roi avec Sir Thomas Villiers* ;” commences, on Podewils’s part, 28th November; on Friedrich’s, 4th December; ends, on Villier’s, 18th December; fourteen Pieces in all, four of them Friedrich’s: Given in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 183–216 (see *ib.* 158), and in many other Books.

not now of attacking, but of being myself attacked !” — and so is now running his risks with the Czarina.

Still worse was the result he got from Louis XV. Lately, “for form’s sake,” as he tells us, “and not expecting anything,” he had (November 15th) made a new appeal to France: “Ruin menacing your Most Christian Majesty’s Ally, in this huge sudden crisis of invasive Austrian-Saxons; and for your Majesty’s sake, may I not in some measure say?” To which Louis’s Answer is also given. A very sickly, unpleasant Document; testifying to considerable pique against Friedrich; — Ranke says, it was a joint production, all the Ministers gradually contributing each his little pinch of irony to make it spicier, and Louis signing when it was enough; — very considerable pique against Friedrich; and something of the stupid sulkiness as of a fat bad boy, almost glad that the house is on fire, because it will burn his nimble younger brother, whom everybody calls so clever: “Sorry indeed, Sir my Brother, most sorry: — and so you have actually signed that *Hanover Convention* with our worst Enemy? France is far from having done so; France has done, and will do, great things. Our Royal heart grieves much at your situation; but is not alarmed; no, Your Majesty has such invention, vigor and ability, superior to any crisis, our clever younger Brother! And herewith we pray God to have you in his holy keeping.” This is the purport of King Louis’s Letter; — which Friedrich folds together again, looking up from perusal of it, we may fancy with what a glance of those eyes.¹

He is getting instructed, this young King, as to alliances, grand combinations, French and other. His third Note to Villiers intimates, “It being evident that his Polish Majesty will have nothing from us but fighting, we must try to give it him of the best kind we have.”² Yes truly; it is the *ultimate* persuasive, that. Here, in condensed form, are the essential details of the course it went, in this instance: —

¹ Louis’s Original, in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 173, 174 (with a much more satirical paraphrase than the above), and Friedrich’s Answer adjoined, — after the events had come.

² “Bautzen, 11th December, 1745” (*ubi supra*).

General Grüne, on the road to Berlin, hearing of the rout at Hennersdorf, halted instantly, — hastened back to Saxony, to join Rutowski there, and stand on the defensive. Not now in that Halle-Frontier region (Rutowski has quitted that, and all the intrenchments and marshy impregnabilities there); not on that Halle Frontier, but hovering about in the interior, Rutowski and Grüne are in junction; gravitating towards Dresden; — expecting Prince Karl's advent; who ought to emerge from the Saxon Switzerland in few days, were he sharp; and again enable us to make a formidable figure. Be speedy, Old Dessauer: you must settle the Grüne-Rutowski account before that junction, not after it!

The Old Dessauer has been tolerably successful, and by no means thinks he has been losing time. November 29th, "at three in the morning," he stept over into Saxony with its impregnable camps; drove Rutowski's rear-guard, or remnant, out of the quagmires, canals and intrenchments, before daylight; drove it, that same evening, or before dawn of the morrow, out of Leipzig: has seized that Town, — lays heavy contribution on it, nearly £50,000 (such our strait for finance), "and be sure you take only substantial men as sureties!"¹ — and will, and does after a two days' rest, advance with decent celerity inwards; though "One must first know exactly whither; one must have bread, and preparations and precautions; do all things solidly and in order," thinks the Old Dessauer. Friedrich well knows the whither; and that Dresden itself is, or may be made, the place for falling in with Rutowski. Friedrich is now himself ready to join, from the Bautzen region; the days and hours precious to him; and spurs the Old Dessauer with the sharpest remonstrances. "All solidly and in order, your Majesty!" answers the Old Dessauer: solid strong-boned old coach-horse, who has his own modes of trotting, having done many a heavy mile of it in his time; and whose skin, one hopes, is of the due thickness against undue spurring.

Old Dessauer wishes two things: bread to live upon; and a sure Bridge over the Elbe whereby Friedrich may join him.

¹ Orlich, ii. 308.

Old Dessauer makes for Torgau, far north, where is both an Elbe Bridge and a Magazine; which he takes; Torgau and pertinents now his. But it is far down the Elbe, far off from Bautzen and Friedrich: "A nearer Bridge and rendezvous, your Highness! Meissen [where they make the china, only fifty miles from me, and twenty from Dresden], let that be the Bridge, now that you have got victual. And speedy; for Heaven's sake, speedy!" Friedrich pushes out General Lehwald from Bautzen, with 4,000 men, towards Meissen Bridge; Lehwald does not himself meddle with the Bridge, only fires shot across upon the Saxon party, till the Old Dessauer, on the other bank, come up;—and the Old Dessauer, impatience thinks, will never come. "Three days in Torgau, yes, Your Majesty: I had bread to bake, and the very ovens had to be built." A solid old roadster, with his own modes of trotting; needs thickness of skin.¹

At long last, on Sunday, 12th December, about two P.M., the Old Dessauer does appear; or General Gessler, his vanguard, does appear,—Gessler of the sixty-seven standards,—“always about an hour ahead.” Gessler has summoned Meissen; has not got it, is haggling with it about terms, when, towards sunset of the short day, Old Dessauer himself arrives. Whereupon the Saxon Commandant quits the Bridge (not much breaking it); and glides off in the dark, clear out of Meissen, towards Dresden,—chased, but successfully defending himself.* “Had he but stood out for two days!” say the Saxons,—“Prince Karl had then been up, and much might have been different.” Well, Friedrich too would have been up, and it had most likely been the same on a larger scale. But the Saxon Commandant did not stand out; he glided off, safe; joined Rutowski and Grüne, who are lying about Wilsdruf, six or seven miles on the hither side of Dresden, and eagerly waiting for Prince Karl. “Bridge and Town of Meissen are your Majesty’s,” reports the Old Dessauer that night: upon which Friedrich instantly rises,

¹ Friedrich's Letters to Leopold, in Orlich, ii. 431, 435 (6th–10th December, 1745)

* See Plan, p. 10.

hastening thitherward. Lehwald comes across Meissen Bridge, effects the desired junction; and all Monday the Old Dessauer defiles through Meissen town and territory; continually advances towards Dresden, the Saxons harassing the flanks of him a little,—nay in one defile, being sharp strenuous fellows, they threw his rear into some confusion; cut off certain earts and prisoners, and the life of one brave General, Lieutenant-General Röel, who had charge there. “Spurring one’s trot into a gallop! This comes of your fast marehing, of your spurring beyond the rules of war!” thinks Old Leopold; and Friedrich, who knows otherwise, is very angry for a moment.

But indeed the erisis is pressing. Prince Karl is across the Metal Mountains, nearing Dresden from the east; Friedrich strikes into march for the same point by Meissen, so soon as the Bridge is his. Old Leopold is advancing thither from the westward,—steadily hour by hour; Dresden City the fateful goal. There,—in these middle days of December, 1745 (Highland Rebellion just whirling back from Derby again, “the London shops shut for one day”),—it is clear there will be a big and bloody game played before we are much older. Very sad indeed: but Count Brühl is not persuadable otherwise. By slumbering and sluggarding, over their money-tills and flesh-pots; trying to take evil for good, and to say, “It will do,” when it will not do, respectable Nations come at last to be governed by Brühls; cannot help themselves;—and get their backs broken in consequence. Why not? Would you have a Nation live forever that is content to be governed by Brühls? The gods are wiser!—It is now the 13th; Old Dessauer tramping forward, hour by hour, towards Dresden and some field of Fate.

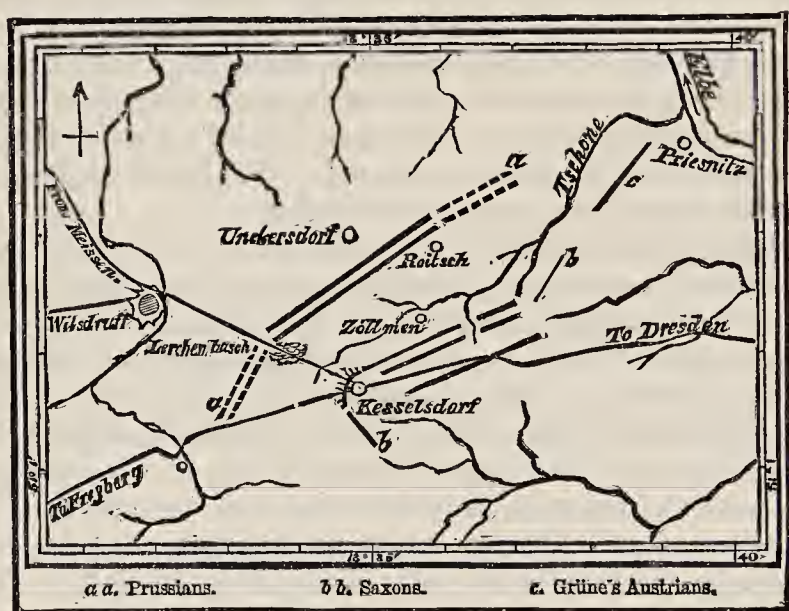
On Tuesday, 14th, by break of day, Old Dessauer gets on march again; in four columns, in battle order; steady all day,—hard winter weather, ground crisp, and flecked with snow. The Pass at Neustadt, “his cavalry went into it at full gallop;” but found nobody there. That night he encamps at a place called Röhrsdorf; which may be eight miles west-by-north from Dresden, as the crow flies; and ten or more,

if you follow the highway round by Wilsdruf on your right. The real direct Highway from Meissen to Dresden is on the other side of the Elbe, and keeps by the River-bank, a fine level road; but on this western side, where Leopold now is, the road is inland, and goes with a bend. Leopold, of course, keeps command of this road; his columns are on both sides of it, River on their left at some miles distance; and incessantly expect to find Rutowski, drawn out on favorable ground somewhere. The country is of fertile, but very broken character; intersected by many brooks, making obliquely towards the Elbe (obliquely, with a leaning Meissen-wards); country always mounting, till here about Röhrsdorf we seem to have almost reached the watershed, and the brooks make for the Elbe, leaning Dresden way. Good posts abound in such broken country, with its villages and brooks, with its thickets, hedges and patches of swamp. But Rutowski has not appeared anywhere, during this Tuesday.

Our four columns, therefore, lie all night, under arms, about Röhrsdorf: and again by morrow's dawn are astir in the old order, crunching far and wide the frozen ground; and advance, charged to the muzzle with potential battle. Slightly upwards always, to the actual watershed of the country; leaving Wilsdruf a little to their right. Wilsdruf is hardly past, when see, from this broad table-land, top of the country: "Yonder is Rutowski, at last;—and this new Wednesday will be a day!" Yonder, sure enough: drawn out three or four miles long; with his right to the Elbe, his left to that intricate Village of Kesselsdorf; bristling with cannon; deep gullet and swampy brook in front of him: the strongest post a man could have chosen in those parts.

The Village of Kesselsdorf itself lies rather in a hollow; in the slight beginning, or uppermost extremity, of a little Valley or Dell, called the Tschonengrund,—which, with its quaggy brook of a Tschone, wends northeastward into the Elbe, a course of four or five miles: a little Valley very deep for its length, and getting altogether chasmy and precipitous towards the Elbe-ward or lower end. Kesselsdorf itself, as we said; is mainly in a kind of hollow: between Old Leopold

and Kesselsdorf the ground rather mounts; and there is perceptibly a flat knoll or rise at the head of it, where the Village begins. Some trees there, and abundance of cannon and grenadiers at this moment. It is the southwestern or leftmost point of Rutowski's line; impregnable with its cannon-batteries and grenadiers. Rightward Rutowski extends in long lines, with the quaggy dell of Tschonengrund in front of him, parallel to him; Dell ever deepening as it goes. Northeastward, at the extreme right, or Elbe point of it, where Grüne and the Austrians stand, it has grown so



chasmy, we judge that Grüne can neither advance nor be advanced upon: so we leave him standing there,—which he did all day, in a purely meditative posture. Rutowski numbers 35,000, now on this ground, with immensity of cannon; 32,000 we, with only the usual field-artillery, and such a Tschonengrund, with its half-frozen quagmires ahead. A ticklish ease for the old man, as he grimly reconnoitres it, in the winter morning.

Grim Old Dessauer having reconnoitred, and rapidly con-

sidered, decides to try it, — what else ? — will range himself on the west side of that Tschonengrund, horse and foot ; two lines, wide as Rutowski opposite him ; but means to direct his main and prime effort against Kesselsdorf, which is clearly the key of the position, if it can be taken. For which end the Old Dessauer lengthens himself out to rightward, so as to out-flank Kesselsdorf ; — neglecting Grüne (refusing Grüne, as the soldiers say) : — “ our horse of the right wing reached from the Wood called Lerchenbusch (*Larch-Bush*) rightward as far as Freyberg road ; foot all between that Lerchenbusch and the big Birch-tree on the road to Wilsdruf ; horse of the left wing, from there to Roitsch.”¹ It was about two P.M. before the old man got all his deployments completed ; what corps of his, deploying this way or that, came within wind of Kesselsdorf, were saluted with cannon, thirty pieces or more, which are in battery, in three batteries, on the knoll there ; but otherwise no fighting as yet. At two, the Old Dessauer is complete ; he reverently doffs his hat, as had always been his wont, in prayer to God, before going in. A grim fervor of prayer is in his heart, doubtless ; though the words as reported are not very regular or orthodox : “ *O Herr Gott*, help me yet this once ; let me not be disgraced in my old days ! Or if thou wilt not help me, don’t help those *Hundsvögte* [damned Scoundrels, so to speak], but leave us to try it ourselves ! ” That is the Old Scandinavian of a Dessauer’s prayer ; a kind of *Godur* he too, Priest as well as Captain : Prayer mythically true as given ; mythically, not otherwise.² Which done, he waves his hat once, “ On, in God’s name ! ” and the storm is loose. Prussian right wing pushing grandly forward, bent in that manner, to take Kesselsdorf and its fire-throats in flank.

The Prussians tramp on with the usual grim-browed resolution, foot in front, horse in rear ; but they have a terrible problem at that Kesselsdorf, with its retrenched batteries, and numerous grenadiers fighting under cover. The very ground is sore against them ; uphill, and the trampled snow wearing into a slide, so that you sprawl and stagger sadly. Thirty-one

¹ Stille (p. 181), who was present. See Plan, p. 10.

² Ranke iii. 334 n.

big guns, and about 9,000 small, pouring out mere death on you, from that knoll-head. The Prussians stagger; cannot stand it; bend to rightwards, and get out of shot-range; cannot manage it this bout. Rally, reinforce; try it again. Again, with a will; but again there is not a way. The Prussians are again repulsed; fall back, down this slippery course, in more disorder than the first time. Had the Saxons stood still, steadily handling arms, how, on such terms, could the Prussians ever have managed it?

But at sight of this second repulse, the Saxon grenadiers, and especially one battalion of Austrians who were there (the only Austrians who fought this day), gave a shout "Victory!" — and in the height of their enthusiasm, rushed out, this Austrian battalion first and the Saxons after them, to charge these Prussians, and sweep the world clear of them. It was the ruin of their battle; a fatal hollaing before you are out of the woods. Old Leopold, quick as thought, noticing the thing, hurls cavalry on these victorious down-plunging grenadiers; slashes them asunder, into mere recoiling whirlpools of ruin; so that "few of them got back unwounded;" and the Prussians storming in along with them, — aided by ever new Prussians, from beyond the Tschonengrund even, — the place was at length carried; and the Saxon battle became hopeless.

For, their right being in such hurricane, the Prussians from the centre, as we hint, storm forward withal; will not be held back by the Tschonengrund. They find the Tschonengrund quaggy in the extreme, "brook frozen at the sides, but waist-deep of liquid mud in the centre;" cross it, nevertheless, towards the upper part of it, — young Moritz of Dessau leading the way, to help his old Father in extremity. They climb the opposite side, — quite slippery in places, but "helping one another up;" — no Saxons there till you get fairly atop, which was an oversight on the Saxon part. Fairly atop, Moritz is saluted by the Saxons with diligent musket-volleys; but Moritz also has musket-volleys in him, bayonet-charges in him; eager to help his old Papa at this hard pinch. Old Papa has the Saxons in flank; sends more and ever more other cav-

alry in on them; and in faet, the right wing altogether storms violently through Kesselsdorf, and sweeps it clean. Whole regiments of the Saxons are made prisoners; Röel's Light Horse we see there, taking standards; cutting violently in to avenge Röel's death, and the affront they had at Meissen lately. Furious Moritz on their front, from across the Tschonengrund; furious Röel (*ghost* of Röel) and others in their flank, through Kesselsdorf: no standing for the Saxons longer.

About nightfall, — their horse having made poorish fight, though the foot had stood to it like men, — they roll universally away. The Prussian left wing of horse are summoned through the Tschonengrund to chase: had there remained another hour of daylight, the Saxon Army had been one wide ruin. Hidden in darkness, the Saxon Army ebbed confusedly towards Dresden: with the loss of 6,000 prisoners and 3,000 killed and wounded: a completely beaten Army. It is the last battle the Saxons fought as a Nation, — or probably will fight. Battle called of Kesselsdorf: Wednesday, 15th December, 1745.

Prince Karl had arrived at Dresden the night before; heard all this volleying and cannonading, from the distance; but did not see good to interfere at all. Too wide apart, some say; quartered at unreasonably distant villages, by some irrefragable ignorant War-clerk of Brühl's appointing, — fatal Brühl. Others say, his Highness had himself no mind; and made excuses that his troops were tired, disheartened by the two beatings lately, — what will become of us in case of a third or fourth! It is certain, Prince Karl did nothing. Nor has Grüne's corps, the right wing, done anything execept meditate: — it stood there unattaeked, unattacking; till deep in the dark night, when Rutowski remembered it, and sent it order to come home. One Austrian battalion, that of grenadiers on the knoll at Kesselsdorf, did actually fight; — and did begin that fatal outbreak, and quitting of the post there; "which lost the Battle to us!" say the Saxons.

Had those grenadiers stood in their place, there is no Prussian but admits that it would have been a terrible business to take

Kesselsdorf and its batteries. But they did not stand; they rushed out, shouting "Victory;" and lost us the battle. And that is the good we have got of the sublime Austrian Alliance; and that is the pass our grand scheme of Partitioning Prussia has come to? Fatal little Brühl of the three hundred and sixty-five clothes-suits; Valet fatally become divine in Valet-hood, — are not you costing your Country dear!

Old Dessauer, glorious in the last of his fields, lay on his arms all night in the posts about; three bullets through his roquelaure, no scratch of wound upon the old man. Young Moritz too "had a bullet through his coat-skirt, and three horses shot under him; but no hurt, the Almighty's grace preserving him."¹ This Moritz is the Third of the Brothers, age now thirty-three; and we shall hear considerably about him in times coming. A lean, tall, austere man; and, "of all the Brothers, most resembled his Father in his ways." Prince Dietrich is in Leipzig at present; looking to that contribution of £50,000; to that, and to other contributions and necessary matters; — and has done all his fighting (as it chanced), though he survived his Brothers many years. Old Papa will now get his discharge before long (quite suddenly, one morning, by paralytic stroke, 7th April, 1747); and rest honorably with the Sons of Thor.²

CHAPTER XV.

PEACE OF DRESDEN: FRIEDRICH DOES MARCH HOME.

FRIEDRICH himself had got to Meissen, Tuesday, 14th; no enemy on his road, or none to speak of: Friedrich was there, or not yet far across, all Wednesday; collecting himself, waiting, on the slip, for a signal from Old Leopold. Sound of

¹ *Feldzüge*, i. 434.

² Young Leopold, the successor, died 16th December, 1751, age fifty-two; Dietrich (who had thereupon quitted soldiering, to take charge of his Nephew left minor, and did not resume it), died 2d December, 1769; Moritz (soldier to the last), 11th April, 1760. See *Militair-Lexikon*, i. 43, 34, 38, 47.

cannon, up the Elbe Dresden-ward, is reported there to Friedrich, that afternoon: cannon, sure enough, notes Friedrich; and deep dim-rolling peals, as of volleying small-arms; "the sky all on fire over there," as the hoar-irosty evening fell. Old Leopold busy at it, seemingly. That is the glare of the Old Dessauer's countenance; who is giving voice, in that manner, to the earthly and the heavenly powers; conquering Peace for us, let us hope!

Friedrich, as may be supposed, made his best speed next morning: "All well!" say the messengers; all well, says Old Leopold, whom he meets at Wilsdruf, and welcomes with a joyful embrace; "dismounting from his horse, at sight of Leopold, and advancing to meet him with doffed hat and open arms," — and such words and treatments, that day, as made the old man's face visibly shine. "Your Highness shall conduct me!" And the two made survey together of the actual Field of Kesselsdorf; strewn with the ghastly wrecks of battle, — many citizens of Dresden strolling about, or sorrowfully seeking for their lost ones among the wounded and dead. No hurt to these poor citizens, who dread none; help to them rather: such is Friedrich's mind, — concerning which, in the Anecdote-Books, there are Narratives (not worth giving) of a vapidly romantic character, credible though inexact.¹ Friedrich, who may well be profuse of thanks and praises, charms the Old Dessauer while they walk together; brave old man with his holed roquelaure. For certain, he has done the work there, — a great deal of work in his time! Joy looks through his old rough face, of gunpowder color: the Herr Gott has not delivered him to those damned Scoundrels in the end of his days. — On the morrow, Friday, Leopold rolled grandly forward upon Dresden; Rutowski and Prince Karl vanishing into the Metal Mountains, by Pirna, for Bohemia, at sound of him, — as he had scarcely hoped they would.

On the Saturday evening, Dresden, capable of not the least defence, has opened all its gates, and Friedrich and the Prus-

¹ For the indisputable part, see Orlich, ii. 343, 344; and *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 170.

sians are in Dresden; Austrians and wrecked Saxons falling back diligently towards the Metal Mountains for Bohemia, diligent to clear the road for him. Queen and Junior Princes are here; to whom, as to all men, Friedrich is courtesy itself; making personal visit to the Royalties, appointing guards of honor, sacred respect to the Royal Houses; himself will lodge at the Princess Lubomirski's, a private mansion.

“That ferocious, false, ambitious King of Prussia” — Well, he is not to be ruined in open fight, on the contrary is ruinous there; nor by the cunningest ambuscades, and secret combinations, in field or cabinet: our overwhelming Winter Invasion of him — see where it has ended! Brühl and Polish Majesty — the nocturnal sky all on fire in those parts, and loud general doomsday come — are a much-illuminated pair of gentlemen.

From the time Meissen Bridge was lost, Prince Karl too showing himself so languid, even Brühl had discerned that the case was desperate. On the very day of Kesselsdorf, — not the day *before*, which would have been such a thrift to Brühl and others! — Friedrich had a Note from Villiers, signifying joyfully that his Polish Majesty would accept Peace. Thanks to his Polish Majesty: — and after Kesselsdorf, perhaps the Empress-Queen too will! Friedrich's offers are precisely what they were, what they have always been: “Convention of Hanover; that, in all its parts; old treaty of Breslau, to be guaranteed, to be actually kept. To me Silesia sure; — from you, Polish Majesty, one million crowns as damages for the trouble and cost this Triple Ambuscade of yours has given me; one million crowns, £150,000 we will say; and all other requisitions to cease on the day of signature. These are my terms: accept these; then wholly, As you were, Empress-Queen and you, and all surviving creatures: and I march home within a week.” Villiers speeds rapidly from Prag, with the due olive-branch; with Count Harrach, experienced Austrian, and full powers. Harrach cannot believe his senses: “Such the terms to be still granted, after all these beatings and rebeatings!” — then at last does believe, with stiff thankfulness and Austrian bows. The Negotiation need not occupy many hours.

“His Majesty of Prussia was far too hasty with this Peace,” says Valori: “he had taken a threap that he would have it finished before the Year was done:” — in fact, he knows his own mind, *mon gros Valori*, and that is what few do. You shear through no end of cobwebs with that fine implement, a wisely fixed resolution of your own. A Peace slow enough for Valori and the French: where could that be looked for? — Valori is at Berlin, in complete disgrace; his Most Christian King having behaved so like a Turk of late. Valori, horror-struck at such Peace, what shall he do to prevent it, to retard it? One effort at least. D’Arget his Secretary, stolen at Jaromirz, is safe back to him; ingenious, ingenuous D’Arget was always a favorite with Friedrich: despatch D’Arget to him. D’Arget is despatched; with reasons, with remonstrances, with considerations. D’Arget’s Narrative is given: an ingenuous off-hand Piece; — poor little crevice, through which there is still to be had, singularly clear, and credible in every point, a direct glimpse of Friedrich’s own thoughts, in that many-sounding Dresden, — so loud, that week, with dinner-parties, with operas, balls, Prussian war-drums, grand-parades and Peace-negotiations.

The Sieur D’Arget to Excellency Valori (at Berlin).

“DRESDEN, 1745” (dateless otherwise, must be December, between 18th and 25th).

“MONSEIGNEUR, — I arrived yesterday at 7 P.M.; as I had the honor of forewarning you, by the word I wrote to the Abbé [never mind what Abbé; another Valori-Clerk] from Sonnenwalde [my half-way house between Berlin and this City]. I went, first of all, to M. de Vaugrenand,” our Envoy here; “who had the goodness to open himself to me on the Business now on hand. In my opinion, nothing can be added to the excellent considerations he has been urging on the King of Prussia and the Count de Podewils.

“At half-past 8, I went to his Prussian Majesty’s; I found he was engaged with his Concert,” — lodges in the Lubomirski Palace, has his snatch of melody in the evening of such discordant days, — “and I could not see him till after half-past 9

I announced myself to M. Eichel; he was too overwhelmed with affairs to give me audience. I asked for Count Rothenburg; he was at cards with the Princess Lubomirski. At last, I did get to the King: who received me in the most agreeable way; but was just going to Supper; said he must put off an answering till to-morrow morning, morning of this day. M. de Vaugrenand had been so good as prepare me on the rumors of a Peace with Saxony and the Queen of Hungary. I went to M. Podewils; who said a great many kind things to me for you. I could only sketch out the matter, at that time; and represented to Podewils the brilliant position of his Master, who had become Arbiter of the Peace of Europe; that the moment was come for making this Peace a General One, and that perhaps there would be room for repentance afterwards, if the opportunity were slighted. He said, his Master's object was that same; and thus closed the conversation by general questions.

"This morning, I again presented myself at the King of Prussia's. I had to wait, and wait; in fine, it was not till half-past 5 in the evening that he returned, or gave me admittance; and I stayed with him till after 7," — when Concert-time was at hand again. Listen to a remarkable Dialogue, of the Conquering Hero with a humble Friend whom he likes. "His Majesty condescended (*a daigné*) to enter with me into all manner of details; and began by telling me,

"That M. de Valori had done admirably not to come, himself, with that Letter from the King [Most Christian, *our* King; Letter, the sickly Document above spoken of]; that there could not have been an Answer expected, — the Letter being almost of ironical strain; his Majesty [Most Christian] not giving him the least hope, but merely talking of his fine genius, and how that would extricate him from the perilous entanglement, and inspire him with a wise resolution in the matter! That he had, in effect, taken a resolution the wisest he could; and was making his Peace with Saxony and the Queen of Hungary. That he had felt all the dangers of the difficult situations he had been in," — sheer destruction yawning all round him, in huge imminency, more than once, and no

friend heeding ; — “that, weary of playing always double-or-quits, he had determined to end it, and get into a state of tranquillity, which both himself and his People had such need of. That France could not, without difficulty, have remedied his mishaps ; and that he saw by the King’s Letter, there was not even the wish to do it. That his, Friedrich’s, military career was completed,” — so far as *he* could foresee or decide ! “That he would not again expose his Country to the Caprices of Fortune, whose past constancy to him was sufficiently astonishing to raise fears of a reverse (*hear!*). That his ambitions were fulfilled, in having compelled his Enemies to ask Peace from him in their own Capital, with the Chancellor of Bohemia [Harrach, typifying fallen Austrian pride] obliged to co-operate.

“That he would always be attached to our King’s interests, and set all the value in the world on his friendship ; but that he had not been sufficiently assisted to be content. That, observing henceforth an exact neutrality, he might be enabled to do offices of mediation ; and to carry, to the one side and to the other, words of peace. That he offered himself for that object, and would be charmed to help in it ; but that he was fixed to stop there. That in regard to the basis of General Peace, he had Two Ideas [which the reader can attend to, and see where they differed from the Event, and where not] : — One was, That France should keep Ypres, Furnes, Tournay [which France did not], giving up the Netherlands otherwise, with Ostend, to the English [to the English !] in exchange for Cape Breton. The other was, To give up more of our Conquests [we gave them all up, and got only the glory, and our Cod-fishery, Cape Breton, back, the English being equally generous], and bargain for liberty to re-establish Dunkirk in its old condition [not a word of your Dunkirk ; there is your Cape Breton, and we also will go home with what glory there is, — not difficult to carry !]. But that it was by England we must make the overtures, without addressing ourselves to the Court of Vienna ; and put it in his, Friedrich’s, power to propose a receivable Project of Peace. That he well conceived the great point was the Queen of Spain [Termagant and Jenkins’s Ear ;

Termagant's Husband, still living, is a lappet of Termagant's self]: but that she must content herself with Parma and Piacenza for the Infant, Don Philip [which the Termagant did]; and give back her hold of Savoy [partial hold, of no use to her without the Passes] to the King of Sardinia." And of the *Jenkins's-Ear* question, generous England will say nothing? Next to nothing; hopes a modicum of putty and diplomatic varnish may close that troublesome question, — which springs, meanwhile, in the centre of the world! —

"These kind condescensions of his Majesty emboldened me to represent to him the brilliant position he now held; and how noble it would be, after having been the Hero of Germany, to become, instead of one's own pacificator, the Pacificator of Europe. 'I grant you,' said he, '*mon cher* D'Arget; but it is too dangerous a part for playing. A reverse brings me to the edge of ruin: I know too well the mood of mind I was in, last time I left Berlin [with that Three-legged Immensity of Atropos, *not* yet mown down at Hennersdorf by a lucky cut], ever to expose myself to it again! If luck had been against me there, I saw myself a Monarch without throne; and my subjects in the cruelest oppression. A bad game that: always, mere *Check to your King*; no other move; — I refer it to you, friend D'Arget: — in fine, I wish to be at peace.'

"I represented to him that the House of Austria would never, with a tranquil eye, see his House in possession of Silesia. 'Those that come after me,' said he, 'will do as they like; the Future is beyond man's reach. Those that come after will do as they can. I have acquired; it is theirs to preserve. I am not in alarm about the Austrians; — and this is my answer to what you have been saying about the weakness of my guarantees. They dread my Army; the luck that I have. I am sure of their sitting quiet for the dozen years or so which may remain to me of life; — quiet till I have, most likely, done with it. What! Are we never to have any good of our life, then (*Ne dois-je donc jamais jouir*)? There is more for me in the true greatness of laboring for the happiness of my subjects, than in the repose of Europe. I have put Saxony out of a condition to do hurt. She owes 14,775,000 crowns

of debt [two millions and a quarter sterling]; and by the Defensive Alliance which I form with her, I provide myself [but ask Brühl withal!] a help against Austria. I would not henceforth attack a cat, except to defend myself.' ["These are his very words," adds D'Arget; — and well worth noting.] 'Ambition (*gloire*) and my interests were the occasion of my first Campaigns. The late Kaiser's situation, and my zeal for France [not to mention interests again], gave rise to these second: and I have been fighting always since for my own hearths, — for my very existence, I might say! Once more, I know the state I had got into: — if I saw Prince Karl at the gates of Paris, I would not stir.' — 'And us at the gates of Vienna,' answered I promptly, 'with the same indifference?' — 'Yes; and I swear it to you, D'Arget. In a word, I want to have some good of my life (*veux jouir*). What are we, poor human atoms, to get up projects that cost so much blood? Let us live, and help to live.'

"The rest of the conversation passed in general talk, about Literature, Theatres and such objects." My reasonings and objectings, on the great matter, I need not farther detail: by the frank discourse his Prussian Majesty was kind enough to go into, you may gather perhaps that my arguments were various, and not ill-chosen; — and it is too evident they have all been in vain." — Your Excellency's (really in a very faithful way) —
D'ARGET.¹

D'Arget, about a month after this, was taken into Friedrich's service; Valori consenting, whose occupation was now gone; — and we shall hear of D'Arget again. Take this small Note, as summary of him: "D'Arget (18th January, 1746) had some title, 'Secretary at Orders (*Secrétaire des Commandements*),' bit of pension; and continued in the character of reader, or miscellaneous literary attendant and agent, very much liked by his Master, for six years coming. A man much heard of, during those years of office. March, 1752, having lost his dear little Prussian Wife, and got into ill health and

¹ Valori, i. 290-294 (no date, except "Dresden, 1745," — sleepy Editor feeling no want of any)

spirits, he retired on leave to Paris; and next year had to give up the thought of returning; — though he still, and to the end, continued loyally attached to his old Master, and more or less in correspondence with him. Had got, before long, *not* through Friedrich's influence at Paris, some small Appointment in the *Ecole Militaire* there. He is, of all the Frenchmen Friedrich had about him, with the exception of D'Argens alone, the most honest-hearted. The above Letter, lucid, innocent, modest, altogether rational and practical, is a fair specimen of D'Arget: add to it the prompt self-sacrifice (and in that fine silent way) at Jaromirz for Valori, and readers may conceive the man. He lived at Paris, in meagre but contented fashion, *Rue de l'Ecole Militaire*, till 1778; and seems, of all the Ex-Prussian Frenchmen, to have known most about Friedrich; and to have never spoken any falsity against him. Duvernet, the 'M——' Biographer of *Voltaire*, frequented him a good deal; and any true notions, or glimmerings of such, that he has about Prussia, are probably ascribable to D'Arget." ¹

The Treaty of Dresden can be read in Schöll, Flassan, Rousset, Adelung; but, except on compulsion, no creature will now read it, — nor did this Editor, even he, find it pay. Peace is made. Peace of Dresden is signed, Christmas Day, 1745: "To me Silesia, without farther treachery or trick; you, wholly as you were." Europe at large, as Friedrich had done, sees "the sky all on fire about Dresden." The fierce big battles done against this man have, one and all of them, become big defeats. The strenuous machinations, high-built plans cunningly devised, — the utmost sum-total of what the Imperial and Royal Potencies can, for the life of them, do: behold, it has all tumbled down here, in loud crash; the final peal of it at Kesselsdorf; and the consummation is flame and smoke, conspicuous over all the Nations. You will let him keep his own henceforth, then, will you? Silesia, which was *not* yours nor ever shall be? Silesia and no afterthought?

¹ See *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. (p. xii of *Préface* to the *D'Arget Correspondence* there).

The Saxons sign, the high Plenipotentiaries all; in the eyes of Villiers, I am told, were seen sublimely pious tears. Harrach, bowing with stiff, almost incredulous, gratitude, swears and signs;—hurries home to his Sovereign Lady, with Peace, and such a smile on his face; and on her Imperial Majesty's such a smile!—readers shall conceive it.

There are but Two new points in the Treaty of Dresden,—may properly there is but One point, about which posterity can have the least care or interest; for that other, concerning “The Toll of Schidlo,” and settlement of haggles on the Navigation of the Elbe there, was not kept by the Saxons, but continued a haggles still: this One point is the Eleventh Article. Inconceivably small; but liable to turn up on us again, in a memorable manner. That let us translate,—for M. de Voltaire's sake, and time coming! *Steuer* means Land-Tax; *Ober-Steuer-Einnahme* will be something like Royal Exchequer, therefore; and *Steuer-Schein* will be approximately equivalent to Exchequer Bill. Article Eleventh stipulates:

“All subjects and servants of his Majesty the King of Prussia who hold bonds of the Saxon *Ober-Steuer-Einnahme* shall be paid in full, capital and interest, at the times, and to the amount, specified in said *Steuer-Scheine* or Bonds.” That is Article Eleventh. — “The Saxon Exchequer,” says an old Note on it, “thanks to Brühl's extravagance, has been as good as bankrupt, paying with inconvertible paper, with *Scheine* (Things to be *Shown*), for some time past; which paper has accordingly sunk, let us say, 25 per cent below its nominal amount in gold. All Prussian subjects, who hold these Bonds, are to be paid in gold; Saxons, and others, will have to be content with paper till things come round again, if things ever do.” Yes;—and, by ill chance, the matter will attract M. de Voltaire's keen eye in the interim!

Friedrich stayed eight days in Dresden, the loud theme of Gazetteers and rumors; the admired of two classes, in all Countries: of the many who admire success, and also of the few who can understand what it is to deserve success. Among his own Countrymen, this last Winter has kindled all their admirations to the flaming pitch. Saved by him from immi-

ment destruction ; their enemies swept home as if by one invincible ; nay, sent home in a kind of noble shame, conquered by generosity. These feelings, though not encouraged to speak, run very high. The Dresdeners in private society found him delightful ; the high ladies especially : “ Could you have thought it ; terrific Mars to become radiant Apollo in this manner ! ” From considerable Collections of Anecdotes illustrating this fact, in a way now fallen vapid to us, — I select only the Introduction : —

“ Do readers recollect Friedrich’s first visit to Dresden [in 1728], seventeen years ago ; and a certain charming young Countess Flemming, at that time only fourteen ; who, like a Hebe as she was, contrived beautiful surprises for him, and among other things presented him, so gracefully, on the part of August the Strong, with his first flute ? ” — No reader of this History can recollect it ; nor indeed, except in a mythic sense, believe it ! A young Countess Flemming (daughter of old Feldmarschall Flemming) doubtless there might be, who presented him a flute ; but as to *his first* flute — ? “ That same charming young Countess Flemming is still here, age now thirty-one ; charming, more than ever, though now under a changed name ; having wedded a Von Racknitz (Supreme Gentleman-Usher, or some such thing) a few years ago, and brought him children and the usual felicities. How much is changed ! August the Strong, where is he ; and his famous Three Hundred and Fifty-four, Enchantress Orzelska and the others, where are they ? Enchantress Orzelska wedded, quarrelled, and is in a convent : her charming destiny concluded. Rutowski is not now in the Prussian Army : he got beaten, Wednesday last, at Kesselsdorf, fighting against that Army. And the Chevalier de Saxe, he too was beaten there ; — clambering now across the Metal Mountains, ask not of him. And the Maréchal de Saxe, he takes Cities, fights Battles of Fontenoy, ‘ mumbling a lead bullet all day ; ’ being dropsical, nearly dead of debaucheries ; the most dissolute (or probably so) of all the Sons of Adam in his day. August the Physically Strong is dead. August the Spiritually Weak is fled to Prag with his Brühl. And we do not come, this time, to get a

flute; but to settle the account of Victories, and give Peace to Nations. Strange, here as always, to look back, — to look round or forward, — in the mad huge whirl of that loud-roaring Loom of Time! — One of Countess Raeknitz's Sons happened to leave *Manuscript Diaries* [rather feeble, not too exact-looking], and gives us, from Mamma's reminiscences " . . . Not a word more.¹

The Peace, we said, was signed on Christmas-day. Next day, Sunday, Friedrich attended Sermon in the Kreuzkirche (Protestant High-Church of Dresden), attended Opera withal; and on Monday morning had vanished out of Dresden, as all his people had done, or were diligently doing. Tuesday, he dined briefly at Wusterhausen (a place we once knew well), with the Prince of Prussia, whose it now is; got into his open carriage again, with the said Prince and his other Brother Ferdinand; and drove swiftly homeward. Berlin, drunk with joy, was all out on the streets, waiting. On the Heath of Britz, four or five miles hitherward of Berlin, a body of young gentlemen ("Merchants mostly, who had ridden out so far") saluted him with "*Vivat Friedrich der Grosse* (Long live Friedrich the Great)!" thrice over; — as did, in a less articulate manner, Berlin with one voice, on his arrival there; Burgher Companies lining the streets; Population vigorously shouting; Pupils of the Köln Gymnasium, with Clerical and School Functionaries in mass, breaking out into Latin Song: —

"*Vivat, vivat Fridericus Rex;*

Vivat Augustus, Magnus, Felix, Pater, Patriæ — !"

— and what not.² On reaching the Portal of the Palae, his Majesty stepped down; and, glancing round the Schloss-Platz and the crowded windows and simmering multitudes, saluted, taking off his hat; which produced such a shout, — naturally the loudest of all. And so *exit* King, into his interior. Tuesday, 2–3 P.M., 28th December, 1745: a King new-christened in the above manner, so far as people could.

¹ Rödenbeck, *Beiträge*, i. 440, et seq.

² Preuss, i. 220; who cites *Beschreibung* ("Description of his Majesty's Triumphant Entry, on the" &c.) and other Contemporary Pamphlets. Rödenbeck, i. 124.

Illuminated Berlin shone like noon, all that night (the beginning of a *Gaudeamus* which lasted miscellaneously for weeks): — but the King stole away to see a friend who was dying; that poor Duhan de Jaudun, his early Schoolmaster, who had suffered much for him, and whom he always much loved. Duhan died, in a day or two. Poor Jordan, poor Keyserling (the “Césarion” of young days): them also he has lost; and often laments, in this otherwise bright time.¹

¹ In *Œuvres*, xvii. 288; xviii. 141; *ib.* 142 (painfully tender Letters to Frau von Camas and others, on these events).

BOOK XVI.

THE TEN YEARS OF PEACE.

1746-1756.



CHAPTER I.

SANS-SOUCI.

FRIEDRICH has now climbed the heights, and sees himself on the upper table-land of Victory and Success; his desperate life-and-death struggles triumphantly ended. What may be ahead, nobody knows; but here is fair outlook that his enemies and Austria itself have had enough of him. No wringing of his Silesia from this "bad Man." Not to be overset, this one, by never such exertions; oversets *us*, on the contrary, plunges us heels-over-head into the ditch, so often as we like to apply to him; nothing but heavy beatings, disastrous breaking of crowns, to be had on trying there! "Five Victories!" as Voltaire keeps counting on his fingers, with upturned eyes, — Mollwitz, Chotusitz, Striegau, Sohr, Kesselsdorf (the last done by Anhalt; but omitting Hennersdorf, and that sudden slitting of the big Saxon-Austrian Projects into a cloud of feathers, as fine a feat as any), — "Five Victories!" counts Voltaire; calling on everybody (or everybody but Friedrich himself, who is easily sated with that kind of thing) to admire. In the world are many opinions about Friedrich. In Austria, for instance, what an opinion; sinister, gloomy in the extreme: or in England, which derives from Austria, — only with additional dimness, and with gloomy new provocations of its own before long! Many opinions about Friedrich, all dim enough: but this, that he is a very demon for fighting, and the stoutest King walking

the Earth just now, may well be a universal one. A man better not be meddled with, if he will be at peace, as he professes to wish being.

Friedrich accordingly is not meddled with, or not openly meddled with; and has, for the Ten or Eleven Years coming, a time of perfect external Peace. He himself is decided "not to fight with a cat," if he can get the peace kept; and for about eight years hopes confidently that this, by good management, will continue possible; — till, in the last three years, electric symptoms did again disclose themselves, and such hope more and more died away. It is well known there lay in the fates a Third Silesian War for him, worse than both the others; which is now the main segment of his History still lying ahead for us, were this Halcyon Period done. Halcyon Period counts from Christmas-day, Dresden, 1745, — "from this day, Peace to the end of my life!" had been Friedrich's fond hope. But on the 9th day of September, 1756, Friedrich was again entering Dresden (Saxony some twelve days before); and the Crowning Struggle of his Life was, beyond all expectation, found to be still lying ahead for him, awfully dubious for Seven Years thereafter! —

Friedrich's History during this intervening Halcyon or Peace Period must, in some way, be made known to readers: but for a great many reasons, especially at present, it behooves to be given in compressed form; riddled down, to an immense extent, out of those sad Prussian Repositories, where the grain of perennial, of significant and still memorable, lies overwhelmed under rubbish-mountains of the fairly extinct, the poisonously dusty and forgettable; — *Ach Himmel!* Which indispensable preliminary process, how can an English Editor, at this time, do it; no Prussian, at any time, having thought of trying it! From a painful Predecessor of mine, I collect, rummaging among his dismal Paper-masses, the following Three Fragments, worth reading here: —

1°. "Friedrich was as busy, in those Years, as in the generality of his life; and his actions, and salutary conquests over

difficulties, were many, profitable to Prussia and to himself. Very well worth keeping in mind. But not fit for History; or at least only fit in the summary form; to be delineated in little, with large generic strokes,—if we had the means;—such details belonging to the Prussian Antiquary, rather than to the English Historian of Friedrich in our day. A happy Ten Years of time. Perhaps the time for Montesquieu's aphorism, 'Happy the People whose Annals are blank in History-Books!' The Prussian Antiquary, had he once got any image formed to himself of Friedrich, and of Friedrich's History in its human lineaments and organic sequences, will glean many memorabilia in those Years: which his readers then (and not till then) will be able to intercalate in their places, and get human good of. But alas, while there is no intelligible human image, nothing of lineaments or organic sequences, or other than a jumbled mass of Historical Marine-Stores, presided over by Dryasdust and Human Stupor (unsorted, unlabelled, tied up in blind sacks), the very Antiquary will have uphill work of it, and his readers will often turn round on him with a gloomy expression of countenance!"

2°. "Friedrich's Life—little as he expected it, that day when he started up from his ague-fit at Reinsberg, and grasped the fiery Opportunity that was shooting past—is a Life of War. The chief memory that will remain of him is that of a King and man who fought consummately well. Not Peace and the Muses; no, that is denied him,—though he was so unwilling, always, to think it denied! But his Life-Task turned out to be a Battle for Silesia. It consists of Three grand Struggles of War. And not for Silesia only;—unconsciously, for what far greater things to his Nation and to him!

"Deeply unconscious of it, they were passing their 'Trials,' his Nation and he, in the great Civil-Service-Examination Hall of this Universe: 'Are you able to defend yourselves, then; and to hang together coherent, against the whole world and its incoherencies and rages?' A question which has to be asked of Nations, before they can be recognized as such, and be baptized into the general commonwealth; they are mere Hordes

or accidental Aggregates, till that Question come. Question which this Nation had long been getting ready for; which now, under this King, it answered to the satisfaction of gods and men: 'Yes, Heaven assisting, we can stand on our defence; and in the long-run (as with air when you try to annihilate it, or crush it to *nothing*) there is even an infinite force in us; and the whole world does not succeed in annihilating us!' Upon which has followed what we term National Baptism; — or rather this *was* the National Baptism, this furious one in torrent whirlwinds of fire; done three times over, till in gods or men there was no doubt left. That was Friedrich's function in the world; and a great and memorable one; — not to his own Prussian Nation only, but to Teutschland at large, forever memorable.

"'Is Teutschland a Nation; is there in Teutschland still a Nation?' Austria, not dishonestly, but much sunk in superstitions and involuntary mendacities, and liable to sink much farther, answers always, in gloomy proud tone, 'Yes, I am the Nation of Teutschland!' — but is mistaken, as turns out. For it is not mendacities, conscious or other, but veracities, that the Divine Powers will patronize, or even in the end will put up with at all. Which you ought to understand better than you do, my friend. For, on the great scale and on the small, and in all seasons, circumstances, scenes and situations where a Son of Adam finds himself, that is true, and even a sovereign truth. And whoever does *not* know it, — human charity to him (were such always possible) would be, that *he* were furnished with handcuffs as a part of his outfit in this world, and put under guidance of those who do. Yes; to him, I should say, a private pair of handcuffs were much usefuler than a ballot-box, — were the times once settled again, which they are far from being!" . . .

"So that, if there be only Austria for Nation, Teutschland is in ominous case. Truly so. But there is in Teutschland withal, very irrecognizable to Teutschland, yet authentically present, a Man of the properly unconquerable type; there is also a select Population drilled for him: these two together will prove to you that there is a Nation. Conquest of Silesia,

Three Silesian Wars; labors and valors as of Alcides, in vindication of oneself and one's Silesia: — secretly, how unconsciously, that other and higher Question of Teutschland, and of its having in it a Nation, was Friedrich's sore task and his Prussia's at that time. As Teutschland may be perhaps now, in our day, beginning to recognize; with hope, with astonishment, poor Teutschland!" . . .

3°. "And in fine, leaving all that, there is one thing undeniable: In all human Narrative, it is the battle only, and not the victory, that can be dwelt upon with advantage. Friedrich has now, by his Second Silesian War, achieved Greatness: 'Friedrich the Great;' expressly so denominated, by his People and others. The struggle upwards is the Romance; your hero once wedded, — to *Glory*, or whoever the Bride may be, — the Romance ends. Precise critics do object, That there may still lie difficulties, new perils and adventures ahead: — which proves conspicuously true in this case of ours. And accordingly, our Book not being a Romance but a History, let us, with all fidelity, look out what these are, and how they modify our Royal Gentleman who has got his wedding done. With all fidelity; but with all brevity, no less. For, inasmuch as" —

Well, brevity in most cases is desirable. And, privately, it must be owned there is another consideration of no small weight: That, our Prussian resources falling altogether into bankruptcy during Peace-Periods, Nature herself has so ordered it, in this instance! Partly it is our Books (the Prussian Dryasdust reaching his acme on those occasions), but in part too it is the Events themselves, that are small and want importance; that have fallen dead to us, in the huge new Time and its uproars. Events not of flagrant notability (like battles or war-passages), to bridle Dryasdust, and guide him in some small measure. Events rather which, except as characteristic of one memorable Man and King, are mostly now of no memorability whatever. Crowd all these indiscriminately into sacks, and shake them out pell-mell on us: that is Dryasdust's sweet way. As if the largest Marine-Stores Establishment in all the

world had suddenly, on hest of some Necromancer or maleficent person, taken wing upon you; and were dancing, in boundless mad whirl, round your devoted head:—simmering and dancing, very much at its ease; no-whither; asking *you* cheerfully, “What is your candid opinion, then?” “Opinion,” Heavens!—

You have to retire many yards, and gaze with a desperate steadiness; assuring yourself: “Well, it does, right indisputably, shadow forth *Something*. This was a Thing Alive, and did at one time stick together, as an organic Fact on the Earth, though it now dances in Dryasdust at such a rate!” It is only by self-help of this sort, and long survey, with rigorous selection, and extremely extensive exclusion and oblivion, that you gain the least light in such an element. “Brevity”—little said, when little has been got to be known—is an evident rule! Courage, reader; by good eyesight, you will still catch some features of Friedrich as we go along, To *say* our little in a not unintelligible manner, and keep the rest well hidden, it is all we can do for you!—

Friedrich declines the Career of Conquering Hero; goes into Law-Reform; and gets ready a Cottage Residence for Himself.

Friedrich’s Journey to Pymont is the first thing recorded of him by the Newspapers. Gone to take the waters; as he did after his former War. Here is what I had noted of that small Occurrence, and of one or two others contiguous in date, which prove to be of significance in Friedrich’s History.

“May 12-17th, 1746,” say the old Books, “his Majesty sets out for Pymont, taking Brunswick by the way; arrives at Pymont May 17th; stays till June 8th;” three weeks good. “Is busy corresponding with the King of France about a General Peace; but, owing to the embitterment of both parties, it was not possible at this time.” Taking the waters at least, and amusing himself. From Brunswick, in passing, he had brought with him his Brother-in-law the reigning Duke; Rothenburg was there, and Brother Henri; D’Arget

expressly ; Flute-player Quanz withal, and various musical people : "in all, a train of above sixty persons." I notice also that Prince Wilhelm of Hessen was in Pymont at the time. With whom, one fancies, what speculations there might be : About the late and present War-passages, about the poor Peace Prospects ; your Hessian "Siege" so called "of Blair in Athol" (*Culloden* now comfortably done), and other cognate topics. That is the Pymont Journey.

It is no surprise to us to hear, in these months, of new and continual attention to Army matters, to Husbandry matters ; and to making good, on all sides, the ruins left by War. Of rebuilding (at the royal expense) "the town of Schmiedeberg, which had been burnt ;" of rebuilding, and repairing from their damage, all Silesian villages and dwellings ; and still more satisfactory, How, "in May, 1746, there was, in every Circle of the Country, by exact liquidation of Accounts [so rapidly got done], exact payment made to the individuals concerned, 1°. of all the hay, straw and corn that had been delivered to his Majesty's Armies ; 2°. of all the horses that had perished in the King's work ; 3°. of all the horses stolen by the Enemy, and of all the money-contributions exacted by the Enemy : payment in ready cash, and according to the rules of justice (*baar und billigmässig*), by his Majesty." ¹

It was from Pymont, May, 1746, — or more definitely, it was "at Potsdam early in the morning, 15th September," following, — that Friedrich launched, or shot forth from its moorings, after much previous attempting and preparing, a very great Enterprise ; which he has never lost sight of since the day he began reigning, nor will till his reign and life end : the actual Reform of Law in Prussia. "May 12th, 1746," Friedrich, on the road to Pymont, answers his Chief Law-Minister Cocceji's *Report of Practical Plan* on this matter : "Yes ; looks very hopeful !" — and took it with him to consider at Pymont, during his leisure. Much considering of it, then and afterwards, there was. And finally, September 15th, early in the morning, Cocceji had an Interview with Friedrich ; and the

¹ Seyfarth, ii. 22. 23.

decisive fiat was given: "Yes; start on it, in God's name! Pommern, which they call the *Provincia litigiosa*; try it there first!"¹ And Cocceji, a vigorous old man of sixty-seven, one of the most learned of Lawyers, and a very Hercules in cleaning Law-Stables, has, on Friedrich's urgencies, — which have been repeated on every breathing-time of Peace there has been, and even sometimes in the middle of War (last January, 1745, for example; and again, express Order, January, 1746, a fortnight after Peace was signed), — actually got himself girt for this salutary work. "Wash me out that horror of accumulation, let us see the old Pavements of the place again. Every Lawsuit to be finished within the Year!"

Cocceji, who had been meditating such matters for a great while,² and was himself eager to proceed, in spite of considerable wigged oppositions and secret reluctances that there were, did now, on that fiat of September 15th, get his Select Commission of Six riddled together and adjoined to him, — the likeliest Six that Prussia, in her different Provinces, could yield; — and got the *Stände* of Pommern, after due committeeing and deliberating, to consent and promise help. December 31st, 1746, was the day the *Stände* consented: and January 10th, 1747, Cocceji and his Six set out for Pommern. On a longish Enterprise, in that Province and the others; — of which we shall have to take notice, and give at least the dates as they occur.

To sweep out pettifogging Attorneys, cancel improper Advocates, to regulate Fees; to war, in a calm but deadly manner, against pedantries, circumlocutions and the multiplied forms of stupidity, cupidity and human owlery in this department; — and, on the whole, to realize from every Court, now and onwards, "A decision to all Lawsuits within a Year after their beginning." This latter result, Friedrich thinks, will itself be highly beneficial; and be the sign of all manner of improvements. And Cocceji, scanning it with those potent law-eyes of his, ventures to assure him that it will be possible. As, in

¹ Ranke, ii. 392.

² "1st March, 1738," Friedrich Wilhelm's "Edict" on Law Reform: Cocceji ready, at that time; — but his then Majesty forbore.

fact, it proved ; — honor to Cocceji and his King, and King's Father withal. "Samuel von Cocceji [says an old Note], son of a Law Professor, and himself once such, — was picked up by Friedrich Wilhelm, for the Official career, many years ago. A man of wholesome; by no means weakly aspect, — to judge by his Portrait, which is the chief 'Biography' I have of him. Potent eyes and eyebrows, ditto blunt nose; honest, almost careless lips, and deep chin well dewlapped: extensive penetrative face, not pincered together, but potently fallen closed; — comfortable to see, in a wig of such magnitude. Friedrich, a judge of men, calls him 'a man of sterling character (*caractère intègre et droit*), whose qualities would have suited the noble times of the Roman Republic.'"¹ He has his Herculean battle, his Master and he have, with the Owleries and the vulturous Law-Pedantries, — which I always love Friedrich for detesting as he does: — and, during the next five years, the world will hear often of Cocceji, and of this Prussian Law-Reform by Friedrich and him.

His Majesty's exertions to make Peace were not successful; what does lie in his power is, to keep out of the quarrel himself. It appears great hopes were entertained, by some in England, of gaining Friedrich over; of making him Supreme Captain to the Cause of Liberty. And prospects were held out to him, quasi-offers made, of a really magnificent nature, — undeniable, though obscure. Herr Ranke has been among the Archives again; and comes out with fractional snatches of a very strange "Paper from England;" capriciously hiding all details about it, all intelligible explanation: so that you in vain ask, "Where, When, How, By whom?" — and can only guess to yourself that Carteret was somehow at the bottom of the thing; *aut Carteretus aut Diabolus*. "What would your Majesty think to be elected Stadtholder of Holland? Without a Stadtholder, these Dutch are worth nothing; not hoistable, nor of use when hoisted, all palavering and pulling different ways. Must have a Stadtholder; and one that stands firm on some basis of his own. Stadtholder of Holland, King

¹ *Œuvres*, iv 2.

of Prussia, — you then, in such position, take the reins of this poor floundering English-Dutch Germanie Anti-French War, you; and drive it in the style you have. Conquer back the Netherlands to us; French Netherlands as well. French and Austrian Netherlands together, yours in perpetuity; Dutch Stadtholderate as good as ditto: this, with Prussia and its fighting capabilities, will be a pleasant Protestant thing. Austria cares little about the Netherlands, in comparison. Austria, getting back its Lorraine and Alsace, will be content, will be strong on its feet. What if it should even lose Italy? France, Spain, Sardinia, the Italian Petty Principalities and Anarchies: suppose they tug and tussle, and collapse there as they can? But let France try to look across the Rhine again; and to threaten Teutsehland, England, and the Cause of Human Liberty temporal or spiritual!"

This is authentically the purport of Herr Ranke's extraordinary Document; ¹ guessable as due to *Carteretus* or *Diabolus*. Here is an outlook; here is a career as Conquering Hero, if that were one's line! A very magnificent ground-plan; hung up to kindle the fancy of a young King, — who is far too prudent to go into it at all. More definite quasi-official offers, it seems, were made him from the same quarter: Subsidies to begin with, such subsidies as nobody ever had before; say £1,000,000 sterling by the Year. To which Friedrich answered, "Subsidies, your Excellency?" (Are We a Haekney-Coachman, then?) — and, with much contempt, turned his back on that offer. No fighting to be had, by purchase or seduction, out of this young man. Will not play the Conquering Hero at all, nor the Haekney-Coachman at all; has decided "not to fight a cat" if let alone; but to do and endeavor a quite other set of things, for the rest of his life.

Friedrich, readers can observe, is not uplifted with his greatness. He has been too much beaten and bruised to be anything but modestly thankful for getting out of such a deadly clash of chaotic swords. Seems to have little pride even in his "Five Victories." or hides it well. Talks not overmuch about these things; talks of them, so far as we can hear, with his

¹ Ranke, iii. 359.

old comrades only, in praise of *their* prowesses; as a simple human being, not as a supreme of captains; and at times acknowledges, in a fine sincere way, the omnipotence of Luck in matters of War.

One of the most characteristic traits, extensively symbolical of Friedrich's intentions and outlooks at this Epoch, is his installing of himself in the little Dwelling-House, which has since become so celebrated under the name of Sans-Souci. The plan of Sans-Souci — an elegant commodious little "Country Box," quite of modest pretensions, one story high; on the pleasant Hill-top near Potsdam, with other little green Hills, and pleasant views of land and water, all round — had been sketched in part by Friedrich himself; and the diggings and terracings of the Hill-side were just beginning, when he quitted for the Last War. "April 14th, 1745," while he lay in those perilous enigmatic circumstances at Neisse with Pandours and devouring bugbears round him, "the foundation-stone was laid" (Knobelsdorf being architect, once more, as in the old Reinsberg case): and the work, which had been steadily proceeding while the Master struggled in those dangerous battles and adventures far away from it, was in good forwardness at his return. An object of cheerful interest to him; prophetic of calmer years ahead.

It was not till May, 1747, that the formal occupation took place: "Mayday, 1747," he had a grand House-heating, or "First Dinner, of 200 covers: and May 19th-20th was the first night of his sleeping there." For the next Forty Years, especially as years advanced, he spent the most of his days and nights in this little Mansion; which became more and more his favorite retreat, whenever the noises and scenic etiquettes were not inexorable. "*Sans-Souci*;" which we may translate "No-Bother." A busy place this too, but of the quiet kind; and more a home to him than any of the Three fine Palaces (ultimately Four), which lay always waiting for him in the neighborhood. Berlin and Charlottenburg are about twenty miles off; Potsdam, which, like the other two, is rather consummate among Palaces, lies leftwise in front of him within

a short mile. And at length, to *right* hand, in a similar distance and direction, came the "*Neue Schloss*" (New Palace of Potsdam), called also the "*Palace of Sans-Souci*," in distinction from the Dwelling-House, or as it were Garden-House, which made that name so famous.

Certainly it is a significant feature of Friedrich; and discloses the inborn proclivity he had to retirement, to study and reflection, as the chosen element of human life. Why he fell upon so ambitious a title for his Royal Cottage? "*No-Bother*" was not practically a thing he, of all men, could consider possible in this world: at the utmost perhaps, by good care, "*Less-Bother*"! The name, it appears, came by accident. He had prepared his Tomb, and various Tombs, in the skirts of this new Cottage: looking at these, as the building of them went on, he was heard to say, one day (Spring 1746), D'Argens strolling beside him: "*Oui, alors je serai sans souci* (Once there, one will be out of bother)!" A saying which was rumored of, and repeated in society, being by such a man. Out of which rumor in society, and the evident aim of the Cottage Royal, there was gradually born, as Venus from the froth of the sea, this name, "*Sans-Souci*;" — which Friedrich adopted; and, before the Year was out, had put upon his lintel in gold letters. So that, by "Mayday, 1747," the name was in all men's memories; and has continued ever since.¹ Tourists know this Cottage Royal: Friedrich's "Three Rooms in it; one of them a Library; in another, a little Alcove with an iron Bed" (iron, without curtains; old softened *hat* the usual royal nightcap) — altogether a soldier's lodging: — all this still stands as it did. Cheerfully looking down on its garden-terraces, stairs, Greek statues, and against the free sky: — perhaps we may visit it in time coming, and take a more special view. In the Years now on hand, Friedrich, I think, did not much practically live there, only shifted thither now and then. His chief residence is still Potsdam Palace; and in Carnival time, that of Berlin; with Charlottenburg for occasional festivities, especially in summer, the gardens there being fine.

¹ Preuss, i. 268, &c.; Nicolai, iii. 1200

This of Sans-Souci is but portion of a wider Tendency, wider set of endeavors on Friedrich's part, which returns upon him now that Peace has returned : That of improving his own Domesticities, while he labors at so many public improvements. Gazing long on that simmering "Typhoon of Marine-stores" above mentioned, we do trace Three great Heads of Endeavor in this Peace Period. *First*, the Reform of Law; which, as above hinted, is now earnestly pushed forward again, and was brought to what was thought completion before long. With much rumor of applause from contemporary mankind. Concerning which we are to give some indications, were it only dates in their order: though, as the affair turned out not to be completed, but had to be taken up again long after, and is an affair lying wide of British ken, — there need not, and indeed cannot, be much said of it just now. *Secondly*, there is eager Furthering of the Husbandries, the Commerces, Practical Arts, — especially at present, that of Foreign Commerce, and Shipping from the Port of Embden. Which shall have due notice. And *thirdly*, what must be our main topic here, there is that of Improving the Domesticities, the Household Enjoyments such as they were; — especially definable as Renewal of the old Reinsberg Program; attempt more strenuous than ever to realize that beautiful ideal. Which, and the total failure of which, and the consequent quasi-abandonment of it for time coming, are still, intrinsically and by accident, of considerable interest to modern readers.

Curious, and in some sort touching, to observe how that old original Life-Program still re-emerges on this King: "Something of melodious possible in one's poor life, is not there? A Life to the Practical Duties, yes; but to the Muses as well!" — Of Friedrich's success in his Law-Reforms, in his Husbandries, Commerces and Furtherances, conspicuously great as it was, there is no possibility of making careless readers cognizant at this day. Only by the great results — a "Prussia quadrupled" in his time, and the like — can studious readers convince themselves, in a cold and merely statistic way. But in respect of Life to the Muses, we have happily the means of showing that in actual vitality; in practical struggle towards

fulfilment, — and how extremely disappointing the result was. In a word, Voltaire pays his Fifth and final Visit in this Period; the Voltaire matter comes to its consummation. To that, as to one of the few things which are perfectly knowable in this Period of *Ten-Years Peace*, and in which mankind still take interest, we purpose mostly to devote ourselves here.

Ten years of a great King's life, ten busy years too; and nothing visible in them, of main significance, but a crash of Author's Quarrels, and the Crowning Visit of Voltaire? Truly yes, reader; so it has been ordered. Innumerable high-dressed gentlemen, gods of this lower world, are gone all to inorganic powder, no comfortable or profitable memory to be held of them more; and this poor Voltaire, without implement except the tongue and brain of him, — he is still a shining object to all the populations; and they say and symbol to me, "Tell us of him! He is the man!" Very strange indeed. Changed times since, for dogs barking at the heels of him, and lions roaring ahead, — for Asses of Mirepoix, for foul creatures in high dizenment, and foul creatures who were hungry valets of the same, — this man could hardly get the highways walked! And indeed had to keep his eyes well open, and always have covert within reach, — under pain of being torn to pieces, while he went about in the flesh, or rather in the bones, poor lean being. Changed times; within the Century last past! For indeed there was in that man what far transeends all dizenment, and temporary poteneý over valets, over legions, treasure-vaults and dim millions mostly blockhead: a spark of Heaven's own luceney, a gleam from the Eternities (in small measure); — which becomes extremely noticeable when the Dance is over, when your tallow-dips and wax-lights are burnt out, and the brawl of the night is gone to bed.

CHAPTER II.

PEEP AT VOLTAIRE AND HIS DIVINE EMILIE (BY CANDLELIGHT) IN THE TIDE OF EVENTS.

PUBLIC European affairs require little remembrance; the War burning well to leeward of us henceforth. A huge world of smoky chaos; the special fires of it, if there be anything of fire, are all the more clear far in the distance. Of which sort, and of which only, the reader is to have notice. Maréchal de Saxe — King Louis oftenest personally there, to give his name and countenance to things done — is very glorious in the Netherlands; captures, sometimes by surprisal, place after place (beautiful surprisal of Brussels last winter); with sieges of Antwerp, Mons, Charleroi, victoriously following upon Brussels: and, before the end of 1746, he is close upon Holland itself; intent on having Namur and Maestricht; for which the poor Sea-Powers, with a handful of Austrians, fight two Battles, and are again beaten both times.¹ A glorious, ever-victorious Maréchal; and has an Army very “high-toned,” in more than one sense: indeed, I think, one of the loudest-toned Armies ever on the field before. Loud not with well-served Artillery alone, but with play-actor Thunder-barrels (always an itinerant Theatre attends), with gasconading talk, with orgies, debaucheries, — busy service of the Devil, *and* pleasant consciousness that we are Heaven’s masterpiece, and are in perfect readiness to die at any moment; — our *elasticity* and agility (“*élan*” as we call it) well kept up, in that manner, for the time being.

¹ 1°. Battle of Roucoux, 11th October, 1746; Prince Karl commanding, English taking mainly the stress of fight, — Saxe having already outwitted poor Karl, and *got* Namur. 2°. Battle of Lawfelt, or Lauffeld, called also of *Val*, 2d July, 1747; Royal Highness of Cumberland commanding (and taking most of the stress; Ligonier made prisoner, &c.), — Dutch fighting ill, and Bathyan and his Austrians hardly in the fire at all.

Hungarian Majesty, contrary to hope, neglects the Netherlands, "Holland and England, for their own sake, will manage there!"—and directs all her resources, and her lately Anti-Prussian Armies (General Browne leading them) upon Italy, as upon the grand interest now. Little to the comfort of the Sea-Powers. But Hungarian Majesty is decided to cut in upon the French and Spaniards, in that fine Country,—who had been triumphing too much of late; Maillebois and Señor de Gages doing their mutual exploits (though given to quarrel); Don Philip wintering in Milan even (1745-1746); and the King of Sardinia getting into French courses again.

Strong cuts her Hungarian Majesty does inflict, on the Italian side; tumbles Infant Philip out of Milan and his Carnival gayeties, in plenty of hurry; besieges Genoa, Marquis Botta d'Adorno (our old acquaintance Botta) her siege-captain, a native of this region; brings back the wavering Sardinian Majesty; captures Genoa, and much else. Captures Genoa, we say,—had not Botta been too rigorous on his countrymen, and provoked a revolt again, Revolt of Genoa, which proved difficult to settle. In fine, Hungarian Majesty has, in the course of this year 1746, with aid of the reconfirmed Sardinian Majesty, satisfactorily beaten the French and Spaniards. Has—after two murderous Battles gained over the Maillebois-Gages people—driven both French and Spaniards into corners, Maillebois altogether home again across the Var;—nay has descended in actual Invasion upon France itself. And, before New-year's day, 1747, General Browne is busy besieging Antibes, aided by English Seventy-fours; so that "sixty French Battalions" have to hurry home, from winter-quarters, towards those Provençal Countries; and Maréchal de Belleisle, who commands there, has his hands full. Triumphant enough her Hungarian Majesty, in Italy; while in the Netherlands, the poor Sea-Powers have met with no encouragement from the Fates or her.¹ All which the reader

¹ "Battle of Piacenza" (Prince Lichtenstein, with whom is Browne, *versus* Gages and Maillebois), 16th June, 1746 (*Adelung* v. 427); "Battle of Rottofreddo" (Botta chief Austrian there, and our old friend Bärenklau getting killed there), 12th August, 1746 (*ib.* 462); whereupon, 7th September, Genoa (which had declared itself Anti-Austrian latterly, not without cause, and brought

may keep imagining at his convenience;—but will be glad rather, for the present, to go with us for an actual look at M. de Voltaire and the divine Emilie, whom we have not seen for a long time. Not much has happened in the interim; one or two things only which it can concern us to know;—scattered fragments of memorial, on the way thus far:—

1°. *M. de Voltaire has, in 1745, made way at Court.* Divine Emilie picked up her Voltaire from that fine Diplomatic course, and went home with him out of our sight, in the end of 1743; the Diplomatic career gradually declaring itself barred to him thenceforth. Since which, nevertheless, he has had his successes otherwise, especially in his old Literary course: on the whole, brighter sunshine than usual, though never without tempestuous clouds attending. Goes about, with his divine Emilie, now wearing browner and leaner, both of them; and takes the good and evil of life, mostly in a quiet manner; sensible that afternoon is come.

The thrice-famous Pompadour, who had been known to him in the Chrysalis state, did not forget him on becoming Head-Butterfly of the Universe. By her help, one long wish of his soul was gratified, and did not hunger or thirst any more. Some uncertain footing at Court, namely, was at length vouchsafed him:—uncertain; for the Most Christian Majesty always rather shuddered under those carbuncle eyes, under that voice “sombre and majestic,” with such turns lying in it:—some uncertain footing at Court; and from the beginning of 1745, his luck, in the Court spheres, began to mount in a wonderful and world-evident manner. On grounds tragically silly, as he thought them. On the Dauphin’s Wedding, — a Ter-magant’s Infanta coming hither as Dauphiness, at this time, —

the tug of War into those parts) is coerced by Botta to open its gates, on grievous terms (*ib.* 484-489); so that, *November 30th*, Browne, no Bourbon Army now on the field, enters Provence (crosses the Var, that day), and tries Antibes: *5th-11th December*, Popular Revolt in Genoa, and Expulsion of proud Botta and his Austrians (*ib.* 518-523); upon which surprising event (which could not be mended during the remainder of the War), Browne’s enterprise became impossible. See Buonamici, *Histoire de la dernière Révolution de Gènes*; Adelung, v. 516; vi. 31, &c. &c.

there needed to be Court-shows, Dramaticules, Transparencies, Feasts of Lanterns, or I know not what. Voltaire was the chosen man; Voltaire and Rameau (readers have heard of *Rameau's Nephew*, and musical readers still esteem Rameau) did their feat; we may think with what perfection, with what splendor of reward. Alas, and the feat done was, to one of the parties, so unspeakably contemptible! Voltaire pensively surveying Life, brushes the sounding strings; and hums to himself, the carbuncle eyes carrying in them almost something of wet:—

“*Mon Henri Quatre et ma Zaïre,
Et mon Américain Alzire,
Ne m'ont valu jamais un seul regard du Roi;
J'avais mille ennemis avec très peu de gloire:
Les honneurs et les biens pleuvent enfin sur moi
Pour un Farce de la Foire.*”¹

Yes, my friend; it is a considerable ass, this world; by no means the Perfectly Wise put at the top of it (as one could wish), and the Perfectly Foolish at the bottom. Witness—nay, witness Psyche Pompadour herself, is not she an emblem! Take your luck without criticism; luck good and bad visits all.

2°. *And got into the Academy next Year, in consequence.* In 1746, the Academy itself, Pompadour favoring, is made willing; Voltaire sees himself among the Forty: soul, on that side too, be at ease, and hunger not nor thirst any more.² This

¹ “My *Henri Quatre*, my *Zaïre*, my *Alzire* [high works very many], could never purchase me a single glance of the King; I had multitudes of enemies, and very little fame:—honors and riches rain on me, at last, for a *Farce* of the Fair” (*Œuvres*, ii. 151).

The “*Farce*” (which by no means called itself such) was *Princesse de Navarre* (*Œuvres*, lxxiii. 251): first acted 23d February, 1745, Day of the Wedding. Gentlemanship of the Chamber thereupon (which Voltaire, by permission, sold, shortly after, for £2,500, with titles retained), and appointment as Historiographer Royal. Poor Dauphiness did not live long; Louis XVI.’s Mother was a *second Wife*, Saxon-Polish Majesty’s Daughter.

² “May 9th, 1746, Voltaire is received at the Academy; and makes a very fine Discourse” (*Barbier*, ii. 488). *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiii. 355, 385, and i. 97.

highest of felicities could not be achieved without an ugly accompaniment from the surrounding Populace. Desfontaines is dead, safe down in Sodom; but wants not for a successor, for a whole Doggery of such. Who are all awake, and giving tongue on this occasion. There is M. Roi the "Poet," as he was then reckoned; jingling Roi, who concocts satirical calumnies; who collects old ones, reprints the same, — and sends Travenol, an Opera-Fiddler, to vend them. From which sprang a Lawsuit, *Procès-Travenol*, of famous melancholy sort. As Voltaire had rather the habit of such sad melancholy Lawsuits, we will pause on this of Travenol for a moment: —

3°. *Summary of Travenol Lawsuit.* "Monday, 9th May, 1746, was the Day of reception at the Academy; reception and fruition, thrice-savory to Voltaire. But what an explosion of the Doggeries, before, during and after that event! Voltaire had tried to be prudent, too. He had been corresponding with Popes, with Cardinals; and, in a fine frank-looking way, capturing their suffrages: — not by lying, which in general he wishes to avoid, but by speaking half the truth; in short, by advancing, in a dexterous, diplomatic way, the *uncloven* foot, in those Vatican precincts. And had got the Holy Father's own suffrage for *Mahomet* (think of that, you Ass of Mirepoix!), among other cases that might rise. When this seat among the Forty fell vacant, his very first measure — mark it, Orthodox reader — was a Letter to the Chief Jesuit, Father Latour, Head of one's old College of Louis le Grand. A Letter of fine filial tenor: 'My excellent old Schoolmasters, to whom I owe everything; the representatives of learning, of decorum, of frugality and modest human virtue: — in what contrast to the obscure Doggeries poaching about in the street-gutters, and flying at the peaceable passenger!' ¹ Which captivated Father Latour; and made matters smooth on that side; so that even the *Ancien de Mirepoix* said nothing, this time: What could he say? No cloven foot visible, and the Authorities strong.

¹ In *Voltaireana, ou Eloges Amphigouriques*, &c. (Paris, 1748), i. 150-160, the Letter itself, "Paris, 7th February, 1746;" omitted (without need or real cause on any side) in the common Collections of *Œuvres de Voltaire*.

“Voltaire had started as Candidate with these judicious preliminaries. Voltaire was elected, as we saw; fine Discourse, 9th May; and on the Official side all things comfortable. But, in the mean while, the Doggeries, as natural, seeing the thing now likely, had risen to a never-imagined pitch; and had filled Paris, and, to Voltaire’s excruciated sense, the Universe, with their howlings and their hyena-laughter, with their pasquils, satires, old and new. So that Voltaire could not stand it; and, in evil hour, rushed downstairs upon them; seized one poor dog, Travenol, unknown to him as Fiddler or otherwise; pinioned Dog Travenol, with pineers, by the ears, him for one; — proper Police-pineers, for we are now well at Court; — and had a momentary joy! And, alas, this was not the right dog; this, we say, was Travenol a Fiddler at the Opera, who, except the street-noises, knew nothing of Voltaire; much less had the least pique at him; but had taken to hawking certain Pasquils (Jingler Roi’s *Collection*, it appears), to turn a desirable penny by them.

“And mistakes were made in the Affair Travenol, — old *Father* Travenol haled to prison, instead of Son, — by the Lieutenant of Police and his people. And Voltaire took the high-hand method (being well at Court): — and thereupon hungry Advocates took up Dog Travenol and his pincered ears: ‘Serene Judges of the Châtelet, Most Christian Populace of Paris, did you ever see a Dog so pincered by an Academical Gentleman before, merely for being hungry?’ And Voltaire, getting madder and madder, appealed to the Academy (which would not interfere); filed Criminal Informations; appealed to the Châtelet, to the Courts above and to the Courts below; and, for almost a year, there went on the ‘*Procès-Travenol*:’¹ Olympian Jove in distressed circumstances *versus* a hungry Dog who had eaten dirty puddings. Paris, in all its Saloons

¹ About Mayday, 1746, Seizure of Travenol; Pleadings are in vigor August, 1746; not done April, 1747. In *Voltaireana*, ii. 141-206, Pleadings, &c., copiously given; and most of the original Libels, in different parts of that sad Book (compiled by Travenol’s Advocate, a very sad fellow himself): see also (*Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiii. 355 n., 385 n.; *ib.* i. 97; *Barbier*, ii. 487. All in a very jumbled, dateless, vague and incorrect condition.

and Literary Coffee-houses (figure the *Antre de Procope*, on Publication nights !), had, monthly or so, the exquisite malign banquet ; and grinned over the Law Pleadings : what Magazine Serial of our day can be so interesting to the emptiest mind !

“ Lasted, I find, for above a year. From Spring, 1746, till towards Autumn, 1747 : Voltaire’s feelings being — Haha, so exquisite, all the while ! — Well, reader, I can judge how amusing it was to high and low. And yet Phœbus Apollo going about as mere Cowherd of Admetus, and exposed to amuse the populace by his duels with dogs that have bitten him ? It is certain Voltaire was a fool, not to be more cautious of getting into gutter-quarrels ; not to have a thicker skin, in fact.”

Procès-Travenol, escorting one’s Triumphal Entry ; what an adjunct ! Always so : always in your utmost radiance of sunshine a shadow ; and in your softest outburst of Lydian or Spheral symphonies something of eating Care ! Then too, in the Court-circle itself, “ is Trajan pleased,” or are all things well ? Readers have heard of that “ *Trajan est-il content ?* ” It occurred Winter, 1745 (27th November, 1745, a date worth marking), while things were still in the flush of early hope. That evening, our *Temple de la Gloire* (Temple of Glory) had just been acted for the first time, in honor of him we may call “ Trajan,” returning from a “ Fontenoy and Seven Cities captured : ” ¹ —

“ <i>Reviens, divin Trajan, vainqueur</i> <i>doux et terrible ;</i>	“ Return, divine Trajan, conqueror sweet and terrible ;
<i>Le monde est mon rival, tous les</i> <i>cœurs sont à toi ;</i>	The world is my rival, all hearts are thine ;
<i>Mais est-il un cœur plus sensible,</i> <i>Et qui t'adore plus que moi ? ”</i> ²	But is there a heart more loving, Or that adores thee more than I ? ”

An allegoric Dramatic Piece ; naturally very admirable at Versailles. Issuing radiant from Fall of the Curtain, Voltaire had

¹ Seven of them ; or even eight of a kind : Tournay, Ghent, Bruges, Nieuport, Dendermond, Ath, Ostend ; and nothing lost but Cape Breton and one’s Codfishery.

² *Temple de la Gloire*, Acte iv. (*Œuvres*, xii. 328).

the farther honor to see his Majesty pass out; Majesty escorted by Richelieu, one's old friend in a sense: "Is Trajan pleased?" whispered Voltaire to his Richelieu; overheard by Trajan, — who answered in words nothing, but in a visible glance of the eyes did answer, "Impertinent Lackey!" — Trajan being a man unready with speech; and disliking trouble with the people whom he paid for keeping his boots in polish. O my winged Voltaire, to what dunghill Bubbly-Jocks (*Cogs d'Inde*) you do stoop with homage, constrained by their appearance of mere size! —

Evidently no perfect footing at Court, after all. And then the Pompadour, could she, Head-Butterfly of the Universe, be an anchor that would hold, if gales rose? Rather she is herself somewhat of a gale, of a continual liability to gales; unstable as the wind! Voltaire did his best to be useful, as Court Poet, as director of Private Theatricals; — above all, to soothe, to flatter Pompadour; and never neglected this evident duty. But, by degrees, the envious Lackey-people made cabals; turned the Divine Butterfly into comparative indifference for Voltaire; into preference of a Crébillon's poor faded Pieces: "Suitabler these, Madame, for the Private Theatricals of a Most Christian Majesty." Think what a stab; crueller than daggers through one's heart: "Crébillon?" M. de Voltaire said nothing; looked nothing, in those sacred circles; and never ceased outwardly his worship, and assiduous tuning, of the Pompadour: but he felt — as only Phœbus Apollo in the like case can! "Away!" growled he to himself, when this atrocity had culminated. And, in effect, is, since the end of 1746 or so, pretty much withdrawn from the Versailles Olympus; and has set, privately in the distance (now at Cirey, now at Paris, in our *petit palais* there), with his whole will and fire, to do Crébillon's dead Dramas into living ones of his own. Dead *Catiline* of Crébillon into *Rome Sauvée* of Voltaire, and the other samples of dead into living, — that stupid old Crébillon himself and the whole Universe may judge, and even Pompadour feel a remorse! — Readers shall fancy these things; and that the world is coming back to its old poor drab color with M. de Voltaire; his divine Emilie and he rubbing along

on the old confused terms. One face-to-face peep of them readers shall now have; and that is to be enough, or more than enough:—

Voltaire and the divine Emilie appear suddenly, one Night, at Sceaux.

About the middle of August, 1747, King Friedrich, I find, was at home;—not in his new *Sans-Souci* by any means, but running to and fro; busy with his Musterings, “grand review, and mimic attack on Börnstadt, near Berlin;” *Invaliden-Haus* (Military Hospital) getting built; Silesian Reviews just ahead; and, for the present, much festivity and moving about, to Charlottenburg, to Berlin and the different Palaces; Wilhelmina, “August 15th,” having come to see him; of which fine visit, especially of Wilhelmina’s thoughts on it,—why have the envious Fates left us nothing!

While all this is astir in Berlin and neighborhood, there is, among the innumerable other visits in this world, one going on near Paris, in the Mansion or Palace of Sceaux, which has by chance become memorable. A visit by Voltaire and his divine Emilie, direct from Paris, I suppose, and rather on the sudden. Which has had the luck to have a *Letter* written on it, by one of those rare creatures, a seeing Witness, who can make others see and believe. The seeing Witness is little Madame de Staël (by no means Necker’s Daughter, but a much cleverer), known as one of the sharpest female heads; she from the spot reports it to Madame du Deffand, who also is known to readers. There is such a glimpse afforded here into the actuality of old things and remarkable human creatures, that Friedrich himself would be happy to read the Letter.

Duchesse du Maine, Lady of Sceaux, is a sublime old personage, with whom and with whose high ways and magnificent hospitalities at Sceaux, at Anet and elsewhere, Voltaire had been familiar for long years past.¹ This Duchess, granddaughter of the great Condé, now a dowager for ten years, and

¹ In *Œuvres de Voltaire*. lxxiii. 434 n., x. 8, &c., “Clog.” and others represent *this* Visit as having been to Anet,—though the record otherwise is express.

herself turned of seventy, has been a notable figure in French History this great while : a living fragment of Louis le Grand, as it were. Was wedded to Louis's "Legitimated" Illegitimate, the Duc du Maine; was in trouble with the Regent d'Orléans about Alberoni-Cellamare conspiracies (1718), Regent having stript her husband of his high legitimatures and dignities, with little ceremony; which led her to conspire a good deal, at one time.¹ She was never very beautiful; but had a world of grace and witty intelligence; and knew a Voltaire when she saw him. Was the soul of courtesy and benignity, though proud enough, and carrying her head at its due height; and was always very charming, in her lofty gracious way, to mankind. Interesting to all, were it only as a living fragment of the Grand Epoch, — kind of French Fulness of Time, when the world was at length blessed with a Louis Quatorze, and Ne-plus-ultra of a Gentleman determined to do the handsome thing in this world. She is much frequented by high people, especially if of a Literary or Historical turn. President Hénault (of the *Abrégé Chronologique*, the well-frilled, accurately powdered, most correct old legal gentleman) is one of her adherents; Voltaire is another, that may stand for many: there is an old Marquis de St. Aulaire, whom she calls "*mon vieux berger* (my old shepherd," that is to say, sweetheart or flame of love);² there is a most learned President de Mesmes, and others we have heard of, but do not wish to know. Little De Staal was at one time this fine Duchess's maid; but has far outgrown all that, a favorite guest of the Duchess's instead;

¹ *Duc du Maine* with *Comte de Toulouse* were products of Louis XIV. and Madame de Montespan: — "legitimated" by Papa's fiat in 1673, while still only young children; dislegitimated again by Regent d'Orléans, autumn, 1718; grand scene, "guards drawn out" and the like, on this occasion (*Barbier*, i. 8–11, ii. 181); futile Conspiracies with Alberoni thereupon; arrest of Duchess and Duke (29th December, 1718), and closure of that poor business. Duc du Maine died 1736; Toulouse next year; ages, each about sixty-five. "Duc de Penthièvre," Egalité's father-in-law, was Toulouse's son; Maine has left a famous Dowager, whom we see. Nothing more of notable about the one or the other.

² *Barbier*. ii. 87; see ib. (i. 8–11; ii. 181, 436; &c.) for many notices of her affairs and her.

holds now mainly by Madame du Deffand (not yet fallen blind), — and is well turned of fifty, and known for one of the shrewdest little souls in the world, at the time she writes. Her Letter is addressed “*To Madame du Deffand, at Paris ;*” most free-flowing female Letter ; of many pages, runs on, day after day, for a fortnight or so ; — only Excerpts of it introducible here : —

“*Sceaux, Tuesday, 15th August, 1747. . . .* Madame du Châtelet and Voltaire, who had announced themselves as for to-day, and whom nobody had heard of otherwise, made their appearance yesternight, near midnight ; like two Spectres, with an odor of embalmment about them, as if just out of their tombs. We were rising from table ; the Spectres, however, were hungry ones : they needed supper ; and what is more, beds, which were not ready. The Housekeeper (*Concierge*), who had gone to bed, rose in great haste. Gaya [*amiable gentleman, conceivable, not known*], who had offered his apartment for pressing cases, was obliged to yield it in this emergency : he flitted with as much precipitation and displeasure as an army surprised in its camp ; leaving a part of his baggage in the enemy’s hands. Voltaire thought the lodging excellent, but that did not at all console Gaya.

“As to the Lady, her bed turns out not to have been well made ; they have had to put her in a new place to-day. Observe, she made that bed herself, no servants being up, and had found a blemish or *défaut* of” — word wanting : who knows what ? — “in the mattresses ; which I believe hurt her exact mind, more than her not very delicate body. She has got, in the interim, an apartment promised to somebody else ; and she will have to leave it again on Friday or Saturday, and go into that of Maréchal de Maillebois, who leaves at that time.”

— Yes ; Maillebois in the body, O reader. This is he, with the old ape-face renewed by paint, whom we once saw marching with an “Army of Redemption,” haggling in the Passes about Eger, unable to redeem Belleisle ; marching and haggling, more lately, with a “Middle-Rhine Army,” and the like non-effect ; since which, fighting his best in Italy, —

pushed home last winter, with Browne's bayonets in his back ; Belleisle succeeding him in dealing with Browne. Belleisle, and the "Revolt of Genoa" (fatal to Browne's Invasion of us), and the Defence of Genoa and the mutual worryings thereabout, are going on at a great rate, — and there is terrible news out of those Savoy Passes, while Maillebois is here. Concerning which by and by. He is grandson of the renowned Colbert, this Maillebois. A Field-Marshal evidently extant, you perceive, in those vanished times : is to make room for Madame on Friday, says our little De Staal ; and take leave of us, — if for good, so much the better !

"He came at the time we did, with his daughter and grand-daughter : the one is pretty, the other ugly and dreary [*l'une, l'autre* ; no saying which, in such important case ! Madame la Maréchale, the mother and grandmother, I think must be dead. Not beautiful she, nor very benignant, "*une très-méchante femme*, very cat-witted woman," says Barbier ; "shrieked like a devil, at Court, upon the Cardinal," about that old *Army-of-Redemption* business ; but all her noise did nothing].¹ — M. le Maréchal has hunted here with his dogs, in these fine autumn woods and glades ; chased a bit of a stag, and caught a poor doe's fawn : that was all that could be got here.

"Our new Guests will make better sport : they are going to have their Comedy acted again [Comedy of *The Exchange*, much an entertainment with them] : Vanture [conceivable, not known] is to do the Count de Boursoufle (*de Blister* or *de Windbag*) ; you will not say this is a hit, any more than Madame du Châtelet's doing the Hon. Miss Piggery (*La Cochonnière*), who ought to be fat and short."² — Little De Staal then abruptly breaks off, to ask about her Correspondent's health, and her Correspondent's friend old President Hénault's health ; touches on those "grumblings and discords in the Army (*tracasseries de l'Armée*)," which are making such a stir ; how

¹ Barbier, ii. 332 ("November, 1742").

² *L'Echange*, *The Exchange*, or *When shall I get married?* Farce in three acts: *Œuvres*, x. 167-222 ; used to be played at Cirey and elsewhere (see plenty of details upon it, exact or not quite so, *ib.* 7-9).

M. d'Argenson, our fine War-Minister, man of talent amid blockheads, will manage them; and suddenly exclaims: "O my queen, what curious animals men and women are! I laugh at their manœuvres, the days when I have slept well; if I have missed sleep, I could kill them. These changes of temper prove that I do not break off kind. Let us mock other people, and let other people mock us; it is well done on both sides. — [Poor little De Staal: to what a posture have things come with you, in that fast-rotting Epoch, of Hypocries becoming all insolvent!]

"Wednesday, 16th. Our Ghosts do not show themselves by daylight. They appeared yesterday at ten in the evening; I do not think we shall see them sooner to-day: the one is engaged in writing high feats [*Siècle de Louis XV.*, or what at last became such]; the other in commenting Newton. They will neither play nor walk: they are, in fact, equivalent to *zeros* in a society where their learned writings are of no significance. — [Pauses, without notice given, for some hours, perhaps days; then resuming:] Nay, worse still: their apparition to-night has produced a vehement declamation on one of our little social diversions here, the game of *Cavagnole*:¹ it was continued and maintained," on the part of Madame du Châtelet, you guess, "in a tone which is altogether unheard of in this place; and was endured," on the part of Serene Highness, "with a moderation not less surprising. But what is unendurable is my babble" — And herewith our nimble little woman hops off again into the general field of things; and gossips largely, How are you, my queen, Whither are you going, Whither we; That the Maillebois people are away, and also the Villeneuves, if anybody knew them now; then how the Estillacs, to the number of four, are coming to-morrow; and Cousin Sequence, for all his hunting, can catch nothing; and it is a continual coming and going; and how Boursofle is to be played, and a Dame Dufour is just come, who will do a character. Rubrics, vanished Shadows, nearly all those high Dames and Gentlemen; *la pauvre* Saint-Pierre, "eaten with gout," who is she? "Still drags herself about, as

¹ "Kind of *Biribi*," it would appear; in the height of fashion then.

well as she can ; but not with me, for I never go by land, and she seems to have the hydrophobia, when I take to the water. [Thread of date is gone! I almost think we must have got to Saturday by this time:—or perhaps it is only Thursday, and Maillebois off prematurely, to be out of the way of the Farce? Little De Staal takes no notice; but continues gossiping rapidly :]

“Yesterday Madame du Châtelet got into her third lodging: she could not any longer endure the one she had chosen. There was noise in it, smoke without fire:—privately meseems, a little the emblem of herself! As to noise, it was not by night that it incommoded her, she told me, but by day, when she was in the thick of her work: it deranges her ideas. She is busy reviewing her *Principles*” — *Newton's Principia*, no doubt, but De Staal will understand it only as *Principes*, Principles in general:—“it is an exercise she repeats every year, without which the Principles might get away, and perhaps go so far she would never find them again [You satirical little gypsy!]. Her head, like enough, is a kind of lock-up for them, rather than a birthplace, or natural home: and that is a case for watching carefully lest they get away. She prefers the high air of this occupation to every kind of amusement, and persists in not showing herself till after dark. Voltaire has produced some gallant verses [unknown to Editors] which help off a little the bad effect of such unusual behavior.

“*Sunday, 27th.* I told you on Thursday [no, you did n't; you only meant to tell] that our Spectres were going on the morrow, and that the Piece was to be played that evening: all this has been done. I cannot give you much of Boursoufle [done by one Vanture]. Mademoiselle Piggery [*de la Cochonnaière*, Madame du Châtelet herself] executed so perfectly the extravagance of her part, that I own it gave me real pleasure. But Vanture only put his own fatuity into the character of Boursoufle, which wanted more: he played naturally in a Piece where all requires to be forced, like the subject of it.”—What a pity none of us has read this fine Farce! “One Pâris did the part of *Muscadin* (Little Coxcomb), which name represents his character: in short, it can be said the Farce was well given.

The Author ennobled it by a Prologue for the Occasion ; which he acted very well, along with Madame Dufour as *Barbe* (Governess Barbara), — who, but for this brilliant action, could not have put up with merely being Governess to Piggery. And, in fact, she disdained the simplicity of dress which her part required ; — as did the chief actress,” Du Châtelet herself (age now forty-one) ; “ who, in playing *Piggery*, preferred the interests of her own face to those of the Piece, and made her entry in all the splendor and elegant equipments of a Court Lady,” — her “ *Principles*,” though the key is turned upon them, not unlike jumping out of window, one would say ! “ She had a crow to pluck [*maille à partir*, “clasp to open,” which is better] with Voltaire on this point : but she is sovereign, and he is slave. I am very sorry at their going, though I was worn out with doing her multifarious errands all the time she was here.

“ *Wednesday, 30th.* M. le President [Hénault] has been asked hither ; and he is to bring you, my Queen ! Tried all I could to hinder ; but they would not be put off. If your health and disposition do suit, it will be charming. In any case, I have got you a good apartment : it is the one that Madame du Châtelet had seized upon, after an exact review of all the Mansion. There will be a little less furniture than she had put in it ; Madame had pillaged all her previous apartments to equip this one. We found about seven tables in it, for one item : she needs them of all sizes ; immense, to spread out her papers upon ; solid, to support her *nécessaire* ; slighter, for her nicknacks (*pompons*), for her jewels. And this fine arrangement did not save her from an accident like that of Philip II., when, after spending all the night in writing, he got his despatches drowned by the oversetting of an ink-bottle. The Lady did not pretend to imitate the moderation of that Prince ; at any rate, he was only writing on affairs of state ; and the thing they blotted, on this occasion, was Algebra, much more difficult to clean up again.

“ This subject ought to be exhausted : one word more, and then it does end. The day after their departure, I receive a Letter of four pages, and a Note enclosed, which announces

dreadful hurly-burly: M. de Voltaire has mislaid his Farce, forgotten to get back the parts, and lost his Prologue: I am to find all that again [excessively tremulous about his Manuscripts, M. de Voltaire; of such value are they, of such danger to him; there is *La Pucelle*, for example, — enough to hang a man, were it surreptitiously launched forth in print!] — I am to send him the Prologue instantly, not by post, because they would copy it; to keep the parts for fear of the same accident, and to lock up the Piece ‘under a hundred keys.’ I should have thought one padlock sufficient for this treasure! I have duly executed his orders.”¹

And herewith *explicit De Staal*. Scene closes: *exeunt omnes*; are off to Paris or Versailles again; to Lunéville and the Court of Stanislaus again, — where also adventures await them, which will be heard of!

“Figure to yourself,” says some other Eye-witness, “a lean Lady, with big arms and long legs; small head, and countenance losing itself in a cloudery of head-dress; cocked nose [*retroussé*, say you? Very slightly, then; quite an unobjectionable nose!] and pair of small greenish eyes; complexion tawny, and mouth too big: this was the divine Emilie, whom Voltaire celebrates to the stars. Loaded to extravagance with ribbons, laces, face-patches, jewels and female ornaments; determined to be sumptuous in spite of Economics, and pretty in spite of Nature:” Pooh, it is an enemy’s hand that paints! “And then by her side,” continues he, “the thin long figure of Voltaire, that Anatomy of an Apollo, affecting worship of her,”² — yes, that thin long Gentleman, with high red-heeled shoes, and the daintiest polite attitudes and paces; in superfine coat, laced hat under arm; nose and under-lip ever more like coalescing (owing to decay of teeth), but two eyes shining on you like carbuncles; and in the ringing voice, such touches of speech when you apply for it! Thus they at Seeaux and

¹ *Madame de Graffigny* (Paris, 1820), pp. 283-291.

² From Rödénbeck (quoting somebody, whom I have surely seen in French; whom Rödénbeck tries to name, as he could have done, but curiously without success), i. 179.

elsewhere ; walking their Life-minuet, making their entrances and exits.

One thing is lamentable : the relation with Madame is not now a flourishing one, or capable again of being : “ Does not love me as he did, the wretch ! ” thinks Madame always ; — yet sticks by him, were it but in the form of blister. They had been to Lunéville, Spring, 1747 ; happy dull place, within reach of Cirey ; far from Versailles and its cabals. They went again, 1748, in a kind of permanent way ; Titular Stanislaus, an opulent dawdling creature, much liking to have them ; and Father Menou, his Jesuit, — who is always in quarrel with the Titular Mistress, — thinking to displace *her* (as you gradually discover), and promote the Du Châtelet to that improper dignity ! In which he had not the least success, says Voltaire ; but got “ two women on his ears instead of one.” It was not to be Stanislaus’s mistress ; nor a *titular* one at all, but a real, that Madame was fated in this dull happy place ! Idle readers know the story only too well ; — concerning which, admit this other Fraction and no more : —

“ Stanislaus, as a Titular King, cannot do without some kind of Titular Army, — were it only to blare about as Life-guard, and beat kettle-drums on occasion. A certain tall high-sniffing M. de St. Lambert, a young Lorrainer of long pedigree and light purse, had just taken refuge in this Life-guard [Summer 1748, or so], I know not whether as Captain or Lieutenant, just come from the Netherlands Wars : of grave stiff manners ; for the rest, a good-looking young fellow ; thought to have some poetic genius, even ; — who is precious, surely, in such an out-of-the-way place. Welcome to Voltaire, to Madame still more. Alas, readers know the History, — on which we must not dwell. Madame, a brown geometric Lady, age now forty-two, with a Great Man who has scandalously ceased to love her, casts her eye upon St. Lambert : ‘ Yes, you would be the shoeing-horn, Monsieur, if one had time, you fine florid fellow, hardly yet into your thirties — ’ And tries him with a little coquetry ; I always think, perhaps in this view chiefly ? And then, at any rate, as he responded, the thing itself became so interesting : ‘ Our Ulysses-bow, we can still bend it, then, aha ! ’ And

is not that a pretty stag withal, worth bringing down; florid, just entering his thirties, and with the susceptibilities of genius! Voltaire was not blind, could he have helped it, — had he been tremulously alive to help it. ‘Your Verses to her, my St. Lambert, — ah, Tibullus never did the like of them. Yes, to you are the roses, my fine young friend, to me are the thorns:’ thus sings Voltaire in response;¹ perhaps not thinking it would go so far. And it went, — alas, it went to all lengths, mentionable and not mentionable: and M. le Marquis had to be coaxed home in the Spring of 1749, — still earlier it had been suitabler; — and in September ensuing, M. de St. Lambert looking his demurest, there is an important lying-in to be transacted! Newton’s *Principia* is, by that time, drawing diligently to its close; — complicated by such far abstruser Problems, not of the geometric sort! Poor little lean brown woman, what a Life, after all; what an End of a Life!” —

War-Passages in 1747.

The War, since Friedrich got out of it, does not abate in animosity, nor want for bloodshed, battle and sieging; but offers little now memorable. March 18th, 1747, a ghastly Phantasm of a Congress, “Congress of Breda,” which had for some months been attempting Peace, and was never able to get into conference, or sit in its chairs except for moments, flew away altogether;² and left the War perhaps angrier than ever, more hopelessly stupid than ever. Except, indeed, that resources are failing; money running low in France, Parlements beginning to murmur, and among the Population generally a feeling that glory is excellent, but will not make the national pot boil. Perhaps all this will be more effective than Congresses of Breda? Here are the few Notes worth giving:

¹ *Œuvres*, xvii. 223 (*Épître à M. de St. Lambert*, 1749); &c. &c. In *Mémoires sur Voltaire par Longchamp et Wagnière* (Paris, 1826), ii. 229 et seq., details enough and more.

² In September, 1746, had got together; but would not take life, on trying and again trying, and fell forgotten: February, 1747, again gleams up into hope: March 18th and the following days, vanishes for good (*Adelung*, v. 50 vi. 6, 62).

April 23d-30th, 1747, The French invade Holland; whereupon, suddenly, a Stadtholder there. “After Fontenoy there has been much sieging and capturing in that Netherlands Country, a series of successes gloriously delightful to Maréchal de Saxe and the French Nation: likewise (in bar of said sieging, in futile attempt to bar it) a Battle of Roucoux, October, 1746; with victory, or quasi-victory, to Saxe, at least with prostration to the opposite part. And farther on, there is a Battle of Lauffeld coming, 2d July, 1747; with similar results; frustration evident, retreat evident, victory not much to speak of. And in this gloriously delightful manner Saxe and the French Nation have proceeded, till in fact the Netherlands Territory with all strongholds, except Maestricht alone, was theirs, — and they decided on attacking the Dutch Republic itself. And (17th April, 1747) actually broke in upon the frontier Fortresses of Zealand; found the same dry-rotten everywhere; and took them, Fortress after Fortress, at the rate of a cannon salvo each: ‘Ye magnanimous Dutch, see what you have got by not sitting still, as recommended!’ To the horror and terror of the poor Zealanders and general Dutch Population. Who shrieked to England for help; — and were, on the very instant, furnished with a modicum of Seventy-fours (Dutch Courier returning by the same); which landed the Courier April 23d, and put Walcheren in a state of security.¹

“Whereupon the Dutch Population turned round on its Governors, with a growl of indignation, spreading ever wider, waxing ever higher: ‘Scandalous laggards, is this your mode of governing a free Republic? Freedom to let the State go to dry-rot, and become the laughing-stock of mankind. To provide for your own paltry kindred in the State-employments; to palaver grandly with all comers; and publish melodious Despatches of Van Hoey? Had not Britannic Majesty, for his dear Daughter’s sake, come to the rescue in this crisis, where had we been? We demand a Stadtholder again; our glorious Nassau Orange, to keep some bridle on you!’ And actually, in this way, Populus and Plebs, by general turning

¹ Adelung, vi. 105, 125-134.

out into the streets, in a gloomily indignant manner, which threatens to become vociferous and dangerous, — cowed the Heads of the Republic into choosing the said Prince, with Princess and Family, as Stadtholder, High-Admiral, High-Everything and Supreme of the Republic. Hereditary, no less, and punctually perpetual; Princess and Family to share in it. In which happy state (ripened into Kingship latterly) they continue to this day. A result painfully surprising to Most Christian Majesty; gratifying to Britannic proportionately, or more; — and indeed beneficial towards abating dry-rot and melodious palaver in that poor Land of the Free. Consummated, by popular outbreak of vociferation, in the different Provinces, in about a week from April 23d, when those helpful Seventy-fours hove in sight. Stadtholdership had been in abeyance for forty-five years.¹ The new Stadtholder did his best; could not, in the short life granted him, do nearly enough. — Next year there was a *second* Dutch outbreak, or general turning into the streets; of much more violent character; in regard to glaringly unjust Excises and Taxations, and to ‘instant dismissal of your Excise-Farmers,’ as the special first item.² Which salutary object being accomplished (new Stadtholder well aiding, in a valiant and judicious manner), there has no third dose of that dangerous remedy been needed since.

“*July 19th, Fate of Chevalier de Belleisle.* At the Fortress of Exilles, in one of those Passes of the Savoy Alps, — Pass of Col di Sieta, memorable to the French Soldier ever since, — there occurred a lamentable thing;” doubtless much talked of at Sceaux while Voltaire was there. “The Revolt of Genoa (popular outburst, and expulsion of our poor friend Botta and his Austrians, then a famous thing, and a rarer than now) having suddenly recalled the victorious General Browne from his Siege of Antibes and Invasion of Provence, — Maréchal Due de Belleisle, well reinforced and now become ‘Army of Italy’

¹ Since our Dutch William’s death, 1702.

² Adelung, vi. 364 et seq.; Raumer, 182–193 (“March–September, 1748”), or, in *Chesterfield’s Works*, Dayrolles’s Letters to Chesterfield: somewhat unintelligent and unintelligible, both Raumer and he

in general, followed steadfastly for 'Defence of Genoa' against indignant Botta, Browne and Company. For defence of Genoa; nay for attack on Turin, which would have been 'defence' in Genoa and everywhere, — had the captious Spaniard consented to co-operate. Captious Spaniard would not; Couriers to Madrid, to Paris thereupon, and much time lost; — till, at the eleventh hour, came consent from Paris, 'Try it by yourself, then!' Belleisle tries it; at least his Brother does. His Brother, the Chevalier, is to force that Pass of Exilles; a terrible fiery business, but the backbone of the whole adventure: in which, if the Chevalier can succeed, he too is to be *Maréchal de France*. Forward, therefore, climb the Alpine stairs again; snatch me that Fort of Exilles.

"And so, July 19th, 1747, the Chevalier comes in sight of the Place; scans a little the frowning buttresses, bristly with guns; the dumb Alps, to right and left, looking down on him and it. Chevalier de Belleisle judges that, however difficult, it can and must be possible to French valor; and storms in upon it, huge and furious (20,000, or if needful 30,000); — but is torn into mere wreck, and hideous recoil; rallies, snatches a standard, 'We must take it or die,' — and dies, does not take it; falls shot on the rampart, 'pulling at the palisades with his own hands,' nay some say 'with his teeth,' when the last moments came. Within one hour, he has lost 4,000 men; and himself and his Brother's Enterprise lie ended there.¹ Fancy his poor Brother's feelings, who much loved him! The discords about War-matters (*tracasseries de l'Armée*) were a topic at Seeaux lately, as De Staal intimated. 'Why starve our Italian Enterprises; heaping every rescuree upon the Netherlands and Saxe?' Diligent Defence of Genoa (chiefly by flourishing of swords on the part of France, for the Austrians were not yet ready) is henceforth all the Italian War there is; and this explosion at Exilles may fitly be finis to it here. Let us only say that Infant Philip did, when the Peace came, get a bit of Apanage (Parma and Piacenza or some such thing, contemptibly small to the Maternal heart),

¹ Voltaire, xxv. 221 et seq. (*Siecle de Louis Quinze*, c. 22); Adelung, v. 174.

and that all things else lapsed to their pristine state, *minus* only the waste and ruin there had been."

July 12th–September 18th: Siege of the chief Dutch Fortress. "Unexpected Siege of Bergen-op-Zoom; two months of intense excitement to the Dutch Patriots and Cause-of-Liberty Gazetteers, as indifferent and totally dead as it has now become. Maréchal de Saxe, after his victory at Lauffeld, 2d July, did not besiege Maestricht, as had been the universal expectation; but shot off an efficient lieutenant of his, one Löwendahl, in due force, privately ready, to overwhelm Bergen-op-Zoom with sudden Siege, while he himself lay between the beaten enemy and it. Bergen is the heart of Holland, key of the Scheld, and quite otherwise important than Maestricht. 'Coehorn's masterpiece!' exclaim the Gazetteers; 'Impregnable, you may depend!' 'We shall see,' answered Saxe, answered Löwendahl the Dane (who also became Maréchal by this business); and after a great deal of furious assaulting and battering, took the Place September 18th, before daylight," by a kind of surprisal or quasi-storm;—"the Commandant, one Cronström, a brave old Swede, age towards ninety, not being of very wakeful nature! 'Did as well as could be expected of him,' said the Court-Martial sitting on his case, and forbore to shoot the poor old man.¹ A sore stroke, this of Bergen, to Britannic Majesty and the Friends of Liberty; who nevertheless refuse to be discouraged."

December 25th, Russians in behalf of Human Liberty. "March of 36,000 Russians from the City of Moscow, this day; on a very long journey, in the hoary Christmas weather! Most Christian Majesty is ruinously short of money; Britannic Majesty has still credit, and a voting Parliament, but, owing to French influence on the Continent, can get no recruits to hire. Gradually driven upon Russia, in such stress, Britannic Majesty has this year hired for himself a 35,000 Russians; 30,000 regular foot; 4,000 ditto horse, and 1,000 Cossacks;—uncommonly cheap, only £150,000 the lot, not £4 per head by the year. And, in spite of many difficulties and hagglings, they actually

¹ Adelung, vi. 184, 206;—"for Cronström," if any one is curious, "see Schlötzer, *Schwedische Biographie*, ii. 252 (in voce)"

get on march, from Moscow, 25th December, 1747; and creep on, all Winter, through the frozen peaty wildernesses, through Lithuania, Poland, towards Böhmen, Mähren: are to appear in the Rhine Countries, joined by certain Austrians; and astonish mankind next Spring. Their Captain is one Repnin, Prince Repnin, afterwards famous enough in those Polish Countries; — which is now the one point interesting to us in the thing. “Their Captain *was*, first, to be Lacy, old Marshal Lacy; then, failing Lacy, ‘Why not General Keith?’ — but proves to be Repnin, after much hustling and intriguing:” Repnin, not Keith, that is the interesting point.

“Such march of the Russians, on behalf of Human Liberty, in pay of Britannic Majesty, is a surprising fact; and considerably discomposes the French. Who bestir themselves in Sweden and elsewhere against Russia and it: with no result, — except perhaps the incidental one, of getting our esteemed old friend Guy Dickens, now Sir Guy, dismissed from Stockholm, and we hope put on half-pay on his return home.”¹

Marshal Keith comes to Prussia (September, 1747).

“Much hustling and intriguing,” it appears, in regard to the Captaincy of these Russians. Concerning which there is no word worthy to be said, — except for one reason only, That it finished off the connection of General Keith with Russia. That this of seeing Repnin, his junior and inferior, preferred to him, was, of many disgusts, the last drop which made the cup run over; — and led the said General to fling it from him, and seek new fields of employment. From Hamburg, having got so far, he addresses himself, 1st September, 1747, to Friedrich, with offer of service; who grasps eagerly at the offer: “Feldmarschall your rank; income, £1,200 a year; income, welcome, all suitable:” — and, October 28th, Feldmarschall Keith finishes, at Potsdam, a long Letter to his Brother Lord Marischal, in these words, worth giving, as those of a very clear-eyed sound observer of men and things: —

¹ Adelung, vi. 250, 302: — Sir Guy, not yet invalided, “went to Russia,” and other errands.

"I have now the honor, and, which is still more, the pleasure, of being with the King at Potsdam; where he ordered me to come," 17th current, "two days after he declared me Field-marshal: where I have the honor to dine and sup with him almost every day. He has more wit than I have wit to tell you; speaks solidly and knowingly on all kinds of subjects; and I am much mistaken if, with the experience of Four Campaigns, he is not the best Officer of his Army. He has several persons," Rothenburg, Winterfeld, Swedish Rudenskjöld (just about departing), not to speak of D'Argens and the French, "with whom he lives in almost the familiarity of a friend, — but has no favorite; — and shows a natural politeness for everybody who is about him. For one who has been four days about his person, you will say I pretend to know a great deal of his character: but what I tell you, you may depend upon. With more time, I shall know as much of him as he will let me know; — and all his Ministry knows no more."¹

A notable acquisition to Friedrich; — and to the two Keiths withal; for Friedrich attached both of them to his Court and service, after their unlucky wanderings; and took to them both, in no common degree. As will abundantly appear.

While that Russian Corps was marching out of Moscow, Cocceji and his Commissions report from Pommern, that the Pomeranian Law-stables are completely clear; that the New Courts have, for many months back, been in work, and are now, at the end of the Year, fairly abreast with it, according to program; — have "decided of Old-Pending Lawsuits 2,400, all that there were (one of them 200 years old, and filling seventy Volumes); and of the 994 New ones, 772; not one Lawsuit remaining over from the previous Year." A highly gratifying bit of news to his Majesty; who answers emphatically, *Euge!* and directs that the Law Hercules proceed now to the other Provinces, — to the Kur-Mark, now, and Berlin itself, — with his salutary industries. Naming him "Grand

¹ Varnhagen von Ense, *Leben des Feldmarschalls Jakob Keith* (Berlin, 1844,) p. 100; Adelung, vi. 244.

Chancellor," moreover; that is to say, under a new title, Head of Prussian Law, — old Arnim, "Minister of Justice," having shown himself disaffected to Law-Reform, and got rebuked in consequence, and sulkily gone into private life.¹

In February of this Year, 1747, Friedrich had something like a stroke of apoplexy; "sank suddenly motionless, one day," and sat insensible, perhaps for half an hour: to the terror and horror of those about him. Hemiplegia, he calls it; rush of blood to the head; — probably indigestion, or gouty humors, exasperated by over-fatigue. Which occasioned great rumor in the world; and at Paris, to Voltaire's horror, reports of his death. He himself made light of the matter:² and it did not prove to have been important; was never followed by anything similar through his long life; and produced no change in his often-wavering health, or in his habits, which were always steady. He is writing *Memoirs*; settling "Colonies" (on his waste moors); improving Harbors. Waiting when this European War will end; politely deaf to the offers of Britannic Majesty as to taking the least personal share in it.

CHAPTER III.

EUROPEAN WAR FALLS DONE: TREATY OF AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

THE preparations for Campaign 1748 were on a larger scale than ever. Britannic Subsidies, a New Parliament being of willing mind, are opulent to a degree; 192,000 men, 60,000 Austrians for one item, shall be in the Netherlands; — coupled with this remarkable new clause, "And they are to be there in fact, and not on paper only," and with a tare-and-tret of 30 or 40 per cent, as too often heretofore! Holland, under its new Stadtholder, is stanch of purpose, if of nothing else. The

¹ Stenzel, iv. 321; Ranke, iii. 389.

² To Voltaire, 22d February, 1747 (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 164); see *ib* 364 n.

35,000 Russians, tramping along, are actually dawning over the horizon, towards Teutschland, — King Friedrich standing to arms along his Silesian Border, vigilant “Cordon of Troops all the way,” in watch of such questionable transit.¹ Britannic Majesty and Parliament seem resolute to try, once more, to the utmost, the power of the breeches-pocket in defending this sacred Cause of Liberty so called.

Breeches-pocket *minus* most other requisites: alas, with such methods as you have, what can come of it? Royal Highness of Cumberland is a valiant man, knowing of War little more than the White Horse of Hanover does; — certain of ruin again, at the hands of Maréchal de Saxe. So think many, and have their dismal misgivings. “Saxe having eaten Bergen-op-Zoom before our eyes, what can withstand the teeth of Saxe?” In fact, there remains only Maestricht, of considerable; and then Holland is as good as his! As for King Louis, glory, with funds running out, and the pot ceasing to boil, has lost its charm to an afflicted France and him. King Louis’s wishes are known, this long while; — and Ligonier, generously dismissed by him after Lauffeld, has brought express word to that effect, and outline of the modest terms proposed in one’s hour of victory, with pot ceasing to boil.

On a sudden, too, “March 18th,” — wintry blasts and hailstorms still raging, — Maréchal de Saxe, regardless of Domestic Hunger, took the field, stronger than ever. Manœuvred about; bewildering the mind of Royal Highness and the Stadtholder (“Will he besiege Breda? Will he do this, will he do that?”) — poor Highness and poor Stadtholder; who “did not agree well together,” and had not the half of their forces come in, not to speak of handling them when come! Bewilderment of these two once completed, Maréchal de Saxe made “a beautiful march upon Maestricht;” and, April 15th, opened trenches, a very Vesuvius of artillery, before that place; Royal Highness gazing into it, in a doleful manner, from the adjacent steeples-tops. Royal Highness, valor’s self, has to admit: “Such an

¹ In *Adebung*, vi. 110, 143, 167, 399 (“April, 1747–August, 1748”), account of the more and more visible ill-will of the Czarina: “jealousy” about Sweden, about Dantzic, Poland, &c. &c.

outlook; not half of us got together! The 60,000 Austrians are but 30,000; the — In fact, you will have to make Peace, what else?"¹ Nothing else, as has been evident to practical Official People (espeeially to frugal Pelham, Chesterfield and other leading heads) for these two months last past.

In a word, those 35,000 Russians are still far away under the horizon, when thoughts of a new Congress, "Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle," are busying the public mind: "Mere moonshine again?" "Something real this time?" — And on and from March 17th (Lord Sandwich first on the ground, and Robinson from Vienna coming to help), the actual Congress begins assembling there. April 24th, the Congress gets actually to business; very intent on doing it; at least the three main parties, France, England, Holland, are supremely so. Who, finding, for five diligent days, nothing but haggle and objection on the part of the others, did by themselves meet under cloud of night, "night of April 29th–30th;" and — bring the Preliminaries to perfection. And have them signed before day-break; which is, in effect, signing, or at least fixing as certain, the Treaty itself; so that Armistice can ensue straightway, and the War essentially end.

A fixed thing; the Purseholders having signed. On the safe rear of which, your recipient Subsidiary Parties can argue and protest (as the Empress-Queen and her Kaunitz vehemently did, to great lengths), and gradually come in and finish. Which, in the course of the next six months, they all did, Empress-Queen and Excellency Kaunitz not excepted. And so, October 18th, 1748, all details being, in the interim, either got settled, or got flung into corners as unsettleable (mostly the latter), — Treaty itself was signed by everybody; and there was "Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle." Upon which, except to remark transiently how inconclusive a conclusion it was, mere end of war because your powder is run out, mere truce till you gather breath and gunpowder again, we will spend no word in this place.²

¹ His Letters, in Coxe's *Pelham* ("March 29th–April 2d, 1748"), i. 405–410.

² Complete details in *Adelung*, vi. 225–409: "October, 1747," Ligonier returning, and first rumor of new Congress (226); "17th March, 1748." Sand-

“The Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle was done in a hurry and a huddle; greatly to Maria Theresa’s disgust. ‘Why not go on with your expenditures, ye Sea-Powers? Can money and life be spent better? I have yet conquered next to nothing for the Cause of Liberty and myself!’ But the Sea-Powers were tired of it; the Dutch especially, who had been hoisted with such difficulty, tended strongly, New Stadtholder notwithstanding, to plump down again into stable equilibrium on the broad-bottom principle. Huddle up the matter; end it, well if you can; any way end it. The Treaty contained many Articles, now become forgettable to mankind. There is only One Article, and the Want of One, which shall concern us in this place. The One Article is: guarantee by all the European Powers to Friedrich’s Treaty of Dresden. Punctually got as bargained for, — French especially willing; Britannic Majesty perhaps a little languid, but his Ministers positive on the point; so that Friedrich’s Envoy had not much difficulty at Aix. And now, Friedrich’s Ownership of Silesia recognized by all the Powers to be final and unquestionable, surely nothing more is wanted? Nothing, — except keeping of this solemn stipulation by all the Powers. How it was kept by some of them; in what sense some of them are keeping it even now, we shall see by and by.

“The Want of an Article was, on the part of England, concerning *Jenkins’s Ear*. There is not the least conclusion arrived at on that important Spanish-English Question; blind beginning of all these conflagrations; and which, in its meaning to the somnambulant Nation, is so immense. No notice taken of it; huddled together, some hasty shovelful or two of diplomatic ashes cast on it, ‘As good as extinct, you see!’ Left smoking, when all the rest is quenched. Considerable feeling there was, on this point, in the heart of the poor som-

wich come (323); “April 29th-30th,” meet under cloud of night (326); Kaunitz protesting (339): “2d August,” Russians to halt and turn (397); “are over into the Oberpfalz, magazines ahead at Nürnberg;” in September, get to Böhmen again, and winter there: “18th October, 1748,” Treaty finished (398, 409); Treaty itself given (*ib.*, Beylage, 44). See *Gentleman’s Magazine*, and *Old Newspapers* of 1748; Coxe’s *Pelham*, ii. 7-41, i. 366-416.

nambulant English Nation ; much dumb or semi-articulate growling on such a Peace-Treaty : ‘ We have arrived nowhere, then, by all this fighting, and squandering, and perilous stumbling among the chimney-pots ? Spain (on its own showing) owed us £95,000. Spain’s debt to Hanover ; yes, you take care of that ; some old sixpenny matter, which nobody ever heard of before : and of Spain’s huge debt to England you drop no hint ; of the £95,000, clear money, due by Spain ; or of one’s liberty to navigate the High Seas, none ! ’¹ A Peace the reverse of applauded in England ; though the wiser Som-nambulants, much more Pitt and Friends, who are broad awake on these German points, may well be thankful to see such a War end on any terms.”

— Well, surely this old admitted £95,000 should have been paid ! And, to a moral certainty, Robinson and Sandwich must have made demand of it from the Spaniard. But there is no getting old Debts in, especially from that quarter. “ King Friedrich [let me interrupt, for a moment, with this poor composite Note] is trying in Spain even now, — ever since 1746, when Termagant’s Husband died, and a new King came, — for payment of old debt : Two old Debts ; quite tolerably just both of them. King Friedrich keeps trying till 1749, three years in all : and, in the end, gets nothing whatever. Nothing, — except some Merino Rams in the interim,” gift from the new King of Spain, I can suppose, which proved extremely useful in our Wool Industries ; “ and, from the same polite Ferdinand VI., a Porcelain Vase filled with Spanish Snuff.” That was all ! —

King Friedrich, let me note farther, is getting decidedly deep into snuff ; holds by *Spaniol* (a dry yellow pungency, analogous to Lundy-foot or Irish-Blackguard, known to snuffy readers) ; always by *Spaniol*, we say ; and more especially “ the kind used by her Majesty of Spain,” the now Dowager Termagant :² which, also, is to be remembered. Dryasdust

¹ *Protest of English Merchants against, &c.* (“ May, 1748 ”) given in *Adelung*, vi. 353–358.

² Orders this kind, from his Ambassador in Paris, “ 30th September, 1743 : ” the earliest extant trace of his snuffing habits (Preuss, i. 409). — *Note farther*

adds, in his sweetly consecutive way: "Friedrich was very expensive about his snuff-boxes; wore two big rich boxes in his pockets; five or six stood on tables about; and more than a hundred in store, coming out by turns for variety. The cheapest of them cost £300 (2,000 thalers); he had them as high as £1,500. At his death, there were found 130 of various values: they were the substance of all the jewelry he had; besides these snuff-boxes, two gold watches only, and a very small modicum of rings. Had yearly for personal Expenditure 1,200,000 thalers [£180,000 of Civil List, as we should say]; *spent* £33,000 of it, and yearly gave the rest away in Royal beneficences, aid of burnt Villages, inundated Provinces, and multifarious *Pater-Patriæ* objects." ¹ — In regard to *Jenkins's Ear*, my Constitutional Friend continues: —

"*Silesia* and *Jenkins's Ear*, we often say, were the two bits of realities in this enormous hurly-burly of imaginations, insane ambitions, and zeros and negative quantities. Negative Belleisle goes home, not with Germany cut in Four and put under guidance of the First Nation of the Universe (so extremely fit for guiding self and neighbors), but with the First Nation itself reduced almost to wallet and staff; bankrupt, beggared — 'Yes,' it answers, 'in all but glory! Have not we gained Fontenoy, Roucoux, Lauffeld; and strong-places innumerable [mostly in a state of dry-rot]? Did men ever fight as we Frenchmen; combining it with theatrical entertainments, too! Sublime France, First Nation of the Universe, will try another flight (*essor*), were she breathed a little!'

"Yes, a new *essor* ere long, and perhaps surprise herself and mankind! The losses of men, money and resource, under this

(if interesting): "The Termagant still lasted as Dowager, consuming *Spain* at least, for near twenty years (died 11th July, 1766); — the new King, Ferdinand VI., was her *stepson*, not her son; he went mad, poor soul, and died (10th August, 1759): upon which, Carlos of Naples, our own 'Baby Carlos' that once was, succeeded in Spain, 'King Carlos III. of Spain;' leaving his Son, a young boy under tutelage, as King of the Two Sicilies (King 'Ferdinand IV.,' who did not die, but had his difficulties, till 1825). Don Philip, who had fought so in those Savoy Passes, and got the bit of Parmesan Country, died 1765, the year before Mamma."

¹ Preuss, i. 409, 410.

mad empty Enterprise of Belleisle's, were enormous, palpable to France and all mortals : but perhaps these were tritling to the replacement of them by such *gloire* as there had been. A *gloire* of plunging into War on no cause at all ; and with an issue consisting only of foul gases of extreme levity. Messieurs are of confessed promptitude to fight ; and their talent for it, in some kinds, is very great indeed. But this treating of battle and slaughter, of death, judgment and eternity, as light play-house matters ; this of rising into such transcendency of valor, as to snap your fingers in the face of the Almighty Maker ; this, Messieurs, give me leave to say so, is a thing that will conduct you and your *Première Nation* to the Devil, if you do not alter it. Inevitable, I tell you ! Your road lies that way, then ? Good morning, Messieurs ; let me still hope, Not ! ”

Diplomatist Kaunitz gained his first glories in this Congress of Aix ; which are still great in the eyes of some. Age now thirty-seven ; a native of these Western parts ; but henceforth, by degrees ever more, the shining star and guide of Austrian Policies down almost to our own New Epoch. As, unluckily, he will concern us not a little, in time coming, let us read this Note, as foreshadow of the man and his doings : —

“ The glory of Count, ultimately Prince, von Kaunitz-Rietberg, is great in Diplomatic Circles of the past Century. ‘ The greatest of Diplomatists,’ they all say ; — and surely it is reckoned something to become the greatest in your line. Farther than this, to the readers of these times, Kaunitz-Rietberg’s glory does not go. A great character, great wisdom, lasting great results to his Country, readers do not trace in Kaunitz’s diplomacies, — only temporary great results, or what he and the by-standers thought such, to Kaunitz himself. He was the Supreme Jove, we perceive, in that extinct Olympus ; and regards with sublime pity, not unallied to contempt, all other diplomatic beings. A man sparing of words, sparing even of looks ; will hardly lift his eyelids for your sake, — will lift perhaps his chin, in slight monosyllabic fashion, and stalk superlatively through the other door. King of the vanished Shadows. A determined hater of Fresh Air ; rode under

glass cover, on the finest day; made the very Empress shut her windows when he came to audience; fed, cautiously daring, on boiled capons: more I remember not,—except also that he would suffer no mention of the word *Death* by any mortal.¹ A most high-sniffing, fantastic, slightly insolent shadow-king;—ruled, in his time, the now vanished Olympus; and had the difficult glory (defective only in result) of uniting France and Austria *against* the poor old Sea-Power milk-cows, for the purpose of recovering Silesia from Friedrich, a few years hence!—These are wondrous results; hidden under the horizon, not very far either; and will astonish Britannic Majesty and all readers, in a few years.

Maréchal de Saxe pays Friedrich a Visit.

In Summer, 1749, Maréchal de Saxe, the other shiny figure of this mad Business of the Netherlands, paid Friedrich a visit; had the honor to be entertained by him three days (July 13th-16th, 1749), in his Royal Cottage of Sans-Souci seemingly, in his choicest manner. Curiosity, which is now nothing like so vivid as it then was, would be glad to listen a little, in this meeting of two Suns, or of one Sun and one immense Tar-Barrel, or Atmospheric Meteor really of shining nature, and taken for a Sun. But the Books are silent; not the least detail, or hint, or feature granted us. Only Fancy;—and this of Smelfungus, by way of long farewell to one of the parties:—

. . . “It was at Tongres, or in head-quarters near it, 10th October, 1746,—Battle expected on the morrow [Battle of *Roucoux*, over towards Herstal, which we used to know],—that M. Favart, Saxe’s Playwright and Theatre-Director, gave out in cheerful doggerel on fall of the Curtain, the announcement:—

‘ <i>Demain nous donnerons relâche,</i>	‘ To-morrow is no Play,
<i>Quoique le Directeur s’en fâche,</i>	To the Mauager’s regret,
<i>Vous voir combleroit nos desirs :</i>	Whose sole study is to keep you
	happy :

¹ Hormayr, *Österreichischer Plutarch*, iv. (3tes), 231-283.

13th-16th July, 1749.

*On doit céder tout à la gloire ;
 Vous ne songez qu'à la victoire,
 Nous ne songeons qu'à vos plaisirs.*¹

But, you being bent upon victory,
 What can he do ? —
 Day after to-morrow, '—

'Day after to-morrow,' added he, taking the official tone, 'in honor of your laurels [gained already, since you resolve on gaining them], we will have the honor of presenting' — such and such a gay Farce, to as many of you as remain alive ! which was received with gay clapping of hands : admirable to the Universe, at least to the Parisian *Univers* and oneself. Such a prodigality of light daring is in these French gentlemen, skilfully tickled by the Maréchal ; who uses this Playwright, among other implements, for keeping them at the proper pitch. Was there ever seen such radiancy of valor ? Very radiant indeed ; — yet, it seems to me, gone somewhat into the phosphorescent kind ; shining in the dark, as fish will do when rotten ! War has actually its serious character ; nor is Death a farcical transaction, however high your genius may go. But what then ? it is the Maréchal's trade to keep these poor people at the cutting pitch, on any terms that will hold for the moment.

"I know not which was the most dissolute Army ever seen in the world ; but this of Saxe's was very dissolute. Playwright Favart had withal a beautiful clever Wife, — upon whom the courtships, munificent blandishments, threatenings and utmost endeavors of Maréchal de Saxe (in his character of goat-footed Satyr) could not produce the least impression. For a whole year, not the least. Whereupon the Goat-footed had to get *Lettre de Cachet* for her ; had to — in fact, produce the brutalest Adventure that is known of him, even in this brutal kind. Poor Favart, rushing about in despair, not permitted to run him through the belly, and die with his Wife undishonored, had to console himself, he and she ; and do agreeable theatricalities for a living as heretofore. Let us not speak of it !

"Of Saxe's Generalship, which is now a thing fallen pretty much into oblivion, I have no authority to speak. He had

¹ *Biographie Universelle*, xiv. 209, § Favart ; Espagnac, ii. 162.

much wild natural ingenuity in him; cunning rapid whirls of contrivance; and gained Three Battles and very many Sieges, amid the loudest clapping of hands that could well be. He had perfect intrepidity; not to be flurried by any amount of peril or confusion; looked on that English Column, advancing at Fontenoy with its *feu infernal*, steadily through his perspective; chewing his leaden bullet: 'Going to beat me, then? Well —!' Nobody needed to be braver. He had great good-nature too, though of hot temper and so full of multifarious voracities; a substratum of inarticulate good sense withal, and much magnanimity run wild, or run to seed. A big-limbed, swashing, perpendicular kind of fellow; haughty of face, but jolly too; with a big, not ugly strut; — captivating to the French Nation, and fit God of War (fitter than 'Dalhousie,' I am sure!) for that susceptible People. Understood their Army also, what it was then and there; and how, by theatrials and otherwise, to get a great deal of fire out of it. Great deal of fire; — whether by gradual conflagration or not, on the road to ruin or not; how, he did not care. In respect of military 'fame' so called, he had the great advantage of fighting always against bad Generals, sometimes against the very worst. To his fame an advantage; to himself and his real worth, far the reverse. Had he fallen in with a Friedrich, even with a Browne or a Traun, there might have been different news got. Friedrich (who was never stingy in such matters, except to his own Generals, where it might do hurt) is profuse in his eulogies, in his admirations of Saxe; amiable to see, and not insincere; but which, perhaps, practically do not mean very much.

"It is certain the French Army reaped no profit from its experience of Maréchal de Saxe, and the high theatricalities, ornamental blackguardisms, and ridicule of death and life. In the long-run a graver face would have been of better augury. King Friedrich's soldiers, one observes, on the eve of battle, settle their bits of worldly business; and wind up, many of them, with a hoarse whisper of prayer. Oliver Cromwell's soldiers did so, Gustaf Adolf's; in fact, I think all good soldiers. Roucoux with a Prince Karl, Lauffeld with a Duke of

Cumberland; you gain your Roucoux, your Lauffeld, Human Stupidity permitting: but one day you fall in with Human Intelligence, in an extremely grave form;—and your ‘*élan*,’ elastic outburst, the quickest in Nature, what becomes of it? Wait but another *décade*; we shall see what an Army this has grown. Cupidity, dishonesty, floundering stupidity, indiscipline, mistrust; and an elastic outspurt (*élan*) turned often enough into the form of *Sauve-qui-peut*!

“M. le Maréchal survived Aix-la-Chapelle little more than two years. Lived at Chambord, on the Loire, an Ex-Royal Palace; in such splendor as never was. Went down in a rose-pink cloud, as if of perfect felicity; of glory that would last forever,—which it has by no means done. He made despatch; escaped, in this world, the Nemesis, which often waits on what they call ‘fame.’ By diligent service of the Devil, in ways not worth specifying, he saw himself, November 21st, 1750, flung prostrate suddenly: ‘Putrid fever!’ gloom the doctors ominously to one another: and, November 30th, the Devil (I am afraid it was he, though clad in roseate effulgence, and melodious exceedingly) carried him home on those kind terms, as from a Universe all of Opera. ‘Wait till 1759,—till 1789!’ murmured the Devil to himself.”

Tragic News, that concern us, of Voltaire and Others.

About two months after those Saxe-Friedrich hospitalities at Sans-Souci, Voltaire, writing, late at night, from the hospitable Palace of Titular Stanislaus, has these words, to his trusted D’Argental:—

Lunéville, 4th September, 1749. . . . “Madame du Châtelet, this night, while scribbling over her *Newton*, felt a little twinge; she called a waiting-maid, who had only time to hold out her apron, and catch a little Girl, whom they carried to its cradle. The Mother arranged her papers, went to bed; and the whole of that (*tout cela*) is sleeping like a dormouse, at the hour I write to you.” My guardian angels, “poor I sha’n’t have so easy a delivery of my *Catiline*” (my *Rome Saved*, for the confusion of old Crébillon and the cabals)!¹ . . .

¹ *Œuvres*, lxxiv. 57 (Voltaire to D’Argental).

And then, six days later, hear another Witness present there : —

Lunéville Palace, 10th September. “For the first three or four days, the health of the Mother appeared excellent; denoting nothing but the weakness inseparable from her situation. The weather was very warm. Milk-fever came, which made the heat worse. In spite of remonstrances, she would have some iced barley-water; drank a big glass of it; — and, some instants after, had great pain in her head; followed by other bad symptoms.” Which brought the Doctor in again, several Doctors, hastily summoned; who, after difficulties, thought again that all was coming right. And so, on the sixth night, 10th September, inquiring friends had left the sick-room hopefully, and gone down to supper, “the rather as Madame seemed inclined to sleep. There remained none with her but M. de St. Lambert, one of her maids and I. M. de St. Lambert, as soon as the strangers were gone, went forward and spoke some moments to her; but seeing her sleepy, drew back, and sat chatting with us two. Eight or ten minutes after, we heard a kind of rattle in the throat, intermixed with hiccoughs: we ran to the bed; found her senseless; raised her to a sitting posture, tried vinaigrettes, rubbed her feet, knocked into the palms of her hands; — all in vain; she was dead!

“Of course the supper-party burst up into her room; M. le Marquis du Châtelet, M. de Voltaire, and the others. Profound consternation: to tears, to cries succeeded a mournful silence. Voltaire and St. Lambert remained the last about her bed. At length Voltaire quitted the room; got out by the Grand Entrance, hardly knowing which way he went. At the foot of the Outer Stairs, near a sentry’s box, he fell full length on the pavement. His lackey, who was a step or two behind, rushed forward to raise him. At that moment came M. de St. Lambert; who had taken the same road, and who now hastened to help. M. de Voltaire, once on his feet again, and recognizing who it was, said, through his tears and with the most pathetic accent, ‘*Ah, mon ami*, it is you that have killed her to me!’ — and then suddenly, as if starting awake, with the tone of reproach and despair, ‘*Eh, mon Dieu, Monsieur, de quoi vous*

avisiez-vous de lui faire un enfant (Good God, Sir, what put it into your head to — to —)! ”¹

Poor M. de Voltaire ; suddenly become widower, and flung out upon his shifts again, at his time of life ! May now wander, Ishmael-like, whither he will, in this hard lonesome world. His grief is overwhelming, mixed with other sharp feelings due on the matter ; but does not last very long, in that poignant form. He will turn up on us, in his new capacity of single-man, again brilliant enough, within year and day.

Last Autumn, September, 1748, Wilhelmina's one Daughter, one child, was wedded ; to that young Durchlaucht of Würtemberg, whom we saw gallanting the little girl, to Wilhelmina's amusement, some years ago. About the wedding, nothing ; nor about the wedded life, what would have been more curious : — no Wilhelmina now to tell us anything ; not even whether Mamma the Improper Duchess was there. From Berlin, the Two youngest Princes, Henri and Ferdinand, attended at Baireuth ; — Mannstein, our old Russian friend, now Prussian again, escorting them.² The King, too busy, I suppose, with Silesian Reviews and the like, sends his best wishes, — for indeed the Match was of his sanctioning and advising ; — though his wishes proved mere disappointment in the sequel. Friedrich got no “ furtherance in the Swabian-Franconian Circles,” or favor anywhere, by means of this Durchlaucht ; in the end, far the reverse ! — In a word, the happy couple rolled away to Würtemberg (September 26th, 1748) ; he twenty, she sixteen, poor young creatures ; and in years following became unhappy to a degree.

There was but one child, and it soon died. The young Serene Lady was of airy high spirit ; graceful, clever, good too, they said ; perhaps a thought too proud : — but as for her Reigning Duke, there was seldom seen so lurid a Serenity ; and it was difficult to live beside him. A most arbitrary Herr, with glooms and whims ; dim-eyed, ambitious, voracious, and

¹ Longchamp et Wagnière, *Mémoires sur Voltaire*, ii. 250, 251 ; — Longchamp *loquitur*.

² Seyfarth, ii. 76.

the temper of an angry mule, — very fit to have been haltered, in a judicious manner, instead of being set to halter others ! Enough, in six or seven years time, the bright Pair found itself grown thunderous, opaque beyond description ; and (in 1759) had to split asunder for good. “Owing to the reigning Duke’s behavior,” said everybody. “Has behaved so, I would run him through the body, if we met !” said his own Brother once : — Brother Friedrich Eugen, a Prussian General by that time, whom we shall hear of.¹ What thoughts for our dear Wilhelmina, in her latter weak years ; — lapped in eternal silence, as so much else is.



CHAPTER IV.

COCCEJI FINISHES THE LAW-REFORM ; FRIEDRICH IS PRINTING
HIS POESIES.

IN these years, Friedrich goes on victoriously with his Law-Reform ; Herculean Cocceji with Assistants, backed by Friedrich, beneficently conquering Province after Province to him ; — Kur-Mark, Neu-Mark, Cleve (all easy, in comparison, after Pommern), and finally Preussen itself ; — to the joy and profit of the same. Cocceji’s method, so far as the Foreign on-looker can discern across much haze, seems to be three-fold : —

1°. Extirpation (painless, were it possible) of the Petti-fogger Species ; indeed, of the Attorney Species altogether : “Seek other employments ; disappear, all of you, from these precincts, under penalty !” The Advocate himself takes charge of the suit, from first birth of it ; and sees it ended, — he knows within what limit of time.

2°. Sifting out of all incompetent Advocates, “Follow that Attorney-Company, you ; away !” — sifting out all these, and retaining in each Court, with fees accurately settled, with character stamped sound, or at least *soundest*, the number

¹ Preuss, ii. 149 ; Michaelis, iii. 451.

actually needed. In a milder way, but still more strictly, Judges stupid or otherwise incompetent are riddled out; able Judges appointed, and their salaries raised.

3°. What seems to be Friedrich's own invention, what in outcome he thinks will be the summary of all good Law-Procedure: A final Sentence (three "instances" you can have, but the third ends it for you) within the Year. Good, surely. A justice that intends to be exact must front the complicacies in a resolute piercing manner, and will not be tedious. Nay a justice that is not moderately swift, — human hearts waiting for it, the while, in a cancerous state, instead of hopefully following their work, — what, comparatively, is the use of its being never so exact! —

Simple enough methods; rough and ready. Needing, in the execution, clear human eyesight, clear human honesty, — which happen to be present here, and without which no "method" whatever can be executed that will really profit.

In the course of 1748, Friedrich, judging by Pommern and the other symptoms that his enterprise was safe, struck a victorious Medal upon it: "*Fridericus Borussiae Rex*," pressing with his sceptre the oblique Balance to a level posture; with Epigraph, "*Emendato Jure*."¹ And by New-year's day, 1750, the matter was in effect completed; and "justice cheap, expeditious, certain," a fact in all Prussian Lands.

Nay, in 1749-1751, to complete the matter, Cocceji's "Project of a general Law-Code," *Projekt des Corporis Juris Fridericiani*, came forth in print:² to the admiration of mankind, at home and abroad; "the First Code attempted since Justinian's time," say they. *Project* translated into all languages, and read in all countries. A poor mildewed copy of this *Codex Fridericianus* — done at Edinburgh, 1761, not said by whom; evidently bought at least *twice*, and mostly never yet read (nor like being read) — is known to me, for year

¹ Letter to Cocceji, accompanying Copy of the Medal in Gold, "24th June 1748" (Seyfarth, ii. 67 n.).

² Halle, 2 vols. folio (Preuss, i. 316; see i. 315 n., as to the *Law-Procedure*, &c. now settled by Cocceji).

past, in a ghastly manner! Without the least profit to this present, or to any other Enterprise;—though persons of name in Jurisprudence call it meritorious in their Science; the first real attempt at a Code in Modern times. But the truth is, this Cocceji *Codex* remained a *Project* merely, never enacted anywhere. It was not till 1773, that Friedrich made actual attempt to build a Law-Code and did build one (the foundation-story of one, for his share, completed since), in which this of Cocceji had little part. In 1773, the thing must again be mentioned; the “Secoud Law-Reform,” as they call it. What we practically know from this time is, That Prussian Lawsuits, through Friedrich’s Reign, do all terminate, or push at their utmost for terminating, within one year from birth; and that Friedrich’s fame, as a beneficent Justinian, rose high in all Countries (strange, in Countries that had thought him a War-scourge and Conquering Hero); strange, but undeniable;¹ and that his own People, if more silently, yet in practice very gladly indeed, welcomed his Law-Reform; and, from day to day, enjoyed the same,—no doubt with occasional remembrance who the Donor was.

Of Friedrich’s Literary works, nobody, not even Friedrich himself, will think it necessary that we say much. But the fact is, he is doing a great many things that way: in Prose, the *Memoirs of Brandenburg*, coming out as Papers in the Academy from time to time;² in Verse, very secret as yet, the *Palladion* (“exquisite Burlesque,” think some), the *Art of War* (reckoned truly his best Piece in verse):—and wishes sometimes he had Voltaire here to perfect him a little. This too would be one of the practical charms of Voltaire.³ For though King Friedrich knows and remembers always, that these things, especially the Verse part, are mere amusements

¹ See *Gentleman’s Magazine*, xx. 215-218 (“May, 1750”): eloquent, enthusiastic *Letter*, given there, “of Baron de Spon to Chancellor D’Aguessau,” on these inimitable Law Achievements.

² From 1746 and onward: first published complete (after slight revision by Voltaire), Berlin, 1751.

³ Friedrich’s *Letter* to Algarotti (*Œuvres*, xviii. 66), “12th September, 1749.”

in comparison, he has the creditable wish to do these well; one would not fantasy *il* even on the Flute, if one could help it. "Why does n't Voltaire come; as Quantz of the Flute has done?" Friedrich, now that Voltaire has fallen widower, renews his pressings, "Why don't you come?" Patience, your Majesty; Voltaire will come.

Nobody can wish details in this Department: but there is one thing necessary to be mentioned, That Friedrich in these years, 1749-1752, has Printers out at Potsdam, and is Printing, "in beautiful quarto form, with copperplates," to the extent of twelve copies, the *Œuvres* (Poetical, that is) *du Philosophe de Sans-Souci*. Only twelve copies, I have heard; gift of a single copy indicating that you are among the choicest of the chosen. Copies have now fallen extremely rare (and are not in request at all, with my readers or me); but there was one Copy which, or the Mis-title of which, as *Œuvre de "Poésie" du Roi mon Maître*, became miraculously famous in a year or two; — and is still memorable to us all! On Voltaire's arrival, we shall hear more of these things. Enough to say at present that the *Œuvres du Philosophe de Sans-Souci: Au Donjon du Château: Avec Privilège d'Apollon*, — "three thinnish quarto volumes, all the Poetry then on hand," — was finished early in 1750, before Voltaire came. That, when Voltaire came, a revisal was undertaken, a new Edition, with Voltaire's corrections and other changes (total suppression of the *Palladion*, for one creditable change): that this Edition was to have been in Two Volumes; that One, accordingly, rather thicker than the former sort, was got finished in 1752 (same *Title*, only the new Date, and "no *Donjon du Château* this time"), One Volume in 1752; after which, owing to the explosions that ensued, no Second came, nor ever will; — and that the actual contents of that far-famed *Œuvre de "Poésie"* (number of volumes even) are points of mystery to me, at this day¹

¹ Herr Preuss — in the *Chronological List* of Friedrich's Writings (a useful accurate Piece otherwise), and in two other places where he tries — is very indistinct on this of *Donjon du Château*; and it is all but impossible to ascertain from him *what*, in an indisputable manner, the *Œuvre de "Poésie"* may

Friedrich's other employments are multifarious as those of a Land's Husband (not inferior to his Father in that respect); and, like the benefits of the diurnal Sun, are to be considered incessant, innumerable and, in result to us-ward, *silent* also, impossible to speak of in this place. From the highest pitch of State-craft (Russian Czarina now fallen plainly hostile, and needing lynx-eyed diplomacy ever and anon), down to that of Dredging and Fascine-work (as at Stettin and elsewhere), of Oder-canals, of Soap-boiler Companies, and Mulberry-and-Silk Companies; nay of ordaining Where, and where not, the Crows are to be shot, and (owing to cattle-murrain) No *veal* to be killed:¹ daily comes the tide of great and of small, and daily the punctual Friedrich keeps abreast of it, — and Dryasdust has noted the details, and stuffed them into blind sacks, — for forty years.

The Review seasons, I notice, go somewhat as follows. For Berlin and neighborhood, May, or perhaps end of April (weather now bright, and ground firm); sometimes with considerable pomp ("both Queens out," and beautiful Female Nobilities, in "twenty-four green tents"), and often with great complicaey of manœuvre. In June, to Magdeburg, round by Cleve; and home again for some days. July is Pommern: onward thence to Schlesien, oftenest in August; Schlesien the last place, and generally not done with till well on in September. But we will speak of these things, more specially, another time. Such "Reviews," for strictness of inspection civil and military, as probably were not seen in the world since, — or before, except in the case of this King's Father only.

have been. Here are the places for groping, if another should be induced to try: *Œuvres de Frédéric*, x. (Preface, p. ix); *ib.* xi. (Preface, p. ix); *ib.* *Table Chron. logique* (in *what* Volume this is, you cannot yet say; seems preliminary to a *General Index*, which is infinitely wanted, but has not yet appeared to this Editor's aid), p. 14.

¹ Seyfarth, ii. 71, 83, 81; Preuss, *Buch für Jedermann*, i. 101-109; &c.

CHAPTER V.

STRANGERS OF NOTE COME TO BERLIN, IN 1750.

BRITISH Diplomacies, next to the Russian, cause some difficulties in those years: of which more by and by. Early in 1748, while Aix-la-Chapelle was starting, Ex-Exchequer Legge came to Berlin; on some obscure object of a small Patch of Principality, hanging loose during those Negotiations: "Could not we secure it for his Royal Highness of Cumberland, thinks your Majesty?" Ex-Exchequer Legge was here;¹ got handsome assurances of a general nature; but no furtherance towards his obscure, completely impracticable object; and went home in November following, to a new Parliamentary Career.

And the second year after, early in 1750, came Sir Hanbury Williams, famed London Wit of Walpole's circle, on objects which, in the main, were equally chimerical: "King of the Romans, much wanted;" "No Damage to your Majesty's Shipping from our British Privateers;" and the like;—about which some notice, and not very much, will be due farther on. Here, in his own words, is Hanbury's Account of his First Audience:—

. . . "On Thursday," 16th July, 1750, "I went to Court by appointment, at 11 A.M. The King of Prussia arrived about 12 [at Berlin; King in from Potsdam, for one day]; and Count Podewils immediately introduced me into the Royal closet; when I delivered his Britannic Majesty's Letters into the King of Prussia's hands, and made the usual compliments to him in the best manner I was able. To which his Prussian Majesty replied, to the best of my remembrance, as follows:—

¹ Coxe's *Pelham*, i. 431, &c.; Rüdtenbeck, pp. 155, 160 (first audience 1st May, 1748);—recalled 22d November, Aix being over.

“‘I have the truest esteem for the King of Britain’s person; and I set the highest value on his friendship. I have at different times received essential proofs of it; and I desire you would acquaint the King your Master that I will (*sic*) never forget them.’ His Prussian Majesty afterwards said something with respect to myself, and then asked me several questions about indifferent things and persons. He seemed to express a great deal of esteem for my Lord Chesterfield, and a great deal of kindness for Mr. Villiers,” useful in the Peace-of-Dresden time; “but did not once mention Lord Hyndford or Mr. Legge,” — how singular!

“I was in the closet with his Majesty exactly five minutes and a half. My audience done, Prussian Majesty came out into the general room, where Foreign Ministers were waiting. He said, on stepping in, just one word” to the Austrian Excellency; not even one to the Russian Excellency, nor to me the Britannic; “conversed with the French, Swedish, Danish;” — happy to be off, which I do not wonder at; to dine with Mamma at Monbijou, among faces pleasant to him; and return to his Businesses and Books next day.¹

Witty Excellency Hanbury did not succeed at Berlin on the “Romish-King Question,” or otherwise; and indeed went off rather in a hurry. But for the next six or seven years he puddles about, at a great rate, in those Northern Courts; giving away a great deal of money, hatching many futile expensive intrigues at Petersburg, Warsaw (not much at Berlin, after the first trial there); and will not be altogether avoidable to us in time coming, as one could have wished. Besides, he is Horace Walpole’s friend and select London Wit: he contributed a good deal to the English notions about Friedrich; and has left considerable bits of acrid testimony on Friedrich, “clear words of an Eye-witness,” men call them, — which are still read by everybody; the said Walpole, and others, having since printed them, in very dark condition.² Brevity is much

¹ Walpole, *George the Second*, i. 449; Rödenbeck, i. 204.

² In Walpole, *George the Second* (i. 448–461), the Pieces which regard Friedrich. In *Sir Charles Hanbury Williams’s Works* (edited by a diligent, reverential, but ignorant gentleman, whom I could guess to be Bookseller Jeffery

due to Hanbury and his testimonies, since silence in the circumstances is not allowable. Here is one Excerpt, with the necessary light for reading it: —

. . . It is on this Romish-King and other the like chimerical errands, that witty Hanbury, then a much more admirable man than we now find him, is prowling about in the German Courts, off and on, for some ten years in all, six of them still to come. A sharp-eyed man, of shrewish quality; given to intriguing, to spying, to bribing; anxious to win his Diplomatic game by every method, though the stake (as here) is oftenest zero: with fatal proclivity to Scandal, and what in London circles he has heard called Wit. Little or nothing of real laughter in the soul of him, at any time; only a labored continual grin, always of malicious nature, and much trouble and jerking about, to keep that up. Had evidently some modicum of real intellect, of capacity for being wise; but now has fatally devoted it nearly all to being witty, on those poor terms! A perverse, barren, spiteful little wretch; the grin of him generally an affliction, at this date. His Diplomatic Correspondence I do not know.¹ He did a great deal of Diplomatic business, issuing in zero, of which I have sometimes longed to know the exact dates; seldom anything farther. His "History of Poland," transmitted to the Right Hon. Henry Fox, by instalments from Dresden, in 1748, is ²— Well, I should be obliged to call it worthier of Goody Two-Shoes than of that Right Hon. Henry, who was a man of parts, but evidently quite a vacuum on the Polish side!

in person: London, 1822, 3 vols. small 8vo) are witty Verses, and considerable sections of Prose, relating to other persons and objects now rather of an obsolete nature.

¹ Nothing of him is discoverable in the State-Paper Office. Many of his Papers, it would seem, are in the Earl of Essex's hands; — and might be of some Historical use, not of very much, could the British Museum get possession of them. Abundance of *Backstairs History*, on those Northern Courts, especially on Petersburg, and Warsaw-Dresden, — authentic Court-gossip, generally malicious, often not true, but never mendacious on the part of Williams, — is one likely item.

² See *Hanbury's Works*, vol. iii.

Of Hanbury's News-Letters from Foreign Courts, four or five, incidentally printed, are like the contents of a slop-pail; uncomfortable to the delicate mind. Not lies on the part of Hanbury, but foolish scandal poured into him; a man more filled with credulous incredible scandal, evil rumors, of malfeasances by kings and magnates, than most people known. His rumored mysteries between poor Polish Majesty and pretty Daughter-in-law (the latter a clever and graceful creature, Daughter of the late unfortunate Kaiser, and a distinguished Correspondent of Friedrich's) are to be regarded as mere poisoned wind.¹ That "Polish Majesty gets into his dressing-gown at two in the afternoon" (inaccessible thenceforth, poor lazy creature), one most readily believes; but there, or pretty much there, one's belief has to stop. The stories, in *Walpole*, on the King of Prussia, have a grain of fact in them, twisted into huge irrerecognizable caricature in the Williams optic-machinery. Much else one can discern to be, in essence, false altogether. Friedrich, who could not stand that intriguing, spying, shrewish, unfriendly kind of fellow at his Court, applied to England in not many months hence, and got Williams sent away:² on to Russia, or I forget whither;—which did not mend the Hanbury optical-machinery on that side. The dull, tobacco-smoking Saxon-Polish Majesty, about whom he idly retails so many scandals, had never done him any offence.

On the whole, if anybody wanted a swim in the slop-pails of that extinct generation, Hanbury, could he find an Editor to make him legible, might be printed. For he really was deep in that slop-pail or extinct-scandal department, and had heard a great many things. Apart from that, in almost any other department,—except in so far as he seems to *date* rather carefully,—I could not recommend him. The Letters and Excerpts given in *Walpole* are definable as one penny-worth of bread,—much ruined by such immersion, but very harmless otherwise, could you pick it out and clean it,—to twenty gallons of Hanbury sherris-sack, or chamber-slop. I

¹ See *Hanbury's Works*, ii 299–240.

² "22d January, 1751" (MS list in State-Paper Office).

have found nothing that seems to be, in all points, true or probable, but this; worth cutting out, and rendering legible, on other accounts. Hanbury *loquitur* (in condensed form):

"In the summer of last year, 1749, there was, somewhere in Mähren, a great Austrian Muster or Review;" all the more interesting, as it was believed, or known, that the Prussian methods and manœuvres were now to be the rule for Austria. Not much of a Review otherwise, this of 1749; Empress-Queen and Husband not personally there, as in coming Years they are wont to be; that high Lady being ardent to reform her Army, root and branch, according to the Prussian model,—more praise to her.¹ "At this Muster in Mähren, Three Prussian Officers happened to make their appearance,—for several imaginable reasons, of little significance: 'For the purpose of inveigling people to desert, and enlist with them!' said the Austrian Authorities; and ordered the Three Prussian Officers unceremoniously off the ground. Which Friedrich, when he heard of it, thought an unhandsome pipe-clay procedure, and kept in mind against the Austrian Authorities.

"Next Summer," next Spring, 1750, "an Austrian Captain being in Mecklenburg, travelling about, met there an old acquaintance, one Chapeau [*Hat!* can it be possible?], who is in great favor with the King of Prussia:"—very well, Excellency Hanbury; but who, in the name of wonder, can this *Hat*, or Chapeau, have been? After study, one perceives that Hanbury wrote Chazeau, meaning *Chasot*, an old acquaintance of our own! Brilliant, sabring, melodying Chasot, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Baireuth Dragoons; who lies at Treptow, close on Mecklenburg, and is a declared favorite of the Duchess, often running over to the *Residenz* there. Often enough; but *Honi soit*, O reader; the clever Lady is towards sixty, childless, musical; and her Husband—do readers recollect him at all?—is that collapsed *tailoring* Duke whom Friedrich once visited,—and whose Niece, Half-Niece, is Charlotte, wise little hard-favored creature now of six, in clean bib and tucker, Ancestress of England that is to be; whose Papa will succeed, if

¹ *Maria Theresiens Leben*, p. 160 (what she did that way, *Anno* 1749); p. 162 (*present* at the Reviews, *Anno* 1750).

the Serene Tailor die first, — which he did not quite. To this Duchess, musical gallant Chasot may well be a resource, and she to him. Naturally the Austrian Captain, having come to Mecklenburg, dined with Serene Highness, he and Chasot together, with concert following, and what not, at the Schloss of Neu-Strelitz: — And now we will drop the ‘Chapeau,’ and say Chasot, with comfort, and a shade of new interest.

“‘The grand May Review at Berlin just ahead, won’t you look in; it is straight on your road home?’ suggests Chasot to his travelling friend. ‘One would like it, of all things,’ answered the other: ‘but the King?’ ‘Tush,’ said Chasot; ‘I will make that all straight!’ And applies to the King accordingly: ‘Permission to an Austrian Officer, a good acquaintance of mine.’ ‘Austrian Officer?’ Friedrich’s eyes lighten; and he readily gives the permission. This was at Berlin, on the very eve of the Review; and Chasot and his Austrian are made happy in that small matter. And on the morrow [end of May, 1750], the Austrian attends accordingly; but, to his astonishment, has hardly begun to taste the manœuvres, when — one of Friedrich’s Aides-de-Camp gallops up: ‘By the King’s command, Mein Herr, you retire on the instant!’

“Next day, the Austrian is for challenging Chasot. ‘As you like, that way,’ answers Chasot; ‘but learn first, that on your affront I rode up to the King; and asked, publicly, Did not your Majesty grant me permission? Unquestionably, Monsieur Chasot; — and if he had not come, how could I have paid back the Moravian business of last year!’”¹ — This is much in Friedrich’s way; not the unwelcomer that it includes a satirical twitch on Chasot, whom he truly likes withal, or did like, though now a little dissatisfied with those too frequent Mecklenburg excursions and extra-military cares. Of this, merely squeezing the Hanbury venom out of it, I can believe every particular.

“Did you ever hear of anything so shocking?” is Hanbury’s meaning here and elsewhere. “I must tell you a story of the King of Prussia’s regard for the Law of Nations,” continues he to Walpole.² Which proves to be a story, turned

¹ Walpole, *George the Second*, i. 457, 458.

² *Ib.* i. 458.

topsy-turvy, of one Hofmann, Brunswick Envoy, who (quite *beyond* commission, and a thing that must not be thought of at all!) had been detected in dangerous intrigues with the ever-busy Russian Excellency, or another; and got flung into Spandau,¹—seemingly pretty much his due in the matter. And so of other Hanbury things. “What a Prussia; for rigor of command, one huge prison, in a manner!” King intent on punctuality, and all his business upon the square. Society, official and unofficial, kept rather strictly to their tackle; their mode of movement not that of loose oxen at all! “Such a detestable Tyrant,”—who has ordered *me*, Hanbury, else-whither with my exquisite talents and admired wit!—

Candidatus Linsenbarth (quasi “Lentil-beard”) likewise visits Berlin.

By far the notablest arrival in Berlin is M. de Voltaire’s July 10th; a few days before Hanbury got his First Audience, “five minutes long.” But that arrival will require a Chapter to itself;—most important arrival, that, of all! The least important, again, is probably that of Candidatus Linsenbarth, in these same weeks;—a rugged poverty-stricken old Licentiate of Theology; important to no mortal in Berlin or elsewhere:—upon whom, however, and upon his procedures in that City, we propose, for our own objects, to bestow a few glances; rugged Narrative of the thing, in singular exotic dialect, but true every word, having fortunately come to us from Linsenbarth’s own hand.²

Berlin, it must be admitted, after all one’s reading in poor Dryasdust, remains a dim empty object; Teutschland is dim and empty: and out of the forty blind sacks, or out of four hundred such, what picture can any human head form to itself of Friedrich as King or Man? A trifling Adventure of that poor individual, called Linsenbarth *Candidatus Theologie*, one of the poorest of mortals, but true and credible in every particular, comes gliding by chance athwart all that; and like

¹ Adelung, v. 534; vii. 132–144.

² Through Rüdtenbeck, *Beiträge*, i. 463 et seq.

the glimmer of a poor rushlight, or kindled straw, shows it us for moments, a thing visible, palpable, as it worked and lived. In the great dearth, Linsenbarth, if I can faithfully interpret him for the modern reader, will be worth attending to.

Date of Linsenbarth's Adventure is June-August, 1750. "Schloss of Beichlingen" and "Village of Hemmleben" are in the Thüringen Hill Country (Weimar not far off to eastward): the Hero himself, a tall awkward raw-boned creature, is, for perhaps near forty years past, a *Candidatus*, say Licentiate, or Curate without Cure. Subsists, I should guess, by schoolmastering — cheapest schoolmaster conceivable, wages mere nothing — in the Villages about; in the Village of Hemmleben latterly; age, as I discover, grown to be sixty-one, in those straitened but by no means forlorn circumstances. And so, here is veteran Linsenbarth of Hemmleben, a kind of Thuringian Domnie Sampson; whose Interview with such a brother mortal as Friedrich King of Prussia may be worth looking at, — if I can abridge it properly.

Well, it appears, in the year 1750, at this thrice-obscure Village of Hemmleben, the worthy old pastor Cannabich died; — worthy old man, how he had lived there, modestly studious, frugal, chiefly on farm-produce, with tobacco and Dutch theology; a modest blessing to his fellow-creatures! And now he is dead, and the place vacant. Twenty pounds a Year certain; let us guess it twenty, with glebe-land, piggeries, poultry-hutches: who is now to get all that? Linsenbarth starts with his Narrative, in earnest.

Linsenbarth, who I guess may have been Assistant to the deceased Cannabich, and was now out of work, says: "I had not the least thought of profiting by this vacancy; but what happened? The Herr Graf von Werthern, at Schloss Beichlingen, sent his Steward [*Lehnsdirector*, *Fief-director* is the title of this Steward, which gives rise to obsolete thought of mill-dues, road-labor, payments *in naturâ*], his *Lehnsdirector*, Herr Kettenbeil, over to my *logis* [cheap boarding quarters]; who brought a gracious salutation from his Lord; saying farther, That I knew too well [excellent Cannabich gone from us, alas!] the

Pastorate of Hemmleben was vacant; that there had various competitors announced themselves, *supplicando*, for the place; the Herr Graf, however, had yet given none of them the *fiat*, but waited always till I should apply. As I had not done so, he (the Lord Graf) would now of his own motion give me the preference, and hereby confer the Pastorate upon me!" —

"Without all controversy, here was a *vocatio divina*, to be received with the most submissive thanks! But the lame second messenger came hitching in [*halting messenger*, German proverb] very soon. Kettenbeil began again: 'He must mention to me *sub rosâ*, Her Ladyship the Frau Gräfin wanted to have her Lady's-maid provided for by this promotion, too; I must marry her, and take the living at the same time.'"

Whew! And this is the noble Lady's way of thinking, up in her fine Schloss yonder? Linsenbarth will none of it. "For my notion fell at once," says he, "when I heard it was *Do ut facias, Facio ut facias* (I give that thou mayest do, I do that thou mayest do; Wilt have the kirk, then take the irk, *Willst du die Pfarre, so nimm die Quarre*); on those terms, my reply was: 'Most respectful thanks, Herr Fief-judge, and No, for such a vocation! And why? The vocation must have *libertatem*, there must be no *vitium essentielle* in it; it must be right in *essentia*, otherwise no honest man can accept it with a good conscience. This were a marriage on constraint; out of which a thousand *inconvenientiæ* might spring!'" Hear Linsenbarth, in the piebald dialect, with the sound heart, and preference of starvation itself to some other things! Kettenbeil (*Chain-axe*) went home; and there was found another Candidatus willing for the marriage on constraint, "out of which *inconvenientiæ* might spring," in Linsenbarth's opinion.

"And so did the sneakish courtly gentleman [*Hofmann*, courtier as Linsenbarth has it], who grasped with both hands at my rejected offer, experience before long," continues Linsenbarth. "For the loose thing of court-tatters led him such a life that, within three years, age yet only thirty, he had to bite the dust" (*bite at the grass*, says Linsenbarth, proverbially), which was an *inconvenientia* including all others. "And I had *legitimam causam* to refuse the vocation *cum tali conditione*.

"However, it was very ill taken of me. All over that Thuringian region I was cried out upon as a headstrong foolish person: The Herr Graf von Werthern, so ran the story, had of his own kindness, without request of mine, offered me a living; *rara avis*, singular instance; and I, rash and without head, flung away such gracious offer. In short, I was told to my face [by good-natured friends], Nobody would ever think of me for promotion again;" — universal suffrage giving it clear against poor Linsenbarth, in this way.

"To get out of people's sight at least," continues he, "I decided to leave my native place, and go to Berlin," 250 miles away or more. "And so it was that, on June the 20th, 1750, I landed at Berlin for the first time: and here straightway at the *Packhof* (or Custom-house), in searching of my things, 400 *thalers* (some £60), all in Nürnberg *batzen*, were seized from me;" — *batzen*, quarter-groats we may say; $7\frac{1}{2}$ batzen go to a shilling; what a sack there must have been of them, 9,000 in all, about the size of herring-scales, in bad silver; fruit of Linsenbarth's stern thrift from birth upwards: — all snatched from him at one swoop. "And why?" says he, quite historically: Yes, Why? The reader, to understand it wholly, would need to read in Mylius's *Edicten-Sammlung*, in *Seyfarth* and elsewhere;¹ and to know the scandalous condition of German coinage at this time and long after; every needy little Potentate mixing his coin with copper at discretion, and swindling mankind with it for a season; needing to be peremptorily forbidden, confiscated or ordered home, by the like of Friedrich. Linsenbarth answers his own "And why?" with historical calmness: —

"The king had, some (six) years ago, had the batzen utterly cried down (*ganz und gar*); they were not to circulate at all in his Countries; and I was so bold, I had brought batzen hither into the King's Capital, *Königliche Residenz* itself! At the *Packhof*, there was but one answer, 'Contraband, Contraband!'" — Here was a welcome for a man. "I made my excuses: Did not the least know; came straight from Thüringen, many miles of road; could not guess there What His

¹ Mylius, *Edict* xli., January, 1744, &c. &c.

Majesty the King had been pleased to forbid in His (*Theiro*) Countries. ‘You should have informed yourself,’ said the Packhof people; and were deaf to such considerations. ‘A man coming into such a Residenz Town as Berlin, with intent to abide there, should have inquired a little what was what, especially what coins were cried down, and what allowed,’ said they of the Packhof.” Poor Linsenbarth! “‘But what am I to do now? How am I to live, if you take my very money from me?’ ‘That is your outlook,’ said they; — and added, He must even find stowage for his stack of herring-scales or batzen, as soon as it was sealed up; ‘we have no room for it in the Packhof!’” Here is a roughish welcome for a man: “I must leave all my money here; and find stowage for it, in a day or two.

“There was, accordingly, a truck-porter called in; he loaded my effects on his barrow, and rolled away. He brought me to the *White Swan* in the *Judenstrasse* [none of the grandest of streets, that *Berlin Jewry*], threw my things out, and demanded four groschen. Two of my batzen” $2\frac{1}{2}$ exact, “would have done; but I had no money at all. The landlord came out: seeing that I had a stuffed feather-bed [note the luggage of Linsenbarth: “*Feder-bett*,” of extreme tenuity], a trunk full of linens, a bag of Books and other trifles, he paid the man; and sent me to a small room in the court-yard [Inn forms a Court, perhaps four stories high]: ‘I could stay there,’ he said; ‘he would give me food and drink in the meanwhile.’ And so I lived in this Inn eight weeks long, without one red farthing, in mere fear and anxiety.” June 20th *plus* eight weeks brings us to August 15th; Voltaire in *height* of feather; and very great things just ahead!¹ — of which soon.

The White Swan was a place where Carriers lodged: some limb of the Law, of Subaltern sort, whom Linsenbarth calls “*der Advocat B.*” (one of the Ousted of Cocceji, shall we fancy!), had to do with Carriers and their pie-powder lawsuits. Advocat B. had noticed the gray dreary *Candidatus*, sitting sparrow-like in remote corners; had spoken to him; — under-

¹ “Grand Carrousel, 25th August;” &c.

took for a *Louis d'or*, no purchase no pay, to get back his batzen for him. They went accordingly, one morning, to "a grand House;" it was a Minister's (name not given), very grand Official Man: he heard the Advocat B.'s short statement; and made answer: "Monsieur, and is it you that will pick holes in the King's Law? I have understood you were rather aiming at the *Hausvogtei* [Common Jail of Berlin]: Go on in that way, and you are sure of your promotion!" — Advocat B. rushed out with Linsenbarth into the street; and there was neither pay nor purchase in that quarter.

Poor Linsenbarth was next advised, by simple neighbors, to go direct to the King; as every poor man can, at certain hours of the day. "Write out your Case (Memorial) with extreme brevity," said they; "nothing but the essential points, and those clear." Linsenbarth, steam at the high-pressure, composed (*conzipirte*) a Memorial of that right laconic sort; wrote it fair (*mundirte es*); — and went off therewith "at opening of the Gates [middle time of August, 1750, no date farther],¹ — without one farthing in my pocket, in God's name, to Potsdam." He continues: —

"And at Potsdam I was lucky enough to see the King; my first sight of him. He was on the Palace Esplanade there, drilling his troops [fine trim sanded Expanse, with the Palace to rear, and Garden-walks and River to front; where Friedrich Wilhelm sat, the last day he was out, and ordered Jockey Philips's house to be actually set about; where the troops do evolutions every morning; — there is Friedrich with cocked-hat and blue coat; say about 11 A.M.].

"When the drill was over, his Majesty went into the Garden, and the soldiers dispersed; only four Officers remained lounging upon the Esplanade, and walked up and down. For fright I knew not what to do; I pulled the Papers out of my pocket, — these were my Memorial, two Certificates of character, and a Thüringen Pass [poor soul]. The Officers noticed this; came straight to me, and said, 'What letters has He there, then?' I thankfully and gladly imparted the whole; and when the Officers had read them, they said, 'We will give you [Him,

¹ August 21st? (See Rôdenbeck, *Diary*, which we often quote, i. 205.)

not even *Thee*] a good advice. The King is extra-gracious to-day, and is gone alone into the Garden. Follow him straight. Thou wilt have luck.'

"This I would not do; my awe was too great. They there-upon laid hands on me [the mischievous dogs, not ill-humored either]: one took me by the right arm, another by the left, 'Off, off; to the Garden!' Having got me thither, they looked out for the King. He was among the gardeners, examining some rare plant; stooping over it, and had his back to us. Here I had to halt; and the Officers began, in underhand tone [the dogs!], to put me through my drill: 'Hat under left arm! — Right foot foremost! — Breast well forward! — Head up! — Papers from pouch! — Papers aloft in right hand! — Steady! Steady!' — And went their ways, looking always round, to see if I kept my posture. I perceived well enough they were pleased to make game of me; but I stood, all the same, like a wall, being full of fear. The Officers were hardly out of the Garden, when the King turned round, and saw this extraordinary machine," — telegraph figure or whatever we may call it, with papers pointing to the sky. "He gave such a look at me, like a flash of sunbeams glancing through you; and sent one of the gardeners to bring my papers. Which having got, he struck into another walk with them, and was out of sight. In few minutes he appeared again at the place where the rare plant was, with my Papers open in his left hand; and gave me a wave with them To come nearer. I plucked up a heart, and went straight towards him. Oh, how thrice and four-times graciously this great Monarch deigned to speak to me! —

King. "My good Thuringian (*lieber Thüringer*), you came to Berlin, seeking to earn your bread by industrious teaching of children; and here, at the Packhof, in searching your things, they have taken your Thüringen hoard from you. True, the batzen are not legal here; but the people should have said to you: You are a stranger, and did n't know the prohibition; — well then, we will seal up the Bag of Batzen; you send it back to Thüringen, get it changed for other sorts; we will not take it from you! —

“‘Be of heart, however; you shall have your money again, and interest too. — But, my poor man, Berlin pavement is bare, they don’t give anything gratis: you are a stranger; before you are known and get teaching, your bit of money is done; what then?’

“I understood the speech right well; but my awe was too great to say: ‘Your Majesty will have the all-highest grace to allow me something!’ But as I was so simple and asked for nothing, he did not offer anything. And so he turned away; but had scarcely gone six or eight steps, when he looked round, and gave me a sign I was to walk by him; and then began catechising:—

King. “‘Where did you (*Er*) study?’

Linsensbarth. “‘Your Majesty, in Jena.’

King. “‘What years?’

Linsensbarth. “‘From 1716 to 1720.’¹

King. “‘Under what Pro-rector were you inscribed?’

Linsensbarth. “‘Under the *Professor Theologiæ* Dr. Förtsch.’

King. “‘Who were your other Professors in the Theological Faculty?’”

Linsensbarth—names famed men; sunk now, mostly, in the bottomless waste-basket: “Buddäus” (who did a *Dictionary* of the *Bayle* sort, weighing four stone troy, out of which I have learned many a thing), “Buddæus,” “Danz,” “Weissenborn,” “Wolf” (now back at Halle after his tribulations, — poor man, his immortal System of Philosophy, where is it!).

King. “‘Did you study *Biblica* diligently?’

Linsensbarth. “‘With Buiddæus (*beym Buddäo*).’

King. “‘That is he who had such quarrelling with Wolf?’

Linsensbarth. “‘Yea, your Majesty! He was —’

King (does not want to know what he was). “‘What other useful Courses of Lectures (*Collegia*) did you attend?’

Linsensbarth. “‘Thetics and Exegetics with Förtsch [How the deuce did Förtsch teach these things?]; Hermeneutics and Polemics with Walch [editor of *Luther’s Works*, I suppose]; Hebraics with Dr. Danz; Homiletics with Dr. Weissenborn; *Pastorale* [not Pastoral Poetry, but the Art of Pastorsip] and

¹ “Born 1689” (Rödenbeck, p. 474); twenty-five when he went.

Morale with Dr. Buddæus.' [There, your Majesty! — what a glimpse, as into infinite extinct Continents, filled with ponderous thorny inanities, invincible nasal drawling of didactic Titans, and the awful attempt to spin, on all manner of wheels, road-harness out of split cobwebs: Hoom! Hoom-m-m! Harness not to be had on those terms. Let the dreary Limbus close again, till the general Day of Judgment for all this.]

King (glad to get out of the Limbus). “‘Were things as wild then at Jena, in your time, as of old, when the Students were forever scuffling and ruffling, and the Couplet went: —

“*Wer kommt von Jena ungeschlagen,
Der hat von grossen Glück zu sagen.*

“He that comes from Jena *sine bello*,
He may think himself a lucky fellow”?’

Linsenbarth. “‘That sort of folly is gone quite out of fashion; and a man can lead a silent and quiet life there, just as at other Universities, if he will attend to the *Die, curhic?* [or know what his real errand is]. In my time their Serene Highnesses, the Nursing-fathers of the University (*Nutritores Academicæ*), — of the Ernestine Line [Weimar-Gotha Highnesses, that is], were in the habit of having the Rufflers (*Renomisten*), Renowners as they are called, who made so much disturbance, sent to Eisenach to lie in the Wartburg a while; there they learned to be quiet.’ [Clock strikes Twelve, — dinner-time of Majesty.]

King. “‘Now I must go: they are waiting for their soup’” (and so ends Dialogue for the present). Did the King bid me wait?

“When we got out of the Garden,” says Linsenbarth, silent on this point, “the four Officers were still there upon the Esplanade [Captains of Guard belike]; they went into the Palace with the King,” — clearly meaning to dine with his Majesty.

“I remained standing on the Esplanade. For twenty-seven hours I had not tasted food: not a farthing *in bonis* [of principal or interest] to get bread with; I had waded twenty miles hither, in a sultry morning, through the sand. Not a difficult thing to keep down laughter in such circumstances!” — Poor

soul ; but the Royal mind is human too. — “ In this tremor of my heart, there came a *Kammer-hussar* [Soldier-Valet, Valet reduced to his simplest expression] out of the Palace, and asked, ‘ Where is the man that was with my King (*meinem König*, — *thy* King particularly ?) in the Garden ? ’ I answered, ‘ Here ! ’ And he led me into the Schloss, to a large Room, where pages, lackeys, and Kammer-hussars were about. My Kammer-hussar took me to a little table, excellently furnished ; with soup, beef ; likewise carp dressed with garden-salad, likewise game with cucumber-salad : bread, knife, fork, spoon and salt were all there [and I with an appetite of twenty-seven hours ; I too was there]. My hussar set me a chair, said : ‘ This that is on the table, the King has ordered to be served for you (*Ihm*) : you are to eat your fill, and mind nobody ; and I am to serve. Sharp, then, fall to ! ’ — I was greatly astonished, and knew not what to do ; least of all could it come into my head that the King’s Kammer-hussar, who waited on his Majesty, should wait on me. I pressed him to sit by me ; but as he refused, I did as bidden ; sat down, took my spoon, and went at it with a will (*frisch*) !

“ The hussar took the beef from the table, set it on the charcoal dish (to keep it hot till wanted) ; he did the like with the fish and roast game ; and poured me out wine and beer — [was ever such a lucky Barmecide !] I ate and drank till I had abundantly enough. Dessert, confectionery, what I could, — a plateful of big black cherries, and a plateful of pears, my waiting-man wrapped in paper and stuffed them into my pockets, to be a refreshment on the way home. And so I rose from the Royal table ; and thanked God and the King in my heart, that I had so gloriously dined,” — *herrlich*, “ gloriously ” at last. Poor excellent down-trodden Linsenbarth, one’s heart opens to him, not one’s larder only.

“ The hussar took away. At that moment a Secretary came ; brought me a sealed Order (Rescript) to the Packhof at Berlin, with my Certificates (*Testimonia*), and the Pass ; told down on the table five Tail-ducats (*Schwanz-dukatén*), and a Gold Friedrich under them [about £3 10s., I think ; better than £10 of our day to a common man. and better than £100 to a Linsen-

barth], — saying, The King sent me this to take me home to Berlin again.

“And if the hussar took me into the Palace, it was now the Secretary that took me out again. And there, yoked with six horses, stood a royal Proviant-wagon ; which having led me to, the Secretary said : ‘You people, the King has given order you are to take this stranger to Berlin, and also to accept no drink-money from him.’ I again, through the *Herrn Secretarium*, testified my most submissive thankfulness for all Royal graciousnesses ; took my place, and rolled away.

“On reaching Berlin, I went at once to the Packhof, straight to the office-room,” — standing more erect this time, — “and handed them my Royal Rescript. The Head man opened the seal ; in reading, he changed color, went from pale to red ; said nothing, and gave it to the second man to read. The second put on his spectacles ; read, and gave it to the third. However, he [the Head man] rallied himself at last : I was to come forward, and be so good as write a quittance (receipt), ‘That I had received, for my 400 thalers all in Batzen, the same sum in Brandenburg coin, ready down, without the least deduction.’ My cash was at once accurately paid. And thereupon the Steward was ordered, To go with me to the White Swan in the Judenstrasse, and pay what I owed there, whatever my score was. For which end they gave him twenty-four thalers ; and if that were not enough, he was to come and get more.” On these high terms Linsenbarth marched out of the Packhof for the second time ; the sublime head of him (not turned either) sweeping the very stars.

“That was what the King had meant when he said, ‘You shall have your money back and interest too :’ *videlicet*, that the Packhof was to pay my expenses at the White Swan. The score, however, was only 10 thaler, 4 groschen, 6 pfennigs [30 shillings, 5 pence, and 2 or perhaps 3 quarter-farthings], for what I had run up in eight weeks,” — an uncommonly frugal rate of board, for a man skilled in Hermeneutics, Hebraics, Polemics, Thetics, Exegetics, Pastorale, Morale (and Practical Christianity and the Philosophy of Zeno, carried to perfection, or nearly so) ! “And herewith this troubled History had its

desired finish." And our gray-whiskered, raw-boned, great-hearted Candidatus lay down to sleep, at the White Swan; probably the happiest man in all Berlin, for the time being.

Linsenbarth dived now into Private-teaching, "*Information*," as he calls it; *forming*, and kneading into his own likeness, such of the young Berliners as he could get hold of:—surely not without some good effect on them, the model having, besides Hermeneutics in abundance, so much natural worth about it. He himself found the mine of Informing a very barren one, as to money: continued poor in a high degree, without honor, without emolument to speak of; and had a straitened, laborious, and what we might think very dark Life-pilgrimage. But the darkness was nothing to him, he carried such an inextinguishable frugal rushlight within. Meat, clothes and fire he did not again lack, in Berlin, for the time he needed them,—some twenty-seven years still. And if he got no printed praise in the Reviews, from baddish judges writing by the sheet,—here and there brother mortals, who knew him by their own eyes and experiences, looked, or transiently spoke, and even did, a most real praise upon him now and then. And, on the whole, he can do without praise; and will stand strokes even, without wincing or kicking, where there is no chance.

A certain Berlin Druggist ("Herr Medicinal-Assessor Rose," whom we may call Druggist First, for there were Two that had to do with Linsenbarth) was good and human to him. In Rose's House, where he had come to teach the children, and which continued, always thenceforth, a home to him when needful, he wrote this *Narrative* (Anno 1774); and died there, three years afterwards,— "24th August, 1777, of apoplexy, age 88," say the Burial Registers.¹ Druggist Second, on succeeding the humane Predecessor, found Linsenbarth's papers in the drug-stores of the place: Druggist Second chanced to be one Klaproth, famed among the Scientific of the world; and by him the Linsenbarth Narrative was forwarded to publication, and such fame as is requisite.

¹ In Röderbeck, *Beiträge*, i. 472–475, these latter Details (with others, in confused form): *ib.* 462–471, the *Narrative* itself.

Sir Jonas Hanway stalks across the Scene, too; in a pondering and observing manner.

Of the then very famous "Berlin Carrousel of 1750" we propose to say little; the now chief interesting point in it being that M. de Voltaire is curiously visible to us there. But the truth is, they were very great days at Berlin, those of Autumn, 1750; distinguished strangers come or coming; the King giving himself up to entertainment of them, to enjoyment of them; with such a hearty outburst of magnificence, this Carrousel the apex of it, as was rare in his reign. There were his Sisters of Schwedt and Baireuth, with suite, his dear Wilhelmina queen of the scene;¹ there were — It would be tedious to count what other high Herrschaften and Durchlauchtig Persons. And to crown the whole, and entertain Wilhelmina as a Queen should be, there had come M. de Voltaire; conquered at length to us, as we hope, and the Dream of our Youth realized. Voltaire's reception, July 10th and ever since, has been mere splendor and kindness; really extraordinary, as we shall find farther on. Reception perfect in all points, except that of the Pompadour's Compliments alone. "That sublime creature's compliments to your Majesty; such her express command!" said Voltaire. "*Je ne la connais pas*," answered Friedrich, with his clear-ringing voice, "I don't know her;"² — sufficient intimation to Voltaire, but painful and surprising. For which some diplomatic persons blame Friedrich to this day; but not I, or any reader of mine. A very proud young King; in his silent way, always the prouder; and stands in no awe of the Divine Butterflies and Crowned Infatuations never so potent, as more prudent people do.

In a Berlin of such stir and splendor, the arrivals of Sir Jonas Hanway, of the "young Lord Malton" (famed Earl or Marquis of Rockingham that will be), or of the witty Excellency Hanbury, are as nothing; — Sir Jonas's as less than

¹ "Came 8th August" (Rödenbeck, 205).

² Voltaire to Madame Denis, "Potsdam, 11th August, 1750" (*Œuvres*, lxxiv. 184).

nothing. A Sir Jonas noticed by nobody ; but himself taking note, dull worthy man ; and mentionable now on that account. Here is a Scrap regarding him, not quite to be thrown away :

“ Sir Jonas Hanway was not always so extinct as he has now become. Readers might do worse than turn to his now old Book of *Travels* again, and the strange old London it awakens for us : A ‘ Russian Trading Company,’ full of hope to the then mercantile mind ; a Mr. Hanway despatched, years ago, as Chief Clerk, inexpressibly interested to manage well ; — and managing, as you may read at large. Has done his best and utmost, all this while ; and had such travellings through the Naphtha Countries, sailings on the Caspian ; such difficulties, successes, — ultimately, failure. Owing to Mr. Elton and Thamas Kouli Khan mainly. Thamas Kouli Khan — otherwise called Nadir Shah (and a very hard-headed fellow, by all appearance) — wiled and seduced Mr. Elton, an Ex-Naval gentleman, away from his Ledgers, to build him Ships ; having set his heart on getting a Navy. And Mr. Elton did build him (spite of all I could say) a Bark or two on the Caspian ; — most hopeful to the said Nadir Shah ; but did it come to anything ? It disgusted, it alarmed the Russians ; and ruined Sir Jonas, — who is returning at this period, prepared to render account of himself at London, in a loftily resigned frame of mind.¹

“ The remarks of Sir Jonas upon Berlin — for he exercises everywhere a sapient observation on men and things — are of dimly tumidly insignificant character, reminding us of an extinct Minerva’s Owl ; and reduce themselves mainly to this bit of ocular testimony, That his Prussian Majesty rides much about, often at a rapid rate ; with a pleasant business aspect, humane though imperative ; handsome to look upon, though with face perceptibly reddish [and perhaps snuff on it, were you near]. His age now thirty-eight gone ; a set appearance, as if already got into his forties. Complexion florid, figure muscular, almost tending to be plump.

¹ Jonas Hanway, *An Account of &c.* (or in brief, *Travels* : London, 3 vols. 4to, 1753), ii. 183. “ Arrived in Berlin,” from the Caspian and Petersburg side, “ August 15th, 1750.”

“Listen well through Hanway, you will find King Friedrich is an object of great interest, personal as well as official, and much the theme in Berlin society; admiration of him, pride in him, not now the audiblest tone, though it lies at the bottom too: ‘Our Friedrich the Great,’ after all [so Hanway intimates, though not express as to epithets or words used]. The King did a beautiful thing to Lieutenant-Colonel Keith the other day [as some readers may remember]: to Lieutenant-Colonel Keith; that poor Keith who was nailed to the gallows for him (in effigy), at Wesel long ago; and got far less than he had expected. The other day, there had been a grand Review, part of it extending into Madam Knyphausen’s grounds, who is Keith’s Mother-in-law. ‘Monsieur Keith,’ said the King to him, ‘I am sorry we had to spoil Madam’s fine shrubbery by our manœuvres: have the goodness to give her that, with my apologies,’—and handed him a pretty Casket with key to it, and in the interior 10,000 crowns. Not a shrub of Madam’s had been cut or injured; but the King, you see, would count it £1,500 of damage done, and here is acknowledgment for it, which please accept. Is not that a gracious little touch?

“This King is doing something at Embden, Sir Jonas fears, or trying to do, in the Trade-and-Navigation way; scandalous that English capitalists will lend money in furtherance of such destructive schemes by the Foreigner! For the rest, Sir Jonas went to call on Lord Malton (Marquis of Rockingham that will be): an amiable and sober young Nobleman, come thus far on his Grand Tour,” and in time for the Carrousel. “His Lordship’s reception at Court here, one regretted to hear, was nothing distinguished; quite indifferent, indeed, had not the Queen-Mother stepped in with amendments. The Courts are not well together; pity for it. My Lord and his Tutor did me the honor to return my visit; the rather as we all quartered in the same Inn. Amiable young Nobleman,”—so distinguished since, for having had unconsciously an Edmund Burke, and such torrents of Parliamentary Eloquence, in his breeches-pocket (*breeches-pocket* literally; how unknown to Hanway!)—“Amiable young Nobleman. is not it one’s duty to salute, in

passing such a one? Though I would by no means have it over-done, and am a calmly independent man.

"Sir Jonas also saw the Carrousel [of which presently]; and admired the great men of Berlin. Great men, all obsolete now, though then admired to infinitude, some of them: 'You may abuse me,' said the King to some stranger arrived in Berlin; 'you may abuse me, and perhaps here and there get praise by doing it: but I advise you not to doubt of Lieberkühn [the fashionable Doctor] in any company in Berlin,'"¹—How fashionable are men!

One Collini, a young Italian, quite new in Berlin, chanced also to be at the Carrousel, or at the latter half of it,—though by no means in quest of such objects just at present, poor young fellow! As he came afterwards to be Secretary or Amanuensis of Voltaire, and will turn up in that capacity, let us read this Note upon him:—

"Signor Como Alessandro Collini, a young Venetian gentleman of some family and education, but of no employment or resource, had in late years been asking zealously all round among his home circle, What am I to do with myself? mere echo answering, What,—till a Signora Sister of Barberina the Dancer's answered: 'Try Berlin, and King *Fridérico il Grande* there? I could give you a letter to my Sister!' At which Collini grasps; gets under way for Berlin,—through wild Alpine sceneries, foreign guttural populations; and with what thoughts, poor young fellow. It is a common course to take, and sometimes answers, sometimes not. The cynosure of vague creatures, with a sense of faculty without direction. What clouds of winged migratory people gathering in to Berlin, all through this Reign! Not since Noah's Ark a stranger menagerie of creatures, mostly wild. Of whom Voltaire alone is, in our time, worth mention.

"Collini gazed upon the Alpine chasms, and shaggy ice-palaces, with tender memory of the Adriatic; courageously steered his way through the inoffensive guttural populations; had got to Berlin, just in this time; been had to dinner daily by the hospitable Barberinas, young Cocceji always his fellow-

¹ Hanway, ii. 190, 202, &c.

guest, — ‘Privately, my poor Signorina’s Husband!’ whispered old Mamma. Both the Barberinas were very kind to Collini; cheering him with good auguries, and offers of help. Collini does not date with any punctuality; but the German Books will do it for him. August 25th-27th was Carrousel; and Collini had arrived few days before.”¹

And now it is time we were at the Carrousel ourselves, — in a brief transient way.

CHAPTER VI.

BERLIN CARROUSEL, AND VOLTAIRE VISIBLE THERE.

READERS have heard of the *Place du Carrousel* at Paris; and know probably that Louis XIV. held world-famous Carrousel there (A.D. 1662); and, in general, that Carrousel has something to do with Tourneying, or the Shadow of Tourneying. It is, in fact, a kind of superb be-tailored running at the ring, instead of be-blacksmithed running at one another. A Second milder Edition of those Tournament sports, and dangerous trials of strength and dexterity, which were so grand a business in the Old iron Ages. Of which, in the form of Carrousel or otherwise, down almost to the present day, there have been examples, among puissant Lords; — though now it is felt to have become extremely hollow; perhaps incapable of fully entertaining anybody, except children and their nurses on a high occasion.

A century ago, before the volcanic explosion of so many things which it has since become wearisome to think of in this earnest world, the Tournament, emblem of an Age of Chivalry, which was gone, but had not yet declared itself to be quite gone, and even to be turned topsy-turvy, had still substance as a mummery, — not enough, I should say, to spend much money upon. Not much real money: except, indeed, the money were

¹ Collini, *Mon Séjour auprès de Voltaire* (Paris, 1807), pp. 1-21

offered you gratis, from other parties interested? Sir Jonas kindly informs us, by insinuation, that this was, to a good degree, Friedrich's case in the now Carrousel: "a thing got up by the private efforts of different great Lords and Princes of the blood;" each party tailoring, harnessing and furbishing himself and followers; Friedrich contributing little but the arena and general outfit. I know not whether even the 40,000 lamps (for it took place by night) were of his purchase, though that is likely; and know only that the Suppers and interior Palace Entertainments would be his. "Did not cost the King much money," says Sir Jonas; which is satisfactory to know. For of the Carrousel kind, or of the Royal-Mummery kind in general, there has been, for graceful arrangement, for magnificence regardless of expense,—inviting your amiable Lord Malton, and the idlers of all Countries, and awakening the rapture of Gazetteers,—nothing like it since Louis the Grand's time. Nothing,—except perhaps that Camp of Mühlberg or Radowitz, where we once were. Done, this one, not at the King's expense alone, but at other people's chiefly: that is an unexpected feature, welcome if true; and, except for Sir Jonas, would not have helped to explain the puzzle for us, as it did in the then Berlin circles. Mühlberg, in my humble judgment, was worth two of this as a Mummery;—but the meritorious feature of Friedrich's is, that it cost him very little.

It was, say all Gazetteers and idle eye-witnesses, a highly splendid spectacle. By much the most effulgent exhibition Friedrich ever made of himself in the Expensive-Mummery department: and I could give in extreme detail the phenomena of it; but, in mercy to poor readers, will not. Fancy the assiduous hammering and sawing on the Schloss-Platz, amid crowds of gay loungers, giving cheerful note of preparation, in those latter days of August, 1750. And, on *Wednesday Night, 25th August*, look and see,—for the due moments only, and vaguely enough (as in the following Excerpt):—

Palace-Esplanade of Berlin, 25th August, 1750 (dusk sinking into dark): "Under a windy nocturnal sky, a spacious Parallelogram, enclosed for jousting as at Aspramont or Trebisond. Wide enough arena in the centre; vast amphitheatre of wooden

seats and passages, firm carpentry and fitted for its business, rising all round; Audience, select though multitudinous, sitting decorous and garrulous, say since half-past eight. There is royal box on the ground-tier; and the King in it, King, with Princess Amelia for the prizes: opposite to this is entrance for the Chevaliers, — four separate entrances, I think. Who come, — lo, at last! — with breathings and big swells of music, as Resuscitations from the buried Ages.

“They are in four ‘Quadrilles,’ so termed: Romans, Persians, Carthaginians, Greeks. Four Jousting Parties, headed each by a Prince of the Blood: — with such a splendor of equipment for jewels, silver helmets, sashings, housings, as eye never saw. Prancing on their glorious battle-steeds (sham-battle, steeds not sham, but champing their bits as real quadrupeds with fire in their interior): — how many in all, I forgot to count. Perhaps, on the average, sixty in each Quadrille, fifteen of them practical Ritters; the rest mythologic winged standard-bearers, blackamoors, victors, trumpeters and shining melodious phantasms as escort, — of this latter kind say in round numbers Two Hundred altogether; and of actual Ritters threescore.¹ Who run at rings, at ‘Turks’ heads, and at other objects with death-doing lance; and prance and flash and career along: glorious to see and hear. Under proud flourishings of drums and trumpets, under bursts and breathings of wind-music; under the shine of Forty Thousand Lamps, for one item. All Berlin and the nocturnal firmament looking on, — night rather gusty, ‘which blew out many of the lamps,’ insinuates Hanway.

“About midnight, Beauty in the form of Princess Amelia distributes the prizes; Music filling the air; and human ‘Euge’s,’ and the surviving lamps, doing their best. After which the Principalities and Ritters withdraw to their Palace, to their Balls and their Supper of the gods; and all the world and his wife goes home again, amid various commentary from

¹ Blumenthal, *Life of De Zieten* (Zieten was in it, and gained a prize), i. 257–263 et seq.; Voltaire’s *Letters to Niece Denis* (*Œuvres*, lxxiv. 174, 179, 198): — and two contemporary 4tos on the subject, with Drawings &c., which may well continue unknown to every reader.

high and low. ‘*Jamais, Never,*’ murmured one high Gentleman, of the Impromptu kind, at the Palace Supper-table : —

*‘Jamais dans Athène et dans Rome
On n’eut de plus beaux jours, ni de plus digne prix.
J’ai vu le fils de Mars sous les traits de Pâris,
Et Vénus qui donnait la pomme.’* ¹

And Amphitheatre and Lamps lapse wholly into darkness, and the thing has finished, for the time being. August 27th, it was repeated by daylight: if possible, more charming than ever; but not to be spoken of farther, under penalties. To be mildly forgotten again, every jot and tittle of it, — except one small insignificant iota, which, by accident, still makes it remarkable. Namely, that Collini and the Barberinas were there; and that not only was Voltaire again there, among the Princes and Princesses; but that Collini saw Voltaire, and gives us transient sight of him, — thanks to Collini. Thursday, 27th August, 1750, was the Daylight version of the Carrousel; which Collini, if it were of any moment, takes to have *preceded* that of the 40,000 Lamps. Sure enough Collini was there, with eyes open : —

“Madame de Cocceji [so one may call her, though the known *alias* is Barberina] had engaged places; she invited me to come and see this Festivity. We went;” and very grand it was. “The Palace-Esplanade was changed” by carpentries and draperies “into a vast Amphitheatre; the slopes of it furnished with benches for the spectators, and at the four corners of it and at the bottom, magnificently decorated boxes for the Court.” Vast oval Amphitheatre, the interior arena rectangular, with its Four Entrances, one for each of the Four Quadrilles. “The assemblage was numerous and brilliant: all the Court had come from Potsdam to Berlin.

“A little while before the King himself made appearance, there rose suddenly a murmur of admiration, and I heard all round me, from everybody, the name ‘Voltaire! Voltaire!’ Looking down, I saw Voltaire accordingly; among a group of

¹ “Never in Athens or Rome were there braver sights or a worthier prize: I have seen the son of Mars [King Friedrich] with Paris’s features, and Venus [Amelia] crowning the victorious.” *Œuvres de Voltaire*, xviii. 320.

great lords, who were walking over the Arena, towards one of the Court Boxes. He wore a modest countenance, but joy painted itself in his eyes : you cannot love glory, and not feel gratefully the prize attached to it," — attained as here. "I lost sight of him in few instants," as he approached his Box, "the place where I was not permitting farther view." ¹

This was Collini's first sight of that great man (*de ce grand homme*). With whom, thanks to Barberina, he had, in a day or two, the honor of an Interview (judgment favorable, he could hope); and before many months, Accident also favoring, the inexpressible honor of seeing himself the great man's Secretary, — how far beyond hope or aspiration, in these Carrousel days!

Voltaire had now been here some Seven Weeks, — arrived 10th July, as we often note; — after (on his own part) a great deal of haggling, hesitating and negotiating; which we spare our readers. The poor man having now become a Quasi-Widower; painfully rallying, with his whole strength, towards new arrangements, — now was the time for Friedrich to urge him: "Come to me! Away from all that dismal imbroglio; hither, I say!" To which Voltaire is not inattentive; though he hesitates; cannot, in any case, come without delay; — lingers in Paris, readjusting many things, the poor shipwrecked being, among kind D'Argentals and friends. Poor Ishmael, getting gray; and his tent in the desert suddenly carried off by a blast of wind!

To the legal Widower, M. le Marquis, he behaves in money matters like a Prince; takes that Paris Domicile, in the Rue Traversière, all to himself; institutes a new household there, — Niece Denis to be female president. Niece Denis, widow without encumbrances; whom in her married state, wife to some kind of Commissariat-Officer at Lille, we have seen transiently in that City, her Uncle lodging with her as he passed. A gadding, flaunting, unreasonable, would-be fashionable female — (a Du Châtelet without the grace or genius, and who never was in love with you!) — with whom poor

¹ Collini, *Mon Séjour*, p. 21.

Uncle had a baddish life in time coming. All which settled, he still lingers. Widowed, grown old and less adventurous! That House in the Rue Traversière, once his and Another's, now his alone, — for the time being, it is probably more like a Mausoleum than a House to him. And Versailles, with its sulky Trajans, its Crébillon cabals, what charm is in Versailles? He thinks of going to Italy for a while; has never seen that fine Country: of going to Berlin for a while: of going to — In fact, Berlin is clearly the place where he will land; but he hesitates greatly about lifting anchor. Friedrich insists, in a bright, bantering, kindly way; "You were due to me a year ago; you said always, 'So soon as the lying-in is over, I am yours:' — and now, why don't you come?"

Friedrich, since they met last, has had some experiences of Voltaire, which he does not like. Their roads, truly — one adulating Trajan in Versailles, and growing great by "Farces of the Fair;" the other battling for his existence against men and devils, Trajan and Company included — have lain far apart. Their Correspondence perceptibly languishing, in consequence, and even rumors rising on the subject, Voltaire wrote once: "Give me a yard of ribbon, Sire [your *Order of Merit*, Sire], to silence those vile rumors!" Which Friedrich, on such free-and-easy terms, had silently declined. "A meddlesome, forward kind of fellow; always getting into scrapes and brabbles!" thinks Friedrich. But is really anxious, now that the chance offers again, to have such a Levite for his Priest, the evident pink of Human Intellect; and tries various incitements upon him; — hits at last (I know not whether by device or by accident) on one which, say the French Biographers, did raise Voltaire and set him under way.

A certain M. Baculard d'Arnaud, a conceited, foolish young fellow, much patronized by Voltaire, and given to write verses, which are unknown to me, has been, on Voltaire's recommending, "Literary Correspondent" to Friedrich (Paris Book-Agent and the like) for some time past; corresponding much with Potsdam, in a way found entertaining; and is now (April, 1750) actually going thither,

to Friedrich's Court, or perhaps has gone. At any rate, Friedrich — by accident or by device — had answered some rhymes of this D'Arnaud, "Yes; welcome, young sunrise, since Voltaire is about to set!"¹ I hope it was by device; D'Arnaud is such a silly fellow; too absurd, to reckon as morning to anybody's sunset. Except for his involuntary service, for and against, in this Voltaire Journey, his name would not now be mentionable at all. "Sunset?" exclaimed Voltaire, springing out of bed (say the Biographers), and skipping about indignantly in his shirt: "I will show them I am not set yet!"² And instantly resolved on the Berlin Expedition. Went to Compiègne, where the Court then was; to bid his adieus; nay to ask formally the Royal leave, — for we are Historiographer and titular Gentleman of the Chamber, and King's servant in a sense. Leave was at once granted him, almost huffingly; we hope not with *too* much readiness? For this is a ticklish point: one is going to Prussia "on a Visit" merely (though it may be longish); one would not have the door of France slammed to behind one! The tone at Court did seem a little succinct, something almost of sneer in it. But from the Pompadour herself all was friendly; mere witty, cheery graciousities, and "My Compliments to his Majesty of Prussia," — Compliments how answered when they came to hand: "*Je ne la connais pas!*"

In short, M. de Voltaire made all his arrangements; got under way; piously visited Fontenoy and the Battle-fields in passing: and is here, since July 10th, — in very great splendor, as we see: — on his Fifth Visit to Friedrich. Fifth; which proved his Last, — and is still extremely celebrated in the world. Visit much misunderstood in France and England, down to this day. By no means sorted out into accuracy and intelligibility; but left as (what is saying a great deal!) probably the wastest chaos of all the Sections of Friedrich's History. And has, alone of them, gone

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xiv. 95 (Verses "A D'Arnaud," of date December, 1749.)

² Duvernet (Second), p. 159.

over the whole world; being withal amusing to read, and therefore well and widely remembered, in that mendacious and semi-intelligible state. To lay these goblins, full of noise, ignorance and mendacity, and give some true outline of the matter, with what brevity is consistent with deciphering it at all, is now our sad task, — laborious, perhaps disgusting; not impossible, if readers will loyally assist.

Voltaire had taken every precaution that this Visit should succeed, or at least be no loss to one of the parties. In a preliminary Letter from Paris, — prose and verse, one of the cleverest diplomatic pieces ever penned; Letter really worth looking at, cunning as the song of Apollo, Voltaire symbolically intimates: “Well, Sire, your old Danae, poor malingering old wretch, is coming to her Jove. It is Jove she wants, not the Shower of Jove; nevertheless” — And Friedrich (thank Hanbury, in part, for that bit of knowledge) had remitted him in hard money £600 “to pay the tolls on his road.”¹ As a high gentleman would; to have done with those base elements of the business.

Nay furthermore, precisely two days before those splendors of the Carrousel, Friedrich, — in answer to new cunning croakeries and contrivances (“Sire, this Letter from my Niece, who is inconsolable that I should think of staying here;” where, finding oneself so divinized, one is disposed to stay), — has answered him like a King: By Gold Key of Chamberlain, Cross of the Order of Merit, and Pension of 20,000 francs (£850) a year, — conveyed in as royal a Letter of Business as I have often read; melodious as Apollo, this too, though all in business prose, and, like Apollo, practical God of the *Sun* in this case.² Dated 23d August, 1750. This Letter of Friedrich’s I fancy to be what Voltaire ealls, “Your Majesty’s gracious Agreement with me,” and often appeals to, in subsequent

¹ Walpole, i. 451 (“Had it from Princess Amelia herself”); see Voltaire to Friedrich, “Paris, 9th June, 1750;” Friedrich to Voltaire, “Potsdam, 24th May” (*Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiv. 158, 155).

² “Berlin, 23d August, 1750” (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 255); — Voltaire to Niece Denis, “24th August” (misprinted “14th”); to D’Argental, “28th August” (*Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiv. 185, 196).

troubles. Not quite a Notarial Piece, on Friedrich's part; but strictly observed by him as such.

Four days after which, Collini sees Voltaire serenely shining among the Princes and Princesses of the world; Amphitheatre all whispering with bated breath, "Voltaire! Voltaire!" But let us hear Voltaire himself, from the interior of the Phenomenon, at this its culminating point:—

Voltaire to his D'Argentals, — to Niece Denis even, with whom, if with no other, he is quite without reserve, in showing the bad and the good, — continues radiantly eloquent in these first months: . . . "Carrousel, twice over; the like never seen for splendor, for [rather copious on this sublimity] — After which we played *Rome Sauvée* [my Anti-Crébillon masterpiece], in a pretty little Theatre, which I have got constructed in the Princess Amelia's Antechamber. I, who speak to you, I played *Cicero*." Yes; and was manager and general stage-king and contriver; being expert at this, if at anything. And these beautiful Theatricals had begun weeks ago, and still lasted many weeks;¹ — with such divine consultings, directings, even orderings of the brilliant Royalties concerned. — Duvernet (probably on D'Arget's authority) informs us that "once, in one of the inter-acts, finding the soldiers allowed him for Pretorian Guards not to understand their business here," not here, as they did at Hohenfriedberg and elsewhere, "Voltaire shrilled volcanically out to them [happily unintelligible): '*F——*, Devil take it, I asked for men; and they have sent me Germans (*J'ai demandé des hommes, et l'on m'envoie des Allemands*)!' At which the Princesses were good-natured enough to burst into laughter."² Voltaire continues: "There is an English Ambassador here who knows Cicero's Orations *In Catilinam* by heart;" an excellent Etonian, surely. "It is not Milord Tyreconnell" (blustering Irish Jacobite, *our* Ambassador, note him, fat Valori having been recalled); no, "it is the Envoy from England," Excellency Hanbury himself, who knows his Cicero by heart. "He has sent me some fine verses

¹ Rödenbeck, "August–October," 1750.

² Duvernet (Second), n. 162, — time probably 15th October.

on *Rome Sauvée*; he says it is my best work. It is a Piece appropriate for Ministerial people; Madame la Chancelière," Cocceji's better half, "is well pleased with it.¹ And then," — But enough.

In Princess Amélia's Antechamber, there or in other celestial places, in Palace after Palace, it goes on. Gayety succeeding gayety; mere Princesses and Princes doing parts; in *Rome Sauvée*, and in masterpieces of Voltaire's, Voltaire himself acting *Cicero* and elderly characters, *Lusignan* and the like. Excellent in acting, say the witnesses; superlative, for certain, as Preceptor of the art, — though impatient now and then. And wears such Jewel-ornaments (borrowed partly from a Hebrew, of whom anon), such magnificence of tasteful dress; — and walks his minuet among the Morning Stars. Not to mention the Suppers of the King: chosen circle, with the King for centre; a radiant Friedrich flashing out to right and left, till all kindles into coruscation round him; and it is such a blaze of spiritual sheet-lightnings, — wonderful to think of; Voltaire especially electric. Never, or seldom, were seen such suppers; such a life for a Supreme Man of Letters so fitted with the place due to him. Smelfungus says: —

"And so your Supreme of Literature has got into his due place at last, — at the top of the world, namely; though, alas, but for moments or for months. The King's own Friend; he whom the King delights to honor. The most shining thing in Berlin, at this moment. Virtually a kind of *Papa*, or Intellectual Father of Mankind," sneers Smelfungus; "Pope improvised for the nonce. The new Fridericus Magnus does as the old Pipinus, old Carolus Magnus did: recognizes his Pope, in despite of the base vulgar; elevates him aloft into worship, for the vulgar and for everybody! Carolus Magnus did that thrice-salutary feat [sublimely human, if you think of it, and for long centuries successful more or less]; Fridericus Magnus, under other omens, unconsciously does the like, — the best he can! Let the Opera Fiddlers, the Frérons, Travenols and Desfontaines-of-Sodom's Ghost look and consider!" —

¹ *Œuvres*, lxxiv. (*Letters*, to the D'Argentals and Denis, "20th August-23d September, 1750"), pp. 187, 219, 231, &c. &c.

Madame Denis, an expensive gay Lady, still only in her thirties, improvable by rouge, carries on great work in the Rue Traversière; private theatricals, suppers, flirtations with Italian travelling Marquises; — finds Intendant Longchamps much in her way, with his rigorous account-books, and restriction to 100 louis per month; wishes even her Uncle were back, and cautions him, Not to believe in Friedrich's flattering unctious, or put his trust in Princes at all. Voltaire, with the due preliminaries, shows Friedrich her Letter, one of her Letters,¹ — with result as we saw above.

Formey says: "In the Carnival time, which Voltaire usually passed at Berlin, in the Palace, people paid their court to him as to a declared Favorite. Princes, Marshals, Ministers of State, Foreign Ambassadors, Lords of the highest rank, attended his audience; and were received," says Formey, nowhere free from spite on this subject, "in a sufficiently lofty style (*hauteur assez dédaigneuse*).² A great Prince had the complaisance to play chess with him; and to let him win the pistoles that were staked. Sometimes even the pistole disappeared *before* the end of the game," continues Formey, green with spite; — and reports that sad story of the candle-ends; bits of wax-candle, which should have remained as perquisite to the valets, but which were confiscated by Voltaire- and sent across to the wax-chandler's. So, doubtless, the spiteful rumor ran; probably little but spite and fable, Berlin being bitter in its gossip. Stupid Thiebault repeats that of the candle-ends, like a thing he had seen (twelve years *before* his arrival in those parts); and adds that Voltaire "put them in his pocket," — like one both stupid and sordid. Alas, the brighter your shine, the blacker is the shadow you cast.

Friedrich, with the knowledge he already had of his yoke-fellow, — one of the most skittish, explosive, unruly creatures in harness, — cannot be counted wise to have plunged

¹ Now lost, as most of them are; Voltaire's Answer to it, already cited, is "24th August, 1750" (misprinted "14th August," *Œuvres*, lxxiv. 185; see *ib.* lxxv. 135); King Friedrich's *practical* Answer (so munificent to Denis and Voltaire), "Your Majesty's gracious Agreement," bore date "August 23d."

² Formey, *Souvenirs*, i. 235, 236.

so heartily into such an adventure with him. "An undoubted Courser of the Sun!" thought Friedrich;—and forgot too much the signs of bad going he had sometimes noticed in him on the common highways. There is no doubt he was perfectly sincere and simple in all this high treatment of Voltaire. "The foremost literary spirit of the world, a man to be honored by me, and by all men; the Trismegistus of Human Intellects, what a conquest to have made; how cheap is a little money, a little patience and guidance, for such solacement and ornament to one's barren Life!" He had rashly hoped that the dreams of his youth could hereby still be a little realized; and something of the old Reinsberg Program become a fruitful and blessed fact. Friedrich is loyally glad over his Voltaire; eager in all ways to content him, make him happy; and keep him here, as the Talking Bird, the Singing Tree and the Golden Water of intelligent mankind; the glory of one's own Court, and the envy of the world. "Will teach us the secret of the Muses, too; French Muses, and help us in our bits of Literature!" This latter, too, is a consideration with Friedrich, as why should it not,—though by no means the sole or chief one, as the French give it out to be.

On his side, Voltaire is not disloyal either; but is nothing like so completely loyal. He has, and continued always to have, not unmingled with fear, a real admiration for Friedrich, that terrible practical Doer, with the cutting brilliances of mind and character, and the irrefragable common sense; nay he has even a kind of love to him, or something like it,—love made up of gratitude for past favors, and lively anticipation of future. Voltaire is, by nature, an attached or attachable creature; flinging out fond boughs to every kind of excellence, and especially holding firm by old ties he had made. One fancies in him a mixed set of emotions, direct and reflex,—the consciousness of safe shelter, were there nothing more; of glory to oneself, derived and still derivable from this high man:—in fine, a sum-total of actual desire to live with King Friedrich, which might, surely, have almost sufficed even for Voltaire, in a quieter element. But the element was not quiet,—far from it; nor was Voltaire easily sufficeable!

Perpetual President Maupertuis has a Visit from one König, out of Holland, concerning the Infinitely Little.

Whether Maupertuis, in red wig with yellow bottom, saw these high gauderies of the Carrousel, the Plays in Princess Amelia's Antechamber, and the rest of it, I do not know : but if so, he was not in the top place ; nor did anybody take notice of him, as everybody did of Voltaire. Meanwhile, I have something to quote, as abridged and distilled from various sources, chiefly from Formey ; which will be of much concernment farther on.

Some four weeks after those Carrousel effulgencies, Perpetual President Maupertuis had a visit (September 21st, just while the Sun was crossing the Line ; thanks to Formey for the date, who keeps a Note-book, useful in these intricacies) : visit from Professor König, an effective mathematical man from the Dutch parts. Whom readers have forgotten again ; though they saw him once : in violent quarrel, about the Infinitely Little, with Madame du Châtelet, Voltaire witnessing with pain ; — it was just as they quitted Cirey together, ten years ago, for these new courses of adventure. Do readers recall the circumstance ? Maupertuis, referee in that quarrel, had, with a bluntness offensive to the female mind, declared König indisputably in the right ; and there had followed a dryness between the divine Emilie and the Flattener of the Earth, scarcely to be healed by Voltaire's best efforts.

König has gone his road since then ; become a fine solid fellow ; Professor in a Dutch University ; more latterly Librarian to the Dutch Stadtholder : still frank of speech, and with a rugged free-and-easy turn, but of manful manners ; really a person of various culture, and as is still noticeable, of a solid-geometric turn of mind. Having now, as Librarian at the Hague, more leisure and more money, he has made a run to Berlin, — chiefly or entirely to see his Maupertuis again, whom he still remembers gratefully as his first Patron in older times, and a man of sound parts, though rather blustering now and

then. A little bit of scientific business also he has with him. König is Member of the Berlin Academy, for some years back; and there is a thing he would speak with the Perpetual President upon. "Wants nothing else in Berlin," says Formey: "hearing by the road that Maupertuis was not there, he had actually turned homewards again: but got truer tidings, and came on." The more was the pity, as perhaps will appear! "He arrived September 20th [if you will be particular on cheese-parings]; called on me that day, being lodged in my neighborhood; and next day, found Maupertuis at home;"¹ — and flew into his arms again, like a good boy long absent.

Maupertuis, not many months ago, had, in Two successive Papers, I think Two, communicated to the Academy a Discovery of Metaphysico-Mathematical or altogether Metaphysical nature, on the Laws of Motion; — Discovery which he has, since that, brought to complete perfection, and sent forth to the Universe at large, in his sublime little Book of *Cosmology*; ² — grateful Academy striving to admire, and believe, with its Perpetual President, that the Discovery was sublime to a degree; second only to the flattening of the Earth; and would probably stand thenceforth as a milestone in the Progress of Human Thought. "Which Discovery, then?" Be not too curious, reader; take only of it what shall concern you!

It is well known there have been, to the metaphysical head, difficulties almost insuperable as to How, in the System of Nature, Motion is? How, in the name of wonder, it can be; and even, Whether it is at all? Difficulties to the metaphysical head, sticking its nose into the gutter there; — not difficult to my readers and me, who can at all times walk across the room, and triumphantly get over them. But stick your

¹ Formey, i. 176–179.

² In La Beaumelle, *Vie de Maupertuis* (Paris, 1856), pp. 105–130, confused account of this "Discovery," and of the gradual Publication of it to mankind, — very gradual; first of all in the old Paris times; in the Berlin *Academy* latterly; and in fine, to all the world, in this *Essai de Cosmologie* (Berlin Summer of 1750).

nose into any gutter, entity, or object, this of Motion or another, with obstinaey, — you will easily drown, if that be your determination! — Suffice it for us to know in this matter, that Maupertuis, intensely watching Nature, has discovered, That the key of her enigma (or at least the ultimate central *door*, which hides all her Motional enigmas, the key to *which* cannot even be imagined as discoverable!) is, that “Nature is superlatively *thrifty* in this affair of motion;” that she employs, for every Motion done or do-able, “a *Minimum of Action* ;” and that, if you well understand this, you will, at least, announce all her procedures in one proposition, and have found the *door* which leads to everything. Which will be a comfort to you; still looking vainly for the key, if there is still no key conceivable.

Perpetual President Maupertuis, having surprised Nature in this manner, read Papers upon it to an Academy listening with upturned eyes; new Papers, perfected out of old, — for he has long been hatching these Phœnix-eggs; and has sent them out complete, quite lately, in a little Book called *Cosmologie*, where alone I have had the questionable benefit of reading them. Grandly brief, as if coming from Delphi, the utterance is; loftily solemn, elaborately modest, abstruse to the now human mind; but intelligible, had it only been worth understanding: — a painful little Book, that *Cosmologie*, as the Perpetual President’s generally are. “Minimum of Action, *Loi d’Epargne*, Law of Thrift,” he calls this sublime Discovery; — thinks it will be Sovereign in Natural Theology as well: “For how could Nature be a Save-all, without Designer present?” — and speaks, of course, among other technical points, about “*Vis Viva*, or Velocity multiplied by the Square of the Time:” which two points, “*Loi d’Epargne*,” and that “the *Vis Viva* is always a Minimum,” the reader can take along with him; I will permit him to shake the others into Limbo again, as forgettable by human nature at this epoch and henceforth.

In La Beaumelle’s *Vie de Maupertuis* (printed at last, Paris, 1856, after lying nearly a century in manuscript, an obtuse worthless leaden little Book), there is much loud droning and

detailing, about this *Cosmologie*, this sublime "Discovery," and the other sublime Discoveries, Insights and Apocalyptic Utterances of Maupertuis; though in so confused a fashion, it is seldom you can have the poor pleasure of learning exactly when, or except by your own severe scrutiny, exactly what. For reasons that will appear, certain of those Apocalyptic Utterances by Perpetual President Maupertuis have since got a new interest, and one has actually a kind of wish to read the *ipsissima verba* of them, at this date! But in La Beaumelle (his modern Editor lying fast asleep throughout) there is no vestige of help. Nay Maupertuis's own Book,¹ luxurious cream-paper Quartos, or Octavos made four-square by margin, — which you buy for these and the cognate objects, — proves altogether worthless to you. The Maupertuis Quartos are not readable for their own sake (solemnly emphatic statement of what you already know; concentrated struggle to get on wing, and failure by so narrow a miss; struggle which gets only on tiptoe, and won't cease wriggling and flapping); and then (to your horror) they prove to be carefully *cleaned* of all the Maupertuis-Voltaire matter; — edition being *subsequent* to that world-famous explosion. *Caveat emptor*. — Our Excerpt proceeds: —

"Industrious König, like other mathematical people, has been listening to these Oracles on the 'Law of Minimum,' by the Perpetual President; and grieves to find, after study, That said Law does not quite hold; that in fact it is, like Descartes's old key or general door, worth little or nothing; as Leibnitz long ago seems to have transiently recognized. König has put his strictures on paper: but will not dream of publishing, till the Perpetual President have examined them and satisfied himself; and that is König's business at present, as he knocks on Maupertuis, while Sol is crossing the Line. Maupertuis has a House of the due style: Wife a daughter of Minister Borck's (high Borcks, 'old as the *Diavel*'); no children; — his back courts always a good deal dirty with pelicans, bustards, perhaps snakes and other zoölogical wretches, which sometimes intrude into the drawing-rooms, otherwise

¹ *Œuvres de Maupertuis*, Lyon, 1756, 4 vols. 4to.

very fine. A man of some whims, some habits; arbitrary by nature, but really honest, though rather sublimish in his interior, with red wig and yellow bottom.

“König, all filial gladness, is received gladly; — though, by degrees, with some surprise, on the paternal part, to find König ripened out of son, client and pupil, into independent posture of a grown man. Frankly certain enough about himself, and about the axioms of mathematics. Standing, evidently, on his own legs; kindly as ever, but on these new terms, — in fact rather an outspoken free and-easy fellow (I should guess), not thinking that offence can be taken among friends. Formey confesses, this was uncomfortable to Maupertuis; in fact, a shock which he could not recover from. They had various meetings, over dinner and otherwise, at the Perpetual President’s, for perhaps two weeks at this time (dates all to be had in Formey’s Note-book, if anybody would consult); in the whole course of which the shock to the Perpetual President increased, instead of diminishing. Republican freedom and equality is evidently König’s method; König heeds not a whit the oracular talent or majestic position of Maupertuis; argues with the frankest logic, when he feels dissent; — drives a majestic Perpetual President, especially in the presence of third parties, much out of patience. Thus, one evening, replying to some argument of the Perpetual President’s, he begins: ‘My poor friend, *Mon pauvre ami*, don’t you perceive, then’ — Upon which Maupertuis sprang from his chair, violently stamping, and pirouetted round the room, ‘Poor friend, poor friend? are you so rich, then!’ frank König merely grinning till the paroxysm passed.¹ König went home again, *re infectâ*, about the end of the month.”

Such a König — had better not have come! As to his strictures on the *Law of Thrift*, the arguings on them, alone together, or with friends by, merely set Maupertuis pirouetting: and as to the König Manuscripts on them “to be published in the Leipzig *Acta*, after your remarks and per

¹ Formey, i. 177.

mission," Maupertuis absolutely refused to look at said Manuscripts: "Publish them there, here, everywhere, in the Devil and his Grandmother's name; and then there is an end, Monsieur!" König went his ways therefore, finding nothing else for it; published his strictures, in the Leipzig *Acta* in March next,—and never saw Maupertuis again, for one result, out of several that followed! I have no doubt he was out to Voltaire, more than once, in this fortnight; and eat "the King's roast" pleasantly with that eminent old friend. Voltaire always thought him a *bon garçon* (justly, by all the evidence I have); and finds his talk agreeable, and his Berlin news—especially that of Maupertuis and his explosive pirouettings. Adieu, Herr Professor; you know not, with your Leipzig *Acta* and Fragment of Leibnitz, what an explosion you are preparing!

CHAPTER VII.

M. DE VOLTAIRE HAS A PAINFUL JEW-LAWSUIT.

VOLTAIRE'S Terrestrial Paradise at Berlin did not long continue perfect. Scarcely had that grand Carrousel vanished in the azure firmaments, when little clouds began rising in its stead; and before long, black thunder-storms of a very strange and even dangerous character.

It must have been a painful surprise to Friedrich to hear from his Voltaire, some few weeks after those munificences, That he, Voltaire, was in very considerable distress of mind, from the bad, not to call it the felonious and traitorous, conduct of M. D'Arnaud,—once Friedrich's shoeing-horn and "rising-sun" for Voltaire's behoof; now a vague flaunting creature, without significance to Friedrich or anybody! That D'Arnaud had done this and done that, of an Anti-Voltairian, treasonous nature;—and that, in short, life was impossible in the neighborhood of such a D'Arnaud! "D'Arnaud has corrupted my Clerk (Prince Henri hungering in vain for *La*

Pucelle, has got sight of it, in this way);¹ D'Arnaud has been gossiping to Fréron and the Paris Newspapers; D'Arnaud has "²— Has, in effect, been a flaunting young fool; of dissolute, esurient, slightly profligate turn; occasionally helping in the Theatricals, and much studious to make himself notable, and useful to the Princely kind. A D'Arnaud of nearly no significance, to Friedrich or to anybody. A D'Arnaud whose bits of fooleries and struttings about, in the peacock or jackdaw way, might surely have been below the notice of a Trismegistus!

Friedrich, painfully made sensible what a skinless explosive Trismegistus he has got on hand, answers, I suppose, in words little or nothing, — in Letters, I observe, answers absolutely nothing, to Voltaire repeating and re-repeating; — does simply dismiss D'Arnaud (a "*bon diable*," as Voltaire, to impartial people, calls him), or accept D'Arnaud's demission, and cut the poor fool adrift. Who sallies out into infinite space, to Paris latterly ("alive there in 1805"); and claims henceforth perpetual oblivion from us and mankind. And now there will be peace in our garden of the gods, and perpetual azure will return?

Alas, D'Arnaud is not well gone, when there has begun brewing in threefold secrecy a mass of galvanic matter, which, in few weeks more, filled the Heavens with miraculous foul gases and the blackness of darkness; — which, in short, exploded about New-year's time, as the world-famous *Voltaire-Hirsch Lawsuit*, still remembered, though only as a portent and mystery, by observant on-lookers. Of which it is now our sad duty to say something; though nowhere, in the Annals of Jurisprudence, is there a more despicable thing, or a deeper involved in lies and deliriums by current reporters of it, about which the sane mind can be called upon accidentally to speak a word. Beaten, riddled, shovelled, washed in many waters,

¹ Clerk was dismissed accordingly (one Tinois, an ingenious creature), — and *Collini* appointed in his stead.

² Voltaire to Friedrich (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 257), undated, "November, 1750."

by a patient though disgusted Predecessor in this field, there lies by me a copious but wearisome Narrative of this matter ; — the more vivid portions of which, if rightly disengaged, and shown in sequence, may satisfy the curious.

Duvernct (who, I can guess, had talked with D'Arget on the subject) has, alone of the French Biographers, some glimmer of knowledge about it ; Duvernct admits that it was a thing of Illegal Stock-jobbing ; that —

1°. “That M. de Voltaire had agreed with a Jew named Hirsch to go to Dresden and, illegally, *purchase* a good lot of *Steuer-Scheine* [Saxon Exchequer Bills, which are payable in gold to a *bonâ fide* Prussian holding them, but are much in discount otherwise, as readers may remember] ; and given Hirsch a Draft on Paris, due after some weeks, for payment of the same ; Hirsch leaving him a stock of jewels in pledge till the *Steuer-Scheine* themselves come to hand.

2°. “That Hirsch, having things of his own in view with the money, sent no *Steuer-Scheine* from Dresden, nothing but vague lying talk instead of *Steuer* : so that Voltaire's suspicious naturally kindling, he stopped payment of the Paris Draft, and ordered Hirsch to come home at once.

3°. “That Hirsch coming, a settlement was tried : ‘Give me back my Draft on Paris, you objectionable blockhead of a Hirsch ; there are your Diamonds, there is something even for your expenses (some fair moiety, I think) ; and let me never see your unpleasant face again!’ To which Hirsch, examining the diamonds, answered [says Duvernct, not substantially incorrect hitherto, though stepping along in total darkness, and very partial on Voltaire's behalf], — Hirsch, examining the diamonds, answered, ‘But you have changed some of them ! I cannot take these !’ — and drove Voltaire quite to despair, and into the Law-Courts ; which imprisoned Hirsch, and made him do justice.”¹

In which last clause, still more in the conclusion, that it was “to the triumph of Voltaire,” Duvernct does substantially mis-

¹ Duvernct (T. J. D. V.), 170, 173, 175 : — vague utterly ; dateless (tries one date, and is mistaken even in the Year) ; wrong in nearly every detail ; “the *Staire* or *Steuer* was a Bank,” &c. &c.

take ! And indeed, except as the best Parisian reflex of this matter, his Account is worth nothing : — though it may serve as Introduction to the following irrefragable Documents and more explicit featurings. We learn from him, and it is the one thing we learn of credible, That “Voltaire, when it came to Law Procedures, begged Maupertuis to speak for him to M. Jarriges,” a Prussian Frenchman, “one of the Judges ; and that Maupertuis answered, ‘I cannot interfere in a bad business (*me mêler d’une mauvaise affaire*).’” The other French Biographies, definable as “*Ignor-amus* speaking in a loud voice to *Ignor-atis*,” require to be altogether swept aside in this matter. Even “Clog.” jumbling Voltaire’s undated *Letters* into confusion thrice confounded, and droning out vituperatively in the dark, becomes a *minus* quantity in these Friedrich affairs. In regard to the Hirsch Process, our one irrefragable set of evidences is : The Prussian *Law-Report* by Klein, — especially the Documents produced in Court, and the Sentence given.¹ Other lights are to be gathered, with severe scrutiny and caution, from the circumambient contemporary rumor, — especially from the *Preface* to a “Comedy” so called of “*Tantale en Procès* (Tantalus,” Voltaire, “at Law”) ; — which *Preface* is evidently Hirsch’s own Story, put into language for him by some humane friend, and addressed to a “clear-seeing Public.”² “And in fine,” says my Manuscript, “by sweeping out the distinctly false, and well discriminating the indubitable from what is still in part dubitable, sufficient twilight [abridgable in a high degree, I hope !] rises over the Affair, to render it visible in all its main features.”

The Voltaire-Hirsch Transaction : Part I. Origin of Lawsuit
(10th November–25th December, 1750).

“Saxon *Steuer-Schein*, some readers know, is, in the rough, equivalent to Exchequer Bill. Payable at the Saxon Treas-

¹ Ernst Ferdinand Klein, *Annalen der Gesetzgebung und Rechtsgelehrsamkeit in den Preussischen Staaten* (Berlin und Stettin) 1790,” v. 215–260.

² *Tantale en Procès* (ascribed to Friedrich himself, by some wonderful persons !) is in *Supplément aux Œuvres Posthumes de Frédéric II.* (Cologne, 1789). i. 319 et seq. Among the weakest of Comedies (might be by D’Arnaud, or some such hand) ; nothing in it worth reading except the *Preface*.

ury; to Prussians, in gold; to all other men, in paper only, — which (thanks to Brühl and his unheard-of expenditures and financierings) is now at a discount say of 25, or even 30 per cent. By Article Eleventh of the Dresden *Treaty of Peace*, King Friedrich, if our readers have not forgotten, got stipulated, That all Prussian holders of these *Scheine* should be paid in gold; interest at the due days; and at the due days principal itself: — in gold they, whatever became of others. No farther specifications, as to proof, method, limits or conditions of any kind, occur in regard to this Eleventh Article; which is a just one, beyond doubt, but most carelessly drawn up. Apparently it trusts altogether to the personal honesty of all Prussian subjects: ‘Prove yourself a Prussian subject, and we pay your Steuer-Schein in real money.’ But now if a Saxon or other Non-Prussian, who can get no payment save in paper, were to have his Note smuggled or trafficked over into Prussia, and presented as a Prussian one? In our time, such traffic would start on the morrow morning; and in a week or two, all Notes whatsoever would be presented as Prussian, payable in gold! Not so in those days; — though a small contraband of that kind does by degrees threaten to establish itself, and Friedrich had to publish severe rescripts (one before this Hirsch-Voltaire business,¹ one still severer after), and menace it down again. The malpractice seems to have proved menaceable in that manner; nor was any new arrangement made upon it, — no change, till the Steuer-Scheine, by their gradual terms, were all paid either in real money or imaginary, and thus, in the course of years, the thing burnt to the socket, and went out.”

Voltaire’s rash Adventure, dangerous Navigation and gradual Wreck, in this Forbidden Sea of Steuer-Scheine, — will become conceivable to readers, on study diligent enough of the following Documents and select Details: —

Document First (a small Missive, in Voltaire’s hand).

“Je prie instamment monsieur hersch de venir demain, mardi matin à potsdam pour affaire pressante, et d’apporter

¹ 10th August, 1748 (Seyfarth, i. 62).

(sic) avec luy les diamants qui doivent servir pour la representation de la tragedie qui se jouera à cinq heures de soir chez S.A.R. Monseigneur le Prince henri

“Ce lundy à midy.

VOLTAIRE.”

Which being interpreted, rightly spelt, and dated (as by chance we can do) with distinctness, will run as follows in English: —

“POTSDAM, Monday, 9th November, 1750.

“I earnestly request Mr. Hirsch to come to-morrow Tuesday morning to Potsdam, on business that is urgent; and to bring with him the Diamonds needed for the Tragedy which is to be represented, at five in the evening, in His Royal Highness Prince Henry’s Apartment.”¹

“On Tuesday the 10th,” say the Old Newspapers, “was *Rome Sauvée* ;” — with Voltaire, perceptible there as “*Cicéron*,”² in due splendor of diamonds; Hirsch having no doubt been punctual. A glorious enough Cicero; — and such a piece of “urgent business” done with your Hirsch, just before emerging on the stage!

“Hirsch, in that *Narrative*, describes himself as a young innocent creature. Not very old, we will believe: but as to innocence! — For certain, he is named Abraham Hirsch, or Hirschel: a Berlin Jew of the Period; whom one inclines to figure as a florid oily man, of Semitic features, in the prime of life; who deals much in jewels, moneys, loans, exchanges, all kinds of Jew barter; whether absolutely in old clothes, we do not know, — certainly not unless there is a penny to be turned. The man is of oily Semitic type, not old in years, — there is a fraternal Hirsch, and also a paternal, who is head of the firm; — and this young one seems to be already old in Jew art. Speaks French and other dialects, in a Hebrew, partially intelligible manner; supplies Voltaire with diamonds for his stage-dresses, as we perceive. To all appearance, nearly destitute of human intellect, but with abundance of vulpine instead. Very cunning; stupid, seemingly, as a mule otherwise; — and, on the whole, resembling in various points of character a mule

¹ Klein, v. 260.

² Rödenbeck, i. 209.

put into breeches, and made acquainted with the uses of money. He is come 'on pressing business,' — perhaps not of stage-diamonds alone? Here now is *Document Second*; nearly of the same date; may be of the very same; — more likely is a few days later, and betokens mysterious dialogue and consultation held on Tuesday 10th. It is in two hands: written on some scrap or *torn* bit of paper, to judge by the length of the lines.

Document Second.

“In Voltaire’s hand, this part: —

‘*Savoir
s’il est encore tems de
declarer les billets qu’on
a sur la steure.
si on en specifie le numero
dans la declaration.*’

‘If it is still time to declare [to announce in Saxony and demand payment for] Notes one holds on the Steuer? If one is to specify the No. in the declaration?’

“In Hirsch’s hand, this part: —

‘*T’on peut declarer des billets
sur la steure, qu’on a en depest
en pays etranger, et dont on
ne pourra savoir le numero que
dans quinze jours ou trois
Semaines.*’¹

‘One can declare Notes on the Steuer, which one holds in deposit in Foreign Countries; and of which one cannot state the No. till after a fortnight or three weeks.’

“Which of these Two was the Serpent, which the Eve, in this *Steuer-Schein* Tree of Knowledge, that grew in the middle of Paradise, remains entirely uncertain. Hirsch, of course, says it was Voltaire; Voltaire (not aware that *Document Second* remained in existence) had denied that his Hirsch business was in any way concerned with *Steuer*; — and must have been a good deal struck, when *Document Second* came to light; though what could he do but still deny! Hirsch asserts himself to have objected the ‘illegality, the King’s anger;’ but that Voltaire answered in hints about his favor with the King; ‘about his power to make one a Court-Jeweller,’ if he liked; and so at last tempted the baby innocence of Hirsch; — for

¹ Klein. 259.

the rest, admits that the Steuer-Notes were expected to yield a Profit of 35 per cent: — and, in fact, a dramatic reader can imagine to himself dialogue enough, at different times, going on, partly by words, partly by hint, innuendo and dumb-show, between this Pair of Stage-Beauties. But for near a fortnight after *Document First*, there is nothing dated, or that can be clearly believed, — till,

“*Monday, 23d November, 1750.* It is credibly certain the Jew Hirsch came again, this day, to the Royal Schloss of Potsdam, to Voltaire’s apartment there [right overhead of King Friedrich’s, it is !] — where, after such dialogue as can be guessed at, there was handed to Hirsch by Voltaire, in the form of Two negotiable Bills, a sum of about £2,250; with which the Jew is to make at once for Dresden, and buy Steuer-Scheine.¹ Steuer-Scheine without fail: ‘but in talking or corresponding on the matter, we are always to call them *Furs* or *Diamonds*,’ — mystery of mysteries being the rule for us. This considerable sum of £2,250 may it not otherwise, contrives Voltaire, be called a ‘Loan’ to Jeweller Hirsch, so obliging a Jeweller, to buy ‘Furs’ or ‘Diamonds’ with? At a gain of 35 per 100 Pieces, there will be above £800 to me, after all expenses cleared: a very pretty stroke of business do-able in few days!” —

“*Monday, 23d November:*” The beautiful Wilhelmina, one remarks, is just making her packages; right sad to end such a Visit as this had been! Thursday night, from her first sleeping-place, there is a touching Farewell to her Brother; — tender, melodiously sorrowful, as the Song of the Swan.² To Voltaire she was always good; always liked Voltaire. Voltaire would be saying his Adieus, in state, among the others, to that high Being, — just in the hours while such a scandalous Hirsch-Concoction went on underground!

“As to the Two Bills and Voltaire’s security for them, readers are to note as follows. Bill *First* is a Draft on Voltaire’s Paris Banker for 40,000 livres (about £1,600), not payable for

¹ Hirsch’s Narrative, in Preface to *Tantale en Procès*, p. 340.

² Wilhelmina to Friedrich, “Brietzen, 26th November, *jour funeste pour moi*” (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. i. 197).

some weeks: 'This I lend you, Monsieur Hirsch; mind, *lend* you, — to buy Furs!' 'Yes, truly, what we call Furs; — and before the Bill falls payable, there will be effects for it in Monseigneur de Voltaire's hand; which is security enough for Monseigneur.' The *Second* Bill, again" — Truth is, there were in succession two Second Bills, an *Intended-Second* (of this same Monday 23d), which did not quite suit, and an *Actual-Second* (two days later), which did. *Intended-Second* Bill was one for 4,000 thalers (about £600), drawn by Voltaire on the Sieur Ephraim, — a very famous Jew of Berlin now and henceforth, with whom as money-changer, if not yet otherwise (which perhaps Ephraim thinks unlucky), Voltaire, it would seem, is in frequent communication. This Bill, Ephraim would not accept; told Hirsch he owed M. de Voltaire nothing; "turned me rudely away," says Hirsch (two of a trade, and no friends, he and I!) — so that there is nothing to be said of this Ephraim Bill; and, except as it elucidates some dark portions of the whirlpools, need not have been noticed at all. "Hirsch," continues my Authority, "got only Two available Bills; the first on Paris for £1,600, payable in some weeks; and, after a day or two, this other: The *Actual Bill Second*; which is a Draft for 4,430 thalers (about £650), by old Father Hirsch, head of the Firm, on Voltaire himself: — 'Furs too with that, Monsieur Hirsch, at the rate of 35 per piece, you understand?' 'Yea, truly, Monseigneur!' — Draft accepted by Voltaire, and the cash for it now handed to Hirsch Son: the only absolutely ready money he has yet got towards the affair.

"For these Two Bills, especially for this Second, I perceive, Voltaire holds borrowed jewels (borrowed in theatrical times, or partly bought, from the Hirsch Firm, and not paid for), which make him sure till he see the *Steuer* Papers themselves. — 'And now off, my good Sieur Hirsch; and know that if you please *me*, there are — things in my power which would suit a man in the Jeweller and Hebrew line!' Hirsch pushes home to Berlin; primed and loaded in this manner; Voltaire naturally anxious enough that the shot may hit. Alas, the shot will not even go off, for some time: an ill omen!

"*Sunday, 29th November*, Hirsch, we hear, is still in Berlin. Fancy the humor of Voltaire, after such a week as last! *Tuesday, December 1st*, Hirsch still is not off: 'Go, you son of Amalek!' urges Voltaire; and sends his Servant Picard, a very sharp fellow, for perhaps the third time, — who has orders now, as Hirsch discovers, to stay with him, not quit sight of him till he do go.¹ Hirsch's hour of departure for Dresden is not mentioned in the *Acts*; but I guess he could hardly get over Wednesday, with Picard dogging him on these terms; and must have taken the diligence on Wednesday night: to arrive in Dresden about December 4th. 'Well; at least, our shot is off; has not burst out, and lodged in our person here, — thanked be all the gods!'

"Off, sure enough: — and what should we say if the whole matter were already oozing out; if, on this same Sunday evening, November 29th, not quite a week's time yet, the matter (as we learn long afterwards) had been privately whispered to his Majesty: 'That Voltaire has sent off a Jew to buy Steuer-Scheine, and has promised to get him made Court-Jeweller!'² So; within a week, and before Hirsch is even gone! For men are very porous; weighty secrets oozing out of them, like quicksilver through clay jars. I could guess, Hirsch, by way of galling insolent Ephraim, had blabbed something: and in the course of five days, it has got to the very King, — this Kammerherr Voltaire being such a favorite and famous man as never was; the very bull's-eye of all kinds of Berlin gossip in these days. 'Hm, Steuer-Scheine, and the Jew Hirsch to be Court-Jeweller, you say?' thinks the King, that Sunday night; but locks the rumor in his Royal mind, he, for his part; or dismisses it as incredible: 'There ought to be impervious vessels too, among the porous!' Voltaire notices nothing particular, or nothing that he speaks of as particular. This must have been a horrid week to him, till Hirsch got away." Hirsch is away (December 2d); in Dresden, safe enough; but —

¹ Hirsch's Narrative; see Voltaire's Letter to D'Arget (*Œuvres*, lxiv. 11)

² Voltaire, *Œuvres*, lxxiv. 314 ("Letter to Friedrich, February, 1751," — after Catastrophe).

"But the fortnight that follows is conceivable as still worse. Hirsch writing darkly, nothing to the purpose; Voltaire driving often into Berlin, hearing from Ephraim hints about, 'No connection with that House;' 'If Monseigneur have intrusted Hirsch with money, — may there be a good account of it!' and the like. Black Care devouring Monseigneur; but nothing definite; except the fact too evident, That Hirsch does not send or bring the smallest shadow of *Steuer-Scheine*, — 'Peltries,' or 'Diamonds,' we mean, — or any value whatever for that Paris Bill of ours, payable shortly, and which he has already got cashed in Dresden. Nothing but excuses, prevarications; stupid, incoherently deceptive jargon, as of a mule intent on playing fox with you. Vivid Correspondence is conceivable; but nothing of it definite to us, except this sample" (which we give translated): —

Document Third (torn fraction in Voltaire's hand: To Hirsch, doubtless; early in December). . . . "Not proper (*il ne fallait pas*) to negotiate Bills of Exchange, and never produce a single diamond" — bit of peltry, or ware of any kind, you son of Amalek! "Not proper to say: I have got money for your bills of exchange, and I bring you nothing back; and I will repay your money when you shall no longer be here [in Germany at all]. Not proper to promise at 35 louis, and then say 30. To say 30, and then next morning 25. You should at least have produced goods (*il fallait en donner*) at the price current; very easy to do when one was on the spot. All your procedures have been faults hitherto.¹

"These are dreadful symptoms. *Steuer-Notes*, promised at 35 discount, are not to be had except at 30. Say 30 then, and get done with it, mule of a scoundrel! Next day the 30 sinks to 25; and not a *Steuer-Note*, on any terms, comes to hand. And the mule of a scoundrel has drawn money, in Dresden yonder, for my Bill on Paris, — excellent to him for trade of his own! What is to be done with such an Ass of Balaam? He has got the bit in his teeth, it would seem. Heavens, he too is capable of stopping short, careless of spur and cudgel; and miraculously speaking to a *new Prophet* [strange new

¹ Klein, v. 259

“Revealer of the Lord’s Will,” in modern dialect], in this enlightened Eighteenth Century itself!—One thing the new Prophet can do: protest his Paris Bill.

“*December 12th* [our next bit of certainty], Voltaire writes, haste, haste, to Paris, ‘Don’t pay;’ and intimates to Hirsch, ‘You will have to return your Dresden Banker his money for that Paris Bill. At Paris I have protested it, mark me; and there it never will be paid to him or you. And you must come home again instantly, job undone, lies not untold, you—!’ Hirsch, with money in hand, appears not to have wanted for a briskish trade of his own in the Dresden marts. But this of cutting off his supplies brings him instantly back:”—and at Berlin, *December 16th*, new facts emerge again of a definite nature.

“*Wednesday, 16th December, 1750.* ‘To-day the King with Court and Voltaire come to Berlin for the Carnival;’¹ to-day also Voltaire, not in Carnival humor, has appointed his Jew to meet him. In the Royal Palace itself,—we hope, well remote from Friedrich’s Apartment!—this sordid conference, needing one’s choicest diplomacy withal, and such exquisite handling of bit and spur, goes on. And probably at great length. Of which, as the *finale*, and one clear feature significant to the fancy, here is,—for record of what they call ‘*Complete Settlement*,’ which it was far from turning out to be:—

Document Fourth (in Hirsch’s hand, First Piece of it).

“‘*Pour quittance generale promettant de rendre à Mr. de Voltaire tous billets, ordres et lettres de change à moy donnez jusqu’à ce jour, 16 Decembre, 1750.*

“‘Account all settled; I promising to return M. de Voltaire all Letters, Orders and Bills of Exchange given me up to this day, 16th December, 1750.

[Hirsch signs. But you have forgotten something, Monsieur Hirsch! Whereupon]

et promets de donner à Mr. de Voltaire dans le jour de demain ou après demain au plustard deux

And promise to give M. de Voltaire, in the course of to-morrow, or the day after to-morrow at

¹ Rödénbeck. i. 209.

cent quatre-vingt frédéric d'or au lieu de deux cent quatre-vingt louis d'or, que je lui ai payez, le tout pour quittance generale, ce 16 Decembre, 1750, à berlin

latest, 280 *frédéric d'or*, instead of 280 *louis d'or* [gold *frédéric*s the preferable coin, say experts] which I have now paid him; whereby All will be settled.

[Hirsch again signs; but has again forgotten something, most important thing. And]

je lui remettrai surtout les 40,000 livres de billets de change sur paris qu'il mavoit donnez et fiez'

I will especially return him the Bill on Paris for 40,000 livres (£1,600), which he had given and trusted to me,'—but has since protested, as is too evident.

[and Hirsch signs for the last time]."¹—Symptomatic, surely, of a haggly settlement, these *three* shots instead of one!—"Voltaire's return is:—

"*Pour quittance generale de tout compte soldé entre nous, tout payé au sieur abraham hersch à berlin, 16 Decembre, 1750. — Voltaire'*

"*Account all settled between us, payment of the Sieur Abraham Hirsch in full: Berlin, 16th December, 1750.'*

[which Second Piece, we perceive, is to lie in Hirsch's hand, to keep, if he find it valuable].

"This '*Complete Settlement*,'—little less than miraculous to Voltaire and us,—one finds, after sifting, to have been the fruit of Voltaire's exquisite skill in treating and tuning his Hirsch (no harshness of rebuke, rather some gleam of hope, of future bargains, help at Court): 'Your expenses; compensation for protesting of that Bill on Paris? Tush, cannot we make all that good! In the first place, I will *buy* of you these Jewels [this one discovers to have been the essence of the operation!], all or the best part of them, which I have here in pawn for Papa's Bill: £650 was it not? Well, suppose I on the instant take £450 worth, or so, of these Jewels (I want a great many jewels); and you to pay me down a 200 or so of gold *louis* as balance,—gold *louis*, no, we will say *frédéric*s rather. There now, that is settled. Nothing more between

¹ Klein, pp. 258, 260.

us but settles itself, if we continue friends!’ Upon which Hirsch walked home, thankful for the good job in Jewels; wondering only what the Allowance for Expenses and Compensation will be. And Voltaire steps out, new-burnished, into the Royal Carnival splendors, with a load rolled from his mind.

“This *Complete Settlement*, meanwhile, rests evidently on two legs, both of which are hollow. ‘What will the handsome Compensation be, I wonder?’ thinks Hirsch;—and is horror-struck to find shortly, that Voltaire considers 60 thalers (about £9) will be the fair sum! ‘More than ten times that!’ is Hirsch’s privately fixed idea. On the other hand, Voltaire has been asking himself, ‘My £450 worth of Jewels, were they justly valued, though?’ Jew Ephraim (exaggerative and an enemy to this Hirsch House) answers, ‘Justly? I would give from £300 to £250 for them!’—So that the legs both crumbling to powder, *Complete Settlement* crashes down into chaos: and there ensues”— But we must endeavor to be briefer!

There ensues, for about a week following, such an inextricable scramble between the Sieur Hirsch and M. de Voltaire as, — as no reader, not himself in the Jew-Bill line, or paid for understanding it, could consent to have explained to him. Voltaire, by way of mending the bad jewel-bargain, will buy of Hirsch £200 worth more jewels; gets the new £200 worth in hand, cannot quite settle what articles will suit: “This, think you? That, think you?” And intricately shuffles them about, to Hirsch and back. Hirsch, singular to notice, holds fast by that Protested Paris Bill; on frivolous pretexts, always forgets to bring that: “May have its uses, that, in a Court of Justice yet!” Meetings there are, almost daily, in the Voltaire Palace-Apartment; *December 19th* and *December 24th*, there are Two *Documents* (which we must spare the reader, though he will hear of them again, as highly notable, especially of one of them, as notable in the extreme!) — indicating the abstrusest jewel-bargainings, scramblings, re-bargainings.

“My Jewels are truly valued!” asseverates Hirsch always: “Ephraim is my enemy; ask Herr Reklam, chief Jeweller in

Berlin, an impartial man !” The meetings are occasionally of stormy character ; Voltaire’s patience nearly out : “ But did n’t I return you that Topaz Ring, value £75 ? And you have *not* deducted it ; you — ! ” “ One day, Picard and he pulled a Ring [doubtless this Topaz] off my finger,” says the pathetic Hirsch, “ and violently shoved me out of the room, slamming their door ; ” — and sent me home, along the corridors, in a very scurvy humor ! Thus, under a skin of second settlement, there are two galvanic elements, getting ever more galvanic, which no skin of settlement can prevent exploding before long.

Explosion there accordingly was ; most sad and dismal ; which rang through all the Court circles of Berlin ; and, like a sound of hooting and of weeping mixed, is audible over seas to this day. But let not the reader insist on tracing the course of it henceforth. Klein, though faithful and exact, is not a Pitaval ; and we find in him errors of the press. The acutest Actuary might spend weeks over these distracted Money-accounts, and inconsistent Lists of Jewels bought and not bought ; and would be unreadable if successful. Let us say, The business catches fire at this point ; the Voltaire-Hirsch theatre is as if blown up into mere whirlwinds of igneous ruin and smoky darkness. Henceforth all plunges into Lawsuit, into chaos of conflicting lies, — undecipherable, not worth deciphering. Let us give what few glimpses of the thing are clearly discernible at their successive dates, and leave the rest to picture itself in the reader’s fancy.

It appears, that Meeting of *December 24th*, above alluded to, was followed by another on Christmas-day, which proved the final one. Final total explosion took place at this new meeting ; — which, we find farther, was at Chasot’s Lodging (the *Chapeau* of Hanbury), who is now in Town, like all the world, for Carnival. Hirsch does not directly venture on naming Chasot : but by implication, by glimmers of evidence elsewhere, one sufficiently discovers that it is he : Lieutenant-Colonel, King’s Friend, a man glorious, especially ever since Hohenfriedberg, and that haul of the “ sixty-seven standards ” all at once. In the way of Arbitration, Voltaire thinks Chasot might do something. In regard to those £450 worth of bought

Jewels, there is not such a judge in the world !* Hirsch says : "Next morning [December 25th, morrow after that jumbly Account, with probable slamming of the door, and still worse !], Voltaire went to a Lieutenant-Colonel in the King's service ; and ask him to send for me."¹ This is Chasot ; who knows these jewels well. Duvernet, — who had talked a good deal with D'Arget, in latter years, and alone of Frenchmen sometimes yields a true particle of feature in things Prussian, — Duvernet tells us, these Jewels were once Chasot's own : given him by a fond Duchess of Mecklenburg, — musical old Duchess, verging towards sixty ; *honi soit*, my friend ! What Hirsch gave Chasot for these Jewels is not a doubtful quantity ; and may throw conviction into Hirsch, hopes Voltaire.

December 25th, 1750. The interview at Chasot's was not lengthy, but it was decisive. Hirsch never brings that Paris Bill ; privately fixed, on that point. Hirsch's claims, as we gradually unravel the intricate mule-mind of him, rise very high indeed. "And as to the value of those Jewels, and what I allowed *you* for them, Monsieur Chasot ; that is no rule. trade-profits, you know" — Nay, the mule intimates, as a last shift, That perhaps they are not the same Jewels ; that perhaps M. de Voltaire has changed some of them ! Whereupon the matter catches fire, irretrievably explodes. M. de Voltaire's patience flies quite done ; and, fire-eyed fury now guiding, he springs upon the throat of Hirsch like a cat-o'-mountain ; clutches Hirsch by the windpipe ; tumbles him about the room : "Infamous canaille, do you know whom you have got to do with ? That it is in my power to stick you into a hole underground for the rest of your life ? Sirrah, I will ruin and annihilate you !" — and "tossed me about the room with his fist on my throat," says Hirsch ; "offering to have pity nevertheless, if I would take back the Jewels, and return all writings."² Eyes glancing like a rattlesnake's, as we perceive ; and such a phenomenon as Hirsch had not expected, this Christmas ! In short, the matter has here fairly exploded, and is blazing

¹ Duvernet (Second), p. 172 ; Hirsch's Narrative (in *Tantale*, p. 344).

² Narrative (in *Tantale*).

aloft, as a mass of intricate fuliginous ruin, not to be deciphered henceforth. Such a scene for Chasot on the Christmas-day at Berlin! And we have got to

Part II. The Lawsuit itself (30th December, 1750—18th and 26th February, 1751).

Hirsch slunk hurriedly home, uncertain whether dead or alive. Old Hirsch, hearing of such explosion, considered his house and family ruined; and, being old and feeble, took to bed upon it, threatening to break his heart. Voltaire writes to Niece Denis, on the morrow; not hinting at the Hirsch matter, far from that; but in uncommonly dreary humor: "My splendor here, my glory, never was the like of it; *mais, mais,*" *but*, and ever again *but*, at each new item, — in fact, the humor of a glorious Phoenix-Peacock suddenly doused and drenched in dirty water, and feeling frost at hand!¹ Humor intelligible enough, when dates are compared.

Better than that, Voltaire is applying, on all points of the compass, to Legal and Influential Persons, for help in a Court of Law. To Chancellor Cocceji; to Jarriges (eminent Prussian Frenchman), President of Court; to Maupertuis, who knows Jarriges, but "will not meddle in a bad business;" — at last, even to dull reverend Forney, whom he had not called on hitherto. Cocceji seems to have answered, to the effect, "Most certainly: the Courts are wide open;" — but as to "help"! December 30th, the Suit, Voltaire *versus* Hirsch, "comes to Protocol," — that is, Cocceji, Jarriges, Löper, three eminent men, have been named to try it; and Herr Hofrath Bell, Advocate for Voltaire Plaintiff, hands in his First Statement that day. Berlin resounds, we may fancy how! Rumor, laughter and wonder are in all polite quarters; and continue, more or less vivid, for above two months coming. Here is one direct glimpse of Plaintiff, in this interim; which we will give, though the eyes are none of the best: "The first visit I," Forney, "had from Voltaire was in the afternoon of January 8th, 1751 [Suit begun ten days ago]. I had, at the time, a large party

¹ "To Madame Denis" (lxxiv. 279, "Berlin Palace, 26th December, 1750;" — and ib. 249, 257, &c. of other dates).

of friends. Voltaire walked across the Apartment, without looking at anybody ; and, taking me by the hand, made me lead him to a cabinet adjoining. His Lawsuit with a Jew was the matter on hand. He talked to me at large about his Lawsuit, and with the greatest vehemence ; he wound up by asking me to speak to Law-President M. de Jarriges (since Chancellor) : I answered what was suitable ;" — probably did speak to Jarriges, but might as well have held my tongue. "Voltaire then took his leave : stepping athwart the former Apartment with some precipitation, he noticed my eldest little girl, then in her fourth year, who was gazing at the diamonds on his Cross of the Order of Merit. 'Bagatelles, bagatelles, *mon enfant !*' said he, and disappeared."¹

On New-Year's day, Friday, 1st January, 1751, Voltaire had legally applied to Herr Minister von Bismark, for Warrant to arrest Hirsch, as a person that will not give up Papers not belonging to him. Warrant was granted, and Hirsch lodged in Limbo. Which worsens the state of poor old Father Hirsch ; threatening now really to die, of heart-break and other causes. Hirsch Son, from the interior of Limbo, appeals to Bismark, "Lord Chancellor Cocceji is seized of my Plea, your gracious Lordship !" — "All the same," answers Bismark ; "produce *caution*, or you can't get out." Hirsch produces caution ; and gets out, after a day or two ; — and has been "brought to Protocol January 4th." No delay in this Court : both parties, through their Advocates, are now brought to book ; the points they agree in will be sifted out, and laid on this side as truth ; what they differ in, left lying on that side, as a mixture of lies to be operated on by farther processes and protocols.

We will not detail the Lawsuit ; — what I chiefly admire in it is its brevity. Cocceji has not reformed in vain. Good Advocates, none other allowed ; and no Advocate talks ; he merely endeavors to think, see and discover ; holds his tongue if he can discover nothing : that doubtless is one source of the brevity ! — Many lies are stated by Hirsch, many by Voltaire : but the Judges, without difficulty, shovel these aside ; and come step by step upon the truth. Hirsch says plainly, He

¹ Formey, i. 232.

was sent to buy *Steuer-Scheine* at 35 per cent discount; Voltaire entirely denies the *Steuer-Notes*; says, It was an affair of *Peltries* and *Jewelries*, originating in loans of money to this ungrateful Jew. Which necessitates much wriggling on the part of M. de Voltaire; — but he has himself written in a Lawyer's Office, in his young days, and knows how to twist a turn of expression. The Judges are not there to judge about *Steuer-Notes*; but they give you to understand that Voltaire's *Peltry-and-Jewelry* story is moonshine. Hirsch produces the Voltaire Scraps of Writing, already known to our readers; Voltaire says, "Mere extinct jottings; which Hirsch has furtively picked out of the grate," — or may be said to have picked; Papers annihilated by our Bargain of December 16th, and which should have been in the grate, if they were not; this felon never having kept his word in that respect. *Peltries* and *Jewelries*, I say: he will not give me back that Paris Bill which was protested; pays me the other 3,000 crowns (Draft of £650) in Jewels overvalued by half. — "Jewels furtively changed since Plaintiff had them of me!" answers Hirsch; — and the steady Judges keep their sieves going.

The only Documents produced by Voltaire are Two; of 19th *December* and of 24th *December*; — which the reader has not yet seen, but ought now to gain some notion of, if possible. They affect once more, as that of December 16th had done, to be "Final Settlements" (or Final Settlement of 19th, with *Codicil* of 24th); and turn on confused Lists of Jewels, bought, returned, re-bought (that "Topaz ring" torn from one's hand, a conspicuous item), which no reader would have patience to understand, except in the succinct form. Let all readers note them, however, — at least the first of them, that of December 19th; especially the words we mark in Italics, which have merited a sad place for *it* in the history of human sin and misery. Klein has given both Documents in engraved fac-simile; we must help ourselves by simpler methods. Berlin, December 19th, 1750; Voltaire writes, Hirsch signs; — and the Italics are believed to be words foisted in by M. de Voltaire, weeks after, while the Hirsch pleadings were getting stringent! Read, — a very sad memorial of M. de Voltaire, —

Document Fifth (in Voltaire's hand, written at *two* times; and the old writing *mended* in parts, to suit the new!). — "*For payment of 3,000 thalers by me due*, I have sold to M. de Voltaire, at the price costing by estimation and tax, with 2 per cent for my commission [*"or gratification,"* written above], the following Diamonds, taxed [blotted into "*taxable*"], as here adjoined; viz." — seven pieces of jewelry, pendeloques, &c., with price affixed, among which is the violated Topaz, — "the whole estimated by him [*"him"* crossed out, and "*me*" written over it], being 3,640 thalers. Whereupon, received from Monsieur de Voltaire [what is very strange; not intelligible without study!] the sum of 2,940 thalers, and he has given me back the Topaz, with 60 crowns for my trouble. — Berlin, 19th December, 1750." (Hitherto in Voltaire's hand; after which Hirsch writes :) "*Approuvé, A. Hirschel.*"¹ And between these two lines ("*. . . 1750*" and "*Approved . . .*"), there is crushed in, as afterthought, "*valued by myself* [Hirsch's self], 2,940, add 60, is 3,000." And, in fine, below the Hirsch signature, on what may be called the bottom margin, there is, — I think, avowedly Voltaire's and subsequent, — this: "*N. b. that Hirsch's valuing of all the jewels [present lot and former lot] is, by real estimation, between twice and thrice too high;*" of which, it is hoped, your Lordships will take notice!

Was there ever seen such a Paper; one end of it contradicting the other? Payment *to* M. de Voltaire, and payment *by* M. de Voltaire; — with other blottings and foistings, which print and italics will not represent! Hirsch denies he ever signed this Paper. Is not that your writing, then: "*Approuvé, A. Hirschel*"? — "No!" and they convict him of falsity in that respect: the signature *is* his, but the Paper has been altered since he signed it. That is what the poor dark mortal meant to express; and in his mulish way, he has expressed into a falsity what was in itself a truth. There is not, on candid examination of Klein's Fac-similes and the other evidence, the smallest doubt but Voltaire altered, added and

¹ Sic: that is always his signature; "*Abraham Hirschel*," so given by Klein, while Klein and everybody call him Hirsch (*Stag*), as we have done, — if only to save a syllable on the bad bargain.

intercalated, in his own privacy, those words which we have printed in italics; *taxés* changed into *taxables* ("estimated at" into "estimable at"), *him* for *me*, and so on; and above all, the now first line of the Paper, *For payment of 3,000 thalers by me due*, and in last line the words *valued by myself*, &c., are palpable interpolations, sheer falsifications, which Hirsch is made to continue signing after his back is turned!

No fact is more certain; and few are sadder in the history of M. de Voltaire. To that length has he been driven by stress of Fortune. Nay, when the Judges, not hiding their surprise at the form of this Document, asked, Will you swear it is all genuine? Voltaire answered, "Yes, certainly!"—for what will a poor man not do in extreme stress of Fortune? Hirsch, as a Jew, is not permitted to make oath, where a Quasi-Christian will swear to the contrary, or he gladly would; and might justly. The Judges, willing to prevent chance of perjury, did not bring Voltaire to swearing, but contrived a way to justice without that.

February 18th, 1751, the Court arrives at a conclusion. Hirsch's Diamonds, whatever may have been written or forged, are not, nor were, worth more than their value, think the Judges. The Paris Bill is admitted to be Voltaire's, not Hirsch's, continue they;—and if Hirsch can prove that Voltaire has changed the Diamonds, not a likely fact, let him do so. The rest does not concern us. And to that effect, on the above day, runs their Sentence: "You, Hirsch, shall restore the Paris Bill; mutual Papers to be all restored, or legally annihilated. Jewels to be valued by sworn Experts, and paid for at that price. Hirsch, if he can prove that the Jewels were changed, has liberty to try it, in a new Action. Hirsch, for falsely denying his Signature, is fined ten thalers (thirty shillings), such lie being a contempt of court, whatever more."

"Ha, fined, you Jew Villain!" hysterically shrieks Voltaire: "in the wrong, *were n't* you, then; and fined thirty shillings?" hysterically trying to believe, and make others believe, that he has come off triumphant. "Beaten my Jew, have n't I?" says he to everybody, though inwardly well enough aware

how it stands, and that he is a Phœnix douched, and has a tremor in the bones! Chancellor Cocceji was far from thinking it triumphant to him. Here is a small Note of Cocceji's, addressed to his two colleagues, Jarriges and Löper, which has been found among the Law Papers :

“*Berlin, 20th February, 1751.* The Herr President von Jarriges and Privy-Councillor Löper are hereby officially requested to bring the remainder of the Voltaire Sentence to its fulfilment: I am myself not well, and can employ my time much better. The Herr von Voltaire has given in a desperate Memorial (*ein desperates Memorial*) to this purport: ‘I swear that what is charged to me [believed of me] in the Sentence is true; and now request to have the Jewels valued.’ I have returned him this Paper, with notice that it must be signed by an Advocate. — COCCEJI.”¹

So wrote Chancellor Cocceji, on the Saturday, washing his hands of this sorry business. Voltaire is ready to make desperate oath, if needful. We said once, M. de Voltaire was not given to lying; far the reverse. But yet, see, if you drive him into a corner with a sword at his throat, — alas, yes, he will lie a little! Forgery lay still less in his habits; but he can do a stroke that way, too (one stroke, unique in his life, I do believe), if a wild boar, with frothy tusks, is upon him. Tell it not in Gath, — except for scientific purposes! And be judicial, arithmetical, in passing sentence on it; not shrieky, mobbish, and flying off into the Infinite!

Berlin, of course, is loud on these matters. “The man whom the King delighted to honor, *this* is he, then!” King Friedrich has quitted Town, some while ago; returned to Potsdam “January 30th.” Glad enough, I suppose, to be out of all this unmusical blowing of catcalls and indecent exposure. To Voltaire he has taken no notice; silently leaves Voltaire, in his nook of the Berlin Schloss, till the foul business get done. “*Voltaire filoute les Juifs* (picks Jew pockets),” writes he once to Wilhelmina: “will get out of it by some *gambade*

¹ Klein, 256.

(summerset)," writes he another time; "but"¹— And takes the matter with boundless contempt, doubtless with some vexation, but with the minimum of noise, as a Royal gentleman might. Jew Hirsch is busy preparing for his new desperate Aetion; getting together proof that the Jewels have been changed. In proof Jew Hirsch will be weak; but in pleading, in public pamphlets, and keeping a winged Apollo fluttering disastrously in such a mud-bath, Jew Hirsch will be strong. Voltaire, "out of magnanimous pity to him," consents next week to an Agreement. Agreement is signed on Thursday, 26th February, 1751:—Papers all to be returned, Jewels nearly all, except one or two, paid at Hirsch's own price. Whereby, on the whole, as Klein computes, Voltaire lost about £150;—elsewhere I have seen it computed at £187: not the least matter which. Old Hirsch has died in the interim ("Of broken heart!" blubbers the Son); day not known.

And, on these terms, Voltaire gets out of the business; glad to close the intolerable rumor, at some cost of money. For all tongues were wagging; and, in defect of a *Times* Newspaper, it appears, there had Pamphlets come out; printed Satires, bound or in broadside;—sapid, exhilarative, for a season, and interesting to the idle mind. Of which, *Tantale en Procès* may still, for the sake of that *Preface* to it, be considered to have an obscure existence. And such, reduced to its authenticities, was the Adventure of the Steuer-Notes. A very bad Adventure indeed; unspeakably the worst that Voltaire ever tried, who had such talent in the finance line. On which poor History is really ashamed to have spent so much time; sorting it into clearness, in the disgust and sorrow of her soul. But perhaps it needed to be done. Let us hope, at least, it may not now need to be done again.²

¹ "31st December, 1750" (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii, i. 198); "3d February, 1751" (ib. 201).

² Besides the *Klein*, the *Tantale en Procès* and the Voltaire *Letters* cited above, there is (in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxiv. pp. 61–106, as *Supplément* there), written off-hand, in the very thick of the Hirsch Affair, a considerable set of *Notes to D'Arget*, which might have been still more elucidative; but are, in their present dateless topsy-turvied condition, a very wonder of confusion to the studious reader!

This is the *First Act* of Voltaire's Tragic-Farce at the Court of Berlin : readers may conceive to what a bleared frost-bitten condition it has reduced the first Favonian efflorescence there. He considerably recovered in the *Second Act*, such the indelible charm of the Voltaire genius to Friedrich. But it is well known, the First Act rules all the others ; and here, accordingly, the Third Act failed not to prove tragical. Out of First Act into Second the following *Extracts of Correspondence* will guide the reader, without commentary of ours.

Voltaire, left languishing at Berlin, has fallen sick, now that all is over ; — no doubt, in part really sick, the unfortunate Phœnix-Peafowl, with such a tremor in his bones ; — and would fain be near Friedrich and warmth again ; fain persuade the outside world that all is sunshine with him. Voltaire's Letters to Friedrich, if he wrote any, in this Jew time, are lost ; here are Friedrich's Answers to Two, — one lost, which had been written from Berlin *after* the Jew affair was out of Court ; and to another (not lost) after the Jew affair was done.

1°. *King Friedrich to Voltaire at Berlin.*

“POTSDAM, 24th February, 1751.

“I was glad to receive you in my house ; I esteemed your genius, your talents and acquirements ; and I had reason to think that a man of your age, wearied with fencing against Authors, and exposing himself to the storm, came hither to take refuge as in a safe harbor.

“But, on arriving, you exacted of me, in a rather singular manner, Not to take Fréron to write me news from Paris ; and I had the weakness, or the complaisance, to grant you this, though it is not for you to decide what persons I shall take into my service. D'Arnaud had faults towards you ; a generous man would have pardoned them ; a vindictive man hunts down those whom he takes to hating. In a word, though to me D'Arnaud had done nothing, it was on your account that he had to go. You were with the Russian Minister, speaking of things you had no concern with [Russian Excellency Gross, off home lately, in sudden dudgeon. like an angry sky-rocket,

nobody can guess why !¹] — and it was thought I had given you Commission.” “ You have had the most villanous affair in the world with a Jew. It has made a frightful scandal all over Town. And that Steuer-Schein business is so well known in Saxony, that they have made grievous complaints of it to me.

“ For my own share, I have preserved peace in my house till your arrival : and I warn you, that if you have the passion of intriguing and caballing, you have applied to the wrong hand. I like peaceable composed people ; who do not put into their conduct the violent passions of Tragedy. In case you can resolve to live like a Philosopher, I shall be glad to see you ; but if you abandon yourself to all the violences of your passions, and get into quarrels with all the world, you will do me no good by coming hither, and you may as well stay in Berlin.”² — F.

To which Voltaire sighing pathetically in response, “ Wrong, ah yes, your Majesty ; — and sick to death ” (see farther down), — here is Friedrich’s Second in Answer : —

2°. *Friedrich to Voltaire again.*

“ POTSDAM, 28th February, 1751.

“ If you wish to come hither, you can do so. I hear nothing of Lawsuits, not even of yours. Since you have gained it, I congratulate you ; and I am glad that this scurvy affair is done. I hope you will have no more quarrels, neither with the *Old* nor with the *New Testament*. Such worryings (*ces sortes de compromis*) leave their mark on a man ; and with the talents of the finest genius in France, you will not cover the stains which this conduct would fasten on your reputation in the long-run. A Bookseller Gosse [read *Jore*, your Majesty ? Nobody ever heard of Gosse as an extant quantity : *Jore*, of Rouen, you mean, and his celebrated Lawsuit, about printing the *Henriade*, or I know not what, long since³], a Bookseller

¹ Adelung, vii. 133 (about 1st December, 1750).

² Preuss, xxii. 262 (*wanting* in the French Editions).

³ Unbounded details on the *Jore* Case, and from 1731 to 1738 continual Letters on it, in *Œuvres de Voltaire* ; — came to a head in 1736 (ib. lxix. 375) ; *Jore* penitent, 1738 (ib. i. 262), &c. &c.

Jore, an Opera Fiddler [poor Travenol, wrong dog pincered by the ear], and a Jeweller Jew, these are, of a surety, names which in no sort of business ought to appear by the side of yours. I write this Letter with the rough common-sense of a German, who speaks what he thinks, without employing equivocal terms, and loose assuagements which disfigure the truth: it is for you to profit by it. — F.”¹

So that Voltaire will have to languish: “Wrong, yes; — and sick, nigh dead, your Majesty! Ah, could not one get to some Country Lodge near you, ‘the *Marquisat*,’ for instance? Live silent there, and see your face sometimes?”² Languishing very much; — gives cosy little dinners, however. Here are two other Excerpts; and these will suffice: —

Voltaire to Formey (“*Berlin Palace* ;” datable, *first days of March*): “Will you, Monsieur, come and eat the King’s roast meat (*rôt du Roi*), to-day, Thursday, at two o’clock, in a philosophic, warm and comfortable manner (*philosophiquement et chaudement et doucement*). A couple of philosophers, without being courtiers, may dine in the Palace of a Philosopher-King: I should even take the liberty of sending one of his Majesty’s Carriages for you, — at two precise. After dinner, you would be at hand for your Academy meeting.”³ — V. How cosy! — And King Friedrich has relented, too; grants me the *Marquisat*; can refuse me nothing!

Voltaire to D’Argental (*Potsdam, 15th March, 1751*). . . . “I could not accompany our Chamberlain [Von Ammon, gone as Envoy to Paris, on a small matter⁴], through the muds and

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 265.

² In *Œuvres de Frédéric* (xxii. 259–261, 263–266) are Four lamenting and repenting, wheedling and ultimately whining, *Letters* from Voltaire, none of them dated, which have much about “my dreadful state of health,” my passion “for reposing in that *Marquisat*,” &c.; — to one of which Four, or perhaps to the whole together, the above No. 2 of Friedrich seems to have been Answer. Of that indisputable “*Marquisat*” no Nieolai says a word; even careful Preuss passes “Gosse” and it with shut lips.

³ Formey, i. 234.

⁴ “Commercial Treaty;” which he got done. See *Longchamp*, if any one is curious otherwise about this Gentleman: “D’Hamon” they call him, and sometimes “*Damon*,” — to whom Niece Denis wanted to be Phyllis, according to *Longchamp*.

the snows, — where I should have been buried; I was ill," and had to go to the *Marquisat*. "D'Arnaud and the pack of Scribblers would have been too glad. D'Arnaud, animated with the true love of glory, and not yet grown sufficiently illustrious by his own immortal Works, has done *one* of that kind," — by his behavior here. Has behaved to me — oh, like a miserable, envious, intriguing, lying little scoundrel; and made Berlin too hot for him: seduced Tinois my Clerk, stole bits of the *Pucelle* (brief *sight* of bits, for Prince Henri's sake) to ruin me.

"D'Arnaud sent his lies to Fréron for the Paris meridian [that is his real crime]; delightful news from canaille to canaille: 'How Voltaire had lost a great Lawsuit, respectable Jew Banker cheated by Voltaire; that Voltaire was disgraced by the King,' who of course loves Jews; 'that Voltaire was ruined; was ill; nay at last, that Voltaire was dead.' " To the joy of Fréron, and the scoundrels that are printing one's *Pucelle*.

"Voltaire is still in life, however, my angels; and the King has been so good to me in my sickness, I should be the ungratefulest of men if I did n't still pass some months with him. When he left Berlin [30th January, six weeks ago], and I was too ill to follow him, I was the sole animal of my species whom he lodged in his Palace there [what a beautiful bit of color to lay on!] — He left me equipages, cooks *et cetera*; and his mules and horses carted out my temporary furniture (*meubles de passade*) to a delicious House of his, close by Potsdam [*Marquisat* to wit, where I now stretch myself at ease; Niece Denis coming to live with me there, — talks of coming, if my angels knew it], — and he has reserved for me a charming apartment in his Palace of Potsdam, where I pass a part of the week.

"And, on close view, I still admire this Unique Genius; and he deigns to communicate himself to me; — and if I were not 300 leagues from you, and had a little health, I should be the happiest of men."¹ . . . Oh, my angels —

And, in short, better or worse, my *Second Act* is begun, as you perceive! — And certain readers will be apt to look in again, before all is over.

¹ *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiv. 320.

CHAPTER VIII.

OST-FRIESLAND AND THE SHIPPING INTERESTS.

Two Foreign Events, following on the heel of the Hirsch Lawsuit, were of interest to our Berlin friends, though not now of much to us or anybody. April 5th, 1751, the old King of Sweden, Landgraf of Hessen-Cassel, died; whereby not only our friend Wilhelm, the managing Landgraf, becomes Landgraf indeed (if he should ever turn up on us again), but Princess Ulrique is henceforth Queen of Sweden, her Husband the new King. No doubt a welcome event to Princess Ulrique, the high brave-minded Lady; but which proved intrinsically an empty one, not to say worse than empty, to herself and her friends, in times following. Friedrich's connection with Sweden, which he had been tightening lately by a Treaty of Alliance, came in the long-run to nothing for him, on the Swedish side; and on the Russian has already created umbrages, kindled abstruse suspicions, indignations, — Russian Excellency Gross, abruptly, at Berlin, demanding horses, not long since, and posting home without other leave-taking, to the surprise of mankind; — Russian Czarina evidently in the sullens against Friedrich, this long while; dull impenetrable clouds of anger lodging yonder, boding him no good. All which the Accession of Queen Ulrique will rather tend to aggravate than otherwise.¹

The Second Foreign Event is English, about a week prior in date, and is of still less moment: March 31st, 1751, Prince Fred, the Royal Heir-Apparent, has suddenly died. Had been ill, more or less, for an eight days past; was now thought better, though "still coughing, and bringing up phlegm," — when, on "Wednesday night between nine and ten," in some

¹ Adelung, vii. 205 (Accession of Adolf Friedrich); ib. 133 (Gross's sudden Departure).

lengthier fit of that kind, he clapt his hand on his breast; and the terrified valet heard him say, "*Je suis mort!*" — and before his poor Wife could run forward with a light, he lay verily dead.¹ The Rising Sun in England is vanished, then. Yes; and with him his *Moons*, and considerable moony workings, and slushings hither and thither, which they have occasioned, in the muddy tide-currents of that Constitutional Country. Without interest to us here; or indeed elsewhere, — except perhaps that our dear Wilhelmina would hear of it; and have her sad reflections and reminiscences awakened by it; sad and many-voiced, perhaps of an almost doleful nature, being on a sick-bed at this time, poor Lady. She quitted Berlin months ago, as we observed, — her farewell Letter to Friedrich, written from the first stage homewards, and melodious as the voice of sorrowful true hearts to us and him, dates "November 24th," just while Voltaire (whom she always likes, and in a beautiful way protects, "*Frère Voltaire*," as she calls him) was despatching Hirsch on that ill-omened Predatory *Steuer*-Mission. Her Brother is in real alarm for Wilhelmina, about this time; sending out Cothenius his chief Doctor, and the like: but our dear Princess re-emerges from her eclipse; and we shall see her again, several times, if we be lucky.

And so poor Fred is ended; — and sulky people ask, in their cruel way, "Why not?" A poor dissolute flabby fellow-creature; with a sad destiny, and a sadly conspicuous too. Could write Madrigals; be set to make Opposition cabals. Read this sudden Epitaph in doggerel; an uncommonly successful Piece of its kind; which is now his main monument with posterity. The "Brother" (hero of Culloden), the "Sister" (Amelia, our Friedrich's first love, now growing gossipy and spiteful, poor Princess), are old friends: —

"Here lies Prince Fred,
Who was alive and is dead:
Had it been his Father,
I had much rather;
Had it been his Brother,
Sooner than any other;

Had it been his Sister,
There's no one would have missed her;
Had it been his whole generation,
Best of all for the Nation:
But since it's only Fred,
There's no more to be said."²

¹ Walpole, *George the Second*, i. 71.

² Walpole, i. 436

Friedrich visits Ost-Friesland.

A thing of more importance to us, two months after that catastrophe in London, is Friedrich's first Visit to Ost-Friesland. May 31st, having done his Berlin-Potsdam Reviews and other current affairs, Friedrich sets out on this Excursion. With Ost-Friesland for goal, but much business by the way. Towards Magdeburg, and a short visit to the Brunswick Kindred, first of all. There is much reviewing in the Magdeburg quarter, and thereafter in the Wesel; and reviewing and visiting all along: through Minden, Bielfeld, Lingen: not till July 13th does he cross the Ost-Friesland Border, and enter Embden. His three Brothers, and Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, were with him.¹ On catching view of Ost-Friesland Border, see, on the Border-Line, what an Arch got on its feet: Triumphal Arch, of frondent ornaments, inscriptions and insignia; "of quite extraordinary magnificence;" Arch which "sets every one into the agreeablest admiration." Above a hundred such Arches spanned the road at different points; multitudinous enthusiasm reverently escorting, "more than 20,000" by count: till we enter Embden; where all is cannon-salvo, and three-times-thrèe; the thunder-shots continuing, "above 2,000 of them from the walls, not to speak of response from the ships in harbor." Embden glad enough, as would appear, and Ost-Friesland glad enough, to see their new King. July 13th, 1751; after waiting above six years.

Next day, his Majesty gave audience to the new "Asiatic Shipping Company" (of which anon), to the Stände, and Magisterial persons; — with many questions, I doubt not, about your new embankments, new improvements, prospects; there being much procedure that way, in all manner of kinds, since the new Dynasty came in, now six years ago. Embankments on your River, wide spaces changed from ooze to meadow; on the Dollart still more, which has lain 500 years hidden from the sun. Does any reader know the Dollart? Ost-Friesland has

¹ *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 506; Seyfarth, ii. 145; Rödenbeck, i. 216 (who gives a foolish German myth, of Voltaire's being passed off for the King's Baboon, &c.; Voltaire not being there at all).

awakened to wonderful new industries within these six years ; urged and guided by the new King, who has great things in view for it, besides what are in actual progress.

That of dikes, sea-embankments, for example ; to Ost-Friesland, as to Holland, they are the first condition of existence ; and, in the past times, of extreme Parliamentary vitality, have been slipping a good deal out of repair. Ems River, in those flat rainy countries, has ploughed out for itself a very wide embouchure, as boundary between Gröningen and Ost-Friesland. Muddy Ems, bickering with the German Ocean, does not forget to act, if Parliamentary Commissioners do. These dikes, 120 miles of dike, mainly along both banks of this muddy Ems River, are now water-tight again, to the comfort of flax and clover : and this is but one item of the diking now on foot. Readers do not know the Dollart, that uppermost round gulf, not far from Embden itself, in the waste embouchure of Ems with its continents of mud and tide. Five hundred years ago, that ugly whirl of muddy surf, 100 square miles in area, was a fruitful field, "50 Villages upon it, one Town, several Monasteries and 50,000 souls : " till on Christmas midnight A.D. 1277, the winds and the storm-rains having got to their height, Ocean and Ems did, "about midnight," undermine the place, folded it over like a friable bedquilt or monstrous doomed griddle-cake, and swallowed it all away. Most of it, they say, that night, the whole of it within ten years coming ;¹—and there it has hung, like an unlovely *goître* at the throat of Embden, ever since. One little dot of an Island, with six houses on it, near the Embden shore, is all that is left. Where probably his Majesty landed (July 15th, being in a Yacht that day) ; but did not see, afar off, the "sunk steeple-top," which is fabled to be visible at low-water.

Upon this Dollart itself there is now to be diking tried ; King's Domain-Kammer showing the example. Which Official Body did accordingly (without Blue-Books, but in good working case otherwise) break ground, few months hence ; and victoriously achieved a *Polder*, or Diked Territory, "worth about £2,000 annually ; " "which, in 1756, was sold to the

¹ Büsching, *Erdbeschreibung*, v. 845, 846 ; Preuss, i. 308, 309

Stünde;" at twenty-five years purchase, let us say, or for £50,000. An example of a convincing nature; which many others, and ever others, have followed since; to gradual considerable diminution of the Dollart, and relief of Ost-Friesland on this side. Furtherance of these things is much a concern of Friedrich's. The second day after his arrival, those audiences and ceremonials done, Friedrich and suite got on board a Yacht, and sailed about all over this Dollart, twenty miles out to sea; dined on board; and would have, if the weather was bright (which I hope), a pleasantly edifying day. The harbor is much in need of dredging, the building docks considerably in disrepair; but shall be refitted if this King live and prosper. He has declared Embden a "Free-Haven," inviting trade to it from all peaceable Nations; — and readers do not know (though Sir Jonas Hanway and the jealous mercantile world well did) what magnificent Shipping Companies and Sea-Enterprises, of his devising, are afoot there. Of which, one word, and no second shall follow:

"September 1st, 1750, those Carrousel gayeties scarce done, 'The Asiatic Trading Company' stept formally into existence; Embden the Head-quarters of it; ¹ chief Manager a Ritter De la Touche; one of the Directors our fantastic Bielfeld, thus turned to practical value. A Company patronized, in all ways, by the King; but, for the rest, founded, not on his money; founded on voluntary shares, which, to the regret of Hanway and others, have had much popularity in commercial circles. Will trade to China. A thing looked at with umbrage by the English, by the Dutch. A shame that English people should encourage such schemes, says Hanway. Which nevertheless many Dutch and many English private persons do, — among the latter, one English Lady (name unknown, but I always suspect 'Miss Barbara Wyndham, of the College, Salisbury'), concerning whom there will be honorable notice by and by.

"At the time of Friedrich's visit, the Asiatic Company is in full vogue; making ready its first ship for Canton. First ship, *König von Preussen* (tons burden not given), actually sailed 17th February next (1752); and was followed by a

¹ Patent, or *Freiheits-Brief*, in *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 457, 458.

second, named *Town of Embden*, on the 19th of September following; both of which prosperously reached Canton, and prosperously returned with cargoes of satisfactory profit. The first of them, *König von Preussen*, had been boarded in the Downs by an English Captain Thomson and his Frigate, and detained some days, — till Thomson ‘took Seven English seamen out of her.’ ‘Act of Parliament, express!’ said his Grace of Newcastle. Which done, Thomson found that the English jealousies would have to hold their hand; no farther, whatever one’s wishes may be.

“Nay within a year hence, January 24th, 1753, Friedrich founded another Company for India: ‘*Bengalische Handelsgesellschaft* ;’ which also sent out its pair of ships, perhaps oftener than once; and pointed, as the other was doing, to wide fields of enterprise, for some time. But luck was wanting. And, ‘in part, mismanagement,’ and, in whole, the Seven-Years War put an end to both Companies before long. Friedrich is full of these thoughts, among his other Industrialisms; and never quits them for discouragement, but tries again, when the obstacles cease to be insuperable. Ever since the acquisition of Ost-Friesland, the furtherance of Sea-Commerce had been one of Friedrich’s chosen objects. ‘Let us carry our own goods at least, Silesian linens, Memel timbers, stock-fish; what need of the Dutch to do it?’ And in many branches his progress had been remarkable, — especially in this carrying trade, while the War lasted, and crippled all Anti-English belligerents. Upon which, indeed, and the conduct of the English Privateers to him, there is a Controversy going on with the English Court in those years (began in 1747), most distressful to his Grace of Newcastle; — which in part explains those stingy procedures of Captain Thomson (‘Home, you seven English sailors!’) when the first Canton ship put to sea. That Controversy is by no means ended after three years, but on the contrary, after two years more, comes to a crisis quite shocking to his Grace of Newcastle, and defying all solution on his Grace’s side, — the other Party, after such delays, five years waiting, having settled it for himself!” Of which, were the crisis come, we will give some account.

On the third day of his Visit, Friedrich drove to Aurich, the seat of Government, and official little capital of Ost-Friesland; where triumphal arches, joyful reverences, concourses, demonstrations, sumptuous Dinner one item, awaited his Majesty: I know not if, in the way thither or back, he passed those "Three huge Oaks [or the rotted stems or roots of them] under which the Ancient Frisians, Lords of all between Weser and Rhine, were wont to assemble in Parliament" (*without* Fourth Estate, or any Eloquence except of the purely Business sort), — or what his thoughts on the late Ost-Friesland Bandbox Parliaments may have been! He returned to Embden that night; and on the morrow started homewards; we may fancy, tolerably pleased with what he had seen.

"King Friedrich's main Objects of Pursuit in this Period," says a certain Author, whom we often follow, "I define as being Three. 1°. Reform of the Law; 2°. Furtherance of Husbandry and Industry in all kinds, especially of Shipping from Embden; 3°. Improvement of his own Domesticities and Household Enjoyments," — renewal of the Reinsberg Program, in short.

"In the First of these objects," continues he, "King Friedrich's success was very considerable, and got him great fame in the world. In his Second head of efforts, that of improving the Industries and Husbandries among his People, his success, though less noised of in foreign parts, was to the near observer still more remarkable. A perennial business with him, this; which, even in the time of War, he never neglects; and which springs out like a stemmed flood, whenever Peace leaves him free for it. His labors by all methods to awaken new branches of industry, to cherish and further the old, are incessant, manifold, unwearied; and will surprise the uninstructed reader, when he comes to study them. An airy, poetizing, bantering, lightly brilliant King, supposed to be serious mainly in things of War, how is he moiling and toiling, like an ever-vigilant Land-Steward, like the most industrious City Merchant, hardest-working Merchant's Clerk, to increase his industrial Capital by any the smallest item!

"One day, these things will deserve to be studied to the

bottom ; and to be set forth, by writing hands that are competent, for the instruction and example of Workers, — that is to say, of all men, Kings most of all, when there are again Kings. At present, I can only say they astonish me, and put me to shame : the unresting diligence displayed in them, and the immense sum-total of them, — what man, in any the noblest pursuit, can say that he has stood to it, six-and-forty years long, in the style of this man ? Nor did the harvest fail ; slow sure harvest, which sufficed a patient Friedrich in his own day ; harvest now, in our day, visible to everybody : in a Prussia all shooting into manufactures, into commerces, opulences, — I only hope, not *too* fast, and on more solid terms than are universal at present ! Those things might be didactic, truly, in various points, to this Generation ; and worth looking back upon, from its high *laissez-faire* altitudes, its triumphant Script-transactions and continents of gold-nuggets, — pleasing, it doubts not, to all the gods. To write well of what is called ‘Political Economy’ (meaning thereby increase of money’s-worth) is reckoned meritorious, and our nearest approach to the rational sublime. But to accomplish said increase in a high and indisputable degree ; and indisputably very much by your own endeavors wisely regulating those of others, does not that approach still nearer the sublime ?

“To prevent disappointment, I ought to add that Friedrich is the reverse of orthodox in ‘Political Economy ;’ that he had not faith in Free-Trade, but the reverse ; — nor had ever heard of those ultimate Evangels, unlimited Competition, fair Start, and perfervid Race by all the world (towards ‘*Cheap-and-Nasty*,’ as the likeliest winning-post for all the world), which have since been vouchsafed us. Probably in the world there was never less of a Free-Trader ! Constraint, regulation, encouragement, discouragement, reward, punishment ; these he never doubted were the method, and that government was good everywhere if wise, bad only if not wise. And sure enough these methods, where human justice and the earnest sense and insight of a Friedrich preside over them, have results which differ notably from opposite cases that can be imagined ! The desperate notion of giving up government

altogether, as a relief from human blockheadism in your governors, and their want even of a wish to be just or wise, had not entered into the thoughts of Friedrich; nor driven him upon trying to believe that such, in regard to any Human Interest whatever, was, or could be except for a little while in extremely developed cases, the true way of managing it. How disgusting, accordingly, is the Prussia of Friedrich to a Hanbury Williams; who has bad eyes and dirty spectacles, and hates Friedrich: how singular and lamentable to a Mirabeau Junior, who has good eyes, and loves him! No knave, no impertinent blockhead even, can follow his own beautiful devices here; but is instantly had up, or comes upon a turnpike strictly shut for him. ‘Was the like ever heard of?’ snarls Hanbury furiously (as an angry dog might, in a labyrinth it sees not the least use for): ‘What unspeakable want of liberty!’ — and reads to you as if he were lying outright; but generally is not, only exaggerating, tumbling upside down, to a furious degree; knocking against the labyrinth *he* sees not the least use for. Mirabeau’s Gospel of Free-Trade, preached in 1788,¹ — a comparatively recent Performance, though now some seventy or eighty years the senior of an English (unconscious) Fac-simile, which we have all had the pleasure of knowing, — will fall to be noticed afterwards [not by this Editor, we hope!].

“Many of Friedrich’s restrictive notions, — as that of watching with such anxiety that ‘money’ (gold or silver coin) be not carried out of the Country, — will be found mistakes, not in orthodox Dismal Science as now taught, but in the nature of things; and indeed the Dismal Science will generally excommunicate them in the lump, — too heedless that Fact has conspicuously vindicated the general sum-total of them, and declared it to be much truer than it seems to the Dismal Science. Dismal Science (if that were important to me) takes

¹ *Monarchie Prussienne* he calls it (*à Londres*, privately Paris, 1788), 8 vols. 8vo; which is a Dead-Sea of Statistics, compiled by industrious Major Mauvillon, with this fresh current of a “Gospel” shining through it, very fresh and brisk, of few yards breadth; — dedicated to Papa, the true *Protevangelist* of the thing.

insufficient heed, and does not discriminate between times past and times present, times here and times there.”

Certain it is, King Friedrich's success in National Husbandry was very great. The details of the very many new Manufactures, new successful ever-spreading Enterprises, fostered into existence by Friedrich; his Canal-makings, Road-makings, Bog-drainings, Colonizings and unwearied endeavors in that kind, will require a Technical Philosopher one day; and will well reward such study, and trouble of recording in a human manner; but must lie massed up in mere outline on the present occasion. Friedrich, as Land-Father, Shepherd of the People, was great on the Husbandry side also; and we are to conceive him as a man of excellent practical sense, doing unweariedly his best in that kind, all his life long. Alone among modern Kings; his late Father the one exception; and even his Father hardly surpassing him in that particular.

In regard to Embden and the Shipping interests, Ost-Friesland awakened very ardent speculations, which were a novelty in Prussian affairs; nothing of Foreign Trade, except into the limited Baltic, had been heard of there since the Great Elector's time. The Great Elector had ships, Forts on the Coast of Africa; and tried hard for Atlantic Trade, — out of this same Embden; where, being summoned to protect in the troubles, he had got some footing as Contingent Heir withal, and kept a “Prussian Battalion” a good while. And now, on much fairer terms, not less diligently turned to account, it is his Great-Grandson's turn. Friedrich's successes in this department, the rather as Embden and Ost-Friesland have in our time ceased to be Prussian, are not much worth speaking of; but they connect themselves with some points still slightly memorable to us. How, for example, his vigilances and endeavors on this score brought him into rubbings, not collisions, but jealousies and gratings, with the English and Dutch, the reader will see anon.

Law-reform is gloriously prosperous; Husbandry the like. and Shipping Interest itself as yet. But in the Third grand Head, that of realizing the Reinsberg Program, beautifying

his Domesticities, and bringing his own Hearth and Household nearer the Ideal, Friedrich was nothing like so successful; in fact had no success at all. That flattering Reinsberg Program, it is singular how Friedrich cannot help trying it by every new chance, nor cast the notion out of him that there must be a kind of Muses'-Heaven realizable on Earth! That is the Biographic Phenomenon which has survived of those Years; and to that we will almost exclusively address ourselves, on behalf of ingenuous readers.

CHAPTER IX.

SECOND ACT OF THE VOLTAIRE VISIT.

VOLTAIRE'S Visit lasted, in all, about Thirty-two Months; and is divisible into Three Acts or Stages. The first we have seen: how it commenced in brightness as of the sun, and ended, by that Hirsch business, in whirlwinds of smoke and soot, — Voltaire retiring, on his passionate prayer, to that silent Country-house which he calls the Marquisat; there to lie in hospital, and wash himself a little, and let the skies wash themselves.

The Hirsch business having blown over, as all things do, Voltaire resumed his place among the Court-Planets, and did his revolutions; striving to forget that there ever was a Hirsch, or a soot-explosion of that nature. In words nobody reminded him of it, the King least of all: and by degrees matters were again tolerably glorious, and all might have gone well enough; though the primal perfect splendor, such fuliginous reminiscence being ineffaceable, never could be quite re-attained. The diamond Cross of Merit, the Chamberlain gold Key, hung bright upon the man; a man the admired of men. He had work to do: work of his own which he reckoned priceless (that immortal *Siècle de Louis Quatorze*; which he stood by, and honestly did, while here; the one fixed axis in those fooleries and whirlings of his); —

work for the King, "two hours, one hour, a day," which the King reckoned priceless in its sort. For Friedrich himself Voltaire has, with touches of real love coming out now and then, a very sincere admiration mixed with fear; and delights in shining to him, and being well with him, as the greatest pleasure now left in life. Besides the King, he had society enough, French in type, and brilliant enough: plenty of society; or, at his wish, what was still better, none at all. He was bedded, boarded, lodged, as if beneficent fairies had done it for him; and for all these things no price asked, you might say, but that he would not throw himself out of window! Had the man been wise — But he was not wise. He had, if no big gloomy devil in him among the bright angels that were there, a multitude of ravening tumultuary imps, or little devils very *ill-chained*; and was lodged, he and his restless little devils, in a skin far too thin for him and them! —

Reckoning up the matter, one cannot find that Voltaire ever could have been a blessing at Berlin, either for Friedrich or himself; and it is to be owned that Friedrich was not wise in so longing for him, or clasping him so frankly in his arms. As Friedrich, by this time, probably begins to discover; — though indeed to Friedrich the thing is of finite moment; by no means of infinite, as it was to Voltaire. "At worst, nothing but a little money thrown away!" thinks Friedrich: "Sure enough, this is a strange Trismegistus, this of mine: star fire-work shall we call him, or terrestrial smoke-and-soot work? But one can fence oneself against the blind vagaries of the man; and get a great deal of good by him, in the lucid intervals." To Voltaire himself the position is most agitating; but then its glories, were there nothing more! Besides he is always thinking to quit it shortly; which is a great sedative in troubles. What with intermittencies (safe hidings in one's *Marquisat*, or vacant interlunar cave), with alternations of offence and reconciliation; what with occasional actual flights to Paris (whitherward Voltaire is always busy to keep a postern open; and of which there is frequent talk, and almost continual thought, all along), flights to be called "visits," and privately intending to be final, but never proving so, — the

Voltaire-Friedrich relation, if left to itself, might perhaps long have staggered about, and not ended as it did.

But, alas, no relation can be left to itself in this world, — especially if you have a porous skin! There were other French here, as well as Voltaire, revolving in the Court-circle; and that, beyond all others, proved the fatal circumstance to him. “*Ne savez-vous pas*, Don’t you know,” said he to Chancellor Jarriges one day, “that when there are two Frenchmen in a Foreign Court or Country, one of them must die (*faut que l’un des deux périsse*)?”¹ Which shocked the mind of Jarriges; but had a kind of truth, too. Jew Hirsch, run into for low smuggling purposes, had been a Cape of Storms, difficult to weather; but the continual leeshore were those French, — with a heavy gale on, and one of the rashest pilots! He did strike the breakers there, at last; and it is well known, total shipwreck was the issue. Our Second Act, holding out dubiously, in continual perils, till Autumn, 1752, will have to pass then into a Third of darker complexion, and into a Catastrophe very dark indeed.

Catastrophe which, by farther ill accident, proved noisy in the extreme; producing world-wide shrieks from the one party, stone-silence from the other; which were answered by unlimited hooting, catcalling and haha-ing from all parts of the World-Theatre, upon both the shrieky and the silent party; catcalling not fallen quite dead to this day. To Friedrich the catcalling was not momentous (being used to such things); though to poor Voltaire it was unlimitedly so: — and to readers interested in this memorable Pair of Men, the rights and wrongs of the Affair ought to be rendered authentically conceivable, now at last. Were it humanly possible, — after so much catcalling at random! Smelfungus has a right to say, speaking of this matter: —

“Never was such a jumble of loud-roaring ignorances, delusions and confusions, as the current Records of it are. Editors, especially French Editors, treating of a Hyperborean, Cimmerian subject, like this, are easy-going creatures. And truly they have left it for us in a wonderful state. Dateless,

¹ Seyfarth, ii. 191; &c. &c.

much of it, by nature; and, by the lazy Editors, *misdated* into very chaos; jumbling along there, in mad defiance of top and bottom; often the very Year given wrong:—full everywhere of lazy darkness, irradiated only by stupid rages, ill-directed mockeries:—and for issue, cheerfully malicious hootings from the general mob of mankind, with unbounded contempt of their betters; which is not pleasant to see. When mobs do get together, round any signal object; and editorial gentlemen, with talent for it, pour out from their respective barrel-heads, in a persuasive manner, instead of knowledge, ignorance set on fire, they are capable of carrying it far!—Will it be possible to pick out the small glimmerings of real light, from this mad dance of will-o'-wisps and fire-flies thrown into agitation?"

It will be very difficult, my friend;—why did not you yourself do it? Most true, "those actual *Voltaire-Friedrich Letters* of the time are a resource, and pretty much the sole one: Letters a good few, still extant; which all *had* their bit of meaning; and have it still, if well tortured till they give it out, or give some glimmer of it out:"—but you have not tortured them; you have left it to me, if I would! As I assuredly will not (never fear, reader!)—except in the thriftiest degree.

*Detached Features (not fabulous) of Voltaire and his
Berlin-Potsdam Environment in 1751-1752.*

To the outside crowd of observers, and to himself in good moments, Voltaire represents his situation as the finest in the world:—

"Potsdam is Sparta and Athens joined in one; nothing but reviewing and poetry day by day. The Algarottis, the Maupertuises, are here; have each his work, serious for himself; then gay Supper with a King, who is a great man and the soul of good company." . . . Sparta and Athens, I tell you: "a Camp of Mars and the Garden of Epicurus; trumpets and violins, War and Philosophy. I have my time all to myself; am at Court and in freedom,—if I were not entirely free,

neither an enormous Pension, nor a Gold Key tearing out one's pocket, nor a halter (*licou*), which they call *cordon* of an *Order*, nor even the Suppers with a Philosopher who has gained Five Battles, could yield me the least happiness." ¹ Looked at by you, my outside friends, — ah, had I health and *you* here, what a situation!

But seen from within, it is far otherwise. Alongside of these warblings of a heart grateful to the first of Kings, there goes on a series of utterances to Niece Denis, remarkable for the misery driven into meanness, that can be read in them. Ill-health, discontent, vague terror, suspicion that dare not go to sleep; a strange vague terror, shapeless or taking all shapes — a body diseased and a mind diseased. Fear, quaking continually for nothing at all, is not to be borne in a handsome manner. And it passes, often enough (in these poor *Letters*), into transient malignity, into gusts of trembling hatred, with a tendency to relieve oneself by private scandal of the house we are in. Seldom was a miserabler wrong-side seen to a bit of royal tapestry. A man hunted by the little devils that dwell unchained within himself; like Pentheus by the Mænads, like Aetæon by his own Dogs. Nay, without devils, with only those terrible bowels of mine, and scorbutic gums, it is bad enough: "Glorious promotions to me here," sneers he bitterly; "but one thing is indisputable, I have lost seven of my poor residue of teeth since I came!" In truth, we are in a sadly scorbutic state; and that, and the devils we lodge within ourselves, is the one real evil. Could not Suspicion — why cannot she! — take her natural rest; and all these terrors vanish? Oh, M. de Voltaire! — The practical purport, to Niece Denis, always is: Keep my retreat to Paris open; in the name of Heaven, no obstruction that way!

Miserable indeed; a man fatally unfit for his present element! But he has Two considerable Sedatives, all along; two, and no third visible to me. Sedative *First*: that, he can, at any time, quit this illustrious Tartarus-Elysium, the envy of

¹ *Œuvres*, lxxiv. 325, 326, 333 (Letters, to D'Argental and others, "27th April-8th May, 1751").

mankind; — and indeed, practically, he is always as if on the slip; thinking to be off shortly, for a time, or in permanence; can be off at once, if things grow too bad. Sedative *Second* is far better: His own labor on *Louis Quatorze*, which is steadily going on, and must have been a potent quietus in those Court whirlwinds inward and outward.

From Berlin, already in Autumn, 1750, Voltaire writes to D'Argental: "I sha'n't go to Italy this Autumn [nor ever in my life], as I had projected. But I will come to see *you* in the course of November" (far from it, I got into *Steuer-Scheine* then!) — And again, after some weeks: "I have put off my journey to Italy for a year. Next Winter too, therefore, I shall see you," on the road thither. "To my Country, since you live in it, I will make frequent visits," very! "Italy and the King of Prussia are two old passions with me; but I cannot treat Frédéric-le-Grand as I can the Holy Father, with a mere look in passing."¹ Let this one, to which many might be added, serve as sample of Sedative First, or the power and intention to be off before long.

In regard to Sedative Second, again: . . . "The happiest circumstance is, 'I brought with me all my *Louis-Fourteenth* Papers and Excerpts. I get from Leipzig, if no nearer, whatever Books are needed;'" and labor faithfully at this immortal Production. Yes, day by day, to see growing, by the cunning of one's own right hand, such perénnial Solomon's-Temple of a *Siècle de Louis Quatorze*: — which of your Kings, or truculent Tiglath-Pileasers, could do that? To poor me, even in the Potsdam tempests, it is possible: what ugliest day is not beautiful that sees a stone or two added there! — Daily Voltaire sees himself at work on his *Siècle*, on those fine terms; trowel in one hand, weapon of war in the other. And does actually accomplish it, in the course of this Year 1751, — with a great deal of punctuality and severe painstaking; which readers of our day, fallen careless of the subject, are little aware of, on Voltaire's behalf. Voltaire's reward was, that he

¹ To D'Argental, "Berlin, 14th September, — Potsdam, 15th October, 1750" (*Œuvres*, lxxiv. 220, 237).

did *not* go mad in that Berlin element, but had throughout a bower-anchor to ride by. "The King of France continues me as Gentleman of the Chamber, say you; but has taken away my Title of Historiographer? That latter, however, shall still be my function. 'My présent independence has given weight to my verdicts on matters. Probably I never could have written this Book at Paris.' A consolation for one's exile, *mon enfant*." ¹

It is proper also to observe that, besides shining at the King's Suppers like no other, Voltaire applies himself honestly to do for his Majesty the small work required of him, — that of Verse-correcting now and then. Two Specimens exist; two Pieces criticised, *Ode aux Prussiens*, and *The Art of War*: portions of that Reprint now going on ("to the extent of Twelve Copies," — woe lies in one of them, most unexpected at this time!) "*au Donjon du Château*;" — under benefit of Voltaire's remarks. Which one reads curiously, not without some surprise.² Surprise, first at Voltaire's official fidelity; his frankness, rigorous strictness in this small duty: then at the kind of correcting, instructing and lessoning, that had been demanded of him by his Royal Pupil. Mere grammatical stylistic skin-deep work: nothing (or, at least, in these Specimens nothing) of attempt upon the interior structure, or the interior harmony even of utterance: solely the Parisian niceties, graces, laws of poetic language, the *fas* and the *nefas* in regard to all that: this is what his Majesty would fain be taught from the fountain-head; — one wonders his Majesty did not learn to spell, which might have been got from a lower source! — And all this Voltaire does teach with great strictness. For example, in the very first line, in the very first word, set before him: —

"*Prussiens, que la valeur conduisit à la gloire*," so Friedrich had written (*Ode aux Prussiens*, which is specimen First); and thus Voltaire criticises: "The Hero here makes his *Prussiens* of two syllables; and afterwards, in another strophe, he grants

¹ To Niece Denis (*Œuvres*, lxxiv. 247, &c. &c.), "28th October, 1750," and subsequent dates.

² In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, x. 276-303.

them three. A King is master of his favors. At the same time, one does require a little uniformity; and the *iens* are usually of two syllables, as *liens*, *Silésiens*, *Autrichiens*; excepting the monosyllables *bien*, *rien*” — Enough, enough! — A severe, punctual, painstaking Voltaire, sitting with the schoolmaster’s bonnet on head; ferula visible, if not actually in hand. For which, as appears, his Majesty was very grateful to the Trismegistus of men.

Voltaire’s flatteries to Friedrich, in those scattered little Billets with their snatches of verse, are the prettiest in the world, — and approach very near to sincerity, though seldom quite attaining it. Something traceable of false, of suspicious, feline, nearly always, in those seductive warblings; which otherwise are the most melodious bits of idle ingenuity the human brain has ever spun from itself. For instance, this heading of a Note sent from one room to another, — perhaps with pieces of an *Ode aux Prussiens* accompanying: —

“ Vous qui daignez me départir	<i>Je suis votre malade-né,</i>
<i>Les fruits d’une Muse divine,</i>	<i>Et sur la casse et le séné,</i>
<i>O roi! je ne puis consentir</i>	<i>J’ai des notions non communes.</i>
<i>Que, sans daigner m’en avertir,</i>	<i>Nous sommes de même métier;</i>
<i>Vous alliez prendre médecine.</i>	<i>Faut-il de moi vous défier,</i>
<i>Et cacher vos bonnes fortunes? ”</i>	

Was there ever such a turn given to taking physic! Still better is this other, the topic worse, — *hæmorrhoids* (a kind of annual or periodical affair with the Royal Patient, who used to feel improved after): —

. . . (Ten or twelve verses on another point; then suddenly —)

“ <i>Que la veine hémorroïdale</i>	<i>Quand pourrai-je d’une style honnête</i>
<i>De votre personne royale</i>	<i>Dire: ‘ Le cul de mon héros</i>
<i>Cesse de troubler le repos!</i>	<i>l’a tout aussi bien que sa tête ’? ”</i> ¹

A kittenish grace in these things, which is pleasant in so old a cat.

Smelfungus says: “He is a consummate Artist in Speech, our Voltaire: that, if you take the word *speech* in its widest sense, and consider the much that can be spoken, and the infinitely more that cannot and should not, is Voltaire’s

¹ In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 283, 267.

supreme excellency among his fellow-creatures ; never rivalled (to my poor judgment) anywhere before or since, — nor worth rivalling, if we knew it well.”

Another fine circumstance is, that Voltaire has frequent leave of absence ; and in effect passes a great deal of his time altogether by himself, or in his own way otherwise. What with Friedrich’s Review Journeys and Business Circuits, considerable separations do occur of themselves ; and at any time, Voltaire has but to plead illness, which he often does, with ground and without, and get away for weeks, safe into the distance more or less remote. He is at the Marquisat (as we laboriously make out) ; at Berlin, in the empty Palace, perhaps in Lodgings of his own (though one would prefer the *gratis* method) ; nursing his maladies, which are many ; writing his *Louis Quatorze* ; “lonely altogether, your Majesty, and sad of humor,” — yet giving his cosy little dinners, and running out, pretty often, if well invited, into the brilliancies and gayeties. No want of brilliant social life here, which can shine, more or less, and appreciate one’s shining. The King’s Supper-parties — Yes, and these, though the brightest, are not the only bright things in our Potsdam-Berlin world. Take with you, reader, one or two of the then and there Chief Figures ; Voltaire’s fellow-players ; strutting and fretting their hour on that Stage of Life. They are mostly not quite strangers to you.

We know the sublime Perpetual President in his red wig, and sublime supremacy of Pure Science. A gloomy set figure ; affecting the sententious, the emphatic and a composed impregnability, — like the Jove of Science. With immensities of gloomy vanity, not compressible at all times. Friedrich always strove to honor his Perpetual President, and duly adore the Pure Sciences in him ; but inwardly could not quite manage it, though outwardly he failed in nothing. Impartial witnesses confess, the King had a great deal of trouble with his gloomings and him. “Who is this Voltaire ?” gloomily thinks the Perpetual President to himself. “A fellow with a nimble tongue, that is all. Knows nothing whatever of Pure Sciences, except what fraction or tincture he has begged or stolen from

myself. And here is the King of the world in raptures with him !”

Voltaire from of old had faithfully done his kowtows to this King of the Sciences ; and, with a sort of terror, had suffered with incredible patience a great deal from him. But there comes an end to all things ; Voltaire’s patience not excepted. It lay in the fates that Maupertuis should steadily accumulate, day after day, and now more than ever heretofore, upon the sensitive Voltaire. Till, as will be seen, the sensitive Voltaire could endure it no longer ; but had to explode upon this big Bully (accident lending a spark) ; to go off like a Vesuvius of crackers, fire-serpents and sky-rockets ; envelop the red wig, and much else, in delirious conflagration ; — and produce the catastrophe of this Berlin Drama.

D’Argens, poor dissolute creature, is the best of the French lot. He has married, after so many temporary marriages with Actresses, one Actress in permanence, Mamsell Cochois, a patient kind being ; and settled now, at Potsdam here, into perfectly composed household life. Really loves Friedrich, they say ; the only Frenchman of them that does. Has abundance of light sputtery wit, and Provençal fire and ingenuity ; no ill-nature against any man. Never injures anybody, nor lies at all about anything. A great friend of fine weather ; regrets, of his inheritances in Provence, chiefly one item, and this not overmuch, — the bright southern sun. Sits shivering in winter-time, wrapping himself in more and more flannel, two dressing-gowns, two nightcaps : — loyal to this King, in good times and in evil.

Was the King’s friend for thirty years ; helped several meritorious people to his Majesty’s notice ; and never did any man a mischief in that quarter. An erect, guileless figure ; very tall ; with vivid countenance, chaotically vivid mind : full of bright sallies, irregular ingenuities ; had a hot temper too, which did not often run away with him, but sometimes did. He thrice made a visit to Provence, — in fact ran away from the King, feeling bantered and roasted to a merciless degree, — but thrice came back. “ At the end of the first stage, he

had always privately forgiven the King, and determined that the pretended visit should really be a visit only." "Reads the King's Letters," which are many to him, "always bare-headed, in spite of the draughts!"¹

Algarotti is too prudent, politely egoistic and self-contained, to take the trouble of hurting anybody, or get himself into trouble for love or hatred. He fell into disfavor not long after that unsuccessful little mission in the first Silesian War, of which the reader has lost remembrance. Good for nothing in diplomacy, thought Friedrich, but agreeable as company. "Company in tents, in the seat of War, has its unpleasantness," thought Algarotti; — and began very privately sounding the waters at Dresden for an eligible situation; so that there has ensued a quarrel since; then humble apologies followed by profound silence, — till now there is reconciliation. It is admitted Friedrich had some real love for Algarotti; Algarotti, as we gather, none at all for him; but only for his greatness. They parted again (February, 1753) without quarrel, but for the last time;² — and I confess to a relief on the occasion.

Friedrich, readers know by this time, had a great appetite for conversation: he talked well, listened well; one of his chief enjoyments was, to give and receive from his fellow-creatures in that way. I hope, and indeed have evidence, that he required good sense as the staple; but in the form, he allowed great latitude. He by no means affected solemnity, rather the reverse; goes much upon the bantering vein; far too much, according to the complaining parties. Took pleasure (cruel mortal!) in stirring up his company by the whip, and even by the whip applied to *raws*; for we find he had "established," like the Dublin Hackney-Coachman, "raws for himself;" and habitually plied his implement there, when desirous to get into the gallop. In an inhuman manner, said the suffering Cattle; who used to rebel against it, and go off in the sulks from time to time. It is certain he could, especially in his younger years, put up with a great deal of zany-

¹ Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, i. 11-75, &c. &c.

² Algarotti-Correspondence (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 86).

ism, ingenious foolery and rough tumbling, if it had any basis to tumble on; though with years he became more saturnine.

By far his chief Artist in this kind, indeed properly the only one, was La Mettrie, whom we once saw transiently as Army-Surgeon at Fontenoy: he is now out of all that (flung out, with the dogs at his heels); has been safe in Berlin for three years past. Friedrich not only tolerates the poor madcap, but takes some pleasure in him: madcap we say, though poor La Mettrie had remarkable gifts, exuberant laughter one of them, and was far from intending to be mad. Not Zanyism, but Wisdom of the highest nature, was what he drove at, — un luckily, with open mouth, and mind all in tumult. La Mettrie had left the Army, soon after that busy Fontenoy evening: Chivalrous Grammont, his patron and protector, who had saved him from many scrapes, lay shot on the field. La Mettrie, rushing on with mouth open and mind in tumult, had, from of old, been continually getting into scrapes. Unorthodox to a degree; the Sorbonne greedy for him long since; such his audacities in print, his heavy hits, boisterous, quizzical, logical. And now he had set to attacking the Medical Faculty, to quizzing Medicine in his wild way; Doctor Astruc, Doctor This and That, of the first celebrity, taking it very ill. So that La Mettrie had to demit; to get out of France rather in a hurry, lest worse befell.

He had studied at Leyden, under Boerhaave. He had in fact considerable medical and other talent, had he not been so tumultuous and open-mouthed. He fled to Leyden; and shot forth, in safety there, his fiery darts upon Sorbonne and Faculty, at his own discretion, — which was always a *minimum* quantity: — he had, before long, made Leyden also too hot for him. His Books gained a kind of celebrity in the world; awoke laughter and attention, among the adventurous of readers; astonishment at the blazing madcap (a *bon diable*, too, as one could see); and are still known to Catalogue-makers, — though, with one exception, *L'Homme Machine*, not otherwise, nor read at all. *L'Homme Machine* (Man a Machine) is the exceptional Book; smallest of Duodecimos to have so much wildfire in it. This *Man a Machine*, though tumultuous La

Mettrie meant nothing but open-mouthed Wisdom by it, gave scandal in abundance; so that even the Leyden Magistrates were scandalized; and had to burn the afflicting little Duodecimo by the common hangman, and order La Mettrie to disappear instantly from their City.

Which he had to do, — towards King Friedrich, usual refuge of the persecuted; seldom inexorable, where there was worth, even under bad forms, recognizable; and not a friend to burning poor men or their books, if it could be helped. La Mettrie got some post, like D'Arget's, or still more nominal; "readership;" some small pension to live upon; and shelter to shoot forth his wildfire, when he could hold it no longer: fire, not of a malignant incendiary kind, but pleasantly lambent, though maddish, as Friedrich perceived. Thus had La Mettrie found a Goshen; — and stood in considerable favor, at Court and in Berlin Society in the years now current. According to Nicolai, Friedrich never esteemed La Mettrie, which is easy to believe, but found him a jester and ingenious madcap, out of whom a great deal of merriment could be had, over wine or the like. To judge by Nicolai's authentic specimen, their Colloquies ran sometimes pretty deep into the cynical, under showers of wildfire playing about; and the high-jinks must have been highish.¹ When there had been enough of this, Friedrich would lend his La Mettrie to the French Excellency, Milord Tyrconnel, to oblige his Excellency, and get La Mettrie out of the way for a while. Milord is at Berlin; a Jacobite Irishman, of blustering Irish qualities, though with plenty of sagacity and rough sense; likes La Mettrie; and is not much a favorite with Friedrich.

Tyrconnel had said, at first, — when Rothenburg, privately from Friedrich, came to consult him, "What are, in practical form, those 'assurances from the Most Christian Majesty,' should we *make* Alliance with him, as your Excellency proposes, and chance to be attacked?" — "*Morbleu*, assistance enough [enumerating several]: *mais morbleu, si vous nous trompez, vous serez écrasés* (if you deceive us, you will be squelched)!"² "He had been chosen for his rough tongue," says Valori; our French Court being piqued at Friedrich and

¹ *Anekdoten*, vi. 197-227.

² Valori, ii. 130, &c.

his sarcasms. Tyrconnel gives splendid dinners: Voltaire often of them; does not love Potsdam, nor is loved by it. Nay, I sometimes think a certain *Demon Newswriter* (of whom by and by), but do not know, may be some hungry Attaché of Tyrconnel's. Hungry Attaché, shut out from the divine Suppers and upper planetary movements, and reduced to look on them from his cold hutch, in a dog-like angry and hungry manner? His flying allusions to Voltaire, "*son* (Friedrich's) *squelette d'Apollon*, skeleton of an Apollo," and the like, are barkings almost rabid.

Of the military sort, about this time, Keith and Rothenburg appear most frequently as guests or companions. Rothenburg had a great deal of Friedrich's regard: Winterfeld is more a practical Counsellor, and does not shine in learned circles, as Rothenburg may. A fiery soldier too, this Røthenburg, withal; — a man probably of many talents and qualities, though of distinctly decipherable there is next to no record of him or them. He had a Parisian Wife; who is sometimes on the point of coming with Niece Denis to Berlin, and of setting up their two French households there; but never did it, either of them, to make an Uncle or a Husband happy. Rothenburg was bred a Catholic: "he headed the subscription for the famous '*Katholische Kirche*,'" so delightful to the Pope and liberal Christians in those years; "but never gave a sixpence of money," says Voltaire once: Catholic *Kirk* was got completed with difficulty; stands there yet, like a large washbowl set, bottom uppermost, on the top of a narrowish tub; but none of Rothenburg's money is in it. In Voltaire's Correspondence there is frequent mention of him; not with any love, but with a certain secret respect, rather inclined to be disrespectful, if it durst or could: the eloquent vocal individual not quite at ease beside the more silent thinking and acting one. What we know is, Friedrich greatly loved the man. There is some straggle of *Correspondence* between Friedrich and him left; but it is worth nothing; gives no testimony of that, or of anything else noticeable: — and that is the one fact now almost alone significant of Rothenburg. Much loved and esteemed by the King; employed diplomatically, now and then; perhaps talked

with on such subjects, which was the highest distinction. Poor man, he is in very bad health in these months; has never rightly recovered of his wounds; and dies in the last days of 1751, — to the bitter sorrow of the King, as is still on record. A highly respectable dim figure, far more important in Friedrich's History than he looks. As King's guest, he can in these months play no part.

Highly respectable too, and well worth talking to, though left very dim to us in the Books, is Marshal Keith; who has been growing gradually with the King, and with everybody, ever since he came to these parts in 1747. A man of Scotch type; the broad accent, with its sagacities, veracities, with its steadfastly fixed moderation, and its sly twinkles of defensive humor, is still audible to us through the foreign wrappings. Not given to talk, unless there is something to be said; but well capable of it then. Friedrich, the more he knows him, likes him the better. On all manner of subjects he can talk knowingly, and with insight of his own. On Russian matters Friedrich likes especially to hear him, — though they differ in regard to the worth of Russian troops. "Very considerable military qualities in those Russians," thinks Keith: "imperturbably obedient, patient; of a tough fibre, and are beautifully strict to your order, on the parade-ground or off." "Pooh, mere rubbish, *mon cher*," thinks Friedrich always. To which Keith, unwilling to argue too long, will answer: "Well, it is possible enough your Majesty may try them, some day; if I am wrong, it will be all the better for us!" Which Friedrich had occasion to remember by and by. Friedrich greatly respects this sagacious gentleman with the broad accent: his Brother, the Lord Marischal, is now in France: Ambassador at Paris, since September, 1751:¹ "Lord Marischal, a Jacobite, for Prussian Ambassador in Paris; Tyrconnel, a Jacobite, for French Ambassador in Berlin!" grumble the English.

¹ "Left Potsdam 28th August" (Rüdenbeck, i. 220).

Fractions of Events and Indications, from Voltaire himself, in this Time; more or less illuminative when reduced to Order.

Here, selected from more, are a few “fire-flies,” — not dancing or distracted, but authentic all, and stuck each on its spit; shedding a feeble glimmer over the physiognomy of those Fifteen caliginous Months, to an imagination that is diligent. Fractional utterances of Voltaire to Friedrich and others (in abridged form, abridgment indicated): the exact dates are oftenest irretrievably gone; but the glimmer of light is indisputable, all the more as, on Voltaire’s part, it is mostly involuntary. Grouping and sequence must be other than that of Time.

Potsdam, 5th June, 1751. — King is off on that Ost-Friesland jaunt; Voltaire at Potsdam, “at what they call the Marquisat,” in complete solitude, — preparing to die before long, — sends his Majesty some poor trifles of Scribbling, proofs of my love, Sire: “since I live solitary, when you are not at Potsdam, it would seem I came for you only” (note that, your Majesty)! . . . “But in return for the rags here sent, I expect the Sixth Canto of your *Art* [*Art de la Guerre*, one of the Two pupil-and-schoolmaster “Specimens” mentioned above]; I expect the *Roof* to the Temple of Mars. It is for you, alone of men, to build that Temple; as it was for Ovid to sing of Love, and for Horace to give an *Art of Poetry*.” (Laying it on pretty thick!) . . .

Then again, later (after severe study, ferula in hand): “Sire, I return your Majesty your Six Cantos; I surrender at discretion (*lui laisse carte-blanche*) on that question of ‘victoire.’ The whole Poem is worthy of you: if I had made this Journey only to see a thing so unique, I ought not to regret my Country.” . . . And again (still no date): “*Grand Dieu!* is not all that [*History of the Great Elector*, by your Majesty, which I am devouring with such appetite] neat, elegant, precise, and, above all, philosophical!” — “Sire, you

are adorable; I will pass my days at your feet. Oh, never make game of me (*des niches*)!" Has he been at that, say you! "If the Kings of Denmark, Portugal, Spain, &c. did it, I should not care a pin; they are only Kings. But you are the greatest man that perhaps ever reigned." ¹

Is on leave of absence, near by; wishes to be called again (No date). — "Sire, if you like free criticism, if you tolerate sincere praises, if you wish to perfect a Work [*Art de la Guerre*, or some other as sublime], which you alone in Europe are capable of doing, you have only to bid a Hermit come upstairs. At your orders for all his life." ²

In Berlin Palace: please don't turn me out! (No date) — . . . "Next to you, I love work and retirement. Nobody whatever complains of me. I ask of your Majesty, in order to keep unaltered the happiness I owe to you, this favor, Not to turn me out of the Apartment you deigned to give me at Berlin, till I go for Paris [always talking of that]. If I were to leave it, they would put in the Gazettes that I" — Oh, what would n't they put in, of one that, belonging to King Friedrich, lives as it were in the Disc of the Sun, conspicuous to everybody! — "I will go out [of the Apartment] when some Prince, with a Suite needing it to lodge in, comes; and then the thing will be honorable. Chasot [gone to Paris] has been talking" — unguarded things of me! "I have not uttered the least complaint of Chasot: I never will of Chasot, nor of those who have set him on [Maupertuis belike]: I forgive everything, I!" ³

Rothenburg is ill; Voltaire has been to see him ("Berlin, 14th," no month; year, too surely, 1751, as we shall find! Letter is *in Verse*). — "Lieberkühn was going to kill poor Rothenburg; to send him off to Pluto, — for liking his dish a little; — monster Lieberkühn! But Doctor Joyous," your reader, La Mettrie, — led by, need I say whom? — "has brought him back to us: — think of Lieberkuhn's solemn

¹ In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 271, 273.

² *Ib.* 281.

³ *Ib.* 270.

stare! Pretty contrasts, those, of sublime Quacksalverism, with Sense under the mask of Folly. May the hæmorrhoidal vein" — follows *here*, note it, exquisite reader, that of "*cul de mon héros*," cited above!) — . . .

And then (a day or two after; King too hæmorrhoidal to come twenty miles, but anxious to know): "Sire, no doubt Doctor Joyous (*le médecin joyeux*) has informed your Majesty that when we arrived, the Patient was sleeping tranquil; and Cothenius assured us, in Latin, that there was no danger. I know not what has passed since, but I am persuaded your Majesty approves my journey" (of a street or two), — *must* you speak of it, then!

Goes to an Evening-Party now and then (To Niece Denis). — . . . "Madame Tyrconnel [French Excellency's Wife] has plenty of fine people at her house on an evening; perhaps too many" (one of the first houses in Berlin, this of my Lord Tyrconnel's, which we frequent a good deal). . . . "Madame got very well through her part of *Andromaque* [in those old play-acting times of ours]: never saw actresses with finer eyes," — how should you!

"As to Milord Tyrconnel, he is an Anglais of dignity," — Irish in reality, and a thought blustering. "He has a condensed (*serré*) caustic way of talk; and I know not what of frank which one finds in the English, and does not usually find in persons of his trade. French Tragedies played at Berlin, I myself taking part; an Englishman Envoy of France there: strange circumstances these, are n't they?"¹ Yes, that latter especially; and Milord Marischal our Prussian Envoy with you! Which the English note, sulkily, as a weather-symptom.

At Potsdam, Big Devils of Grenadiers (No date). — . . . "But, Sire, one is n't always perched on the summit of Parnassus; one is a man. There are sicknesses about; I did not bring an athlete's health to these parts; and the scorbutic humor which is eating my life renders me truly, of all that

¹ To D'Argental this (*Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiv. 289).

are sick, the sickest. I am absolutely alone from morning till night. My one solace is the necessary pleasure of taking the air. I bethink me of walking, and clearing my head a little, in your Gardens at Potsdam. I fancy it is a permitted thing; I present myself, musing; — I find huge devils of Grenadiers, who clap bayonets in my belly, who cry *Furt, Sacrament*, and *Der König* [*Off, Sackermment, The King*, quite tolerably spelt]! And I take to my heels, as Austrians and Saxons would do before them. Have you ever read, that in Titus's or Marcus-Aurelius's Gardens, a poor devil of a Gaulish Poet" — In short, it shall be mended.¹

Have been laying it on too thick (No date; *in Verse*). — "Marcus Aurelius was wont to" — (Well, we know who that is: What of Marcus, then?) — "A certain lover of his glory [*still in verse*] spoke once, at Supper, of a magnanimity of Marcus's; — at which Marcus [*flattery too thick*] rather gloomed, and sat quite silent, — which was another fine saying of his [*ends verse, starts prose*]: —

"Pardon, Sire, some hearts that are full of you! To justify myself, I dare supplicate your Majesty to give one glance at this Letter (lines pencil-marked), which has just come from M. de Chauvelin, Nephew of the famous *Garde-des-Sceaux*. Your Majesty cannot gloom at him, writing these from the fulness of his heart; nor at me, who" — Pooh; no, then! Perhaps do you a *niche* again, — poor restless fellow!²

Potsdam Palace (No date): *Sire, may I change my room?* . . . "I ascend to your antechambers, to find some one by whom I may ask permission to speak with you. I find nobody: I have to return:" and what I wanted was this, "your protection for my *Siècle de Louis Quatorze*, which I am about to print in Berlin." Surely, — but also this: —

"I am unwell, I am a sick man born. And withal I am obliged to work, almost as much as your Majesty. I pass the whole day alone. If you would permit that I might shift to the Apartment next the one I have, — to that where

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 273.

² *Ib.* 280.

General Bredow slept last winter, — I should work more commodiously. My Secretary (Collini) and I could work together there. I should have a little more sun, which is a great point for me. — Only the whim of a sick man, perhaps! Well, even so, your Majesty will have pity on it. You promised to make me happy.”¹

I suspect that I am suspected (No date). — “Sire, if I am not brief, forgive me. Yesterday the faithful D’Arget told me with sorrow that in Paris people were talking of your Poem.” Horrible; but, O Sire, — me? — “I showed him the eighteen Letters that I received yesterday. They are from Cadiz,” all about Finance, no blabbing there! “Permit me to send you now the last six from my Niece, numbered by her own hand [no forgery, no suppression]; deign to cast your eyes on the places I have underlined, where she speaks of your Majesty, of D’Argens, of Potsdam, of D’Ammon” (to whom she can’t be Phyllis, innocent being)! — *Mon cher Voltaire*, must I again do some *niche* upon you, then? Tie some tin-canister to your too-sensitive tail? What an element you inhabit within that poor skin of yours!”²

Majesty invites us to a Literary Christening, Potsdam (No date. These “Six Twins” are the “*Art de la Guerre*,” in Six Chants; part of that revised Edition which is getting printed “*Au Donjon du Château*,” time must be, well on in 1751). Friedrich writes to Voltaire: —

“I have just been brought to bed of Six Twins; which require to be baptized, in the name of Apollo, in the waters of Hippocrene. *La Henriade* is requested to become god-mother: you will have the goodness to bring her, this evening at five, to the Father’s Apartment. D’Arget *Lucina* will be there; and the Imagination of *Man-a-Machine* will hold the poor infants over the Font.”³

Deign to say if I have offended. — . . . “As they write to me from Paris that I am in disgrace with you, I dare to beg very earnestly that you will deign to say if I have displeased

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 277.² *Ib.* 269.³ *Ib.* 266.

in anything! May go wrong by ignorance or from over-zeal; but with my heart never! I live in the profoundest retreat; giving to study my whole"—"Your assurances once vouchsafed [famous Document of August 23d]. I write only to my Niece. I" (a page more of this)—have my sorrows and merits, and absolutely no silence at all!¹ "In the gift of Speech he is the most brilliant of mankind," said Smelfungus; but in the gift of Silence what a deficiency! Friedrich will have to do that for Two, it would seem.

Berlin, 28th December, 1751: Louis Quatorze; and Death of Rothenburg.—"Our *Louis Quatorze* is out. But, Heavens, see, your Majesty: a Pirate Printer, at Frankfurt-on-Oder, has been going on parallel with us, all the while; and here is his foul blotch of an Edition on sale, too! Bielfeld," fantastic fellow, "had proof-sheets; Bielfeld sent them to a Professor there, though I don't blame Bielfeld: result too evident. Protect me, your Majesty; Order all wagons, especially wagons for Leipzig, to be stopped, to be searched, and the Books thrown out,—it costs you but a word!"

Quite a simple thing: "All Prussia to the rescue!" thinks an ardent Proprietor of these Proof-sheets. But then, next day, hears that Rothenburg is dead. That the silent Rothenburg lay dying, while the vocal Voltaire was writing these fooleries, to a King sunk in grief. "Repent, be sorry, be ashamed!" he says to himself; and does instantly try;—but with little success; Frankfurt-on-Oder, with its Bielfeld proof-sheets, still jangling along, contemptibly audible, for some time.² And afterwards, from Frankfurt-on-Mayn new sorrow rises on *Louis Quatorze*, as will be seen.—Friedrich's grief for Rothenburg was deep and severe; "he had visited him that last night," say the Books; "and quitted his bedside, silent, and all in tears." It is mainly what of Biography the silent Rothenburg now has.

From the current Narratives, as they are called, readers will recollect, out of this Voltaire Period, two small particles

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 289.

² *Ib.* 285-287.

of Event amid such an ocean of noisy froth, — two and hardly more: that of the “Orange-Skin,” and that of the “Dirty Linen.” Let us put these two on their basis; and pass on:—

The Orange-Skin (Potsdam, 2d September, 1751, to Niece Denis) — Good Heavens, *mon enfant*, what is this I hear (through the great Dionysius'-Ear I maintain, at such expense to myself)! . . . “La Mettrie, a man of no consequence, who talks familiarly with the King after their reading; and with me too, now and then: La Mettrie swore to me, that, speaking to the King, one of those days, of my supposed favor, and the bit of jealousy it excites, the King answered him: ‘I shall want him still about a year:—you squeeze the orange, you throw away the skin (*on en jette l'écorce*)!’” Here is a pretty bit of babble (lie, most likely, and bit of mischievous fun) from Dr. Joyous. “It cannot be true, No! And yet—and yet—?” Words cannot express the agonizing doubts, the questionings, occasionally the horror of Voltaire: poor sick soul, keeping a Dionysius'-Ear to boot! This blurt of La Mettrie's goes through him like a shot of electricity through an elderly sick Household-Cat; and he speaks of it again and ever again, — though we will not farther.

Dirty Linen (Potsdam, 24th July, 1752, To Niece Denis). — . . . “Maupertuis has discreetly set the rumor going, that I found the King's Works very bad; that I said to some one, on Verses from the King coming in, ‘Will he never tire, then, of sending me his dirty linen to wash?’ You obliging Maupertuis!”

Rumor says, it was General Mannstein, once Aide-de-Camp in Russia, who had come to have his *Work on Russia* revised (excellent Work, often quoted by us¹), when the unfortunate Royal Verses came. Perhaps M. de Voltaire did say it:—why not, had it only been prudent? He really likes those Verses much more than I; but knows well enough, *sub rosâ*,

¹ Did get out at last,—in England, through Lord Marischal and David Hume: see *Preface* to it (London, 1760).

what kind of Verses they are. This also is a horrible suspicion; that the King should hear of this, — as doubtless the King did, though without going delirious upon it at all.¹ Thank *you*, my Perpetual President, not the less! —

Of Maupertuis, in successive Phases. — . . . “Maupertuis is not of very engaging ways; he takes my dimensions harshly with his quadrant: it is said there enters something of envy into his *data*. . . . A somewhat surly gentleman; not too sociable; and, truth to say, considerably sunk here [*assez baissé*, my D’Argental].

. . . “I endure Maupertuis, not having been able to soften him. In all countries there are insociable fellows, with whom you are obliged to live, though it is difficult. He has never forgiven me for” — omitting to cite him, &c. — At Paris he had got the Academy of Sciences into trouble, and himself into general dislike (*détester*); then came this Berlin offer. “Old Fleuri, when Maupertuis called to take leave, repeated that verse of Virgil, *Nec tibi regnandi veniat tam dira cupido*. Fleuri might have whispered as much to himself: but he was a mild sovereign lord, and reigned in a gentle polite manner. I swear to you, Maupertuis does not, in his shop [the Academy here] — where, God be thanked, I never go.

“He has printed a little Pamphlet on Happiness (*Sur le Bonheur*); it is very dry and miserable. Reminds you of Advertisements for things lost, — so poor a chance of finding them again. Happiness is not what he gives to those who read him, to those who live with him; he is not himself happy, and would be sorry that others were [to Niece Denis this].

. . . “A very sweet life here, Madame [Madame d’Argental, an outside party]: it would have been more so, if Maupertuis had liked. The wish to please, is no part of his geometrical studies; the problem of being agreeable to live with, is not one he has solved.”² — Add this Anecdote, which is probably D’Arget’s, and worth credit: —

¹ “To Niece Denis,” dates as above (*Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiv. 408, lxxv. 17).

² *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiv. 330, 504 (4th May, 1751, and 14th March, 1752) to the D’Argentals; to Niece Denis (6th November, 1750, and 24th August, 1751), lxxiv. 250, 385.

“Voltaire had dinner-party, Maupertuis one of them; party still in the drawing-room, dinner just coming up. ‘President, your Book, *Sur le Bonheur*, has given me pleasure,’ said Voltaire, politely [very politely, considering what we have just read]; given me pleasure,—a few obscurities excepted, of which we will talk together some evening.’ ‘Obscurities?’ said Maupertuis, in a gloomy arbitrary tone: ‘There may be such for you, Monsieur!’ Voltaire laid his hand on the President’s shoulder [yellow wig near by], looked at him in silence, with many-twinkling glance, gayety the topmost expression, but by no means the sole one: ‘President, I esteem you, *Je vous estime, mon Président*: you are brave; you want war: we will have it. But, in the mean while, let us eat the King’s roast meat.’”¹

Friedrich’s Answers to these Voltaire Letters, if he wrote any, are all gone. Probably he answered almost nothing; what we have of his relates always to specific business, receipt of *Louis Quatorze*, and the like and is always in friendly tone. Handsomely keeping Silence for Two! Here is a snatch from him, on neutral figures and movements of the time:—

Friedrich to Wilhelmina (November 17th, 1751).—“I think the Margraf of Anspach will not have stayed long with you. He is not made to taste the sweets of society: his passion for hunting, and the tippling life he leads this long time, throw him out when he comes among reasonable persons.

... “I expect my Sister of Brunswick, with the Duke and their eldest Girl, the 4th of next month,”—to Carnival here. “It is seven years since the Queen (our Mamma) has seen her. She holds a small Board of Wit at Brunswick; of which your Doctor [Doctor Superville, Dutch-French, whose perennial merit now is, That he did not burn Wilhelmina’s *Memoirs*, but left them safe to posterity, for long centuries],—of which your Doctor is the director and oracle. You would burst outright into laughing when she speaks of those matters. Her natural vivacity and haste has not left her time to get to the

¹ Duvernet (2d form of him, always), p. 176.

bottom of anything; she skips continually from one subject to the other, and gives twenty decisions in a minute.”¹

About a month before Rothenburg's death, which was so tragical to Friedrich, there had fallen out, with a hideous dash of farce in it, the death of La Mettrie. Here are Two Accounts, by different hands, — which represent to us an immensity of babble in the then Voltaire circle.

La Mettrie dies. — Two Accounts: 1°. King Friedrich's: to Wilhelmina. “21st November, 1751. . . . We have lost poor La Mettrie. He died for a piece of fun: ate, out of banter, a whole pheasant-pie; had a horrible indigestion; took it into his head to have blood let, and convince the German Doctors that bleeding was good in indigestion. But it succeeded ill with him: he took a violent fever, which passed into putrid; and carried him off. He is regretted by all that knew him. He was gay; *bon diable*, good Doctor, and very bad Author: by avoiding to read his Books, one could manage to be well content with himself.”²

2°. Voltaire's: to Niece Denis (*not* his first to her): Potsdam, 24th December, 1751. . . . “No end to my astonishment. Milord Tyrconnel,” always ailing (died here himself), “sends to ask La Mettrie to come and see him, to cure him or amuse him. The King grudges to part with his Reader, who makes him laugh. La Mettrie sets out; arrives at his Patient's just when Madame Tyrconnel is sitting down to table: he eats and drinks, talks and laughs more than all the guests; when he has got crammed (*en a jusqu'au menton*), they bring him a pie, of eagle disguised as pheasant, which had arrived from the North, plenty of bad lard, pork-hash and ginger in it; my gentleman eats the whole pie, and dies next day at Lord Tyrconnel's, assisted by two Doctors,” Cothenius and Lieberkühn, “whom he used to mock at. . . . How I should have liked to ask him, at the article of death, about that Orange-skin!”³

Add this trait too, from authentic Nicolai, to complete the

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. i. 202: — On Superville, see Preuss's Note, *ib.* 56.

² *Ib.* xxvii. i. 203.

³ *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiv. 439, 450.

matter: "An Irish Priest, Father Macmahon, Tyrconnel's Chaplain [more power to him], wanted to convert La Mettrie: he pushed into the sick-room;—encouraged by some who wished to make La Mettrie contemptible to Friedrich [the charitable souls]. La Mettrie would have nothing to do with this Priest and his talk; who, however, still sat and waited. La Mettrie, in a twinge of agony, cried out, '*Jésus Marie!*' '*Ah, vous voilà enfin retourné à ces noms consolateurs!*' exclaimed the Irishman. To which La Mettrie answered (in polite language, to the effect), 'Bother you!' and expired a few minutes after."¹

Enough of this poor madcap. Friedrich's *Eloge* of him, read to the Academy some time after, it was generally thought (and with great justice), might as well have been spared. The Piece has nothing noisy, nothing untrue; but what has it of importance? And surely the subject was questionable, or more. La Mettrie might have done without Eulogy from a King of men.

... "He had been used to put himself at once on the most familiar footing with the King [says Thiébauld, *unbelievable*]. Entered the King's apartment as he would that of a friend; plunged down whenever he liked, which was often, and lay upon the sofas; if it was warm, took off his stock, unbuttoned his waistcoat, flung his periwig on the floor;"²—highly probable, thinks stupid Thiébauld!

"The truth is," says Nicolai, "the King put no real value on La Mettrie. He considered him as a merry-andrew fellow, who might amuse you, when half seas-over (*entre deux vins*). De la Mettrie showed himself unworthy of any favor he had. Not only did he babble, and repeat about Town what he heard at the King's table; but he told everything in a false way, and with malicious twists and additions. This he especially did at Lord Tyrconnel, the then French Ambassador's table, where at last he died."³ But could not take the *Orange-skin* along with him; alas, no!—

¹ Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, i. 20 n.

² Thiébauld, v. 405 (calls him "*La Métherie*;" knows, as usual, nothing)

³ Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, i. 20.

On the whole, be not too severe on poor Voltaire! He is very fidgety, noisy; something of a pickthank, of a wheedler; but, above all, he is scorbutic, dyspeptic; hag-ridden, as soul seldom was; and (in his oblique way) *appeals* to Friedrich and us, — not in vain. And, in short, we perceive, after the First Act of the Piece, beginning in preternatural radiance, ending in whirlwinds of flaming soot, he has been getting on with his Second Act better than could be expected. Gyration again among the bright planets, circum-jovial moons, in the Court Firmament; is again in favor, and might — Alas, he had his *fellow-moons*, his Maupertuis above all! Incurable that Maupertuis misery; gets worse and worse, steadily from the first day. No smallest entity that intervenes, not even a wandering La Beaumelle with his Book of *Pensées*, but is capable of worsening it. Take this of Smelfungus; this Pair of Cabinet Sketches, — “hasty outlines; extant chiefly,” he declares, “by Voltaire’s blame:” —

La Beaumelle. — “Voltaire has a fatal talent of getting into quarrels with insignificant accidental people; and instead of silently, with cautious finger, disengaging any bramble that catches to him, and thankfully passing on, attacks it indignantly with potent steel implements, wood-axes, war-axes; brandishing and hewing; — till he has stirred up a whole wilderness of bramble-bush, and is himself bramble-chips all over. M. Angliviel de la Beaumelle, for example, was nothing but a bramble: some conceited Licentiate of Theology, who, finding the Presbytery of Geneva too narrow a field, had gone to Copenhagen, as Professor of Rhetoric or some such thing; and, finding that field also too narrow, and not to be widened by attempts at Literature, *Mes Pensées* and the like, in such barbarous Country, — had now [end of 1751] come to Berlin; and has Presentation copies of *Mes Pensées, ou le Qu’en dira-t-on*, flying right and left, in hopes of doing better there. Of these *Pensées* (Thoughts so called) I will give but one specimen” (another, that of “King Friedrich a common man,” being carefully suppressed in the Berlin Copies, of La Beaumelle’s distributing): —

“There have been greater Poets than Voltaire; there was

never any so well recompensed: and why? Because Taste (*goût*, inclination) sets no limits to its recompenses. The King of Prussia overloads men of talent with his benefits for precisely the reasons which induce a little German Prince to overload with benefits a buffoon or a dwarf.”¹ Could there be a phenomenon more indisputably of bramble nature?

“He had no success at Berlin, in spite of his merits; could not come near the King at all; but assiduously frequented Maupertuis, the flower of human thinkers in that era, — who was very humane to him in consequence. ‘How is it, O flower of human thinkers, that I cannot get on with his Majesty, or make the least way?’ ‘*Hélas, Monsieur*, you have enemies!’ answered he of the red wig; and told La Beaumelle (hear it, ye Heavens), That M. de Voltaire had called his Majesty’s attention to the *Pensée* given above, one evening at Supper Royal; ‘heard it myself, Monsieur — husht!’ Upon which —

“‘Upon which, see, paltry La Beaumelle has become my enemy for life!’ shrieks Voltaire many times afterwards: ‘And it was false, I declare to Heaven, and again declare; it was not I, it was D’Argens quizzing me about it, that called his Majesty’s attention to that *Pensée* of Blockhead La Beaumelle, — you treacherous Perpetual President, stirring up enemies against me, and betraying secrets of the King’s table.’ Sorrow on your red wig, and you! — It is certain La Beaumelle, soon after this, left Berlin: not in love with Voltaire. And there soon appeared, at Frankfurt-on-Mayn, a Pirate Edition of our brand-new *Siècle de Louis Quatorze* (with Annotations scurrilous and flimsy); — La Beaumelle the professed Perpetrator; ‘who received for the job £7 10s. net!’² asseverates the well-informed Voltaire. Oh, M. de Voltaire, and why not leave it to him, then? Poor devil, he got put into the Bastille too, by and by; Royal Persons being touched by some of his stupid foot-notes.

“La Beaumelle had a long course of it, up and down the world, in and out of the Bastille; writing much, with inconsiderable recompense, and always in a wooden manner, worthy

¹ *Œuvres de Voltaire*, xxvii. 220 n.

² *Ib.* xxvii. 219, 236.

of his First vocation in the Geneva time. 'A man of pleasing physiognomy,' says Formey, 'and expressed himself well. I received his visit 14th January, 1752,' — to which latter small circumstance (welcome as a fixed date to us here) La Beaumelle's Biography is now pretty much reduced for mankind.¹ He continued Maupertuis's adorer: and was not a bad creature, only a dull wooden one, with obstinate temper. A *Life of Maupertuis* of his writing was sent forth lately,² after lying hidden a hundred years: but it is dull, dead, painfully ligneous, like all the rest; and of new or of pleasant tells us nothing.

"His enmity to M. de Voltaire did prove perpetual: — a bramble that might have been dealt with by fingers, or by fingers and scissors, but could not by axes, and their hewing and brandishing. 'This is the ninety-fifth anonymous calumny of La Beaumelle's, this that you have sent me!' says Voltaire once. The first stroke or two had torn the bramble quite on end: 'He says he will pursue you to Hell even,' writes one of the Voltaire kind friends from Frankfurt, on that £7 10s. business. '*A l'Enfer?*' answers M. de Voltaire, with a toss: 'Well, I should think so, he, and at a good rate of speed. But whether he will find *me* there, must be a question!' If you want to have an insignificant accidental fellow trouble you all your days, this is the way of handling him when he first catches hold."

Abbé de Prades. — "De Prades, 'Abbé de Prades, Reader to the King,' though happily not an enemy of Voltaire's, is in some sort La Beaumelle's counterpart, or brother with a difference; concerning whom also, one wants only to know the exact date of his arrival. As La Beaumelle felt too strait-tied in the Geneva vestures (where it had been good for him to adjust himself, and stay); so did De Prades in the Sorbonne ditto, — and burst out, on taking Orders, not into eloquent Preachings or edifying Devotional Exercises; but into loud blurts of mere heresy and heterodoxy. Blurts which were very loud, and I believe very stupid; which failed of

¹ Formey, ii. 221.

² *Vie de Maupertuis* (cited above), Paris, 1856.

being sublime even to the Philosophic world; and kindled the Sorbonne into burning his Book, and almost burning himself, had not he at once run for it.

“Ran to Holland, and there continued blurting more at large, — decidedly stupid for most part, thinks Voltaire, ‘but with glorious Passages, worth your Majesty’s attention;’ — upon which, D’Alembert too helping, poor De Prades was invited to the Readership, vacant by La Mettrie’s eagle-pie; and came gladly, and stayed. At what date? one occasionally asks: for there are Royal Letters, dateless, but written in his hand, that raise such question in the utter dimness otherwise. Date is ‘September, 1752.’¹ Farther question one does not ask about De Prades. Rather an emphatic intrusive kind of fellow, I should guess; — wrote, he, not Friedrich, that *Abridgment of Fleury’s Ecclesiastical History*, and other the like dreary Pieces, which used to be inflicted on mankind as Friedrich’s.

“For the rest, having place and small pension, — not, like La Beaumelle, obliged to pirate and annotate for £7 10s. — he went on steadily, a good while; got a Canonry of Glogau [small Catholic benefice, bad if it was not better than its now occupant]; — and unluckily, in the Seven-Years-War time, fell into treasonous Correspondence with his countrymen; which it was feared might be fatal, when found out. But no, not fatal. Friedrich did lock him in Magdeburg for some months; then let him out: ‘Home to Glogau, sirrah; stick to your Canonry henceforth, and let us hear no more of you at all!’ Which shall be his fate in these pages also.”

Good, my friend; no more of him, then! Only recollect “September, 1752,” if dateless Royal Letters in De Prades’s hand turn up.

¹ Preuss, i. 368; ii. 115.

CHAPTER X.

DEMON NEWSWRITER, OF 1752.

It must be owned, the King's French Colony of Wits were a sorry set of people. They tempt one to ask, What is the good of wit, then, if this be it? Here are people sparkling with wit, and have not understanding enough to discern what lies under their nose. Cannot live wisely with anybody, least of all with one another.

In fact, it is tragic to think how ill this King succeeded in the matter of gathering friends. With the whole world to choose from, one fancies always he might have done better! But no, he could not; — and chiefly for this reason: His love of Wisdom was nothing like deep enough, reverent enough; and his love of *Esprit* (the mere Garment or Phantasm of Wisdom) was too deep. Friends do not drop into one's mouth. One must know how to choose friends; and that of *esprit*, though a pretty thing, is by no means the one requisite, if indeed it be a requisite at all. This present Wit Colony was the best that Friedrich ever had; and we may all see how good it was. He took, at last more and more, into bantering his Table-Companions (which I do not wonder at), as the chief good he could get of them. And had, as we said, especially in his later time, in the manner of Dublin Hackney-Coachmen, established upon each animal its *raw*; and makes it skip amazingly at touch of the whip. "Cruel mortal!" thought his cattle: — but, after all, how could he well help it, with such a set?

Native Literary Men, German or Swiss, there also were about Friedrich's Court: of them happily he did not require *esprit*; but put them into his Academy; or employed them in practical functions, where honesty and good sense were the qualities needed. Worthy men, several of these; but unmem-

orable nearly all. We will mention Sulzer alone, — and not for *Theories and Philosophies of the Fine Arts*¹ (which then had their multitudes of readers); but for a Speech of Friedrich's to him once, which has often been repeated. Sulzer has a fine rugged wholesome Swiss-German physiognomy, both of face and mind; and got his admirations, as the Berlin *Hugh Blair* that then was: a Sulzer whom Friedrich always rather liked.

Friedrich had made him School Inspector; loved to talk a little with him, about business, were it nothing else. "Well, Monsieur Sulzer, how are your Schools getting on?" asked the King one day, — long after this, but nobody will tell me exactly when, though the fact is certain enough: "How goes our Education business?" "Surely not ill, your Majesty; and much better in late years," answered Sulzer. — "In late years: why?" "Well, your Majesty, in former time, the notion being that mankind were naturally inclined to evil, a system of severity prevailed in schools: but now, when we recognize that the inborn inclination of men is rather to good than to evil, schoolmasters have adopted a more generous procedure." — "Inclination rather to good?" said Friedrich, shaking his old head, with a sad smile: "Alas, dear Sulzer, *Ach mein lieber Sulzer*, I see you don't know that damned race of creatures (*Er kennt nicht diese verdammte Race*) as I do!"² Here is a speech for you! "Pardon the King, who was himself so beneficent and excellent a King!" cry several Editors of the rose-pink type. This present Editor, for his share, will at once forgive; but how can he ever forget! —

"Perhaps I mistake," owns Voltaire, in his Pasquinade of a *Vie Privée*, "but it seems to me, at these Suppers there was a great deal of *esprit* (real wit and brilliancy) going. The King had it, and made others have; and, what is extraordi-

¹ *Allgemeine Theorie der Schönen Künste*, 3 vols.; &c. &c.

² Nicolai, iii. 274; — the thing appears to have been said in French ("*Jé vois bien, mon cher Sulzer, que vous ne connaissez pas, comme moi, cette race maudite à laquelle nous appartenons*") ; but the German form is irresistibly attractive and is now heard proverbially from time to time in certain mouths.

nary, I never felt myself so free at any table." "Conversation most pleasant," testifies another, "most instructive, animated; not to be matched, I should guess, elsewhere in the world."¹ Very sprightly indeed: and a fund of good sense, a basis of practicality and fact, necessary to be in it withal; though otherwise it can foam over (if some La Mettrie be there, and a good deal of wine in him) to very great heights.

A Demon Newswriter gives an "Idea" of Friedrich; intelligible to the Knowing Classes in England and elsewhere.

Practically, I can add only, That these Suppers of the gods begin commonly at half-past eight ("Concert just over"); and last till towards midnight, — not later conveniently, as the King must be up at five (in Summer-time at four), and "needs between five and six hours of sleep." Or would the reader care to consult a Piece expressly treating on all these points; kind of *Manuscript Newspaper*, fallen into my hands, which seems to have had a widish circulation in its day.² I have met with Two Copies of it, in this Country: one of them, to appearance, once the property of George Selwyn. The other is among the Robinson Papers: doubtless very luculent to Robinson, who is now home in England, but remembers many a thing. Judging from various symptoms, I could guess this MS. to have been much about, in the English Aristocratic Circles of that time; and to have, in some measure, given said Circles their "Idea" (as they were pleased to reckon it) of that wonderful and questionable King: — highly distracted "Idea;" which, in diluted form, is still the staple English one.

By the label, *Demon Newswriter*, it is not meant that the Author of this poor Paper was an actual Devil, or infernal Spiritual Essence of miraculous spectral nature. By no

¹ Bielfeld, *Letters*; Voltaire, *Vie Privée*.

² "*Idée de la Personne, de la Manière de Vivre, et de la Cour du Roi de Prusse: juin, 1752.*" In the *Robinson Papers* (one Copy) now in the British Museum.

means! Beyond doubt, he is some poor Frenchman, more or less definable as flesh-and-blood; gesturing about, visibly, at Berlin in 1752; in cocked-hat and bright shoe-buckles; grinning elaborate salutations to certain of his fellow-creatures there. Possibly some hungry *Attaché* of Milord Tyrconnel's Legation; fatally shut out from the beatitudes of this barbarous Court, and willing to seek solacement, and turn a dishonest penny, in the *per-contra* course? Who he is, we need not know or care: too evident, he has the sad quality of transmuting, in his dirty organs, heavenly Brilliancy, more or less, into infernal Darkuess and Hatefulness; which I reckon to have been, at all times, the principal function of a Devil; — function still carried on extensively, under Firms of another title, in this world.

SOME snatches we will give. For, though it does not much concern a Man or King, seriously busy, what the idle outer world may see good to talk of him, his Biographers, in time subsequent, are called to notice the matter, as part of his Life-element, and characteristic of the world he had round him. Friedrich's affairs were much a wonder to his contemporaries. Especially his Domesticities, an item naturally obscure to the outer world, were wonderful; sure to be commented upon, to all lengths; and by the unintelligent, first of all. Of contemporary mankind, as we have sometimes said, nobody was more lied of: — of which, let this of the Demon Newswriter be example, one instead of many. The Demon Newswriter, deriving only from outside gossip and eavesdropping, is wrong very often, — in fact, he is seldom right, except on points which have been Officially fixed, and are within reach of an inquisitive Clerk of Legation. Wrong often enough, even in regard to external particulars, how much more as to internal; — and will need checking, as we go along.

Demon speaks first of Friedrich's stature, 5ft. 6in. (as we know better than this Demon); "pretty well proportioned, not handsome, and even something of awkward (*gauche*), acquired by a constrained bearing [head slightly off the perpendicular, acquired by his flute, say the better-informed]. Is of the

greatest politeness. Fine tone of voice, — fine even in swearing, which is as common with him as with a grenadier," adds this Demon; not worth attending to, on such points.

"Has never had a nightcap [sleeps bareheaded; in his later times, would sleep in his hat, which was always soft as duffel, kneaded to softness as its first duty, and did very well]: Never a nightcap, dressing-gown, or pair of slippers [*true*]; only a kind of cloth cloak [*not quite*], much worn and very dirty, for being powdered in. The whole year round he goes in the uniform of his First Battalion of Guards: — blue with red facings, button-hole trimmings in silver, frogs at the inner end; his coat buttons close to the shape; waistcoat is plain yellow [straw-color]; hat [three-cornered] has edging of Spanish lace, white plume [horizontal, resting on the lace all round]: boots on his legs all his life. He cannot walk with shoes [pooh, you — !].

"He rises daily at five:" — No, he does n't at all! In fact, we had better clap the lid on this Demon, ill-informed as to all these points; and, on such suggestion, give the real account of them, distilled from Preuss, and the abundant authentic sources.

Preuss says (if readers could but remember him): "An Almanac lies on the King's Table, marking for each day what specific duties the day will bring. From five to six hours of sleep: in summer he rises about three, seldom after four; in winter perhaps an hour later. In his older time, seven hours' sleep came to be the stipulated quantity; and he would sleep occasionally eight hours or even nine, in certain medical predicaments. Not so in his younger years: four A.M. and five, the set hours then. Summer and winter, fire is lighted for him a quarter of an hour before. King rises; gets into his clothes: 'stockings, breeches, boots, he did sitting on the bed' (for one loves to be particular); the rest in front of the fire, in standing posture. Washing followed; more compendious than his Father's used to be.

"Letters specifically to his address, a courier (leaving Berlin, 9 P.M.) had brought him in the dead of night: these, on the instant of the King's calling 'Here!' a valet in the ante

chamber brought in to him, to be read while his hair was being done. His uniform the King did not at once put on ; but got into a *Casaquin* [loose article of the dressing-gown kind, only shorter than ours] of rich stuff, sometimes of velvet with precious silver embroideries. These Casaquins were commonly sky-blue (which color he liked), presents from his Sisters and Nieces. Letters being glanced over, and hair-club done, the Life-guard General-Adjutant hands in the Potsdam Report (all strangers that have entered Potsdam or left it, the principal item) : this, with a Berlin Report, which had come with the Letters ; and what of Army-Reports had arrived (Adjutant-General delivering these), — were now glanced over. And so, by five o'clock in the summer morning, by six in the winter, one sees, in the gross, what one's day's-work is to be ; the miscellaneous *stones* of it are now mostly here, only mortar and walling of them to be thought of. General-Adjutant and his affairs are first settled : on each thing a word or two, which the General-Adjutant (always a highly confidential Officer, a Hacke, a Winterfeld, or the like) pointedly takes down.

"General-Adjutant gone, the King, in sky-blue casaquin [often in very faded condition] steps into his writing-room ; walks about, reading his Letters more completely ; drinking, first, several glasses of water ; then coffee, perhaps three cups with or without milk [likes coffee, and very strong]. After coffee he takes his flute ; steps about practising, fantasizing : he has been heard to say, speaking of music and its effects on the soul, That during this fantasizing he would get to considering all manner of things, with no thought of what he was playing ; and that sometimes even the luckiest ideas about business-matters have occurred to him while dandling with the flute. Sauntering so, he is gradually breakfasting withal : will eat, intermittently, small chocolate cakes ; and after his coffee, cherries, figs, grapes, fruits in their season [very fond of fruit, and has elaborate hot-houses]. So passes the early morning.

"Between nine and ten, most of one's plan-work being got through, the questions of the day are settled, or laid hold of for settling. Between nine and ten, King takes to reading the 'Excerpts' (I suppose, of the more intricate or lengthier things)

of Yesterday, which his three Cabinet Rathes [Clerk Eichel and the other Two] have prepared for him. King summons these Three, one after the other, according to their Department; hands them the Letters just read, the Excerpts now decided on, and signifies, in a minimum of words, what the answers are to be, — Clerk, always in full dress, listening with both his ears, and pencil in hand. May have, of Answers, *Cabinet-Orders* so called, perhaps a dozen, to be ready with before evening.¹

“Eichel and Company dismissed, King flings off his casaquin, takes his regimental coat; has his hair touched off with pomade, with powder; and is buttoned and ready in about five minutes; — ready for Parade, which is at the stroke of eleven, instead of later, as it used to be in Papa’s time. If eleven is not yet come, he will get on horseback; go sweeping about, oftenest with errands still, at all events in the free solitude of air, till Parade-time do come. The Parole [Sentry’s-word of the Day] he has already given his Adjutant-General. Parole, which only the Adjutant and Commandant had known till now, is formally given out; and the troops go through their exercises, manœuvres, under a strictness of criticism which never abates.” “Parade he by no chance ever misses,” says our Demon friend.

“At the stroke of twelve,” continues Preuss, “dinner is served. Dinner threefold; that is, a second table and a third. Only two courses, dishes only eight, even at the King’s Table (eight also at the Marshal’s or second Table); guests from seven to ten. Dinner plentiful and savory (for the King had his favorites among edibles), by no means caring to be splendid,—yearly expense of threefold Dinner (done accurately by contract) was £1,800.” Linsenbarth we saw at the Third Table, and how he fared. “The dinner-service was of beautiful porcelain; not silver, still less gold, except on the grandest occasions. Every guest eats at discretion, — of course! — and

¹ “In a certain Copy or Final-Register Book [Herr Preuss’s Windfall, of which *infra*] entitled *Kabinetsordenkopialbuch*, of One of the three Clerks, years 1746–1752, there are, on the average, ten *Cabinet-Orders* daily, Sundays included” (Preuss, i. 352 n.)

drinks at discretion, Moselle or Pontac [kind of claret]; Champagne and Hungary are handed round on the King's signal. King himself drinks Bergerac, or other clarets, with water. Dinner lasts till two;—if the conversation be seductive, it has been known to stretch to four. The King's great passion is for talk of the right kind; he himself talks a great deal, tipping wine-and-water to the end, and keeps on a level with the rising tide.

"With a bow from Majesty, dinner ends; guests gently, with a little saunter of talk to some of them, all vanish; and the King is in his own Apartment again. Generally flute-playing for about half an hour; till Eichel and the others come with their day's work: tray-loads of Cabinet-Orders, I can fancy; which are to be 'executed,' that is, to be glanced through, and signed. Signature for most part is all; but there are Marginalia and Postscripts, too, in great number, often of a spicy biting character; which, in our time, are in request among the curious." Herr Preuss, who has right to speak, declares that the spice of mockery has been exaggerated; and that serious sense is always the aim both of Document and of Signer. Preuss had a windfall; 12,000 of these Pieces, or more, in a lump, in the way of gift; which fell on him like manna,—and led, it is said, to those Friedrich studies, extensive faithful quarryings in that vast wilderness of sliding shingle and chaotic boulders.

"Coffee follows this despatch of Eichel and Consorts; the day now one's own." Scandalous rumors, prose and verse, connect themselves with this particular epoch of the day; which appear to be wholly *lies*. Of which presently. "In this after-dinner period fall the literary labors," says Preuss:—a facile pen, this King's; only two hours of an afternoon allowed it, instead of all day and the top of the morning. "About six, or earlier even, came the Reader [La Mettrie or another], came artists, came learned talk. At seven is Concert, which lasts for an hour; half-past eight is Supper."¹

Demon Newswriter says, of the Concert: "It is mostly of

¹ Preuss, i 344-347 (and with intermittencies, pp. 356, 361, 363 &c. to 376, abridged.

wind-instruments," King himself often taking part with his flute; "performers the best in Europe. He has three"—what shall we call them? of male gender,—“a counter-alt, and Mamsell Astrua, an Italian; they are unique voices. He cannot bear mediocrity. It is but seldom he has any singing here. To be admitted, needs the most intimate favor; now and then some young Lord, of distinction, if he meet with such.” Concert, very well;—but let us now, suppressing any little abhorrences, hear him on another subject:—

“Dinner lasts one hour [says our Demon, no better informed]: upon which the King returns to his Apartment with bows. It pretty often happens that he takes with him one of his young fellows. These are all handsome, like a picture (*faits à peindre*), and of the beautifulest face,” — adds he, still worse informed; poisonous malice mixing itself, this time, with the human darkness, and reducing it to diabolic. This Demon’s Paper abounds with similar allusions; as do the more desperate sort of Voltaire utterances, — *Vie Privée* treating it as known fact; Letters to Denis in occasional paroxysms, as rumor of detestable nature, probably true of one who is so detestable, at least so formidable, to a guilty sinner his Guest. Others, not to be ealled diabolical, as Herr Dr. Büsching, for example, speak of it as a thing credible; as good as known to the well-informed. And, beyond the least question, there did a thrice-abominable rumor of that kind run, whispering audibly, over all the world; and gain belief from those who had appetite. A most melancholy business. Solaeing to human envy;—explaining also, to the dark human intellect, why this King had commonly no Women at his Court. A most melancholy portion of my raw-material, this; concerning which, since one must speak af it, here is what little I have to say:—

1°. That proof of the *negative*, in this or in any such case, is by the nature of it impossible. That it is indisputable Friedrich did not now live with his Wife, nor seem to concern himself with the empire of women at all; having, except now and then his Sisters and some Foreign Princess on short visit, no women in his Court; and though a great judge of Female

merits, graces and accomplishments, seems to worship women in that remote way alone, and not in any nearer. Which occasioned great astonishment in a world used so much to the contrary. And gave rise to many conjectures among the idle of mankind, "What, on Earth, or under Earth, can be the meaning of it?"—and among others, to the above scandalous rumor, as some solacement to human malice and impertinent curiosity.

2°. That an opposite rumor—which would indeed have been pretty fatal to this one, but perhaps still more disgraceful in the eyes of a Demon News-writer—was equally current; and was much elaborated by the curious impertinent. Till Nicolai got hold of it, in Herr Dr. Zimmermann's responsible hands; and conclusively knocked it on the head.¹

3°. That, for me, proof in the affirmative, or probable indication that way, has not anywhere turned up. Nowhere for me, in these extensive minings and siftings. Not the least of probable indication; but contrariwise, here and there, rather definite indications pointing directly the opposite way.² Friedrich, in his own utterances and occasional rhymes, is abundantly cynical; now and then rises to a kind of epic cynicism, on this very matter. But at no time can the painful critic call it cynicism as of *other* than an observer; always a kind of vinegar cleanness in it, *except* in theory. Cynicism of an impartial observer in a dirty element; observer epically sensible (when provoked to it) of the brutal contemptibilities which lie in Human Life, alongside of its big struttings and pretensions. In Friedrich's utterances there is that kind of cynicism undeniable;—and yet he had a modesty almost female in regard to his own person; "no servant having ever seen him in an exposed state."³ Which had considerably strengthened rumor No. 2. O ye poor impious Long-eared, — Long-eared I will call you, instead of Two-horned and with only One hoof cloven! Among the tragical platitudes of Human Nature,

¹ See Zimmermann's *Fragmente*, and Nicolai patiently pounding it to powder (whoever is curious on this disgusting subject).

² For example ("Correspondence with Fredersdorf"), *Œuvres*, xxvii. iii. 145

³ Preuss, i. 376.

nothing so fills a considering brother mortal with sorrow and despair, as this innate tendency of the common crowd in regard to its Great Men, whensoever, or almost whensoever, the Heavens do, at long intervals, vouchsafe us, as their all-including blessing, anything of such ! Praetieal "*Blasphemy*," is it not, if you reflect ? Strangely possible that sin, even now. And ought to be religiously abhorred by every soul that has the least piety or nobleness. Aet not the mutinous flunky, my friend ; though there be great wages going in that line.

4°. That in these circumstances, and taking into view the otherwise known qualities of this high Fellow-Creature, the present Editor does not, for his own share, value the rumor at a pin's fee. And leaves it, and recommends his readers to leave it, hanging by its own head, in the sad subterranean regions, — till (probably not for a long while yet) it drop to a far Deeper and dolefuler Region, out of our way altogether.

"Lamentable, yes," comments Diogenes ; "and especially so, that the idle public has a hankering for such things ! But are there no obscene details at all, then ? grumbles the disappointed idle public to itself, something of reproach in its tone. A public idle-minded ; much depraved in every way. Thus, too, you will observe of dogs : two dogs, at meeting, run, first of all, to the shameful parts of the constitution ; institute a strict examination, more or less satisfactory, in that department. That once settled, their interest in ulterior matters seems pretty much to die away, and they are ready to part again, as from a problem done." — Enough, oh, enough !

Praetieally we are getting no good of our Demon ; — and will dismiss him, after a taste or two more.

This Demon Newswriter has, evidently, never been to Potsdam ; which he figures as the abode of horrid cruelty, a kind of Tartarus on Earth ; — where there is a dreadful searcity of women, for one item ; lamentable to one's moral feelings. Searcity nothing like so great, even among the soldier-classes, as the Demon Newswriter imagines to himself ; nor productive of the results lamented. Prussian soldiers are not encouraged

to marry, if it will hurt the service ; nor do their wives march with the Regiment except in such proportions as there may be sewing, washing and the like women's work fairly wanted in their respective Companies : the Potsdam First Battalion, I understand, is hardly permitted to marry at all. And in regard to lamentable results, that of "*Liebsten-Scheine, Sweet-heart-Tickets,*" — or actual military legalizing of Temporary Marriages, with regular privileges attached, and fixed rules to be observed, — might perhaps be the notabest point, and the *semi-lamentablest*, to a man or demon in the habit of lamenting.¹ For the rest, a considerably dreadful place this Potsdam, to the flaccid, esurient and disorderly of mankind ; — "and strict as Fate [Demon correct for once] in inexorably punishing military sins.

"This King," he says, "has a great deal of *esprit* ; much less of real knowledge (*connaissances*) than is pretended. He excels only in the military part ; really excellent there. Has a facile expeditious pen and head ; understands what you say to him, at the first word. Not taking nor wishing advice ; never suffering replies or remonstrances, not even from his Mother. Pretty well acquainted with Works of *Esprit*, whether in Prose or in Verse : burning [very hot indeed] to distinguish himself by performance of that kind ; but unable to reach the Beautiful, unless held up by somebody (*étayé*). It is said that, in a splenetic moment, his Skeleton of an Apollo [*squelette d'Apollon*, M. de Voltaire, who is lean exceedingly] exclaimed once, some time ago, 'When is it, then, that he will have done sending me his dirty linen to wash ?'

"The King is of a sharp mocking tongue withal ; pricking into whoever displeases him ; often careless of policy in that. Understands nothing of Finance, or still less of Trade ; always looking direct towards more money, which he loves much ; incapable of sowing [as some of *us* do !] for a distant harvest. Treats almost all the world as slaves. All his subjects are held in hard shackles. Rigorous for the least shortcoming, where his interest is hurt : — never pardons any fault which tends to inexactitude in the Military Service. Spandau very

¹ Preuss, i. 426.

full," — though I did not myself count. "Keeps in his pay nobody but those useful to him, and capable of doing employments well [*true, always*]; and the instant he has no more need of them, dismissing them with nothing [*false, generally*]. The Subsidies imposed on his subjects are heavy; in constant proportion to their Feudal Properties, and their Leases of Domains (*Contrats et Baux*); and, what is dreadful, are exacted with the same rigor if your Property gets into debt," — no remission by the iron grip of this King in the name of the State! Sell, if you can find a Purchaser; or get confiscated altogether; that is your only remedy. Surely a tyrant of a King.

"People who get nearest him will tell you that his Politeness is not natural, but a remnant of old habit, when he had need of everybody, against the persecutions of his Father. He respects his Mother; the only Female for whom he has a sort of attention. He esteems his Wife, and cannot endure her; has been married nineteen years, and has not yet addressed one word to her [how true!]. It was but a few days ago she handed him a Letter, petitioning some things of which she had the most pressing want. He took the Letter, with that smiling, polite and gracious air which he assumes at pleasure; and without breaking the seal, tore the Letter up before her face, made her a profound bow, and turned his back on her." Was there ever such a Pluto varnished into Literary Rose-pink? Very proper Majesty for the Tartarus that here is.

. . . "The Queen-Mother," continues our Small Devil, "is a good fat woman, who lives and moves in her own way (*ronde-ment*). She has £16,000 a year for keeping up her House. It is said she hoards. Four days in the week she has Apartment [Royal Soirée]; to which you cannot go without express invitation. There is supper table of twenty-four covers; only eight dishes, served in a shabby manner (*indécemment*) by six little scoundrels of Pages. Men and women of the Country [shivering Natives, cheering their dull abode] go and eat there. Steward Royal sends the invitations. At eleven, everybody has withdrawn. Other days, this Queen eats by herself. Stewardess Royal and three Maids of Honor have their sepa

rate table; two dishes the whole. She is shabbily lodged [in my opinion], when at the Palace. Her Monbijou, which is close to Berlin [now well within it], would be pretty enough, for a private person.

“The Queen Regnant is the best woman in the world. All the year [*not quite*] she dines alone. Has Apartment on Thursdays; everybody gone at nine o’clock. Her morsels are cut for her, her steps are counted, and her words are dictated; she is miserable, and does what she can to hide it” — according to our Small Devil. “She has scarcely the necessaries of life allowed her,” — spends regularly two-thirds of her income in charitable objects; translates French-Calvinist Devotional Works, for benefit of the German mind; and complains to no Small Devil, of never so sympathizing nature. “At Court she is lodged on the second floor [scandalous]. Schönhausen her Country House, with the exception of the Garden which is pretty enough, — our Shopkeepers of the Rue St. Honoré would sniff at such a lodging.

“Princess Amelia is rather amiable [thank you for nothing, Small Devil]; often out of temper because — this is so shocking a place for Ladies, especially for maiden Ladies. Lives with her Mother; special income very small; — Coadjutress of Quedlinburg; will be actual Abbess” in a year or two.¹

“Eldest Prince, Heir-Apparent,” — do not speak of him, Small Devil, for you are misinformed in every feature and particular: — enough, “he is fac-simile of his Brother. He has only £18,000 a year, for self, Wife, Household and Children [two, both Boys]; — and is said [falsely] to hoard, and to follow Trade, extensive Trade with his Brother’s Woods.

“Prince Henri, who is just going to be married,” — thank you, Demon, for reminding us of that. Bride is Wilhelmina, Princess of Hessen-Cassel. Marriage, 25th June, 1752; — did not prove, in the end, very happy. A small contemporary event; which would concern Voltaire and others that concern us. Three months ago, April 14th, 1752, the Berlin Powder-

¹ 11th April, 1756: Preuss, xxvii. p. xxxiv (of *Preface*).

Magazine flew aloft with horrible crash;¹—and would be audible to Voltaire, in this his Second Act. Events, audible or not, never cease.

“Prince Henri,” in Demon’s opinion, “is the amiablest of the House. He is polite, generous, and loves good company. Has £12,000 a year left him by Papa.” Not enough, as it proved. “If, on this Marriage, his Brother, who detests him [witness Reinsberg and other evidences, now and onward], gives him nothing, he won’t be well off. They are furnishing a House for him, where he will lodge after wedding. Is reported to be — *Potzdamiste* [says the scandalous Small Devil, whom we are weary of contradicting], — Potsdamite, in certain respects. Poor Princess, what a destiny for you!

“Prince Ferdinand, little scraping of a creature (*petit chafouin*), crapulous to excess, niggardly in the extreme, whom everybody avoids,” — much more whose Portrait, by a Magic-lantern of this kind: which let us hastily shut, and fling into the cellar! — “Little Ferdinand, besides his £15,000 a year, Papa’s bequest, gets considerable sums given him. Has lodging in the King’s House; goes shifting and visiting about, wherever he can live gratis; and strives all he can to amass money. Has to be in boots and uniform every three days. Three months of the year practically with his regiment: but the shifts he has for avoiding expense are astonishing.” . .

What an illuminative “Idea” are the Walpole-Selwyn Circles picking up for their money! —

CHAPTER XI.

THIRD ACT AND CATASTROPHE OF THE VOLTAIRE VISIT.

MEANTIME there has a fine Controversy risen, of mathematical, philosophical and at length of very miscellaneous nature, concerning that König-Maupertuis dissentience on the *Law of Thrift*. Wonderful Controversy, much occupying the

¹ In *Helden-Geschichte* (iii. 531) the details.

so-called Philosophic or Scientific world; especially the idler population that inhabit there. Upon this item of the Infinitely Little, — which has in our time sunk into Nothing-at-all, and but for Voltaire, and the accident of his living near it, would be forgotten altogether, — we must not enter into details; but a few words to render Voltaire's share in it intelligible will be, in the highest degree, necessary. Here, in brief form, rough and ready, are the successive stages of the Business; the origin and first stage of which have been known to us for some time past:—

“September, 1750, König, his well-meant visit to Berlin proving so futile, had left Maupertuis in the humor we saw; — pirouetting round his Apartment, in tempests of rage at such contradiction of sinners on his sublime Law of Thrift; and fulminating permission to König: ‘No time to read your Paper of Contradictions; publish it in Leipzig, in Jericho; anywhere in the Earth, in Heaven, in the Other Place, where you have the opportunity!’ König, returning on these terms, had nothing for it but to publish his Paper; and did publish it, in the Leipzig *Acta Eruditorum* for March, 1751. There it stands, legible to this day: and if any of the human species should again think of reading it, I believe it will be found a reasonable, solid and decisive Paper; of steadfast, openly articulate, by no means insolent, tone; considerably modifying Maupertuis's Law of Thrift, or Minimum of Action; — fatal to the claim of its being a ‘Sublime Discovery,’ or indeed, so far as *true*, any discovery at all.¹ By way of finis to the Paper, there is given, what proves extremely important to us, an Excerpt from an old *Letter of Leibnitz's*; which perhaps it will be better to present here *in corpore*, as so much turned on it afterwards. König thus winds up:—

“I add only a word, in finishing; and that is, that it appears Mr. Leibnitz had a theory of Action, perhaps much more

¹ In *Acta Eruditorum* (Lipsiæ, 1751): “*De universali Principio Æquilibrii et Motûs.*” By no means uncivil to Maupertuis; though obliged to controvert him. For example: “*Quæ itaque de Minimâ Actionis in modificationibus modum obtinente in genere præferuntur vehementer laudo;*” “*continent nempe sæcundum longeque pulcherrimum Dynanices sublimioris principium, cujus vim in difficillimis questionibus sæpe expertus fui.*”

extensive than one would suspect at present. There is a Letter written by him to Mr. Hermann [an ancient mathematical sage at Basel], where he uses these expressions: 'Action is not what you think; the consideration of Time enters into it; Action is as the product of the mass by the space and the velocity, or as the time by the *vis viva*. I have remarked that in the modifications of motion, the action becomes usually a maximum or a minimum:—and from this there might several propositions of great consequence be deduced. It might serve to determine the curves described by bodies under attraction to one or more centres. I had meant to treat of these things in the Second Part of my *Dynamique*; which I suppressed, the reception of the First, by prejudice in many quarters, having disgusted me.'"¹ Your Minimum of Action, it would appear, then, is in some cases a Maximum; nothing can be said but that, in every case it is *either* a Maximum or Minimum. What a stroke for our *Law of Thrift*, the "at last conclusive Proof" of an Intelligent Creator, as the Perpetual President had fancied it! "So-ho, what is this! My Discovery an Error? And Leibnitz discovered it, so far as true?"—

"May 28th-8th October, 1751. Maupertuis, compressing himself what he can, writes to König: 'Very good, Monsieur. But please inform me where is that Letter of Leibnitz's; I have never seen or heard of it before, — and I want to make use of it myself.' To which König answers: 'Henzi gave it me, in Copy [unfortunate Conspirator Henzi, who lost his head three years ago, by sentence of the Oligarch Government at Berne]:'² — he, poor fellow, had no end of Papers and

¹ *Maupertuisiana*, No. ii. 22 (from *Acta Eruditorum*, ubi suprâ). In *Maupertuisiana*, No. iv. 166, is the whole Letter, "Hanover, 16th October, 1707;" no address left, judged to be to Hermann. *Maupertuisiana* (Hamburg, 1753) is a mere Bookseller's or even Bookbinder's Farrago with printed *Title-page* and *List*, of the chief Pamphlets which had appeared on this Business (sixteen by count, various type, all 8vo size, in my copy). Of which only No. ii. (König's *Appel au Public* and No. iv. (2d edition of said *Appel*, with *Appendix of Correspondence*) are illuminative to read.

² Government by "The Two Hundred;" of Select-Vestry nature, very stiff, arbitrary and become rife in abuses; against whom had risen angry

Excerpts ; had, as we know, above a hundred volumes of the latter kind ; this, and some other Letters of Leibnitz's, among them, — I send you the whole Letter, copied faithfully from his Copy.'¹ To that effect, still in perfect good-humor, was König's reply to his Maupertuis.

“ ‘Hm, Copy ? By Henzi ? ’ grumbles Maupertuis to himself : — ‘Search in Berne, then ; it must be there, if anywhere !’ To König Maupertuis answers nothing : but sulkily resolves on having Search made ; — and, to give solemnity to the matter, requests his Excellency Marquis de Paulmy, the French Ambassador at Berne, to ask the Government there, — Government having seized all Henzi's Papers, on beheading him. Excellency Paulmy does, accordingly, make inquiry in the highest quarter ; some inquiries up and down. Not the least account of this, or of any Leibnitz Letter, to be had from among Henzi's Papers, — the ‘hundred volumes,’ seemingly, exist no longer ; — Original of this Leibnitz Piece is nowhere. For eight months the highest Authorities have been looking about (with one knows not what vivacity or skill in searching), and have found nothing whatever.” Stage second of the Business finishes in this manner.

How lucky for the Perpetual President, had he stopped here ! To König and the common contradiction of sinners he could have opposed, as it was apparently his purpose to do, an Olympian silence, “Pshaw !” Whereby the small matter, interesting to few, would have dropped gently into dubiety, into oblivion, and been got well rid of. But this of the great Leibnitz, touching on one's *Law of Thrift* ; and not only “discovering” it, half a century beforehand, but discovering that it was not true : to Leibnitz one must speak ; — and the abstruse

mutterings more than once, and in 1749 a Select Plot (not select enough, for they discovered it in time). Poor Ex-Captain Henzi, “Clerk of the Salt-Office,” most frugal, studious and quiet of men ; a very miracle, it would appear, of genius, solid learning, philosophy and piety, — not the chief or first of the conspirators, but by far the most distinguished, — was laid hold of, July 2d, 1749, and beheaded, with another of them, a day or two after. Much bewailed in a private way, even by the better kinds of people. (Copious account of him in *Adelung*, vii. 86-91.)

¹ “The Hague, 26th June,” in *Maupertuisiana*, No. iv. 130.

question is, What is one to say? "Find me the original; let us be certain, first:" that you can say; that is one clear point; and pretty much the only one. The rest, at this time, as I conjecture, may have been not a little abstruse to the Perpetual President!

And now, had the Perpetual President but stopped here, there might still have rested a saving shadow of suspicion on König's Excerpt, That it was not exact, that it might be wrong in some vital point: — "You never showed me the Original, Monsieur!" Unluckily, the Perpetual President did not stop. One cannot well fancy him believing, now or ever, that König had forged the Excerpt. Most likely he had the fatal persuasion that these were Leibnitz's words; and the question, What was to be said or done, if the Original *should* turn up? might justly be alarming to a Son of the Pure Sciences. But at this point a new door of escape disclosed itself: "Where is the Original, I say!" — and he rushed, full speed, into that; galloping triumphantly, feeling all safe.

"October 7th (1751), Maupertuis summons his Academy: 'Messieurs, permit me to submit a case perhaps requiring your attention. One of our number dissents from your President's Discovery of the Law of Thrift; which surely he is free to do: but furthermore he gives an Excerpt purporting to be from Leibnitz; whereby it would appear that your President's Discovery, sanctioned in your Acts as new, is not new, but Leibnitz's (so far as it is good for anything), — possibly stolen, therefore; and, at any rate, fifty-four years old. In self-defence, I have demanded to see the Original of said Excerpt; and the Honorable Member in question does not produce it. What say you?' 'Shame to him!' say they all [there seem to be but few Scientific Members, and most of them, it is insinuated, have Pensions from the King through their Perpetual President]; — and determine to make a Star-chamber matter of it!

"Accordingly, next day, October 8th, Secretary Formey writes officially to König, 'Produce that Letter within one month,' — and has got his Majesty to order, That our Prussian Minister at the Hague shall take charge of delivering

such message, and shall mark on what day. Thing serious, you see! — Prussian Minister at the Hague delivers, and docket accordingly. To König's astonishment; who is in a scene of deep trouble at this time; Royal Highness the Stadtholder suddenly dead, or dying: 'died October 22d; leaving a very young Heir, and a very sorrowful Widow and Country.' Much to think of, that lies apart from the Maupertuis matter! Which latter, however, is so very serious too, his Prussian Majesty's Minister at Berne is now charged to make new perquisition for the Leibnitz Original there: In short, within one month that Document is peremptorily wanted at Berlin."

High proceedings these; — and calculated to have one result, if no other. Namely, that, at this point, as readers can fancy, the idler Public, seeing a street-quarrel in progress, began to take interest in the Question of *Minimum*; and quasi-scientific gentlemen to gather round, and express, with cheery capable look, their opinions, — still legible in the vanished *Jugemens Libres* (of Hamburg), *Gazette de Savans* (Leipzig), and other poor Shadows of *Journals*, if you daringly evoke them from the other side of Styx. Which, the whole matter being now so indisputably extinct, shadowy, Stygian, we will not here be guilty of doing; but hasten to the catastrophes, that have still a memorability.

"König, having in fact nothing more to say about the Leibnitz Excerpt, was in no breathless haste to obey his summons; he sat almost two months before answering anything. Did then write, however, in a friendly strain to Maupertuis (December 10th, 1751).¹ Almost on which same day, as it chanced, the *Académie*, after *two* months' dignified waiting, had in brief terms repeated its order on König.² To which König makes no special answer (having as good as answered the day before); — but does silently send off to Switzerland to make inquiries; and does write once or twice more, when there is occasion for explaining; — always in a clear, sonorous, manfully firm and respectful tone: 'That he himself had, or has, no kind of reason to doubt the authenticity of the Leibnitz Letter; that to himself (and, so far as he can judge, to Maupertuis) the

¹ *Maupertuisiana*, No. iv. 132.

² December 11th, 1751 (Ib. 137).

question of its authenticity is without special interest; — he, König, having thrown it in as a mere marginal illustration, which decides nothing, either for or against the Law of Thrift. That he has, in obedience to the Academy, caused search to be made in Switzerland, especially at Basel, where he judged the chance might lie; but that of this particular Letter nothing has come to light; that he has two other Leibnitz Letters, of indifferent tenor, in the late Henzi's hand, if these will serve in aught,¹ — but what farther can he do? In short, König speaks always in a clear business-like manful tone; the one person that makes a really respectful and respectable figure in this Controversy of the Infinitely Little. A man whom, viewed from this quiet distance, it seems almost inconceivably absurd to have suspected of forging for so small an object. Oh, my President, that *dura regnandi cupido*! —

“Question is, however, What the Academy will do? One Member, ‘the best Geometer among them’ [whose name is not given, but which the Berlin Academy should write in big letters across this sad Page of their Annals, by way of erasure to the same], dissented from the high line of procedure; asserting König's innocence in this matter; nay, hinting agreement with König's opinion. But was met by such a storm, that he withdrew from the deliberations; which henceforth went their own bad course, unanimous though slow. And so the matter pendulates all through Winter, 1751–52, and was much the theme of idle men.”

Voltaire heard of it vaguely all along; but not with distinctness till the end of July following. As Spring advanced, Maupertuis had fallen ill of lungs, — threatened with spitting of blood (“owing to excess of brandy,” hints the malicious Voltaire, “which is fashionable at St. Malo,” birthplace of Maupertuis), — and could not farther direct the Academy in this affair. The Academy needs no direction farther. Here, very soon, for a sick President's consolation, is what the Academy decides on, by way of catastrophe: —

Thursday Evening, 13th April, 1752, The Academy met; Curator Monsieur de Keith, presiding; about a score of acting

¹ *Maupertuisiana*, No. iv. 155; and ib. 172–192, the two Letters themselves.

Members present. To whom Curator de Keith, as the first thing, reads a magnanimous brief Letter from our Perpetual President: "That, for two reasons, he cannot attend on this important occasion: First, because he is too ill, which would itself be conclusive; but secondly, and *à fortiori*, because he is in some sense a party to the cause, and ought not if he could." Whereupon, Secretary Formey having done his Documentary flourishings, Curator Euler — (great in Algebra, apparently not very great in common sense and the rules of good temper) — reads considerable "Report;"¹ reciting, not in a dishonest, but in a dim wearisome way, the various steps of the Affair, as readers already know them; and concludes with this extraordinary practical result: "Things being so (*les choses étant telles*): the Fragment being of itself suspect [what could Leibnitz know of Maxima and Minima? They were not developed till one Euler did it, quite in late years!],² of itself suspect; and Monsieur König having failed to" &c. &c., — "it is assuredly manifest that his cause is one of the worst (*des plus mauvaises*), and that this Fragment has been forged." Singular to think! "And the Academy, all things duly considered, will not hesitate to declare it false (*supposé*), and thereby deprive it publicly of all authority which may have been ascribed to it" (*Hear, Hear!* from all parts).

Curator de Keith then collects the votes, — twenty-three in all; some sixteen are of working Members; two are from accidental Strangers ("travelling students," say the enemy); the rest from Curators of Quality: — Vote is unanimous, "Adopt the Report. Fragment evidently forged, and cannot have the least shadow of authority (*aucune ombre d'autorité*). Forged by whom, we do not now ask; nor what the Academy could, on plain grounds, now do to Monsieur König [*not* nail his ears to the pump, oh no!]; enough, it *is* forged, and so remains." Signed, "Curator de Keith," and Six other Office-bearers; "Formey, Perpetual Secretary," closing the list.

At the name Keith, a slight shadow (very slight, for how could Keith help himself?) crosses the mind: "Is this, by ill luck, the Feldmarschall Keith?" No, reader; this is Lieu-

¹ Is No. i. of *Maupertuisiana*.² *Maupertuisiana*, No. i. 22.

tenant-Colonel Keith ; he of Wesel, with "Effigy nailed to the Gallows" long since ; whom none of us cares for. Sulzer, I notice too, is of this long-eared Sanhedrim. *Ach, mein lieber Sulzer*, you don't know (do you, then ?) *diese verdammte Race*, to what heights and depths of stupid malice, and malignant length of ear, they are capable of going. "Thursday, 13th April," this is Forger König's doom :—and, what is observable, next morning, with a crash audible through Nature, the Powder-Magazine flew aloft, killing several persons !¹ Had no hand, he, I hope, in that latter atrocity ?

On authentic sight of this Sentence (for which König had at once, on hearing of it, applied to Formey, and which comes to him, without help of Formey, through the Public Newspapers) König, in a brief, proud enough, but perfectly quiet, mild and mauful manner, resigns his Membership. "Ceases, from this day (June 18th, 1752), to have the honor of belonging to your Academy ; 'an honor I had been the prouder of, as it came to me unasked ;'—and will wish, you, from the outside henceforth, successful campaigns in the field of Science."² And sets about preparing his Pamphlet to instruct mankind on the subject. Maupertuis, it appears, did write, and made others write to König's Sovereign Lady, the Dowager Princess of Orange, "How extremely handsome it would be, could her Most Serene Highness, a friend to Pure Science, be pleased to induce Monsieur König not to continue this painful Controversy, but to sit quiet with what he had got."³ Which her Most Serene Highness by no mean thought the suitable course. Still less did König himself ; whose *Appeal to the Public*, with *Defence of Appeal*,—reasonably well done, as usual, and followed and accompanied by the multitude of Commentators,—appeared in due course.⁴ Till, before long, the Public was thoroughly instructed ; and nobody, hardly the signing Curators, or thin Euler himself, not to speak of Perpetual Formey, who had never been strong in the matter, could

¹ Suprà, p. 203.

² *Maupertuisiana*, No. iv. 129.

³ Voltaire (infra).

⁴ "September, 1752, König's *Appel*" (Preuss, in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xv. 60 n.).

well believe in "forgery" or care to speak farther on such a subject. Subject gone wholly to the Stygian Fens, long since; "forgery" not now imaginable by anybody!

The rumor of these things rose high and wide; and the quantity of publishing upon them, quasi-scientifically and otherwise, in the serious vein and the jocose, was greater than we should fancy.¹ Voltaire, for above a month past, had been fully aware of the case (24th July, 1752, writing to Niece, "heard yesterday"); not without commentary to oneself and others. Voltaire, with a kind of love to König, and a very real hatred to Maupertuis and to oppression generally, took pen himself, among the others (König's *Appeal* just out), — could not help doing it, though he had better not! The following small Piece is perhaps the one, if there be one, still worth resuscitating from the Inane Kingdoms. Appeared in the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée* (mild-shining Quarterly Review of those days), *July-September* Number.

"Answer from [very privately Voltaire, calling himself] a Berlin Academician to a Paris One.

"Berlin, 18th September, 1752. This is the exact truth, in reply to your inquiry. M. Moreau de Maupertuis in a Pamphlet entitled *Essai de Cosmologie*, pretended that the only proof of the Existence of God is the circumstance that $AR + nRB$ is a Minimum. [Only proof: voilà!] He asserts that in all possible cases, 'Action is a Minimum,' what has been demonstrated false; and he says, 'He discovered this Law of Minimum,' what is not less false.

"M. König, as well as other Mathematicians, wrote against this strange assertion; and, among other things, M. König cited some sentences of a Letter by Leibnitz, in which that great man says, He has observed 'that, in the modifications

¹ "Letter from a Marquis;" "Letter from Mr. T—— to M. S——" (Mr. T. lives in London; — "je traverse le Queen's Square, et je rencontre notre ami D——: 'Avez-vous lu l'Appel au Public?' dit-il" —); "Letter by Euler in the Berlin Gazette," &c. &c. (in *Maupertuisiana*).

of motion, the Action usually becomes either a Maximum or else a Minimum.'

"M. Moreau de Maupertuis imagined that, by producing this Fragment, it had been intended to snatch from him the glory of his pretended discovery, — though Leibnitz says precisely the contrary of what he advances. He forced some pensioned members of the Academy, who are dependent on him, to summon M. König" — As we know too well; and cannot bear to have repeated to us, even in the briefest and spiciest form! "Sentence (*Jugement*) on M. König, which declares him guilty of having assaulted the glory of the Sieur Moreau Maupertuis by *forging* a Leibnitz Letter. — Wrote then, and made write, to her Serene Highness the Princess of Orange, who was indignant at so insolent" — . . . and in fine,

"Thus the Sieur Moreau Maupertuis has been convicted, in the face of Scientific Europe, not only of plagiarism and blunder, but of having abused his place to suppress free discussion, and to persecute an honest man who had no crime but that of not being of his opinion. Several members of our Academy have protested against so crying a procedure; and would leave the Academy, were it not for fear of displeasing the King, who is protector of it." ¹

King Friedrich's position, in the middle of all this, was becoming uncomfortable. Of the controversy he understood, or cared to understand, nothing; had to believe steadily that his Academy must be right; that König was some loose bird, envious of an eagle Maupertuis, sitting aloft on his high Academic perch: this Friedrich took for the truth of the matter; — and could not let himself imagine that his sublime Perpetual President, who was usually very prudent and Jove-like, had been led, by his truculent vanity (which Friedrich knew to be immense in the man, though kept well out of sight), into such playing of fantastic tricks before high Heaven and other on-lookers. This view of the matter had hitherto been Friedrich's; nor do I know that he ever inwardly departed from it; — as outwardly he, for certain, never did; standing, King-like,

¹ *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxiii. 227 (in *Maupertuisiana*, No. xvi).

clear always for his Perpetual President, till this hurricane of Pamphlets blew by. Voltaire's little Piece, therefore, was the unwelcomest possible.

This new bolt of electric fire, launched upon the storm-tost President from Berlin itself, and even from the King's House itself, — by whom, too clearly recognizable, — what an irritating thing! Unseemly, in fact, on Voltaire's part; but could not be helped by a Voltaire charged with electricity. Friedrich evidently in considerable indignation, finding that public measures would but worsen the uproar, took pen in hand; wrote rapidly the indignant *Letter from an Academician of Berlin to an Academician of Paris*:¹ which Piece, of some length, we cannot give here; but will briefly describe as manifesting no real knowledge of the *Law-of-Thrift* Controversy; but as taking the above loose view of it, and as directed principally against "the pretended Member of our Academy" (mischievous Voltaire, to wit), whom it characterizes as "such a manifest retailer of lies," a "concocter of stupid libels:" "have you ever seen an action more malicious, more dastardly, more infamous?" — and other hard terms, the hardest he can find. This is the privilege of anonymity, on both sides of it.

But imagine now a King and his Voltaire doing witty discourse over their Supper of the gods (as, on the set days, is duly the case); with such a consciousness, burning like Bude light, though close veiled, on the part of Host and Guest! The Friedrich-Voltaire relation is evidently under sore stress of weather, in those winter-autumn months of 1752, — brown leaves, splashy rains and winds moaning outwardly withal. And, alas, the irrepressibly electric Voltaire, still far from having ended, still only just beginning his Anti-Maupertuis discharges, has, in the interim, privately got his *Doctor Akakia* ready. Compared to which, the former missile is as a popgun to a park of artillery shotted with old nails and broken glass! — Such a constraint, at the Royal dinner-table, amid wine and wit, could not continue. The credible account is, it soon cracked asunder; and, after the conceivable sputterings, sparklings and flashings of various complexion, issued in lambent

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xv. 59-64 (not dated; datable "October, 1752").

airs of "tacit mutual understanding; and in reading of *Akakia* together, — with peals of laughter from the King," as the common French Biographers assert.

"Readers know *Akakia*,"¹ says Smelfungus: "it is one of the famous feats of Satirical Pyrotechny; only too pleasant to the corrupt Race of Adam! There is not much, or indeed anything, of true poetic humor in it: but there is a gayety of malice, a dexterity, felicity, inexhaustibility of laughing mockery and light banter, capable of driving a Perpetual President delirious. What an Explosion of glass-crackers, fire-balls, flaming-serpents; — generally, of sleeping gunpowder, in its most artistic forms, — flaming out sky-high over all the Parish, on a sudden! The almost-sublime of Maupertuis, which exists in large quantities, here is a new artist who knows how to treat it. The engineer of the Sublime (alway painfully engineering hitherward without effect), — an engineer of the Comic steps in on him, blows him up with his own petards in a most unexampled manner. Not an owlery has that poor Maupertuis, in the struggle to be sublime (often nearly successful but never once quite), happened to drop from him, but Voltaire picks it up; manipulates it, reduces it to the sublimely ridiculous; lodges it, in the form of burning dust, about the head of *mon Président*. Needless to say of the Comic engineer that he is unfair, perversely exaggerative, reiterative, on the owleries of poor Maupertuis; — it is his function to be all that. Clever, but wrong, do you say? Well, yes: — and yet the ridiculous does require ridicule; wise Nature has silently so ordered. And if ever truculent President in red wig, with his absurd truculences, tyrannies and perpetual struggles after the sublime, did deserve to be exploded in laughter, it could not have been more consummately done; — though perversely always, as must be owned.

"The hole bored through the Earth,' for instance: really, one sometimes reflects on such a thing; How you would see daylight, and the antipodal gentleman (if he bent a little over) foot to foot; how a little stone flung into it would exactly (but for air and friction) *reach* the other side of the world; would

¹ *Diatribes du Docteur Akakia* (in Voltaire, *Œuvres*, lxi. 19-62)

then, in a computable few moments, come back quiescent to your hand, and so continue forevermore ; — with other the like uneriminal fancies.

“ ‘The Latin Town,’ again: truly, if learning the Ancient Languages be human Education, it might, with a Greek Ditto, supersede the Universities, and prove exeellently serviceable in our struggle Heavenward by that particular route. I can assure M. de Voltaire, it was once practieally proposed to this King’s Great-grandfather, the Grosse Kurfürst ; — who looked into it, with face puekered to the intensest, in his great eare for furtherance of the Terrestrial Sciences and Wisdoms ; but forbore for that time.¹ Then as to ‘Dissecting the Brains of Patagonians ;’ what harm, if you can get them gross enough ? And as to that of ‘exalting your mind to predict the future,’ does not, in fact, man look *before* and *after* ; are not Memory and (in a small degree) Prophecy the Two Faaulties he has ?

“These things — which are mostly to be found in the ‘*Lettres de Maupertuis*’ (Dresden, 1752, then a brand-new Book), but are now clipt out from the Maupertuis Treatises — we can faney to be almost sublimities. Almost, unfortunately not altogether. And then there is such a Sisypheus-effort visible in dragging them aloft so far: and the nimble wicked Voltaire so seizes his moment, trips poor Sisypheus ; and sends him down, heels-over-head, in a torrent of roaring débris ! ‘From gradual transpiration of our vital force comes Death ; which perhaps, by precautions, might be indefinitely retarded,’ says Maupertuis. ‘Yes, truly,’ answers the other : ‘if we got ourselves japanned, eoated with resinous varnish (*induits de poix résineux*) ; who knows !’ Not a sublime owlery can you drop, but it is manipulated, ground down, put in rifled cannon, comes back on you as tempests of burning dust.” Enough to send Maupertuis pirouetting through the world, with red wig unquenchably on fire !

Peals of laughter (once you are allowed to be non-official)

¹ Minute details about it in Stenzel, ii. 234–238 ; who quotes “ Erman ” (a poor old friend of ours) “ *Sur le Projet d’une Ville Savante dans le Brandebourg (Berlin, 1792) :*” date of the Project was 1667.

could not fail, as an ovation, from the King; — so report the French Biographers. But there was, besides, strict promise that the *Picce* should be suppressed: “Never do to send our President pirouetting through the world in this manner, with his wig on fire; promise me, on your honor!” Voltaire promised. But, alas, how could Voltaire perform! Once more the Rhadamanthine fact is: Voltaire, as King’s Chamberlain, was bound, without any promise, to forbear, and rigidly suppress such an *Akakia* against the King’s Perpetual President. But withal let candid readers consider how difficult it was to do. The absurd blustering Turkey-cock, who has, every now and then, been tyrannizing over you for twenty years, here you have him filled with gunpowder, so to speak, and the train laid. There wants but one spark, — (edition printed in Holland, edition done in Berlin, plenty of editions made or makable by a little surreptitious legerdemain, — and I never knew whether it was *Akakia* in print, or *Akakia* in manuscript, that King and King’s Chamberlain were now reading together, nor does it matter much): — your Turkey surreptitiously stuffed with gunpowder, I say; train ready waiting; one flint-spark will shoot him aloft, scatter him as flaming ruin on all the winds: and you are, once and always, to withhold said spark. Perhaps, had *Akakia* not yet been written — But all lies ready there; one spark will do it, at any moment; — and there are unguarded moments, and the Tempter must prevail! —

On what day *Akakia* blazed out at Berlin, surreptitiously forwarded from Holland or otherwise, I could never yet learn (so stupid these reporters). But “on November 2d” the King makes a Visit to sick Maupertuis, which is published in all the Newspapers;¹ — and one might guess the *Akakia* conflagration, and cruel haha-ings of mankind, to have been tacitly the cause. Then or later, sure enough, *Akakia* does blaze aloft about that time; and all Berlin, and all the world, is in conversation over Maupertuis and it, — 30,000 copies sold in Paris: — and Friedrich naturally was in a towering passion at his Chamberlain. Nothing for the Chamberlain but to fly

¹ Rödenbeck, *in die; Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 531, “2d November, 1752, 5 P.M.”

his presence; to shriek, piteously, "Accident, your Majesty! Fatal treachery and accident; after such precautions too!" — and fall sick to death (which is always a resource one has); and get into private lodgings in the *Tauben-Strasse*,¹ till one either die, or grow fit to be seen again: "Ah, Sire" — let us give the Voltaire shriek of *Not-guilty*, with the Friedrich Answer; both dateless unluckily: —

Voltaire. "Ah, mon Dieu, Sire, in the state I am in! I swear to you again, on my life, which I could renounce without pain, that it is a frightful calumny. I conjure you to summon all my people, and confront them. What? You will judge me without hearing me! I demand justice or death."

Friedrich. "Your effrontery astonishes me. After what you have done, and what is clear as day, you persist, instead of owning yourself culpable. Do not imagine you will make people believe that black is white; when one [*on*, meaning *I*] does not see, the reason is, one does not want to see everything. But if you drive the affair to extremity, — all shall be made public; and it will be seen whether, if your Works deserve statues, your conduct does not deserve chains."²

Most dark element (not in date only), with terrific thunder-and-lightning. Nothing for it but to keep one's room, mostly one's bed, — "Ah, Sire, sick to death!"

December 24th, 1752, there is one thing dismally distinct, Voltaire himself looking on (they say), from his windows in Dove Street: the Public Burning of *Akakia*, near there, by the common Hangman. Figure it; and Voltaire's reflections on it: — haggardly clear that Act Third is culminating; and that the final catastrophe is inevitable and nigh. We must be brief. On the eighth day after this dread spectacle (New-year's-day 1753), Voltaire sends, in a Packet to the Palace, his Gold Key and Cross of Merit. On the interior wrappage is an Inscription in verse: "I received them with loving emotion,

¹ At a "Hofrath Francheville's" (kind of subaltern Literary Character, see Denina, ii. 57), "*Tauben-Strasse* (Dove Street), No. 20:" stayed there till "March, 1753" (Note by Preuss, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 306 n.).

² *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 302, 301.

I return them with grief; as a broken-hearted Lover returns the Portrait of his Mistress : —

*Jé les reçus avec tendresse,
Je vous les rends avec douleur ; -
C'est ainsi qu'un amant, dans son extrême ardeur,
Rend le portrait de sa maîtresse."*

And — in a Letter enclosed, tender as the Song of Swans — has one wish : Permission for the waters of Plombières, some alleviations amid kind nursing friends there; and to die craving blessings on your Majesty.¹

Friedrich, though in hot wrath, has not quite come that length. Friedrich, the same day, towards evening, sends Fredersdorf to him, with Decorations back. And a long dialogue ensues between Fredersdorf and Voltaire; in which Collini, not eavesdropping, "heard the voice of M. de Voltaire at times very loud." Precise result unknown. After which, for three months more, follows waiting and hesitation and negotiation, also quite obscure. Confused hithering and thithering about permission for Plombières, about repentance, sorrow, amendment, blame; in the end, reconciliation, or what is to pass for such. Recorded for us in that whirl of misdated Letter-clippings; in those Narratives, ignorant, and pretending to know: perhaps the darkest Section in History, Sacred or Profane, — were it of moment to us, here or elsewhere!

Voltaire has got permission to return to Potsdam; Apartment in the Palace ready again: but he still lingers in Dove Street; too ill, in real truth, for Potsdam society on those new terms. Does not quit Francheville's "till March 5th;" and then only for another Lodging, called "the Belvedere," of suburban or rural kind. His case is intricate to a degree. He is sick of body; spectre-haunted withal, more than ever; — often thinks Friedrich, provoked, will refuse him leave. And, alas, he would so fain *not* go, as well as go! Leave for Plombières, — leave in the angrily contemptuous shape, "Go, then, forever and a day!" — Voltaire can at once have: but to get it in the friendly shape, and as if for a time only? His prospects at Paris, at Versailles, are none of the best; to return

¹ Collini, p. 48; *Letter*, in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 305

as if dismissed will never do ! Would fain not go, withal ; — and has to diplomatize at Potsdam, by D'Argens, De Prades, and at Paris simultaneously, by Richelieu, D'Argenson and friends. He is greatly to be pitied ; — even Friedrich pities him, the martyr of bodily ailments and of spiritual ; and sends him “extract of quinquina” at one time.¹ Three miserable months ; which only an Œdipus could read, and an Œdipus who had nothing else to do ! The issue is well known. Of precise or indisputable, on the road thither, here are fractions that will suffice : —

Voltaire to one Bagieu his Doctor at Paris (“Berlin, 19th December,” 1752, week before his *Akakia* was burnt). . . . “Wish I could set out on the instant, and put myself into your hands and into the arms of my family ! I brought to Berlin about a score of teeth, there remain to me something like six ; I brought two eyes, I have nearly lost one of them ; I brought no erysipelas, and I have got one, which I take a great deal of care of. . . . Meanwhile I have buried almost all my Doctors ; even La Mettrie. Remains only that I bury Codénius [Cothenius], who looks too stiff, however,” — and, at any rate, return to *you* in Spring, when roads and weather improve.²

Friedrich to Voltaire (Potsdam, uncertain date). “There was no need of that pretext about the waters of Plombières, in demanding your leave (*congé*). You can quit my service when you like : but, before going, be so good as return me the Contract of your Engagement, the Key [Chamberlain's], the Cross [of Merit], and the Volume of Verses which I confided to you.

“I wish my Works, and only they, had been what you and König attacked. Them I sacrifice, with a great deal of willingness, to persons who think of increasing their own reputation by lessening that of others. I have not the folly nor vanity of certain Authors. The cabals of literary people seem to me the disgrace of Literature. I do not the less esteem honorable cultivators of Literature ; it is only the caballers and their leaders that are degraded in my eyes. On

¹ Letter of Voltaire's.

² *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxv. 141.

this, I pray God to have you in his holy and worthy keeping. — FRIEDRICH.”¹

Voltaire spectrally given (Collini loquitur). “One evening walking in the garden [at rural Belvedere, — after March 5th], talking of our situation, he asked me, ‘Could you drive a coach-and-two?’ I stared at him a moment; but knowing that there must be no direct contradiction of his ideas, I said ‘Yes.’ — ‘Well, then, listen; I have thought of a method for getting away. You could buy two horses; a chariot after that. So soon as we have horses, it will not appear strange that we lay in a little hay.’ — ‘Yes, Monsieur; and what should we do with that?’ said I. ‘*Le voici* (this is it). We will fill the chariot with hay. In the middle of the hay we will put all our baggage. I will place myself, disguised, on the top of the hay; and give myself out for a Calvinist Curate going to see one of his Daughters married in the next Town. You shall drive: we take the shortest road for the Saxon Border; safe there, we sell chariot, horses, hay; then straight to Leipzig, by post.’ At which point, or soon after, he burst into laughing.”²

Voltaire to Friedrich (“Berlin, Belvedere,” rural lodging,³ “12th March,” 1753). “Sire, I have had a Letter from König, quite open, as my heart is. I think it my duty to send your Majesty a duplicate of my Answer. . . . Will submit to you every step of my conduct; of my whole life, in whatever place I end it. I am König’s friend; but assuredly I am much more attached to your Majesty; and if he were capable the least in the world of failing in respect [as is rumored], I would” — Enough!

Friedrich relents (To Voltaire; De Prades writing, Friedrich covertly dictating: no date). “The King has held his Consistory; and it has there been discussed, Whether your case was

¹ In De Prades’s hand; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii 308, 309: Friedrich’s own Minute to De Prades has, instead of these last three lines: “That I have not the folly and vanity of authors, and that the cabals of literary people seem to me the depth of degradation,” &c.

² Collini, p. 53.

³ “In the *Stralauer Vorstadt* (*hodie*, Woodmarket Street):” Preuss’s Note to this Letter, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 306 n.

a mortal sin or a venial? In truth, all the Doctors owned that it was mortal, and even exceedingly confirmed as such by repeated lapses and relapses. Nevertheless, by the plenitude of the grace of Beelzebub, which rests in the said King, he thinks he can absolve you, if not in whole, yet in part. This would be, of course, in virtue of some act of contrition and penitence imposed on you: but as, in the Empire of Satan, there is a great respect had of genius, I think, on the whole, that, for the sake of your talents, one might pardon a good many things which do discredit to your heart. These are the Sovereign Pontiff's words; which I have carefully taken down. They are a Prophecy rather."¹

Voltaire to De Prades ("Belvedere, 15th March," 1753). "Dear Abbé, — Your style has not appeared to me soft. You are a frank Secretary of State: — nevertheless I give you warning, it is to be a settled point that I embrace you before going. I shall not be able to kiss you; my lips are too choppy from my devil of a disorder [*scurvy*, I hear]. You will easily dispense with my kisses; but don't dispense, I pray you, with my warm and true friendship.

"I own I am in despair at quitting you, and quitting the King; but it is a thing indispensable. Consider with our dear Marquis [D'Argens], with Fredersdorf, — *parbleu*, with the King himself, How you can manage that I have the consolation of seeing him before I go. I absolutely will have it; I will embrace with my two arms the Abbé and the Marquis. The Marquis sha'n't be kissed, any more than you; nor the King either. But I shall perhaps fall blubbing; I am weak, I am a drenched hen. I shall make a foolish figure: never mind; I must, once more, have sight of you two. If I cannot throw myself at the King's feet, the Plombières waters will kill me. I await your answer, to quit this Country as a happy or as a miserable man. Depend on me for life. — V."² — This is the last of these obscure Documents.

Three days after which, "evening of March 18th,"³ Voltaire, Collini with him and all his packages, sets out for Potsdam;

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*. xvii. 307.

² *Ib.* 308.

³ Collini, pp. 55, 56.

King's guest once more. Sees the King in person "after dinner, next day;" stays with him almost a week, "quite gay together," "some private quizzing even of Maupertuis" (if we could believe Collini or his master on that point); means "to return in October, when quite refitted," — does at least (note it, reader), on that ground, retain his Cross and Key, and his Gift of the *Œuvre de Poésies*: which he had much better have left! And finally, morning of March 25th, 1753,¹ drives off, — towards Dresden, where there are Printing Affairs to settle, and which is the nearest safe City; — and Friedrich and he, intending so or not, have seen one another for the last time. Not quite intending that extremity, either of them, I should think; but both aware that living together was a thing to be avoided henceforth.

"Take care of your health, above all; and don't forget that I expect to see you again after the Waters!" such was Friedrich's adieu, say the French Biographers,² "who is himself just going off to the Silesian Reviews," add they; — who does, in reality, drive to Berlin that day; but not to the Silesian Reviews till May following. As Voltaire himself will experience, to his cost!

CHAPTER XII.

OF THE AFTERPIECE, WHICH PROVED STILL MORE TRAGICAL.

VOLTAIRE, once safe on Saxon ground, was in no extreme haste for Plombières. He deliberately settled his Printing Affairs at Dresden; then at Leipzig; — and scattered through Newspapers, or what port-holes he had, various fiery darts against Maupertuis; aggravating the humors in Berlin, and provoking Maupertuis to write him an express Letter. Letter which is too curious, especially the Answer it gets, to be quite omitted: —

¹ Collini, p. 56; see Rüdtenbeck, i. 252.

² Collini, p. 57; Duvernet, p. 186; *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxv. 187 ("will return in October").

Maupertuis to Voltaire (at Leipzig).

"Berlin, 3d April, 1753. If it is true that you design to attack me again [with your *La-Beaumelle* doggeries and scurrilous discussions], I declare to you that I have still health enough to find you wherever you are, and to take the most signal vengeance on you (*vengeance la plus éclatante*). Thank the respect and the obedience which have hitherto restrained my arm, and saved you from the worst adventure you have ever yet had. MAUPERTUIS."

Voltaire's Answer (from Leipzig, a few days after).

"M. LE PRÉSIDENT, — I have had the honor to receive your Letter. You inform me that you are well; that your strength is entirely returned; and that, if I publish *La Beaumelle's* Letter [private Letter of his, lent me by a Friend, which proves that *you* set him against me], you will come and assassinate me. What ingratitude to your poor medical man Akakia! . . . If you exalt your soul so as to discern futurity, you will see that if you come on that errand to Leipzig, where you are no better liked than in other places, and where your Letter is in safe Legal hands, you run some risk of being hanged. Poor me, indeed, you will find in bed; and I shall have nothing for you but my syringe and vessel of dishonor: but so soon as I have gained a little strength, I will have my pistols charged *cum pulvere pyrio*; and multiplying the mass by the square of the velocity, so as to reduce the action and you to zero, I will put some lead in your head; — it appears to have need of it. *Adieu, mon Président.* AKAKIA."¹

Here, in the history of Duelling, or challenges to mortal combat, is a unique article! At which the whole world haha'd again; perhaps King Friedrich himself; though he was dreadfully provoked at it, too: "No mending of that fellow!" — and took a resolution in consequence, as will be seen.

Dresden and Leipzig done with, Voltaire accepted an invitation to the Court of Sachsen-Gotha (most polite Serene

¹ Duvernet, pp. 186, 187; *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxi. 55-60.

Highnesses there, and especially a charming Duchess, — who set him upon doing the *Annales de l'Empire*, decidedly his worst Book). “About April 21st” Voltaire arrived, stayed till the last days of May; ¹ and had, for five weeks, a beautiful time at Gotha; — Wilhelmina’s Daughter there (young Duchess of Würtemberg, on visit, as it chanced), ² and all manner of graces, melodies and beneficences; a little working, too, at the *Annales*, in the big Library, between whiles. Five decidedly melodious weeks. Beautiful interlude, or half-hour of orchestral fiddling in this Voltaire Drama; half-hour which could not last! On the heel of which there unhappily followed an Afterpiece or codicil to the Berlin Visit; which, so to speak, set the whole theatre on fire, and finished by explosion worse than *Akakia* itself. A thing still famous to mankind; — of which some intelligible notion must be left with readers.

The essence of the story is briefly this. Voltaire, by his fine deportment in parting with Friedrich, had been allowed to retain his Decorations, his Letter of Agreement, his Royal *Book of Poesies* (one of those “Twelve Copies,” printed *au Donjon du Château*, in happier times!) — and, in short, to go his ways as a friend, not as a runaway or one dismissed. But now, by his late procedures at Leipzig, and “firings out of port-holes” in that manner, he had awakened Friedrich’s indignation again, — Friedrich’s regret at allowing him to take those articles with him; and produced a resolution in Friedrich to have them back. They are not generally articles of much moment; but as marks of friendship, they are now all falsities. One of the articles might be of frightful importance: that Book of Poesies; thrice-private *Œuvre de Poésies*, in which are satirical spurts affecting more than one crowned head: one shudders to think what fires a spiteful Voltaire might cause by publishing these! This was Friedrich’s idea; — and by no means a chimerical one, as the Fact proved; said *Œuvre* being actually reprinted upon him, at Paris afterwards

¹ *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxv. 182 n. (Clogenson’s Note).

² Wilhelmina-Friedrich Correspondence (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. iii. 258, 249).

(not by Voltaire), in the crisis of the Seven-Years War, to put him out with his Uncle of England, whom it quizzed in passages.¹ "We will have those articles back," thinks Friedrich; "that *Œuvre* most especially! No difficulty: wait for him at Frankfurt, as he passes home; demand them of him there." And has (directly on those new "firings through port-holes" at Leipzig) bidden Fredersdorf take measures accordingly.²

Fredersdorf did so; early in April and onward had his Official Person waiting at Frankfurt (one Freytag, our Prussian Resident there, very celebrated ever since), vigilant in the extreme for Voltaire's arrival,—and who did not miss that event. Voltaire, arriving at last (May 31st), did, with Freytag's hand laid gently on his sleeve, at once give up what of the articles he had about him;—the *Œuvre*, unluckily, not one of them; and agreed to be under mild arrest ("*Parole d'honneur*; in the *Lion-d'Or* Hôtel here!") till said *Œuvre* should come up. Under Fredersdorf's guidance, all this, and what follows; King Friedrich, after the general Order given, had nothing more to do with it, and was gone upon his Reviews.

In the course of two weeks or more the *Œuvre de Poésie* did come. Voltaire was impatient to go. And he might perhaps have at once gone, had Freytag been clearly instructed, so as to know the essential from the unessential here. But he was not;—poor subaltern Freytag had to say, on Voltaire's urgencies: "I will at once report to Berlin; if the answer be (as we hope), 'All right,' you are that moment at liberty!" This was a thing unexpected, astonishing to Voltaire; a thing demanding patience, silence: in three days more, with silence, as turns out, it would have been all beautifully over,—but he was not strong in those qualities!

¹ Title of it is, *Œuvres du Philosophe de Sans-Souci* (Paris, pretending to be "Potsdam," 1760), 1 vol. 12mo: at Paris, "in January" this; whereupon, at Berlin, with despatch, "April 9th," "the real edition" (properly castrated) was sent forth, under title, *Poésies Diverses*, 1 vol. big 8vo (Preuss, in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, x. Preface, p. x. See Formey, ii. 255, under date misprinted "1763").

² "Friedrich to Wilhelmina, 12th April, 1753" (*Œuvres*, xxvii. iii. 227).

Voltaire's arrest hitherto had been merely on his word of honor, "I promise, on my honor, not to go beyond the Garden of this Inn." But he now, without warning anybody, privately revoked said word of honor; and Collini and he, next morning, whisked shiftily into a hackney-coach, and were on the edge of being clear off. To Freytag's terror and horror; who, however, caught them in time: and was rigorous enough now, and loud enough;—street-mob gathering round the transaction; Voltaire very loud, and Freytag too,—the matter taking fire here; and scenes occurring, which Voltaire has painted in a highly flagrant manner!

On the third day, Answer from Berlin had come, as expected; answer (as to the old score): "All right; let him go!" But to punctual Freytag's mind, here is now a new considerable item of sundries: insult to his Majesty, to wit; breaking his Majesty's arrest, in such insolent loud manner:—and Freytag finds that he must write anew. Post is very slow; and, though Fredersdorf answers constantly, from Berlin, "Let him go, let him go," there have to be writings and re-writings; and it is not till July 7th (after a detention, not of nearly three weeks, as it might and would have been, but of five and a day) that Voltaire gets off, and then too at full gallop, and in a very unseemly way.

This is authentically the world-famous Frankfurt Affair;—done by Fredersdorf, as we say; Friedrich, absent in Silesia, or in Preussen even, having no hand in it, except the original Order left with Fredersdorf. Voltaire has used his flamingest colors on this occasion, being indeed dreadfully provoked and chagrined; painting the thing in a very flagrant manner,—known to all readers. Voltaire's flagrant Narrative had the round of the world to itself, for a hundred years; and did its share of execution against Friedrich. Till at length, recently, a precise impartial hand, the Herr Varnhagen, thought of looking into the Archives; and has, in a distinct, minute and entertaining way, explained the truth of it to everybody;—leaving the Voltaire Narrative in rather sad condition.¹ We have little

¹ Varnhagen von Ense, *Voltaire in Frankfurt am Mayn*, 1753 (separate, as here, 12mo, pp. 92; or in *Berliner Kalender* for 1846).

room; but must give, compressed, from Varnhagen and the other evidences, a few of the characteristic points. The story falls into two Parts.

Part I. Fredersdorf sends Instructions; the "Œuvre de Poésie" is got; but —

April 11th, 1753 (few days after that of Maupertuis's Cartel, Voltaire having set to firing through port-holes again, and the King being swift in his resolution on it), Factotum Fredersdorf, who has a free-flowing yet a steady and compact pen, directs Herr Freytag, our Resident at Frankfurt-on-Mayn, To procure from the Authorities there, on Majesty's request, the necessary powers; then vigilantly to look out for Voltaire's arrival; to detain the said Voltaire, and, if necessary, arrest him, till he deliver certain articles belonging to his Majesty: Cross of Merit, Gold Key, printed *Œuvre de Poésies* and Writings (*Skripturen*) of his Majesty's; in short, various articles, — the specification of which is somewhat indistinct. In Fredersdorf's writing, all this; not so mathematically luminous and indisputable as in Eichel's it would have been. Freytag put questions, and there passed several Letters between Fredersdorf and him; but it was always uncomfortably hazy to Freytag, and he never understood or guessed that the *Œuvre de Poésies* was the vital item, and the rest formal in comparison. Which is justly considered to have been an unlucky circumstance, as matters turned. For help to himself, Freytag is to take counsel with one Hofrath Schmidt; a substantial experienced Burgher of Frankfurt, whose rathship is Prussian.

April 21st, Freytag answers, That Schmidt and he received his Majesty's All-gracious Orders the day before yesterday (Post takes eight days, it would seem); that they have procured the necessary powers; and are now, and will be, diligently watchful to execute the same. Which, one must say, they in right earnest are; patrolling about, with lips strictly closed, eyes vividly open; and have a man or two privately on watch at the likely stations, on the possible highways; — and so continue, Voltaire doing his *Annals of the Empire*, and

enjoying himself at Gotha, for weeks after,¹ — much unconscious of their patrolling.

Freytag is in no respect a shining Diplomatist; — probably some *Emeritus* Lieutenant, doing his function for £30 a year: but does it in a practical solid manner. Writes with stiff brevity, stiff but distinct; with perfect observance of grammar both in French and German; with good practical sense, and faithful effort to do aright what his order is: no trace of “*Monsir*,” of “*Œuvre de Poésie*,” to be found in Freytag; and most, or all, of the ridiculous burs stuck on him by Voltaire, are to be pulled off again as — as fibs, or fictions, solacing to the afflicted Wit. Freytag is not of quick or bright intellect: and unluckily, just at the crisis of Voltaire’s actual arrival, both Schmidt and Fredersdorf are off to Embden, where there is “Grand Meeting of the Embden Shipping Company” (with comfortable dividends, let us hope), — and have left Freytag to his own resources, in case of emergency.

Thursday, May 31st, “about eight in the evening,” Voltaire does arrive, — most prosperous journey hitherto, by Cassel, Marburg, Warburg, and other places famous then or since; Landgraf of Hessen (wise Wilhelm, whom we knew) honorably lodging him; innkeepers calling him “Your Excellency,” or “M. le Comte;” — and puts up at the Golden Lion at Frankfurt, where rooms have been ordered; Freytag well aware, though he says nothing.

Friday morning, June 1st, “his Excellency and Suite” (Voltaire and Collini) have their horses harnessed, carriage out, and are about taking the road again, — when Freytag, escorted by a Dr. Rücker, “Frankfurt Magistrate *de mauvaise mine*,”² and a Prussian recruiting Lieutenant, presents himself in Voltaire’s apartment! Readers know Voltaire’s account and *Monsir* Collini’s; and may now hear Freytag’s own, which is painted from fact: —

“Introductory civilities done (*nach gemachten Politessen*), I made him acquainted with the will of your most All-gracious Majesty. He was much astonished (*bestürzt*,” no wonder);

¹ “Left Gotha 25th May” (Clog. in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, xxv. 192 n.).

² Collini, p. 77

"he shut his eyes, and flung himself back in his chair."¹ Calls in his friend Collini, whom, at first, I had requested to withdraw. Two coffers are produced, and opened, by Collini; visitation, punctual, long and painful, lasted from nine A.M. till five P.M. Packets are made,—a great many Papers, "and one Poem which he was unwilling to quit" (perilous *La Pucelle*);—inventories are drawn, duly signed. Packets are signeted, mutually sealed, Rücker claps on the Town-seal first, Freytag and Voltaire following with theirs. "He made thousand protestations of his fidelity to your Majesty; became pretty weak [like fainting, think you, Herr Resident?], and indeed he looks like a skeleton.—We then made demand of the Book, *Œuvre de Poésies*: That, he said, was in the Big Case; and he knew not whether at Leipzig or Hamburg" (knew very well where it was); and finding nothing else would do, wrote for it, showing Freytag the Letter; and engaged, on his word of honor, not to stir hence till it arrived.

Upon which,—what is farther to be noted, though all seems now settled,—Freytag, at Voltaire's earnest entreaty, "for behoof of Madame Denis, a beloved Niece, Monsieur, who is waiting for me hourly at Strasburg, whom such fright might be the death of!"—puts on paper a few words (the few which Voltaire has twisted into "*Monsir*," "*Poésies*" and so forth), to the effect, "That whenever the *Œuvre* comes, Voltaire shall actually have leave to go." And so, after eight hours' labor (nine A.M. to five P.M.), everything is hushed again. Voltaire, much shocked and astonished, poor soul, "sits quietly down to his *Annales*" (says Collini),—to working, more or less; a resource he often flies to, in such cases. Madame Denis, on receiving his bad news at Strasburg, sets off towards him: arrives some days before the *Œuvre* and its Big Case. King Friedrich had gone, May 1st, for some weeks, to his Silesian Reviews; June 1st (very day of this great sorting in the Lion d'Or), he is off again, to utmost Prussia this time;—and knows, hitherto and till quite the end, nothing, except that Voltaire has not turned up anywhere.

... Voltaire cannot have done much at his *Annals*, in this

¹ Varnhagen, p. 16.

interim at the Golden Lion, "where he has liberty to walk in the Garden." He has been, and is, seeretly corresponding, eomplaining and applying, all round, at a great rate: to Count Stadion the Imperial Exeelleney at Mainz, to French friends, to Princess Wilhelmina, ultimately to Friedrich himself.¹ He has been reeeiving visits, from Serene Highnesses, "Duke of Meiningen" and the like, who happen to be in Town. Visit from iniquitous Dutelh Bookseller, Van Duren (Printer of the *Anti-Machiavel*); with whom we had sueh eontrovery once. Iniquitous, now opulent and prosperous, Van Duren, happening to be here, will have the pleasure of ealling on an old distinguished friend: distinguished friend, at sight of him entering the Garden, steps hastily up, gives him a box on the ear, without words but an interjection or two; and vanishes within doors. That is something! "Monsieur," said Collini, striving to weep, but unable, "you have had a blow from the greatest man in the world."² In short, Voltaire has been exciting great sensation in Frankfurt; and keeping Freytag in perpetual fear and trouble.

Monday, 18th June, the Big Case, lumbering along, does arrive. It is earrried straight to Freytag's; and at eleven in the morning, Collini eagerly attends to have it opened. Freytag, — to whom Schmidt has returned from Embden, but no Answer from Potsdam, or the least light about those *Skripturen*, — is in the depths of embarrassment; cannot open, till he know eompletely what items and *Skripturen* he is to make sure of on opening: "I eannot, till the King's answer come!" — "But your written promise to Voltaire?" "Tush, that was my own private promise, Monsieur; my own private predietion of what would happen; a thing *pro formâ*, and to save Madame Denis's life. Patience; perhaps it will arrive this very day. Come again to me at three p.m.; — there is Berlin

¹ In *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxv. 207–214, &c., Letters to Stadion (of strange enough tenor: see Varnhagen, pp. 30, &c.). In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 303, and in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxv. 185, is the Letter to Friedrich (dateless, totally misplaced, and rendered unintelligible, in both Works): Letter sent through Wilhelmina (see her fine remarks in forwarding it, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. iii. 234).

² Collini, p. 182.

post to-day; then again in three days:—I surely expect the Order will come by this post or next; God grant it may be by this!" Collini attends at three; there is Note from Friedersdorf: King's Majesty absent in Preussen all this while; expected now in two days. Freytag's face visibly brightens: "Wait till next post; three days more, only wait!"¹ And in fact, by next post, as we find, the *Open-Sesame* did punctually come. Voltaire, and all this big cawing rookery of miseries and rages, would have at once taken wing again, into the serene blue, could Voltaire but have had patience three days more! But that was difficult for him, too Difficult.

Part II. Voltaire, in spite of his efforts, does get away
(June 20th-July 7th).

Wednesday, June 20th, Voltaire and Collini ("word of honor" fallen dubious to them, dubious or more),—having laid their plan, striving to think it fair in the circumstances,—walk out from the Lion d'Or, "Voltaire in black-velvet coat,"² with their valuablest effects (*La Pucelle* and money-box included); leaving Madame Denis to wait the disimprisonment of *Œuvre de Poésie*, and wind up the general business. Walk out, very gingerly,—duck into a hackney-coach; and attempt to escape by the Mainz Gate! Freytag's spy runs breathless with the news; never was a Freytag in such taking. Terrified Freytag has to "throw on his coat;" order out three men to gallop by various routes; jump into some Excellency's coach (kind Excellency lent it), which is luckily standing yoked near by; and shoot with the velocity of life and death towards Mainz Gate. Voltaire, whom the well-affected Porter, suspecting something, has rather been retarding, is still there: "Arrested, in the King's name!"—and there is such a scene! For Freytag, too, is now raging, ignited by such percussion of the terrors; and speaks, not like what they call "a learned sergeant," but like a drilled sergeant in heat of battle: Voltaire's tongue, also, and Collini's,—"Your Excellenz never heard such brazen-faced lies thrown on a man; that I had offered, for 1,000 thalers, to let them go; that I had"—In

¹ Varnhagen, pp. 39-41.

² *Ib.* p. 46.

short, the thing has caught fire; broken into flaming chaos come again.

"Freytag [to give one snatch from Collini's side] got into the carriage along with us, and led us, in this way, across the mob of people to Schmidt's [to see what was to be done with us]. Sentries were put at the gate to keep out the mob; we are led into a kind of counting-room; clerk, maid- and man-servants are about; Madam Schmidt passes before Voltaire with a disdainful air, to listen to Freytag, recounting," in the tone not of a *learned* sergeant, what the matter is. They seize our effects; under violent protest, worse than vain. "Voltaire demands to have at least his snuffbox, cannot do without snuff; they answer, 'It is usual to take everything.'

"His," Voltaire's, "eyes were sparkling with fury; from time to time he lifted them on mine, as if to interrogate me. All on a sudden, noticing a door half open, he dashes through it, and is out. Madam Schmidt forms her squad, shopmen and three maid-servants; and, at their head, rushes after. 'What?' cries he, 'cannot I be allowed to — to vomit, then?'" They form circle round him, till he do it; call out Collini, who finds him "bent down, with his fingers in his throat, attempting to vomit; and is terrified; '*Mon Dieu*, are you ill, then?' He answered in a low voice, tears in his eyes, '*Fingo, fingo* (I pretend,'" and Collini leads him back, *re infectâ*. "The Author of the *Henriade* and *Mérope*; what a spectacle!¹ . . . Not for two hours had they done with their writings and arrangings. Our portfolios and *cassette* (money-box) were thrown into an empty trunk [what else could they be thrown into?] — which was locked with a padlock, and sealed with a paper, Voltaire's arms on the one end, and Schmidt's cipher on the other. Dorn, Freytag's Clerk, was bidden lead us away. Sign of the *Bouc*" (or *Billy-Goat*; there henceforth; *Lion d'Or* refusing to be concerned with us farther); twelve soldiers; Madame Denis with curtains of bayonets, — and other well-known fragrances. . . . The 7th of July, Voltaire did actually go; and then in an extreme hurry, — by his own blame, again.

These final passages we touch only in the lump; Voltaire's

¹ Collini, pp. 81, 86.

own Narrative of these being so copious, flamingly impressive, and still known to everybody. How much better for Voltaire and us, had nobody ever known it; had it never been written; had the poor hubbub, no better than a chance street-riot all of it, after amusing old Frankfurt for a while, been left to drop into the gutters forever! To Voltaire and various others (me and my poor readers included), that was the desirable thing.

Had there but been, among one's resources, a little patience and practical candor, instead of all that vituperative eloquence and power of tragi-comic description! Nay, in that case, this wretched street-riot hubbub need not have been at all. Truly M. de Voltaire had a talent for speech, but lamentably wanted that of silence! — We have now only the sad duty of pointing out the principal mendacities contained in M. de Voltaire's world-famous Account (for the other side has been heard since that); and so of quitting a painful business. The principal mendacities — deducting all that about "*Poéshie*," and the like, which we will define as poetic fiction — are: —

1°. That of the considerable files of soldiers (almost a Company of Musketeers, one would think) stuck up round M. de Voltaire and Party, in *The Billy-Goat*; Madame Denis's bed-curtains being a screen of bayonets, and the like. The exact number of soldiers I cannot learn: "a *Schildwache* of the Town-guard [means one; surely does not mean Four?] for each prisoner," reports the arithmetical Freytag; which, in the extreme case, would have been twelve in whole (as Collini gives it); and "next day we reduced them to two," says Freytag.

2°. That of the otherwise frightful night Madame Denis had; "the fellow Dorn [Freytag's Clerk, a poor, hard-worked frugal creature, with frugal wife and family not far off] insisting to sit in the Lady's bedroom; there emptying bottle after bottle; nay at last [as Voltaire bethinks him, after a few days] threatening to" — Plainly to *excel* all belief! A thing not to be spoken of publicly: indeed, what Lady could speak of it at all, except in hints to an Uncle of advanced years? — Proved fact being, that Madame Denis, all in a flutter, that first night at *The Billy-Goat*, had engaged Dorn, "for a louis-d'or,"

to sit in her bedroom ; and did actually pay him a louis-d'or for doing so ! This is very bad mendacity ; clearly conscious on M. de Voltaire's part, and even constructed by degrees.

3°. Very bad also is that of the moneys stolen from him by those Official people. M. de Voltaire knows well enough how he failed to get his moneys, and quitted Frankfurt in a hurry ! Here, inexorably certain from the Documents, and testimonies on both parts, is that final Passage of the long Fire-work : last crackle of the rocket before it dropped perpendicular : —

July 6th, complete *Open-Sesame* having come, Freytag and Schmidt duly invited Voltaire to be present at the opening of seals (his and theirs), and to have his moneys and effects returned from that “old trunk” he speaks of. But Voltaire had by this time taken a higher flight. *July 6th*, Voltaire was protesting before Notaries, about the unheard-of violence done him, the signal reparations due ; and disdained, for the moment, to concern himself with moneys or opening of seals : “Seals, moneys ? Ye atrocious Highwaymen !”

Upon which, they sent poor Dorn with the sealed trunk *in corpore*, to have it opened by Voltaire himself. Collini, in *The Billy-Goat*, next morning (*July 7th*), says, he (Collini) had just loaded two journey-pistols, part of the usual carriage-furniture, and they lay on the table. At sight of poor Dorn darkening his chamber-door, Voltaire, the prey of various flurries and high-flown vehemences, snatched one of the pistols (“pistol without powder, without flint, without lock,” says Voltaire ; “efficient pistol just loaded,” testifies Collini) ; — snatched said pistol ; and clicking it to the cock, plunged Dornward, with furious exclamations : not quite unlikely to have shot Dorn (in the fleshy parts), — had not Collini hurriedly struck up his hand, “*Mon Dieu, Monsieur !*” and Dorn, with trunk, instantly vanished. Dorn, naturally, ran to a Lawyer. Voltaire, dreading Trial for intended Homicide, instantly gathered himself ; and shot away, self and *Pucelle* with Collini, clear off ; — leaving Niece Denis, leaving moneys and other things, to wait till to-morrow, and settle as they could.

After due lapse of days, in the due legal manner, the Trunk was opened ; “the £19 of expenses” (£19 and odd shillings,

not £100 or more, as Voltaire variously gives it) was accurately taken from it by Schmidt and Freytag, to be paid where due, — (in exact liquidation, “Landlord of *The Billy-Goat*” so much, “Hackney-Coachmen, Riding Constables sent in chase,” so much, as per bill) ; — and the rest, £76 10s. was punctually locked up again, till Voltaire should apply for it. “Send it after him,” Friedrich answered, when inquired of ; “send it after him ; but not [reflects he] unless there is somebody to take his Receipt for it,” — our gentleman being the man he is. Which case, or any application from Voltaire, never turned up. “Robbed by those highwaymen of Prussian Agents !” exclaimed Voltaire everywhere, instead of applying. Never applied ; nor ever forgot. Would fain have engaged Collini to apply, — especially when the French Armies had got into Frankfurt, — but Collini did not see his way.¹

So that, except as consolatory scolding-stock for the rest of his life, Voltaire got nothing of his £76 10s., “with jewels and snuffbox,” always lying ready in the Trunk for him. And it had, I suppose, at the long last, to go by *Right of Windfall* to somebody or other : — unless, perhaps, it still lie, overwhelmed under dust and lumber, in the garrets of the old Rathhaus yonder, waiting for a legal owner ? What became of it, no man knows ; but that no do it of it ever went Freytag’s or King Friedrich’s way, is abundantly evident. On the whole, what an entertaining Narrative is that of Voltaire’s ; but what a pity he had ever written it !

This was the finishing Catastrophe, tragical exceedingly ; which went loud-sounding through the world, and still goes, — the more is the pity. Catastrophe due throughout to three causes : *First*, That Fredersdorf, not Eichel, wrote the Order ; and introduced the indefinite phrase *Skripturen*, instead of sticking by the *Œuvre de Poésies*, the one essential point. *Second*, That Freytag was of heavy pipe-clay nature. *Third*, That Voltaire was of impatient explosive nature ; and, in

¹ Three Letters to Collini on the subject (January-May, 1759), *Collini*, pp. 208-211

June-July, 1753.

calamities, was wont, not to be silent and consider, but to lift up his voice (having such a voice), and with passionate melody appeal to the Universe, and do worse, by way of helping himself! —

“The poor Voltaire, after all!” ejaculates Smelfungus. “Lean, of no health, but melodious extremely (in a shallow sense); and truly very lonely, old and weak, in this world. What an end to Visit Fifth; began in Olympus, terminates in the Lock-up! His conduct, except in the Jew Case, has nothing of bad, at least of unprovokedly bad. ‘Lost my teeth,’ said he, when things were at zenith. ‘Thought I should never weep again,’ — now when they are at nadir. A sore blow to one’s Vanity, in presence of assembled mankind; and made still more poignant by noises of one’s own adding. France forbidden to him [by expressive signallings]; miraculous Goshen of Prussia shut: ‘these old eyes, which I thought would continue dry till they closed forever, were streaming in tears;’ ”¹ — but soon brightened up again: Courage!

How Voltaire now wanders about for several years, doing his *Annales*, and other Works; now visiting Lyon City (which is all in *gaudeamus* round him, though Cardinal Tencin does decline him as dinner-guest); now lodging with Dom Calmet in the Abbey of Senones (ultimately in one’s own first-floor, in Colmar near by), digging, in Calmet’s Benedictine Libraries, stuff for his *Annales*; — wandering about (chiefly in Elsass, latterly on the Swiss Border), till he find rest for the sole of his foot:² all this may be known to readers; and we must say nothing of it. Except only that, next year, in his tent, or hired lodgings at Colmar, the Angels visited him (Abraham-like, after a sort). Namely, that one evening (late in October, 1754), a knock came to his door, “Her Serene Highness of Baireuth wishes to

¹ Letter from “Mainz, 9th July,” third day of rout or flight; To Niece Denis, left behind (*Œuvres*, lxxv. 220).

² Purchased *Les Délices* (The Delights), as he named it, a glorious Summer Residence, on the Lake, near Geneva (supplemented by a Winter ditto, *Monrion*, near Lausanne), “in February, 1755” (*Œuvres*, xvii. 243 n.); — then purchased *Ferney*, not far off, “in October, 1758;” and continued there, still more glorious, for almost twenty years thenceforth (ib. lxxvii. 398, xxxix. 307: thank the exact “Clog,” for both these Notes).

see you, at the Inn over there!" "Inn, Baireuth, say you? Heavens, what?" — Or, to take it in the prose form: —

"January 26th, 1753, about eight P.M. [while Voltaire sat desolate in Francheville's, far away], the Palace at Baireuth, — Margraf with candle at an open window, and gauze curtains near — had caught fire; inexorably flamed up, and burnt itself to ashes, it and other fine edifices adjoining.¹ Wilhelmina is always very ill in health; they are now rebuilding their Palace: Margraf has suggested, 'Why not try Montpellier; let us have a winter there!' On that errand they are (end of October, 1754) got the length of Colmar; and do the Voltaire miracle in passing. Very charming to the poor man, in his rustication here.

"'Eight hours in a piece, with the Sister of the King of Prussia,' writes he: think of that, my friends! 'She loaded me with bounties; made me a most beautiful present. Insisted to see my Niece; would have me go with them to Montpellier.'² Other interviews and meetings they had, there and farther on: Voltaire tried for the Montpellier; but could not.³ Wilhelmina wintered at Montpellier, without Voltaire ('Thank your stars!' writes Friedrich to her. The Friedrich-Wilhelmina *Letters* are at their best during this Journey; here unfortunately very few).⁴ Winter done, Wilhelmina went still South, to Italy, to Naples, back by Venice: — at Naples, undergoing the Grotto del Cane and neighborhood, Wilhelmina plucked a Sprig of Laurel from Virgil's Grave, and sent it to her Brother in the prettiest manner; — is home at Baireuth, new Palace ready, August, 1755."

These points, hurriedly put down, careful readers will mark, and perhaps try to keep in mind. Wilhelmina's Tourings are not without interest to her friends. Of her Voltaire acquaintanceship, especially, we shall hear again. 'With Vol-

¹ Holle, *Stadt Bayreuth* (Bayreuth, 1833), p. 178.

² Letters (in *Œuvres*, lxxv. 450, 452), "Colmar, 23d October, &c. 1754."

³ Wrote to Friedrich about it (one of his first Letters after the Explosion), applying to Friedrich "for a Passport" or Letter of Protection; which Friedrich answers by De Prades, openly laughing at it (*Œuvres*, xxiii. 6).

⁴ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. iii. 248-273 (September, 1754, and onwards)

taire, Friedrich himself had no farther Correspondence, or as good as none, for four years and more. What Voltaire writes to him (with Gifts of Books and the like, in the tenderest regretful pathetically *cooing* tone, enough to mollify rocks), Friedrich usually answers by De Prades, if at all, — in a quite discouraging manner. In the end of 1757, on what hint we shall see, the Correspondence recommenced, and did not cease again so long as they both lived.

Voltaire at Potsdam is a failure, then. Nothing to be made of that. Law is reformed; Embden has its Shipping Companies; Industry flourishes: but as to the Trismegistus of the Muses coming to our Hearth —! Some Eight of Friedrich's years were filled by these Three grand Heads of Effort; perfect Peace in all his borders: and in 1753 we see how the celestial one of them has gone to wreck. "Understand at last, your Majesty, that there is no Muses'-Heaven possible on Telluric terms; and cast that notion out of your head!"

Friedrich does cast it out, more and more, henceforth, — "*Ach, mein lieber Sulzer*, what *was* your knowledge, then, of that damned race?" Casts it out, we perceive, — and in a handsome silently stoical way. Cherishing no wrath in his heart against any poor devil; still, in some sort, loving this and the other of them; Chasot, Algarotti, Voltaire even, who have gone from him, too weak for the place: "Too weak, alas, yes; and I, was I wise to try them, then?" With a fine humanity, new hope inextinguishably welling up; really with a loyalty, a modesty, a cheery brother manhood unexpected by readers.

Eight of the Eleven Peace Years are gone in these courses. The next three, still silent and smooth to the outward eye, were defaced by subterranean mutterings, electric heralds of coming storm. "Meaning battle and wrestle again?" thinks Friedrich, listening intent. A far other than welcome message to Friedrich. A message ominous; thrice unwelcome, not to say terrible. Requires to be scanned with all one's faculty; to be interpreted; to be obeyed, in spite of one's reluctances and lazinesses. To plunge again into the Mahl-

strom, into the clash of Chaos, and dive for one's Silesia, the third time;—horrible to lazy human nature: but if the facts are so, it must be done!—

CHAPTER XIII.

ROMISH-KING QUESTION; ENGLISH-PRIVATEER QUESTION.

THE public Events so called, which have been occupying mankind during this Voltaire Visit, require now mainly to be forgotten;—and may, for our purposes, be conveniently riddled down to Three. *First*, King-of-the-Romans Question; *Second*, English-Privateer Question; and then, hanging curiously related to these Two, a *Third*, or “English-French Canada Question.” Of some importance all of them; extremely important to Friedrich, especially that Third and least expected of them.

Witty Hanbury Williams, the English Excellency at Berlin, busy intriguing little creature, became distasteful there, long since; and they had to take him away: “recalled,” say the Documents, “22d January, 1751.” Upon which, no doubt, he made a noise in Downing Street; and got, it appears, “re-credentials to Berlin, 4th March, 1751;”¹ but I think did not much reside, nor intend to reside; having all manner of wandering Continental duties to do; and a world of petty businesses and wide-spread intrigues, Russian, German and other, on hand. Robinson, too, is now home; returned, 1748 (Treaty of Aix in his pocket); and an Excellency Keith, more and more famous henceforth, has succeeded him in that Austrian post. Busy people, these and others; now legationing in Foreign parts: able in their way; but whose work proved to be that of spinning ropes from sand, and must not detain us at this time.

The errand of all these Britannic Excellencies is upon a notable scheme, which Royal George and his Newcastle have

¹ Manuscript *List* in State-Paper Office.

devised, Of getting all made tight, and the Peace of Aix double-riveted, so to speak, and rendered secure against every contingency, — by having Archduke Joseph at once elected “King of the Romans.” King of the Romans straightway; whereby he follows at once as Kaiser, should his Father die; and is liable to no French or other intriguing; and we have taken a bond of Fate that the Balance cannot be canted again. Excellent scheme, think both these heads; and are stirring Germany with all their might, purse in hand, to co-operate, and do it. Inconceivable what trouble these prescient minds are at, on this uncertain matter. It was Britannic Majesty’s and Newcastle’s main problem in this world, for perhaps four years (1749-1753): — “My own child,” as a fond Noodle of Newcastle used to call it; though I rather think it was the other that begot the wretched object, but had tired sooner of nursing it under difficulties.

Unhappily there needs unanimity of all the Nine Electors. The poorer you can buy; “Bavarian Subsidy,” or annual pension, is only £45,000, for this invaluable object; Köln is only — a mere trifle: ¹ trifles all, in comparison of the sacred Balance, and dear Hanover kept scathless. But unfortunately Friedrich, whom we must not think of buying, is not enthusiastic in the cause! Far from it. The now Kaiser has never yet got him, according to bargain, a Reichs-Guarantee for the Peace of Dresden; and needs endless flagitating to do it.² The chase of security and aggrandizement to the House of Austria is by no means Friedrich’s chief aim! This of King of the Romans never could be managed by Britannic Majesty and his Newcastle.

It was very triumphant, and I think at its hopefulest, in 1750, soon after starting, — when Exeelleney Hanbury first appeared at Berlin on behalf of it. That was Excellency Han-

¹ Debate on “Bavarian Subsidy” (in Walpole, *George the Second*, i. 49): endless Correspondence between Newcastle and his Brother (curious to read, though of the most long-eared description on the Duke’s part), in Coxe’s *Pelham* ii. 338-465 (“31st May, 1750-3d November, 1752”): precise Account (if anybody now wanted it), in *Adelung*, vii. 146, 149, 154, et seq.

² Does it, at length, by way of furtherance to this Romish-King Business, “23d January-14th May, 1751” (*Adelung*, vii. 217).

bury's first journey on this errand; and he made a great many more, no man readier; a stirring, intriguing creature (and always with such moneys to distribute); had victorious hopes now and then, — which one and all proved fatuous.¹ In 1751 and 1752, the darling Project met cross tides, foul winds, political whirlpools ("Such a set are those German Princes!") — and swam, indomitable, though near desperate, as Project seldom did; till happily, in 1753, it sank drowned: — and left his Grace of Newcastle asking, "Well-a-day! And is not England drowned too?" We hope not.

"Owing mainly to Friedrich's opposition!" exclaimed Noodle and the Political Circles. Which — (though it was not the fact; Friedrich's opposition, once that Reichs-Guarantee of his own was got, being mostly passive, "Push it through the stolid element, then, *you* stolid fellows, if you can!") — awoke considerable outcry in England. Lively suspicion there, of treasonous intentions to the Cause of Liberty, on his Prussian Majesty's part; and — coupled with other causes that had risen — a great deal of ill-nature, in very dark condition, against his Prussian Majesty. And it was not Friedrich's blame, chiefly or at all. If indeed Friedrich would have forwarded the Enterprise: — but he merely did not; and the element was viscous, stolid. Austria itself had wished the thing; but with nothing like such enthusiasm as King George; — to whom the refusal, by Friedrich and Fate, was a bitter disappointment. Poor Britannic Majesty: Archduke Joseph came to be King of the Romans, in due course, right enough. And long before that event (almost before George had ended his vain effort to hasten it), Austria turned on its pivot; and had clasped, not England to its bosom, but France (thanks to that exquisite Kaunitz); and was in arms *against* England, dear Hanover, and the Cause of Liberty! Vain to look too far ahead, — especially with those fish-eyes. Smelfungus has a Note on Kaunitz; readable, though far too irreverent of that

¹ "June, 1750," Hanbury for Berlin (Britannic Majesty much anxious Hanbury were there): Hanbury to Warsaw next (hiring Polish Majesty there); at Dresden, does make victorious Treaty, September, 1751; at Vienna, 1753 (still on the same quest). Coxe's *Pelham*, ii. 339, 196, 469.

superlative Diplomatist, and unjust to the real human merits he had.

“The struggles of Britannic George to get a King of the Romans elected were many. Friedrich never would bite at this salutary scheme for strengthening the House of Austria: ‘A bad man, is not he?’ And all the while, the Court of Austria seemed indifferent, in comparison;—and Graf von Kaunitz-Rietberg, Ambassador at Paris, was secretly busy, wheeling Austria round on its axis, France round on its; and bringing them to embrace in political wedlock! Feat accomplished by his Excellency Kaunitz (Paris, 1752-1753);—accomplished, not consummated; left ready for consummating when he, Kaunitz, now home as Prime Minister, or helmsman on the new tack, should give signal. Thought to be one of the cleverest feats ever done by Diplomatic art.

“Admirable feat, for the Diplomatic art which it needed; not, that I can see, for any other property it had. Feat which brought, as it was intended to do, a Third Silesian War; death of about a million fighting men, and endless woes to France and Austria in particular. An exquisite Diplomatist this Kaunitz; came to be Prince, almost to be God-Brahma in Austria, and to rule the Heavens and Earth (having skill with his Sovereign Lady, too), in an exquisite and truly surprising manner. Sits there sublime, like a gilt crockery Idol, supreme over the populations, for near forty years.

“One reads all Biographies and Histories of Kaunitz:¹ one catches evidence of his well knowing his Diplomatic element, and how to rule it and impose on it. Traits there are of human cunning, shrewdness of eye;—of the loftiest silent human pride, stoicism, perseverance of determination,—but not, to my remembrance, of any conspicuous human wisdom whatever. One asks, Where is his wisdom? Enumerate, then, do me the pleasure of enumerating, What he contrived that the Heavens answered Yes to, and not No to? All silent! A man to give one thoughts. Sits like a God-Brahma, human idol of gilt crockery, with nothing in the belly of it (but a portion of boiled chicken daily, very ill-

¹ Hormayr's (in *Österreichischer Plutarch*, iv. 3tes, 231-283); &c. &c.

digested); and such a prostrate worship, from those around him, as was hardly seen elsewhere. Grave, inwardly unhappy-looking; but impenetrable, uncomplaining. Seems to have passed privately an Act of Parliament: 'Kaunitz-Rietberg here, as you see him, is the greatest now alive; he, I privately assure you!'—and, by continued private determination, to have got all men about him to ratify the same, and accept it as valid. Much can be done in that way with stupidish populations; nor is Beau Brummel the only instance of it, among ourselves, in the later epochs.

"Kaunitz is a man of long hollow face, nose naturally rather turned into the air, till artificially it got altogether turned thither. Rode beautifully; but always under cover; day by day, under glass roof in the riding-school, so many hours or minutes, watch in hand. Hated, or dreaded, fresh air above everything: so that the Kaiserinn, a noble lover of it, would always good-humoredly hasten to shut her windows when he made her a visit. Sumptuous suppers, soirées, he had; the pink of Nature assembling in his house; galaxy, domestic and foreign, of all the Vienna Stars. Through which he would walk one turn; glancing stoically, over his nose, at the circumambient whirlpool of nothings,—happy the nothing to whom he would deign a word, and make him something. O my friends!—In short, it was he who turned Austria on its axis, and France on its, and brought them to the kissing pitch. Pompadour and Maria Theresa kissing mutually, like Righteousness and—not *Peace*, at any rate! '*Ma chère Cousine*,' could I have believed it, at one time?"

A *Second* Prussian-English cause of offence had arisen. years ago, and was not yet settled; nay is now (Spring, 1753) at its height or crisis: Offence in regard to English Privateering.

Friedrich, ever since Ost-Friesland was his, has a considerable Foreign Trade,—not as formerly from Stettin alone, into the Baltic Russian ports; but from Embden now, which looks out into the Atlantic and the general waters of Europe and the World. About which he is abundantly careful, as we have seen. Anxious to go on good grounds in this matter, and be accurately neutral, and observant of the Maritime Laws, he

had, in 1744, directly after coming to possession of Ost-Friesland, instructed Exzelleney Andrié, his Minister in London, to apply at the fountain-head, and expressly ask of my Lord Carteret: "Are hemp; flax, timber contraband?" "No," answered Carteret; Andrié reported, No. And on this basis they acted, satisfactorily, for above a year. But, in October, 1745, the English began violently to take *planks* for contraband; and went on so, and ever worse, till the end of the War.¹ Exzelleney Andrié has gone home; and a Secretary of Legation, Herr Michel, is now here in his stead:—a good few dreary old Pamphlets of Michel's publishing (official Declaration, official Arguments, Documents, in French and English, 4to and 8vo, on this extinct subject), if you go deep into the dust-bins, can be disinterred here to this day. Tread lightly, touching only the chief summits. The Haggle stretches through five years, 1748-1753, — and then at last ceases *hagglings*: —

"*January 8th*, 1748 [War still on foot, but near ending] Michel applies about injuries, about various troubles and unjust seizures of ships; Secretary Chesterfield answers, 'We have an Admiralty Court; beyond question, right shall be done.' 'Would it were soon, then!' hints Michel. Chesterfield, who is otherwise politeness itself, confidently hopes so; but cannot push Judicial people.

"*February*, 1748. Admiralty being still silent, Michel applies by Memorial, in a specific case: 'Two Stettin Ships, laden with wine from Bordeaux, and a third vessel,' of some other Prussian port, laden with corn; taken in Ramsgate Roads, whither they had been driven by storm: 'Give me these Ships back!' Memorial to his Grace of Newcastle, this. Upon which the Admiralty sits; with deliberation, decides (June, 1748), 'Yes!' And 'there is hope that a Treaty of Commerce will follow;' ² which was far from being the issue just yet!

"On the contrary, his Prussian Majesty's Merchants, perhaps encouraged by this piece of British justice, came forward with more and ever more complaints and instances. To winnow the strictly true out of which, from the half-true or not

¹ Adelung, vii. 334.

² *Gentleman's Magazine*, xviii. (for 1748), pp. 64, 141

provable, his Prussian Majesty has appointed a 'Commission,' fit people, and under strict charges, I can believe, "Commission takes (to Friedrich's own knowledge) a great deal of pains; — and it does not want for clean corn, after all its winnowing. Plenty of facts, which can be insisted on as indisputable. 'Such and such Merchant Ships [Schedules of them given in, with every particular, time, name, cargo, value] have been laid hold of on the Ocean Highway, and carried into English Ports; — out of which his Prussian Majesty has, in all Friendliness, to beg that they be now re-delivered, and justice done.' 'Contraband of War,' answer the English; 'sorry to have given your Majesty the least uneasiness; but they were carrying' — 'No, pardon me; nothing contraband discoverable in them;' and hands in his verified Schedules, with perfectly polite, but more and more serious request, That the said ships be restored, and damages accounted for. 'Our Prize Courts have sat on every ship of them,' eagerly shrieks Newcastle all along: 'what can we do!' 'Nay a Special Commission shall now [1751, date not worth seeking farther] — special Commission shall now sit, till his Prussian Majesty get every satisfaction in the world!'

"English Special Commission, counterpart of that Prussian one (which is in vacation by this time), sits accordingly: but is very slow; reports for a long while nothing, except, 'Oh, give us time!' and reports, in the end, nothing in the least satisfactory.¹ 'Prize Courts? Special Commission?' thinks Friedrich: 'I must have my ships back!' And, after a great many months, and a great many haggles, Friedrich, weary of giving time, instructs Michel to signify, in proper form ('23d November, 1752'), 'That the Law's delay seemed to be considerable in England; that till the fulness of time did come, and right were done his poor people, he, Friedrich himself, would

¹ "Have entirely omitted the essential points on which the matter turns; and given such confused account, in consequence, that it is not well possible to gather from their Report any clear and just idea of it at all." (Verdict of the *Prussian* Commission: which had been re-assembled by Friedrich, on this Report from the English one, and adjured to speak only "what they could answer to God, to the King and to the whole world," concerning it: *Seyfarth*, ii. 183.)

hopefully wait; but now at last must, provisionally, pay his poor people their damages; — would accordingly, from the 23d day of April next, cease the usual payment to English Bondholders on their Silesian Bonds; and would henceforth pay no portion farther of that Debt, principal or interest [about £250,000 now owing], but proceed to indemnify his own people from it, to the just length, — and deposit the remainder in Bank, till Britannic Majesty and Prussian could *unite* in ordering payment of it; which one trusts may be soon!"¹

"November 23d, 1752, resolved on by Friedrich;" "consummated April 23d, 1753:" these are the dates of this decisive passage (Michel's biggest Pamphlet, French and English, issuing on the occasion). February 8th, 1753, no redress obtainable, poor Newcastle shrieks, "Can't, must n't; astonishing!" and "the people are in great wrath about it. April 12th, Friedrich replies, in the kindest terms; but sticking to his point."² And punctually continued so, and did as he had said. With what rumor in the City, commentaries in the Newspapers and flutter to his Grace of Newcastle, may be imagined. "What a Nephew have I!" thinks Britannic Majesty: "Hah, and Embden, Ost-Friesland, is not his. Embden itself is mine!" A great deal of ill-nature was generated, in England, by this one affair of the Privateers, had there been no other: and in dark cellars of men's minds (empty and dark on this matter), there arose strange caricature Portraits of Friedrich: and very mad notions — of Friedrich's perversity, astucy, injustice, malign and dangerous intentions — are more or less vocal in the Old Newspapers and Distinguished Correspondences of those days. Of which, this one sample:

To what height the humor of the English ran against Friedrich is still curiously noticeable, in a small Transaction of tragic Ex-Jacobite nature, which then happened, and in the commentaries it awoke in their imagination. Cameron of Lochiel, who forced his way through the Nether-Bow in Edin-

¹ Walpole, i. 295; Seyfarth, ii. 183, 157; Adelung, vii. 331-338; *Gentleman's Magazine*; &c.

² Adelung, vii. 336-338.

burgh, had been a notable rebel ; but got away to France, and was safe in some military post there. Dr. Archibald Cameron, Lochiel's Brother, a studious contemplative gentleman, bred to Physic, but not practising except for charity, had quitted his books, and attended the Rebel March in a medical capacity, — “not from choice,” as he alleged, “but from compulsion of kindred ;” — and had been of help to various Loyalists as well ; a foe of Human Pain, and not of anything else whatever : in fact, as appears, a very mild form of Jacobite Rebel. He too got to France ; but had left his Wife, Children and frugal Patrimonies behind him, — and had to return in proper concealment, more than once, to look after them. Two Visits, I think two, had been successfully transacted, at intervals ; but the third, in 1753, proved otherwise.

March 12th, 1753, wind of him being had, and the slot-hounds uncoupled and put on his trail, poor Cameron was unearthed “at the Laird of Glenbucket's,” and there laid hold of ; locked in Edinburgh Castle, — thence to the Tower, and to Trial for High Treason. Which went against him ; in spite of his fine pleadings, and manful conciliatory appearances and manners Executed 7th June, 1753. His poor Wife had twice squeezed her way into the Royal Levee at Kensington, with Petition for mercy ; — fainted, the first time, owing to the press and the agitation ; but did, the second time, fall on her knees before Royal George, and supplicate, — who had to turn a deaf ear ; royal gentleman ; I hope, not without pain.

The truth is, poor Cameron — though, I believe, he had some vague Jacobite errands withal — never would have harmed anybody in the rebel way ; and might with all safety have been let live. But his Grace of Newcastle, and the English generally, had got the strangest notion into their head. Those appointments of Earl Marischal to Paris, of Tyrconnel to Berlin ; Friedrich's nefarious spoiling of that salutary Romish-King Project ; and now simultaneous with that, his nefarious conduct in our Privateer Business : all this, does it not prove him — as the Hanburys, Demon Newswriters and well-informed persons have taught us — to be one of the worst men living, and a King bent upon our ruin ? What is

certain, though now well-nigh inconceivable, it was then, in the Upper Classes and Political Circles, universally believed, That this Dr. Cameron was properly an "Emissary of the King of Prussia's;" that Cameron's errand here was to rally the Jacobite embers into new flame; — and that, at the first clear sputter, Friedrich had 15,000 men, of his best Prussian-Spartan troops, ready to ferry over, and help Jacobitism to *do* the matter this time!¹

About as likely as that the Cham of Tartary had interfered in the "Bangorian Controversy" (raging, I believe, some time since, — in Cremorne Gardens first of all, which was Bishop Hoadly's Place, — to the terror of mitres and wigs); or that the Emperor of China was concerned in Meux's Porter-Brewery, with an eye to sale of *nux vomica*. Among all the Kings that then were, or that ever were, King Friedrich distinguished himself by the grand human virtue (one of the most important for Kings and for men) of keeping well at home, — of always minding his own affairs. These were, in fact, the one thing he minded; and he did that well. He was vigilant, observant all round, for weather-symptoms; thoroughly well informed of what his neighbors had on hand; ready to interfere, generally in some judicious soft way, at any moment, if his own Countries or their interests came to be concerned; certain, till then, to continue a speculative observer merely. He had knowledge, to an extent of accuracy which often surprised his neighbors: but there is no instance in which he meddled where he had no business; — and few, I believe, in which he did not meddle, and to the purpose, when he had.

Later in his Reign, in the time of the American War (1777), there is, on the English part, in regard to Friedrich, an equally distracted notion of the same kind brought to light. Again, a conviction, namely, or moral-certainty, that Friedrich is about assisting the American Insurgents against

¹ Walpole, *George the Second*, i. 333, 353; and *Letters to Horace Mann* (Summer, 1753), for the belief held. Adelung, vii. 338-341, for the poor Cameron tragedy itself.

us;—and a very strange and indubitable step is ordered to be taken in consequence!¹ As shall be noticed, if we have time. No enlightened Public, gazing for forty or fifty years into an important Neighbor Gentleman, with intent for practical knowledge of him, could well, though assisted by the cleverest Hanburys, and Demon and Angel Newswriters, have achieved less!—

Question *Third* is — But Question Third, so extremely important was it in the sequel, will deserve a Chapter to itself.

CHAPTER XIV.

THERE IS LIKE TO BE ANOTHER WAR AHEAD.

QUESTION Third, French-English Canada Question, is no other than, under a new form, our old friend the inexorable *Jenkins's-Ear Question*; soul of all these Controversies, and — except Silesia and Friedrich's Question — the one meaning they have! Huddled together it had been, at the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, and left for closed under "New Spanish Assiento Treaty," or I know not what:—you thought to close it by Diplomatic putty and varnish in that manner: and here, by law of Nature, it comes welling up on you anew. For *it* springs from the Centre, as we often say, and is the fountain and determining element of very large Sections of Human History, still hidden in the unseen Time.

"Ocean Highway to be free; for the English and others who have business on it?" The English have a real and weighty errand there. "English to trade and navigate, as the Law of Nature orders, on those Seas; and to ponderate or preponderate there, according to the real amount of weight they and their errand have? Or, English to have their ears torn off; and imperious French-Spanish Bourbons,

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 394 (Friedrich to Prince Henri, 29th June. 1777.)

grounding on extinct Pope's-meridians, *gloire* and other imaginary bases, to take command?" The incalculable Yankee Nations, shall they be in effect *Yangkee* ("English" with a difference), or *Frangcee* ("French" with a difference)? A Question not to be closed by Diplomatic putty, try as you will!

By Treaty of Utrecht (1713), "all Nova Scotia [*Acadie* as then called], with Newfoundland and the adjacent Islands," was ceded to the English, and has ever since been possessed by them accordingly. Unluckily that Treaty omitted to settle a Line of Boundary to landward, or westward, for their "*Nova Scotia*;" or generally, a Boundary from *North to South* between the British Colonies and the French in those parts.

The Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, eager to conclude itself, stipulated, with great distinctness, that Cape Breton, all its guns and furnishings entire, should be restored at once (France extremely anxious on that point); but for the rest had, being in such haste, flung itself altogether into the principle of *Status-quo-ante*, as the short way for getting through. The boundary in America was vaguely defined, as "now to be what it had been before the War." It had, for many years before the War, been a subject of constant altercation. *Acadie*, for instance, the *Nova Scotia* of the English since Utrecht time, the French maintained to mean only "the Peninsula," or Nook included between the Ocean Waters and the Bay of Fundy. And, more emphatic still, on the "Isthmus" (or narrow space, at northwest, between said Bay and the Ocean or the Gulf of St. Lawrence) they had built "Forts:" "Stockades," or I know not what, "on the Missaquish" (*hodie* Missiquash), a winding difficult river, northmost of the Bay of Fundy's rivers, which the French affirm to be the real limit in that quarter. The sparse French Colonists of the interior, subjects of England, are not to be conciliated by perfect toleration of religion and the like; but have an invincible proclivity to join their Countrymen outside, and wish well to those Stockades on the Missiquash. It must be owned, too, the French Official People are far from scrupulous or squeamish; show energy of management; and are very skilful with the Indians, who are an important item. Canada is all French; has its Quebecs,

Montreals, a St. Lawrence River occupied at all the good military points, and serving at once as bulwark and highway.

Southward and westward, France, in its exuberant humor, claims for itself The whole Basin of the St. Lawrence, and the whole Basin of the Mississippi as well: "Have not we Stockades, Castles, at the military points; Fortified Places in Louisiana itself?" Yes;—and how many Ploughed Fields bearing Crop have you? It is to the good Plougher, not ultimately to the good Cannonier, that those portions of Creation will belong? The exuberant intention of the French is, after getting back Cape Breton, "To restrict those aspiring English Colonies," mere Ploughers and Traders, hardly numbering above one million, "to the Space eastward of the Alleghany Mountains," over which they are beginning to climb, "and southward of that Missiquash, or, at farthest, of the Penobscot and Kennebunk" (rivers *hodie* in the State of Maine).¹ That will be a very pretty Parallelogram for them and their ploughs and trade-packs: we, who are 50,000 odd, expert with the rifle far beyond them, will occupy the rest of the world. Such is the French exuberant notion: and, October, 1748, before signature at Aix-la-Chapelle, much more before Delivery of Cape Breton, the Commandant at Detroit (west end of Lake Erie) had received orders, "To oppose peremptorily every English Establishment not only thereabouts, but on the Ohio or its tributaries; by monition first; and then by force, if monition do not serve."

Establishments of any solidity or regularity the English have not in those parts; beyond the Alleghanies all is desert: "from the Canada Lakes to the Carolinas, mere hunting-ground of the Six Nations; dotted with here and there an English trading-house, or adventurous Squatter's farm:"—to whom now the French are to say: "Home you, instantly; and leave the Desert alone!" The French have distinct Orders from

¹ La Gallisonnière, Governor of Canada's *Despatch*, "Quebec, 15th January, 1749" (cited in Bancroft, *History of the United States*, Boston, 1839, et seq.). "The English Inhabitants are computed at 1,051,000; French (in Canada 45,000, in Louisiana 7,000), in all 52,000:" *History of British Dominions in North America* (London, 1773), p. 13. Bancroft (i. 154) counts the English Colonists in "1754 about 1,200,000."

Court, and energetically obey the same; the English have indistinct Orders from Nature, and do not want energy, or mind to obey these: confusions and collisions are manifold, ubiquitous, continual. Of which the history would be tiresome to everybody; and need only be indicated here by a mark or two of the main passages.

In 1749, three things had occurred worth mention. *First*, Captain Coram, a public-spirited half-pay gentleman in London, originator of the Foundling Hospital there, had turned his attention to the fine capabilities and questionable condition of *Nova Scotia*, with few inhabitants, and those mostly disaffected; and, by many efforts now forgotten, had got the Government persuaded to despatch (June, 1749) a kind of Half-pay or Military Colony to those parts: "more than 1,400 persons, disbanded officers, soldiers and marines, under Colonel Edward Cornwallis," Brother of the since famous Lord Cornwallis.¹ Who landed, accordingly, on that rough shore; stockaded themselves in, hardily endeavoring and enduring; and next year, built a Town for themselves; Town of *Halifax* (so named from the then Lord Halifax, President of the Board of Trade); which stands there, in more and more conspicuous manner, at this day. Thanks to you, Captain Coram; though the ungrateful generations (except dimly in *Coram* Street, near your Hospital) have lost all memory of you, as their wont is. Blockheads; never mind them.

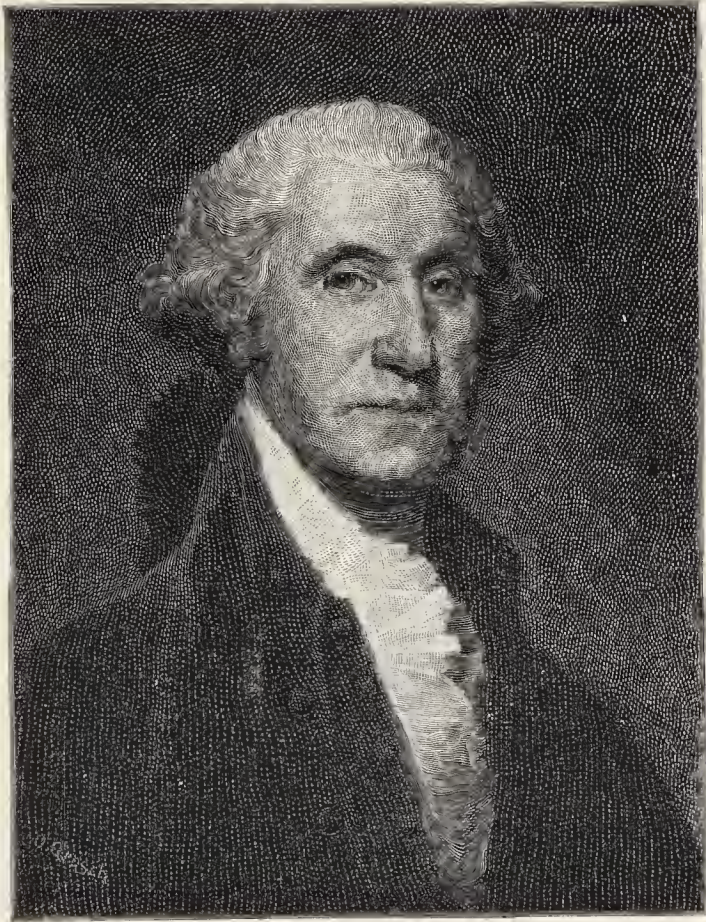
The *Second* thing is, an "Ohio Company" has got together in Virginia; Governor there encouraging; Britannic Majesty giving Charter (March, 1749), and what is still easier, "500,000 Acres of Land" in those Ohio regions, since you are minded to colonize there in a fixed manner. Britannic Majesty thinks the Country "between the Monongahela and the Kanahawy" (southern feeders of Ohio) will do best; but is not particular. Ohio Company, we shall find, chose at last, as the eligible spot, the topmost fork or very Head of the *Ohio*, — where Monongahela River from south and Alleghany River from north unite to form "The Ohio;" where stands, in our day, the big sooty Town of Pittsburgh and its industries. Ohio Company

¹ Coxe's *Pelham*, ii. 113.

was laudably eager on this matter; Land-Surveyor in it (nay, at length, "Colonel of a Regiment of 150 men raised by the Ohio Company") was Mr. George Washington, whose Family had much promoted the Enterprise; and who was indeed a steady-going, considerate, close-mouthed Young Gentleman; who came to great distinction in the end.

French Governor (La Gallissonnière still the man), getting wind of this Ohio Company still in embryo, anticipates the birth; sends a vigilant Commandant thitherward, "with 300 men, To trace and occupy the Valleys of the Ohio and of the St. Lawrence, as far as Detroit." That officer "buries plates of lead," up and down the Country, with inscriptions signifying that "from the farthest ridge, whence water trickled towards the Ohio, the Country belonged to France; and nails the Bourbon Lilies to the forest-trees; forbidding the Indians all trade with the English; expels the English traders from the towns of the Miamis; and writes to the Governor of Pennsylvania, requesting him to prevent all farther intrusion." Vigilant Governors, these French, and well supported from home. Duquesne, the vigilant successor of La Gallissonnière (who is now wanted at home, for still more important purposes, as will appear), finding "the lead plates" little regarded, sends, by and by, 500 new soldiers from Detroit into those Ohio parts (march of 100 miles or so); — "the French Government having, in this year 1750, shipped no fewer than 8,000 men for their American Garrisons;" — and where the Ohio Company venture on planting a Stockade, tears it tragically out, as will be seen!

The *Third* thing worth notice, in 1749, and still more in the following year and years, had reference to Nova Scotia again. One La Corne, "a recklessly sanguinary partisan" (military gentleman of the Trenck, *Indigo-Trenck* species), nestles himself (winter, 1749-50) on that Missiquash River, head of the Bay of Fundy; in the Village of Chignecto, which is admittedly English ground, though inhabited by French. La Corne compels, or admits, the Inhabitants to swear allegiance to France again; and to make themselves useful in fortifying, not to say in drilling, — with an eye to military work. Hear



GEORGE WASHINGTON

Painting by Gilbert Stuart, in possession of
S. P. Avery, New York.

ing of which, Colonel Cornwallis and incipient Halifax are much at a loss. They in vain seek aid from the Governor of Massachusetts ("Assembly to be consulted first, to be convinced; Constitutional rights:—Nothing possible just at once");—and can only send a party of 400 men, to try and recover Chignecto at any rate. April 20th, 1750, the 400 arrive there; order La Corne instantly to go. Bourbon Flag is waving on his dikes, *this* side the Missiquash: high time that he and it were gone. "Village Priest [flamingly orthodox, as all these Priests are, all picked for the business], with his own hands, sets fire to the Church in Chignecto;" inhabitants burn their houses, and escape across the river,—La Corne as rear-guard. La Corne, across the Missiquash, declares, That, to a certainty, he is now on French ground; that he will, at all hazards, defend the Territory here; and maintain every inch of it,— "till regular Commissioners [due ever since the Treaty of Aix, had not that *Romish-King* Business been so pressing] have settled what the Boundary between the two Countries is."—Chignecto being ashes, and the neighboring population gone, Cornwallis and his Four Hundred had to return to Halifax.

It was not till Autumn following, that Chignecto could be solidly got hold of by the Halifax people; nor till a long time after, that La Corne could be dislodged from his stockades, and sent packing.¹ September, 1750, a new Expedition on Chignecto found the place populous again, Indians, French "Peasants" (seemingly Soldiers of a sort); who stood very fiercely behind their defences, and needed a determined onrush, and "volley close into their noses," before disappearing. This was reckoned the first military bloodshed (if this were really military on the French side). And in November following, some small British Cruiser on those Coasts, falling in with a French Brigantine, from Quebec, evidently carrying military stores and solacements for La Corne, seized the same; by force of battle, since not otherwise,—three men lost to the British, five to the French,—and brought it to Halifax. "Lawful and necessary!" says the Admiralty Court; "Sheer

¹ *Gentleman's Magazine*, xx. 539, 295.

Piracy!" shriek the French;—matters breaking out into actual flashes of flame, in this manner.

British Commissions, two in number, names not worth mention, have, at last, in this Year 1750, gone to Paris; and are holding manifold conferences with French ditto,—to no purpose, any of them. One reads the dreary tattle of the Duke of Newcastle upon it, in the Years onward: "Just going to agree," the Duke hopes; "some difficulties, but everybody, French and English, wanting mere justice; and our and their Commissioners being in such a generous spirit, surely they will soon settle it."¹ They never did or could; and steadily it went on worsening.

That notable private assertion of the French, That Canada and Louisiana mean all America West of the Alleghanies, had not yet oozed out to the English; but it is gradually oozing out, and that England will have to content itself with the moderate Country lying east of that Blue range. "Not much above a million of you," say the French; "and surely there is room enough East of the Alleghanies? We, with our couple of Colonies, are the real America;—counting, it is true, few settlers as yet; but there shall be innumerable; and, in the mean while, there are Army-Detachments, Block-houses, fortified Posts, command of the Rivers, of the Indian Nations, of the water-highways and military keys (to you unintelligible); and we will make it good!"

The exact cipher of the French (guessed to be 50,000), and their precise relative-value as tillers and subduers of the soil, in these Two Colonies of theirs, as against the English Thirteen, would be interesting to know: curious also their little bill, of trouble taken in creating the Continent of America, in discovering it, visiting, surveying, planting, taming, making habitable for man:—and what Rhadamanthus would have said of those Two Documents! Enough, the French have taken some trouble, more or less,—especially in sending soldiers out, of late. The French, to certain thousands, languidly tilling, hunting and adventuring, and very skilful in

¹ His Letters, in Coxe's *Pellam*, ii. 407 ("September, 1751"), &c.

wheedling the Indian Nations, are actually there; and they, in the silence of Rhadamanthus, decide that merit shall not miss its wages for want of asking. "Ours is America West of the Alleghanies," say the French, openly before long.

"Yours? Yours, of all people's?" answer the English; and begin, with lethargic effort, to awake a little to that stupid Foreign Question; important, though stupid and foreign, or lying far off. Who really owned all America, probably few Englishmen had ever asked themselves, in their dreamiest humors, nor could they now answer; but, that North America does not belong to the French, can be doubtful to no English creature. Pitt, Chatham as we now call him, is perhaps the Englishman to whom, of all others, it is least doubtful. Pitt is in Office at last,—in some subaltern capacity, "Paymaster of the Forces" for some years past, in spite of Majesty's dislike of the outspoken man;—and has his eyes bent on America;—which is perhaps (little as you would guess it such) the main fact in that confused Controversy just now!—

In 1753 (28th August of that Year), goes message from the Home Government, "Stand on your defence, over there! Repel by force any Foreign encroachments on British Dominions."¹ And directly on the heel of this, November, 1753, the Virginia Governor,—urged, I can believe, by the Ohio Company, who are lying wind-bound so long,—despatches Mr. George Washington to inquire officially of the French Commandant in those parts, "What he means, then, by invading the British Territories, while a solid Peace subsists?" Mr. George had a long ride up those desert ranges, and down again on the other side; waters all out, ground in a swash with December rains, no help or direction but from wampums and wigwams: Mr. George got to Ohio Head (two big Rivers, Monongahela from South, Alleghany from North, coalescing to form a double-big Ohio for the Far West); and thought to himself, "What an admirable three-legged place: might be Chief Post of those regions,—nest-egg of a diligent Ohio

¹ Holderness, or Robinson our old friend.

Company! Mr. George, some way down the Ohio River, found a strongish French Fort, log-barracks, "200 river-boats, with more building," and a French Commandant, who cannot enter into questions of a diplomatic nature about Peace and War: "My orders are, To keep this Fort and Territory against all comers; one must do one's orders, Monsieur: Adieu!" And the steadfast Washington had to return; without result, — except that of the admirable Three-legged Place for dropping your Nest-egg, in a commanding and defenceful way!

Ohio Company, painfully restrained so long in that operation, took the hint at once. Despatched, early in 1754, a Party of some Forty or Thirty-three stout fellows, with arms about them, as well as tools, "Go build us, straightway, a Stockade in the place indicated; you are warranted to smite down, by shot or otherwise, any gainsayer!" And furthermore, directly got on foot, and on the road thither, a "regiment of 150 men," Washington as Colonel to it, For perfecting said Stockade, and maintaining it against all comers.

Washington and his Hundred-and-fifty — wagonage, provender and a piece or two of cannon, all well attended to — vigorously climbed the Mountains; got to the top 27th May, 1754; and there met the Thirty-three in retreat homewards! Stockade had been torn out, six weeks ago (17th April last); by overwhelming French Force, from the Gentleman who said *Adieu*, and had the river-boats, last Fall. And, instead of our Stockade, they are now building a regular French Fort, — *Fort Duquesne*, they call it, in honor of their Governor Duquesne: — against which, Washington and his regiment, what are they? Washington, strictly surveying, girds himself up for the retreat; descends diligently homewards again, French and Indians rather harassing his rear. Intrenches himself, 1st July, at what he calls "Fort Necessity," some way down; and the second day after, 3d July, 1754, is attacked in vigorous military manner. Defends himself, what he can, through nine hours of heavy rain; has lost thirty, the French only three; — and is obliged to capitulate: "Free Withdrawal" the terms given. This is the last I heard of the Ohio Company; not the last of Washington, by any

means. Ohio Company, — its judicious Nest-egg squelehed in this manner, nay become a fiery Cockatrice or "*Fort Duquesne*:" — need not be mentioned farther.

By this time, surely high time now, serious military preparations were on foot; especially in the various Colonies most exposed. But, as usual, it is a thing of most admired disorder; every Governor his own King or Vice-King, horses are pulling different ways: small hope there, unless the Home Government (where too I have known the horses a little discrepant, unskilful in harness!) will seriously take it in hand. The Home Government is taking it in hand; horses willing, if a thought unskilful. Royal Highness of Cumberland has selected General Braddock, and Two Regiments of the Line (the two that ran away at Prestonpanz, — *absit omen*). Royal Highness consults, conceots, industriously prepares, completes; modestly eertain that here now is the effectual remedy.

About New-year's day, 1755, Braddock, with his Two Regiments and completed apparatus, got to sea. Arrived, 20th February, at Williamsburg in Virginia ("at Hampden, near there," if anybody is partieular); found now that this was not the place to arrive at; that he would lose six weeks of marching, by not having landed in Pennsylvania instead. Found that his Stores had been mispacked at Cork, — that this had happened, and also that; — and, in short, that Chaos had been very considerably prevalent in this Adventure of his; and did still, in all that now lay round it, much prevail. Poor man: very brave, they say; but without knowledge, except of field-drill; a heart of iron, but brain mostly of pipe-clay quality. A man severe and rigorous in regimental points; contemptuous of the Colonial Militias, that gathered to help him; thriee-contemptuous of the Indians, who were a vital point in the Enterprise ahead. Chaos is very strong, — especially if within oneself as well! Poor Braddock took the Colonial Militia Regiments, Colonel Washington as Aide-de-Camp; took the Indians and Appendages, Colonial Chaos much presiding: and after infinite delays and confused haggings, got on march; — 2,000 regular, and of all sorts say 4,000 strong.

Got on march; sprawled and haggled up the Alleghanies, — such a Commissariat, such a wagon-service, as was seldom seen before. Poor General and Army, he was like to be starved outright, at one time; had not a certain Mr. Franklin come to him, with charitable oxen, with £500-worth provisions live and dead, subscribed for at Philadelphia, — Mr Benjamin Franklin, since celebrated over all the world; who did not much admire this iron-tempered General with the pipe-clay brain.¹ Thereupon, however, Braddock took the road again; sprawled and staggered, at the long last, to the top; “at the top of the Alleghanies, 15th June;” — and forward down upon *Fort Duquesne*, “roads nearly perpendicular in some places,” at the rate of “four miles” and even of “one mile per day.” Much wood all about, — and the 400 Indians to rear, in a despised and disgusted condition, instead of being vanward keeping their brightest outlook.

July 8th, Braddock crossed the Monongahela without hindrance. July 9th, was within ten miles of *Fort Duquesne*; plodding along; marching through a wood, when, — Ambuscade of French and Indians burst out on him, French with defences in front and store of squatted Indians on each flank, — who at once blew him to destruction, him and his *Enterprise* both. His *mén* behaved very ill; sensible perhaps that they were not led very well. Wednesday, 9th July, 1755, about three in the afternoon. His two regiments gave one volley and no more; utterly terror-struck by the novelty, by the misguidance, as at Prestonpans before; shot, it was whispered, several of their own Officers, who were furiously rallying them with word and sword: of the sixty Officers, only five were not killed or wounded. Brave men clad in soldier's uniform, victims of military Chaos, and miraculous Nescience, in themselves and in others: can there be a more distressing spectacle? Imaginary workers are all tragical, in this world; and come to a bad end, sooner or later, they or their representatives here: but the Imaginary Soldier—he is paid his wages (he and his poor Nation are) on the very nail!

Braddock, refusing to fall back as advised, had five horses

¹ Franklin's *Autobiography*; *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxv. 378.

shot under him; was himself shot, in the arm, in the breast; was carried off the field in a death-stupor, — forward all that night, next day and next (to Fort Cumberland, seventy miles to rear); — and on the fourth day died. The Colonial Militias had stood their ground, Colonel Washington now of some use again; — who were ranked well to rearward; and able to receive the ambuscade as an open fight. Stood striving, for about three hours. And would have saved the retreat; had there been a retreat, instead of a panic rout, to save. The poor General — ebbing homewards, he and his *Enterprise*, hour after hour — roused himself twice only, for a moment, from his death-stupor: once, the first night, to ejaculate mournfully, “Who would have thought it!” And again once, he was heard to say, days after, in a tone of hope, “Another time we will do better!” which were his last words, “death following in a few minutes.” Weary, heavy-laden soul; deep Sleep now descending on it, — soft sweet cataracts of Sleep and Rest; suggesting hope, and triumph over sorrow, after all: — “Another time we will do better;” and in few minutes was dead!¹

The Colonial Populations, who had been thinking of Triumphant Arches for Braddock’s return, are struck to the nadir by this news. French and Indians break over the Mountains, harrying, burning, scalping; the Black Settlers fly inward, with horror and despair: “And the Home Government, too, can prove a broken reed? What is to become of us; whose is America to be?” — And in fact, under such guidance from Home Governments and Colonial, there is no saying how the matter might have gone. To men of good judgment, and watching on the spot, it was, for years coming, an ominous dubiety, — the chances rather for the French, “who understand

¹ Manuscript *Journal of General Braddock’s Expedition in 1755* (British Museum: King’s Library, 271 e, King’s Mss. 212): raw-material, this, of the Official Account (*London Gazette*, August 26th, 1755), where it is faithfully enough abridged. Will perhaps be printed by some inquiring *Pittsburgher*, one day, after good study on the ground itself? It was not till 1758 that the bones of the slain were got buried, and the infant *Pittsburg* (now so busy and smoky) rose from the ashes of *Fort Duquesne*.

war, and are all under one head.”¹ But there happens to be in England a Mr. Pitt, with royal eyes more and more indignantly set on this Business; and in the womb of Time there lie combinations and conjunctures. If the Heavens have so decreed!—

The English had, before this, despatched their Admiral Boscawen, to watch certain War-ships, which they had heard the French were fitting out for America; and to intercept the same, by capture if not otherwise. Boscawen is on the outlook, accordingly; descries a French fleet, Coast of Newfoundland, first days of June; loses it again in the fogs of the Gulf-Stream; but has, June 9th (a month before that of Braddock), come up with Two Frigates of it, and, after short broadsiding, made prizes of them. And now, on this Braddock Disaster, orders went, “To seize and detain all French Ships whatsoever, till satisfaction were had.” And, before the end of this Year, about “800 French ships (value, say, £700,000)” were seized accordingly, where seizable on their watery ways. Which the French (“our own conduct in America being so undeniably proper”) characterized as utter piracy and robbery;—and getting no redress upon it, by demand in that style, had to take it as no better than meaning Open War Declared.²



CHAPTER XV.

ANTI-PRUSSIAN WAR-SYMPTOMS: FRIEDRICH VISIBLE FOR A MOMENT.

THE Burning of *Akakis*, and those foolish Maupertuis-Voltaire Duellings (by syringe and pistol) had by no means been Friedrich's one concern, at the time Voltaire went off. Pre-

¹ Governor Pownall's Memorial (of which *infra*), in Thackeray's *Life of Chatham*.

² Paris, December 21st, 1755, Minister Rouillé's Remonstrance, with menace “*unless —*.” London, January 13th, 1756, Secretary Fox's reply, “*Well then, No!*” Due official “Declaration of War” followed on the English part, “17th May, 1756;” “9th June,” on the French part.

cisely in those same months, Carnival 1752-1753, King Friedrich had, in a profoundly private manner, come upon certain extensive Anti-Prussian Symptoms, Austrian, Russian, Saxon, of a most dangerous, abstruse, but at length indubitable sort; and is, ever since, prosecuting his investigation of them, as a thing of life and death to him! Symptoms that there may well be a *Third* Silesian War ripening forward, inevitable, and of weightier and fiercer quality than ever. So the Symptoms indicate to Friedrich, with a fatally increasing clearness. And, of late, he has to reflect withal: "If these French-English troubles bring War, our Symptoms will be ripe!" As, in fact, they proved to be.

King Friedrich's investigations and decisions on this matter will be touched upon, farther on: but readers can take, in the mean time, the following small Documentary Piece as Note of Preparation. The facts shadowed forth are of these Years now current (1752-1755), though this judicial Deposition to the Facts is of ulterior date (1757).

In the course of 1756, as will well appear farther on, it became manifest to the Saxon Court and to all the world that somebody had been playing traitor in the Dresden Archives. Somebody, especially in the Foreign Department; copying furtively, and imparting to Prussia, Despatches of the most secret, thrice-secret and thrice-dangerous nature, which lie repositied there! Who can have done it? Guesses, researches, were many: at length suspicion fell on one Menzel, a *Kanzellist* (Government Clerk), of good social repute, and superior official ability; who is not himself in the Foreign Department at all; but whose way of living, or the like sign, had perhaps seemed questionable. In 1757, Menzel, and the Saxon Court and its businesses, were all at Warsaw; Menzel dreaming of no disturbance, but prosecuting his affairs as formerly, — when, one day, September 24th (the slot-hounds, long scenting and tracking, being now at the mark), Menzel and an Associate of his were suddenly arrested. Confronted with their crimes, with the proofs in readiness; and next day, — made a clear Confession, finding the matter desperate otherwise. Copy of which,

in Notarial form, exact and indisputable, the reader shall now see. As this story, of Friedrich and the Saxon Archives, was very famous in the world, and mythic circumstances are prevalent, let us glance into it with our own eyes, since there is opportunity in brief compass.

“*Extractus Protoeollorum in Inquisitiones-Sachen*,” — that is to say, *Extract of Protocols in Inquest* “*contre* FRIEDRICH WILHELM MENZEL and JOHANN BENJAMIN ERFURTH.”

“*At Warsaw, 25th September, 1757*: This day, in the King’s Name, in presence of Legationsrath von Saul, Hofrath Ferbers and Kriegersrath von Götze the Undersigned: Examination of the Kabinets-Kanzellist Menzel, arrested yesterday, and now brought from his place of arrest to the Royal Palace; — who, *admonitus de dicenda veritate*, made answers, to the effect following: —

“His name is Friedrich Wilhelm Menzel; age thirty-eight; is a son of the late Hofrath and Privy-referendary Menzel, who formerly was in the King’s service, and died a few years back. Has been seventeen years Kanzellist at the *Geheime Cabinets-eanzlei* (Secret Archive); had taken the oath when he entered on his office.

“Acknowledges some Slips of Paper (*Zettel*), now shown to him, to be his handwriting: they contained news intended to be communicated to the Prussian Secretary Benoit, now residing here,” at Dresden formerly.

“Confesses that he has employed, here as well as previously in Dresden, his Brother-in-law, the journeyman goldsmith Erfurth (who was likewise arrested yesterday), to convey to the Prussian Secretaries, Plessmann and Benoit, such pieces and despatches from the Secret Cabinet, especially the Foreign department, as he, Menzel, wanted to communicate to said Prussian Secretaries.

“Confesses having received, by degrees, since the year 1752, from the Prussian Minister (*Envoyé*) von Mahlzahn, and the Secretaries Plessmann and Benoit, for such communications, the sum of 3,000 thalers (£450) in all.

“Was led into these treasonable practices by the following circumstance: He owed at that time 100 thalers on a Promissory Note, to a certain Rhenitz, who then lived (*hielt sich auf*) at Dresden, and who pressed him much for payment. As he pleaded inability to pay, Rhenitz hinted that he could put him into the way of getting money; and accordingly, at last, took him to the then Prussian Secretary Hecht, at Dresden; by whom he was at once carried to the Prussian Minister von Mahlzhahn; who gave him 100 thalers (£15), with the request to communicate to him, now and then, news from the Archive of the Cabinet. For a length of time Prisoner could not accomplish this; as the said Von Mahlzhahn wanted Pieces from the Foreign Office, and especially the Correspondence with the two Imperial Courts of Austria and Russia. These papers were locked in presses, which Prisoner could not get at; moreover, the Court had, in the mean time, gone to Warsaw, Prisoner remaining at Dresden. In that way, many months passed without his being able to communicate anything; till, at last, about December, 1752, the Secretary Plessmann gave him a whole bunch of keys, which were said to be sent by Privy-counsellor Eichel of Potsdam [whom we know], to try whether any of them would unlock the presses of the Foreign Department. But none of them would; and Prisoner returned the keys; pointing out, however, what alterations were required to fit the keyhole.

“And, about three weeks after this, Plessmann provided Prisoner with another set of keys; among which one did unlock said presses. With this key Prisoner now repeatedly opened the presses; and provided Plessmann, whenever required, — oftenest, with Petersburg Despatches. Had also, three years ago (1754), here in Warsaw, communicated Vienna Despatches, three or four times, to Benoit; especially on Sundays and Thursdays, which were slack days, nobody in the Office about noon.

“The actual first of these Communications did not take place till after Easter-Fair, 1753; Prisoner not having, till said Fair, received the second bunch of keys from Plessmann. Now and then he had to communicate French Despatches.

Whenever he gave original Despatches, he received them back shortly after, and replaced them in the presses. During this present stay of the Court at Warsaw, has communicated little to Benoit except from the *Circulars* [Legation *News-Letters*], when he found anything noteworthy in them; also, now and then, the Ponikau Despatches [Ponikau being at the Reich's Diet, in circumstances interesting to us]. Has received, one time and another, several 100 thalers from Benoit, since the Court came hither last."—(And so *exit* Menzel.)

"Hereupon the Second Prisoner was brought in; — who deposed as follows:—

"He is named Johann Benjamin Erfurth; a goldsmith by trade; age thirty-two; the Prisoner Menzel's Brother-in-law.

"Confesses that Menzel had made use of him, at Dresden, during one year, to deliver, several times, sealed papers to the Prussian Secretary Plessmann, or rather mostly to Plessmann's servant. Also that, here in Warsaw, he has had to carry Despatches to Benoit, and to deliver them into his own hands. Latterly he has delivered the Despatches to certain Prussian peasants, who stopped at Benoit's, and who always relieved each other; and every time, the one who went away directed Prisoner, in turn, to him that arrived.

"He received from Menzel, yesterday towards noon, a small sealed packet, which he was to convey to the Prussian peasant who had made an appointment with him at the Prussian Office (*Hof*) here. But as he was going to take it, and had just got outside of the Palace Court, a corporal took hold of him and arrested him. Confesses having concealed the parcel in his trousers-pocket, and to have denied that he had anything upon him. . . . *Actum ut supra.*"

Signed "GÖTZE" (with titles).

"Next day, September 26th, Menzel re-examined; answers in effect following:—

"Plessmann never himself came into the Archive Office at Dresden; except the one time [a time that will be notable to us!], when the Prussians were there to take away the Papers

by force; then Plessmann was with them," — and we will remember the circumstance.

"Before leaving Dresden for Poland, last Year (1756), he, Menzel, had returned the said key to Plessmann; who gave him others for use here. After his arrival here, he returned these keys to Benoit, in the presence of Erfurth; saying, they were of no use to him, and that he could not get at the Despatches here. Prisoner farther declares, that it was the Minister von Mahlzahn who, of his own accord, and quite at the beginning, made the proposal concerning the keys; and when Plessmann brought the keys, he said expressly they were for the Minister, along with fifty thalers, which he, Menzel, received at the same time. *Actum ut supra.*" Signed as before.¹

We could give some of the stolen Pieces, too; but they are of abstruse tenor, and would be mere enigmas to readers here. Enough that Friedrich understands them. To Friedrich's intense and long-continued scrutiny, they indicate, what is next to incredible, but is at length fatally undeniable, That the old *Treaty*, which we called of *Warsaw*, "Treaty for Partitioning Prussia," is still (in spite of all subsequent and superincumbent Treaties to the contrary) vigorously alive underground; that Saxon Brühl and her Hungarian Majesty, to whom is now added Czarish Majesty, are fixed as ever on cutting down this afflictive, too aspiring King of Prussia to the size of a Brandenburg Elector; busy (in these Menzel Documents) considering how it may be done, especially how the bear-skin may be *shared*; — and that, in short, there lies ahead, inevitable seemingly, and not far off, a Third Silesian War.

Which punctually came true. The *Third Silesian War* — since called *Seven-Years War*, that proving to be the length of it — is now near. Breaks out, has to break out, August, 1756. The heaviest and direst struggle Friedrich ever had; the greatest of all his Prowesses, Achievements and Endurances in this world. And, on the whole, the last that was very great, or that is likely to be memorable with Posterity.

¹ *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 677 (as *Beylage* or Appendix to the Kur-Sachsen "*Pro Memoria* to the Reich's Diet;" of date, Regensburg, 31st January, 1758).

Upon which, accordingly, we must try our utmost to leave some not untrue notion in this place: and that once *done* — Courage, reader!

Friedrich is visible, in Holland, to the naked Eye, for some Minutes (June 23d, 1755).

In 1755 it was that Voltaire wrote, not the first Letter, but the first very notable one, to his Royal Friend, after their great quarrel:¹ seductively repentant, and oh, so true, so tender; — Royal Friend still obstinate, who answers nothing, or answers only through De Prades: “Yes, yes, we are aware!” And it was in the same Year that Friedrich first saw D’Alembert, — Voltaire’s successor, in a sense. And farther on (1st November, 1755), that the Earthquake of Lisbon went, horribly crashing, through the thoughts of all mortals, — thoughts of King Friedrich, among others; whose reflections on it, I apprehend, are stingy, snarlingly contemptuous, rather than valiant and pious, and need not detain us here. One thing only we will mention, for an accidental reason: That Friedrich, this Year, made a short run to Holland, — and that actual momentary sight of him happens thereby to be still possible.

In Summer, 1755, after the West-Country Reviews, and a short Journey into Ost-Friesland, whence to Wesel on the Rhine, — whither Friedrich had invited D’Alembert to meet him, whom he finds “*un très-aimable garçon*,” likely for the task in hand, — Friedrich decided on a run into Holland: strictly *incognito*, accompanied only by Balbi (Engineer, a Genoese) and one page. Bade his D’Alembert adieu; and left Wesel thitherward June 19th.² At Amsterdam he viewed the Bramkamp Picturc-Gallery, the illustrious Country-house of Jew Pinto at *Tulpenburg* (Tulip-borough!) . . . “I saw nothing but whim-whams (*colifichets*),” says he: “I gave myself

¹ Dated “The *Délices*, near Geneva, 4th August, 1755” (in Rödenbeck, i. 287. in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 7; not given by any of the French Editors).

² Rödenbeck, i. 287.

out for a Musician of the King of Poland;” wore a black wig moreover, “and was nowhere known:”¹ — and, for finis, got into the common Passage-Boat (*Trekschuit*, no doubt) for Utrecht, that he might see the other fine Country-houses along the Veehte. Fine enough Country-houses, — not mud and sedges the main thing, as idle readers think. To Arnheim up the Veehte in this manner; Wesel and his own Country just at hand again.

Now it happened that a young Swiss — poor enough in purse, but not without talent and eyesight, assistant Teacher in some Boarding-school thereabouts; name of him De Catt, age twenty-seven, “born at Morges near Geneva 1728” — had got holiday, or had got errand, poor good soul; had decided, on this same day (23d June, 1755), to go to Utrecht, and so stepped into the very boat where Friedrich was. He himself (in a Letter written long after to Editor *Laveaux*) shall tell us the rest: —

“As I could n’t get into the *Roef* (cabin) because it was all engaged, I stayed with the other passengers in the Steerage (*dans la barque même*), and the weather being fine, came up on deck. After some time, there stepped out of the Cabin a man in cinnamon-colored coat with gold button-holes; in black wig; face and coat considerably dusted with Spanish snuff. He looked fixedly at me, for a while; and then said, without farther preface, ‘Who are you, Monsieur?’ This cavalier tone from an unknown person, whose exterior indicated nothing very important, did not please me; and I declined satisfying his curiosity. He was silent. But, some time after, he took a more courteous tone, and said: ‘Come in here to me, Monsieur! You will be better here than in the Steerage, amid the tobacco-smoke.’ This polite address put an end to all anger; and as the singular manner of the man excited my curiosity, I took advantage of his invitation. We sat down, and began to speak confidentially with one another.

“Do you see the man in the garden yonder, sitting smok-

¹ *Œuvres*, xxvii. i. 268 (“Potsdam, 28th June, 1755;” and ib. p. 270), to Wilhelmina, who is now on the return from her Italian Journey. *Uncertain* Anecdotes of adventures among the whim-whams, in Rödénbeck, &c.

ing his pipe?’ said he to me: ‘That man, you may depend upon it, is not happy.’ — ‘I know not,’ answered I: ‘but it seems to me, until one knows a man, and is completely acquainted with his situation and his way of thought, one cannot possibly determine whether he is happy or unhappy.’

“My gentleman admitted this [very good-natured!]; and led the conversation on the Dutch Government. He criticised it, — probably to bring me to speak. I did speak; and gave him frankly to know that he was not perfectly instructed in the thing he was criticising. — ‘You are right,’ answered he; ‘one can only criticise what one is thoroughly acquainted with.’ — He now began to speak of Religion; and with eloquent tongue to recount what mischief Scholastic Philosophy had brought upon the world; then tried to prove ‘That Creation was impossible.’ At this last point I stood out in opposition. ‘But how can one create Something out of Nothing?’ said he. ‘That is not the question,’ answered I; ‘the question is, Whether such a Being as God can or cannot give existence to what has yet none.’ He seemed embarrassed, and added, ‘But the Universe is eternal.’ — ‘You are in a circle,’ said I; ‘how will you get out of it?’ — ‘I skip over it,’ said he, laughing; and then began to speak of other things.

“‘What form of Government do you reckon the best?’ inquired he, among other things. ‘The monarchic, if the King is just and enlightened.’ — ‘Very well,’ answered he; ‘but where will you find Kings of that sort?’ And thereupon went into such a sally upon Kings, as could not in the least lead me to the supposition that he was one. In the end he expressed pity for them, that they could not know the sweets of friendship; and cited on the occasion these verses (his own, I suppose): —

*‘ Amitié, plaisir des grandes âmes ;
Amitié, que les Rois, ces illustres ingrats,
Sont assez malheureux de ne connaître pas ! ’*

‘I have not the honor to be acquainted with Kings,’ said I; ‘but to judge by what one has read in History of several of them, I should believe, Monsieur, that you, on the whole,

are right.' — '*Ah, oui, oui*, I am right; I know the gentlemen !'

"We now got to speak of Literature. The stranger expressed himself with enthusiastic admiration of Racine. A droll incident happened during our dialogue. My gentleman wanted to let down a little sash-window, and could n't manage it. 'You don't understand that,' said I; 'let me do that.' I tried to get it down; but succeeded no better than he. 'Monsieur,' said he, 'allow me to remark, on my side, that you, upon my honor, understand as little of it as I !' — 'That is true; and I beg your pardon; I was too rash in accusing you of want of expertness.' — 'Were you ever in Germany ?' he now asked me. 'No; but I should like to make that journey: I am very curious to see the Prussian States, and their King, of whom one hears so much.' And now I began to launch out on Friedrich's actions; but he interrupted me rapidly, with the words: 'Nothing more of Kings, Monsieur ! What have we to do with them ? We will spend the rest of our voyage on more agreeable and cheering objects.' And now he spoke of the best of all possible worlds; and maintained that, in our Planet Earth, there was more Evil than Good. I maintained the contrary; and this dispute brought us to the end of our voyage.

"On quitting me, he said, 'I hope, Monsieur, you will leave me your name: I am very glad to have made your acquaintance; perhaps we shall see one another again.' I replied, as was fitting, to the compliment; and begged him to excuse me for contradicting him a little. 'Ascribe this,' I concluded, 'to the ill-humor which various little journeys I had to make in these days have given me.' I then told him my name, and we parted."¹ Parted to meet again; and live together for about twenty years.

Of this honest Henri de Catt, whom the King liked on this Interview, and sent for soon after, and at length got as "*Lec-*

¹Laveaux, *Histoire de Frédéric* (2d edition, Strasbourg, 1789, and blown now into six vols. instead of four; dead all, except this fraction), vi. 365; Seyfarth, ii. 234, is right; ib. 170, wrong, and has led others wrong.

teur du Roi," we shall hear again.ⁱ He did, from 1757 onwards, what De Prades now does with more of noise, the old D'Arget functions; faithfully and well, for above twenty years; — left a Note-Book (not very Boswellian) about the King, which is latterly in the Royal Archives at Berlin; and which might without harm, or even with advantage, be printed, but has never yet been. A very harmless De Catt. And we are surely obliged to him for this view of the Travelling Gentleman "with the cinnamon-colored coat, snuffy nose and black wig," and his manner of talking on light external subjects, while the inner man of him has weights enough pressing on it. Age still under five-and-forty, but looks old for his years.

"June 23d, 1755:" it is in the very days while poor Braddock is staggering down the Alleghanies; Braddock fairly over the top; — and the Fates waiting him, at a Fortnight's distance. Far away, on the other side of the World. But it is notable enough how Pitt is watching the thing; and will at length get hand laid on it, and get the kingship over it for above four years. Whereby the *Jenkins's-Ear Question* will again, this time on better terms, coalesce with the *Silesian*, or *Partition-of-Prussia Question*; and both these long Controversies get definitely closed, as the Eternal Decrees had seen good.

ⁱ "September, 1755," sent for (but De Catt was ill and could n't); "December, 1757" got (Rüdenbeck, i. 285).

BOOK XVII.

THE SEVEN-YEARS WAR: FIRST CAMPAIGN.

1756-1757.



CHAPTER I.

WHAT FRIEDRICH HAD READ IN THE MENZEL DOCUMENTS.

THE ill-informed world, entirely unaware of what Friedrich had been studying and ascertaining, to his bitter sorrow, for four years past, was extremely astonished at the part he took in those French-English troubles; extremely provoked at his breaking out again into a Third Silesian War, greater than all the others, and kindling all Europe in such a way. The ill-informed world rang violently, then and long after, with a Controversy, "Was it of his beginning, or Not of his beginning?" Controversy, which may in our day be considered as settled by unanimous mankind; finished forever; and can now have no interest for any creature.

Omitting that, our problem is (were it possible in brief compass), To set forth, by what authentic traits there are, — not the "ambitious," "audacious," voracious and highly condemnable Friedrich of the Gazetteers, — but the thrice-intricately situated Friedrich of Fact. What the Facts privately known to Friedrich were, in what manner known; and how, in a more complex crisis than had yet been, Friedrich demeaned himself: upon which latter point, and those cognate to it, readers ought not to be ignorant, if now fallen indifferent on so many other points of the Affair. What a loud-roaring, loose and empty matter is this tornado of vociferation

which men call "Public Opinion"! Tragically howling round a man; who has to stand silent the while; and scan, wisely under pain of death, the altogether inarticulate, dumb and inexorable matter which the gods call *Faet*! Friedrich did read his terrible Sphinx-riddle; the Gazetteer tornado did pipe and blow. King Friedrich, in contrast with his Environment at that time, will most likely never be portrayed to modern men in his real proportions, real aspect and attitude then and there,—which are silently not a little heroic and even pathetic, when well seen into;—and, for certain, he is not portrayable at present, on our side of the Sea. But what hints and fractions of feature we authentically have, ought to be given with exactitude, especially with brevity, and left to the ingenuous imagination of readers.

The secret sources of the Third Silesian War, since called "Seven-Years War," go back to 1745; nay, we may say, to the First Invasion of Silesia in 1740. For it was in Maria Theresa's incurable sorrow at loss of Silesia, and her inextinguishable hope to reconquer it, that this and all Friedrich's other Wars had their origin. Twice she had signed Peace with Friedrich, and solemnly ceded Silesia to him: but that too, with the Imperial Lady, was by no means a *finis* to the business. Not that she meant to break her Treaties; far from her such a thought,—in the conscious form. Though, alas, in the unconscious, again, it was always rather near! Practically, she reckoned to herself, these Treaties would come to be broken, as Treaties do not endure forever; and then, at the good moment, she did purpose to be ready. "Silesia back to us; Pragmatic Sanction complete in every point! Was not that our dear Father's will, monition of all our Fathers and their Patriotisms and Traditionary Heroisms; and in fact, the behest of gods and men?" Ten years ago, this notion had been cut down to apparent death, in a disastrous manner, for the second time. But it did not die in the least: it never thinks of dying; starts always anew, passionate to produce itself again as action valid at last; and lives in the Imperial Heart with a tenacity that is strange to observe.

Still stranger, in the envious Valet-Heart, — in that of Brühl, who had far less cause!

The Peace of Dresden, Christmas, 1745, seemed to be an act of considerable magnanimity on Friedrich's part. It was, at the first blush of it, "incredible" to Harrach, the Austrian Plenipotentiary; whose embarrassed, astonished bow we remember on that occasion, with English Villiers shedding pious tears. But what is very remarkable withal is a thing since discovered:¹ That Harrach, magnanimous signature hardly yet dry, did then straightway, by order of his Court, very privately inquire of Brühl, "There is Peace, you see; what they call Peace: — but our *Treaty of Warsaw*, for Partition of this magnanimous man, stands all the same; does n't it?" To which, according to the Documents, Brühl, hardly escaped from the pangs of death, and still in a very pale-yellow condition, had answered in effect, "Hah, say you so? One's hatred is eternal; — but that man's iron heel! Wait a little; get Russia to join in the scheme!" — and hung back; the willing mind, but the too terrified! And in this way, like a famishing dog in sight of a too dangerous leg of mutton, Brühl has ever since rather held back; would not re-engage at all, for almost two years, even on the Czarina's engaging; and then only in a cautious, conditional and hypothetic manner, — though with famine increasing day by day in sight of the desired viands. His hatred is fell; but he would fain escape with back unbroken.

How Friedrich discovered the Mystery. Concerning Menzel and Weingarten.

Friedrich has been aware of this mystery, at least wide awake to it and becoming ever more instructed, for almost four years. Traitor Menzel the Saxon Kanzellist — we, who have prophetically read what he had to confess when laid hold of, are aware, though as yet, and on to 1757, it is a dead secret to all mortals but himself and "three others" — has been busy for Prussia ever since "the end of 1752." Got admittance to the Presses; sent his first Excerpt "about the time

¹ *Infra*, next Note (p. 276).

of Easter-Fair, 1753," — time of Voltaire's taking wing. And has been at work ever since. Copying Despatches from the most secret Saxon Repositories; ready always on Excellency Mahlzhahn's indicating the Piece wanted; and of late, I should think, is busier than ever, as the Saxon Mystery, which is also an Austrian and Russian one, gets more light thrown into it, and seems to be fast ripening towards action of a perilous nature. The first Excerpts furnished by Menzel, readers can judge how enigmatic they were. These Menzel Papers, copies mainly of Petersburg or Vienna *Despatches* to Brühl, with Brühl's *Answers*, — the principal of which were subsequently printed in their best arrangement and liveliest point of vision¹ — are by no means a luminous set of Documents to readers at this day. Think what a study they were at Potsdam in 1753, while still in the chaotic state; fished out, more or less at random, as Menzel could lay hold of them, or be directed to them; the enigma clearing itself only by intense inspection, and capability of seeing in the dark!

It appears, — if you are curious on the anecdotic part, —

“Winterfeld was the first that got eye on this dangerous Saxon Mystery; some Ex-Saxon, about to settle in Berlin, giving hint of it to Winterfeld; who needed only a hint. So soon as Winterfeld convinced himself that there was weight in the affair, he imparted it to Friedrich: ‘Scheme of partitioning, your Majesty, of picking quarrel, then overwhelming and partitioning; most serious scheme, Austrian-Russian as well as Saxon; going on steadily for years past, and very lively at this time!’ If true, Friedrich cannot but admit that this is serious enough: important, thrice over, to discover whether it is true; — and gives Winterfeld authority to prosecute it to the bottom, in Dresden or wherever the secret may lie. Who thereupon charged Mahlzhahn, the Prussian Minister

¹ In Friedrich's Manifestoes, chiefly in *Mémoire Raisonné sur la Conduite des Cours de Vienne et de Saxe* (compiled from the *Menzel Originals*, so soon as these were got hold of: Berlin, Autumn, 1756). A solid and able Paper; rapidly done, by one Count Herzberg, who rose high in after times. Reprinted, with many other “Pieces” and “Passages,” in *Gesammelte Nachrichten und Urkunden*, — which is a “Collection” of such (2 vols., 113 Nos. small 8vo, no Place 1757, my Copy of it).

at Dresden, to find some proper Menzel, and bestir himself. How Mahl Zahn has found his Menzel, and has bestirred himself, we saw. Thief-keys were made to pattern in Berlin; first set did not fit, second did; and stealthy Menzel gains admittance to that Chamber of the Archives, can steal thither on shoes of felt when occasion serves, and copy what you wish, — for a consideration. Intermittently, since about Easter-Fair, 1753. Three persons are cognizant of it, Winterfeld, Mahl Zahn, Friedrich; three, and no more. Probably the abstrusest study and the most intense, going on in the world at that epoch.¹

“At a very early stage of the Menzel Excerpts it became manifest that certain synchronous Austrian Ditto would prove highly elucidative; that, in fact, it would be indispensable to get hold of these as well. Which also Winterfeld has managed to do. A deep-headed man, who has his eyes about him; and is very apt to manage what he undertakes. One Weingarten Junior, a Secretary in the Austrian Embassy at Berlin (Excellency Peubla’s second Secretary), has his acquaintanceships in Berlin Society; and for one thing, as Winterfeld discovers, is ‘madly in love’ with some Chambermaid or quasi-chambermaid (let us call her Chambermaid), ‘Daughter of the Castellan at Charlottenburg.’ Winterfeld, through the due channels, applied to this Chambermaid, ‘Get me a small secret Copy of such and such Despatches, out of your Weingarten; it will be well for you and him; otherwise perhaps not well!’ Chambermaid, hope urging, or perhaps hope and fear, did her best; Weingarten had to yield the required product and products, as required. By this Weingarten, from some date not long after Menzel’s first mysterious Dresden Excerpts, the necessary Austrian glosses, so far as possible to Weingarten on the indications given him, have been regularly had, for the two or three years past.

“Weingarten first came to be seriously suspected June, 1756 (Weingarten Junior, let us still say, for there was a Senior of unstained fidelity); ‘June 15th,’ Excellency Peubla pointedly demands him from Friedrich and the Berlin Police: ‘Weingarten Junior, my *second* Secretär, fugitive and traitor; hidden

¹ Retzow, *Charakteristik des Siebenjährigen Krieges* (Berlin, 1802), i. 23.

somewhere !' ¹ Exeelleney Peubla is answered, 24th June. 'We would so fain cateh him, if we could ! We have tried at Stendal, — not there : tried his Mother-in-law ; knows nothing : have forborne laying up his poor Wife and Children ; and hope her Imperial Majesty will have pity on that poor ereature, who is fallen so miserable.' ² So that Exeelleney Peubla had nothing for it but to eompose himself ; to honor the unstainable fidelity of Weingarten Senior by a publie pieee of promotion, which soon ensued ; and let the Junior run. Weingarten Junior, on the first suspieion, had vanished with due promptitude, — was not to be unearthed again. We pereieve he has married his Charlottenburg Beauty, and there are helpless babies. It seems, he lived long years after, in the Altmark, as a Herr von Weiss, — his refleotions manifold, but unknown. ³ What is much notabler, Cogniazzo, the Austrian Veteran, heard Weingarten's *Master*, Graf von Peubla, talk of the '*grand mystère*,' soon after, and how Friedrich had heard of it, not from Weingarten alone, but from Gross-Fürst *Peter*, Russian Heir-Apparent ! ⁴

"As to Menzel, he did not get away. Menzel, as we saw, lasted in free aetivity till 1757 ; and was then put under loek and key. Was not hanged ; sat prisoner for twenty-seven years after ; overgrown with hair, legs and arms ehained together, heavy iron bar uniting both ankles ; diet bread-and-water ; — for the rest, healthy ; and died, not very miserable it is said, in 1784. Shoeking traitors, Weingarten and he."

Yes, a diabolieal pair, they, sure enough : — and the thing they betrayed against their Masters, was that a eelestial thing ! Servants of the Devil do fall out ; and Servants not of the Devil are fain, sometimes, to raise a quarrel of that kind ! —

The then world, as we said, was one loud uproar of logic on the right reading and the wrong of those Sibylline Documents : "Did your King of Prussia interpret them aright, or even try it ? Did not he use them as a eloak for highway robbery, and swallowing of a peeceable Saxony, bad man that he surely is ?"

¹ "*Berlin*, 22d June : Every research making for Mr. Weingatten, — in vain hitherto" (*Gentleman's Magazine*, xxvi., i. e. for 1756, p. 363).

² *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 713.

³ Retzow, i. 37.

⁴ Cogniazzo, i. 225.

For Friedrich's demeanor, this time again, when it came to the acting point, was of eminent rapidity; almost a swifter lion-spring than ever; and it brought on him, in the aerial or vocal way, its usual result: huge clamor of rage and logic from uninformed mankind. Clamorous rage and logic, which has now sunk irresuscitably dead; — nothing of it much worth mentioning to modern readers, scarcely even its *Hic Jacet* (in Footnotes, for the benefit of the curious!), — and it is, at last, a thing not doubtful to anybody that Friedrich, in that matter, did read aright. So that now the loud uproar is reduced to one small question with us, What did he read in those Menzel Documents? What Fact lying in them was it that Friedrich had to read? Here, smelted down by repeated roastings, is succinct answer; — for the ultimate fragment of incombustible, here as elsewhere, will go into a nutshell, once the continents of Diplomatist-Gazetteer logic and disorderly stable-litter, threatening to heap themselves over the very stars, have been faithfully burnt away.

Readers heard of a "Union of Warsaw," early in 1745, concluded by the Sea-Powers and the Saxon-Polish and Hungarian Majesties: very harmless *Union* of Warsaw, public to all the world, — but with a certain thrice-secret "*Treaty* of Warsaw" (between Polish and Hungarian Majesty themselves two, the Sea-Powers being horror-struck by mention of it) which had followed thereupon, in an eager and wonderful manner. Thrice-secret Treaty, for Partitioning Friedrich, and settling the respective shares of his skin. Treaty which, to denote its origin, we called of Warsaw; though it was not finished there (shares of skin so difficult to settle), and "*Treaty of Leipzig*, 18th May, 1745," is its *alias* in Books: — of which Treaty, as the Sea-Powers had recoiled horror-struck, there was no whisper farther, to them or to the rest of exoteric mankind; — though it has been one of the busiest Entities ever since. From the Menzel Documents, I know not after what circuitous gropings and searchings, Friedrich first got notice of that Treaty:¹ figure his look on discovering it!

¹ Now printed in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 40-42.

We said it was the remarkablest bit of sheepskin in its Century. Readers have heard too, That it was proposed to Brühl, by a grateful Austria, directly on signing the Peace of Dresden: "Our Partition-Treaty stands all the same, does it not?"—and in what humor Brühl answered: "Hah? Get Russia to join!" Both these facts, That there is a Treaty of Warsaw, and that this is the Austrian-Saxon temper and intention towards him and it, Friedrich learned from the Menzel Documents. And if the reader will possess himself of these two facts, and understand that they are of a germinative, most vital quality, indestructible by the times and the chances; and have been growing and developing themselves, day and night ever since, in a truly wonderful manner,—the reader knows in substance what Menzel had to reveal.

Russia was got to join;—there are methods of operating on Russia, and kindling a poor fat Czarina into strange suspicions and indignations. In May, 1746, within six months of the Peace of Dresden, a Treaty of Petersburg, new version of the Warsaw one, was brought to parchment; Czarina and Empress-Queen signing,—Brühl dying to sign, but not daring. How Russia has been got to join, and more and more vigorously bear a hand; how Brühl's rabidities of appetite, and terrors of heart, have continued ever since; how Austria and Russia,—Brühl aiding with hysterical alacrity, haunted by terror (and at last mercifully *excused* from signing),—have, year after year, especially in this last year, 1755, brought the matter nearer and nearer perfection; and the Two Imperial Majesties, with Brühl to rear, wait only till they are fully ready, and the world gives opportunity, to pick a quarrel with Friedrich, and overwhelm and partition him, according to covenant: This, wandering through endless mazes of detail, is in sum what the Menzel Documents disclose to Friedrich and us. How, in a space of ten years, the small seed-grain of a Treaty of Warsaw, or Treaty of Petersburg, planted and nourished in that manner, in the Satan's Invisible World, has grown into a mighty Tree there,—prophetic of Facts near at hand; which were extremely sanguinary to the Human Race for the next Seven Years.

This is the sum-total: but for Friedrich's sake, and to illustrate the situation, let us take a few glances more, into the then Satan's Invisible World, which had become so ominously busy round Friedrich and others. The Czarina, we say, was got to engage; 22d May, 1746, there came a Treaty of Petersburg duly valid, which is that of Warsaw under a new name: and still Brühl durst not, for above a year coming, — not till August 15th, 1747;¹ and then, only in a hypothetic half-and-half way, with fear and trembling, though with hunger unspeakable, in sight of the viands. A very wretched Brühl, as seen in these Menzel Documents. On poor Polish Majesty Brühl has played the sorcerer, this long while, and ridden him, as he would an enchanted quadruped, in a shameful manner: but how, in turn (as we study Menzel), is Brühl himself lagridden, hunted by his own devils, and leads such a ghastly phantasmal existence yonder, in the Valley of the Shadow of *Clothes*, — mere Clothes, metaphorical and literal!² Wretched Brühl, agitated with hatreds of a rather infernal nature, and with terrors of a not celestial, comes out on our sympathies, as a dog almost pitiable, — were that possible, with twelve tailors sewing for him, and a Saxony getting shoved over the precipices by him.

A famishing dog in the most singular situation. What he dare do, he does, and with such a will. But there is almost only one thing safe to him: that of egging on the Czarina against Friedrich; of coining lies to kindle Czarish Majesty; of wafting on every wind rumors to that end, and continually besieging with them the empty Czarish mind. Brühl has many Conduits, "the Sieur de Funck," "the Sieur Gross," plenty of Legationary Sieurs and Conduits; — which issue from all quarters on Petersburg, and which find there a Reservoir, and due Russian *service-pipes*, prepared for them; — and Brühl is busy. "Commerce of Dantzic to be ruined," suggests he, "that is plain: look at his Asiatic Companies, his Port of Embden.

¹ *Mémoire Raisonné* (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*), i. 459.

² "*Montrez-moi des vertus, pas des culottes* (Have you no virtues, then, to show me; nothing but pairs of breeches)!" exclaimed an impatient French Traveller, led about in Brühl's Palace one day: Archenholtz, *Geschichte des Siebenjährigen Krieges*, i. 63.

Poland is to be stirred up; — has not your Czarish Majesty heard of his intrigues there? Courland, which is almost become your Majesty's — cunningly snatched by your Majesty's address, like a valuable moribund whale adrift among the shallows, — this bad man will have it out to sea again, with the harpoons in it; fairly afloat amid the Polish Anarchies again! "These are but specimens of Brühl. Or we can give such in Brühl's own words, if the reader had rather. Here are Two, which have the advantage of brevity: —

1°. . . . The *Sieur de Funck*, Saxon Minister at Petersburg, wrote to Count Brühl, 9th July, 1755 (says an inexorable Record),

"That the *Sieur Gross* [now Minister of Russia at Dresden, who vanished out of Berlin like an angry sky-rocket some years ago] would do a good service to the Common Cause, if he wrote to his Court, 'That the King of Prussia had found a channel in Courland, by which he learned all the secrets of the Russian Court;'" and *Sieur Funck* added, "that it was expected good use could be made of such a story with her Czarish Majesty." — To which Count Brühl replies, 23d July, "That he has instructed the *Sieur Gross*, who will not fail to act in consequence."

2°. *Sieur Prasse*, same *Funck's* Secretary of Legation, at Petersburg, writes to Count Brühl, 12th April, 1756: —

"I am bidden signify to your Excellency that it is greatly wished, in order to favor certain views, you would have the goodness to cause arrive in Petersburg, by different channels, the following intelligence: 'That the King of Prussia, on pretext of Commerce, is sending officers and engineers into the Ukraine, to reconnoitre the Country and excite a rebellion there.' And this advice, be pleased to observe, is not to come direct from the Saxon Court, nor by the Envoy Gross, but by some third party, — to the end there may be no concert noticed; — as they [*l'on*, the "service-pipes," and managing Excellencies, Russian and Austrian] have given the same commission to other Ministers, so that the news shall come from more places than one.

"They [the said managing Excellencies] have also required me to write to the Baron de Sack," our Saxon Minister in Sweden, "upon it, which I will not fail to do ; and they assured me that our Court's advantage was not less concerned in it than that of their own ; adding these words [comfortable to one's soul], 'The King of Prussia [in 1745] gave Saxony a blow which it will feel for fifty years ; but we will give him one which he will feel for a hundred.' "

To which beautiful suggestion Excellency Brühl answers, 2d June, 1756 : "As to the Secret Commission of conveying to Petersburg, by concealed channels, Intelligence of Prussian machinations in the Ukraine, we are still busy finding out a right channel ; and they [*l'on*, the managing Excellencies] shall very soon, one way or the other, see the effect of my personal inclination to second what is so good an intention, though a little artful (*un peu artificieuse*," — *un peu*, nothing to speak of) !¹

Fancy a poor fat Czarina, of many appetites, of little judgment, continually beaten upon in this manner by these Saxon-Austrian artists and their Russian service-pipes. Bombarded with cunningly devised fabrications, every wind freighted for her with phantasmal rumors, no ray of direct daylight visiting the poor Sovereign Woman ; who is lazy, not malignant if she could avoid it : mainly a mass of esurient oil, with alkali on the back of alkali poured in, at this rate, for ten years past ; till, by pouring and by stirring, they get her to the state of *soap* and froth ! Is it so wonderful that she does, by degrees, rise into eminent suspicion, anger, fear, violence and vehemence against her bad neighbor ? One at last begins to conceive those insane whirls, continual mad suspicions, mad procedures, which have given Friedrich such vexation, surprise and provocation in the years past.

Friedrich is always specially eager to avoid ill-will from Russia ; but it has come, in spite of all he could do and try. And these procedures of the Czarish Majesty have been so capricious, unintelligible, perverse, and his feeling is often

¹ *Mémoire Raisonné* (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*), i. 424-425 ; and *ib.* 472

enough irritation, temporary indignation, — which we know makes Verses withal ! I can nowhere learn from those Prussian imbroglios of Books, what the Friedrich Sayings or Satirical Verses properly were : Retzow speaks of a *Produkt*, one at least, known in interior Circles.¹ *Produkt* which decidedly requires publication, beyond anything Friedrich ever wrote ; — though one can do without it too, and invoke Fancy in defect of Print. The sharpness of Friedrich's tongue we know ; and the diligence of birds of the air. To all her other griefs against the bad man, this has given the finish in the tender Czarish bosom ; — and like an envenomed drop has set the saponaceous oils (already dosed with alkali, and well in solution) foaming deliriously over the brim, in never-imagined deluges of a hatred that is unappeasable ; — very costly to Friedrich and mankind. Rising ever higher, year by year ; and now risen, to what height judge by the following : —

At Petersburg, 14th-15th May, 1753, “ There was Meeting of the Russian Senate, with deliberation held for these two days ; and for issue this conclusion come to : —

“ That it should be, and hereby is, settled as a fundamental maxim of the Russia Empire, Not only to oppose any farther aggrandizement of the King of Prussia, but to seize the first convenient opportunity for overwhelming (*écraser*), by superior force, the House of Brandenburg [Hear, hear !], and reducing it to its former state of mediocrity.”² Leg of mutton to be actually gone into. With what an enthusiasm of “ Hear, hear ! ” from Brühl and kindred parties ; especially from Brühl, — who, however, dare not yet bite, except hypothetically, such his terrors and tremors. Or, look again (same Senate,

At Petersburg, October, 1755) : “ To which Fundamental Maxim, articulately fixed ever since those Maydays of 1753, the august Russian Sanhedrim, deliberating farther in October, 1755, adds this remarkable extension,

“ That it is our resolution to attack the King of Prussia without farther discussion, whensoever the said King shall attack any Ally of Russia's, or shall himself be attacked by

¹ Retzow, i. 34.

² *Mémoire Raisonné* (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*), i. 421.

any of them." Hailed by Brühl, as natural, with his liveliest approval. "A glorious Deliberation, that, indeed!" writes he: "It clears the way of action for Russia's Allies in this matter; and for us too; though nobody can blame us, if we proceed with the extremest caution,"—and rather wait till the Bear is nearly killed.¹

Many marvels Friedrich had deciphered out of this Weingarten-Menzel Apocalypse of Satan's Invisible World; and one often fancies Friedrich's tone of mind, in his intense inspecting of that fateful continent of darkness, and his labyrinthine stepping by degrees to the oracular points, which have a light in them when flung open. But in respect of practical interest, this of October, 1755 (which would get to Potsdam probably in few weeks after) must have surpassed all the others. Marvels many, one after the other:² no doubt left, long since, of the constant disposition, preparation and fixed intention to partition him. But here, in this last indication by the Russian Senate,—which kindles into dismal evidence so many other enigmatic tokens,—there has an ulterior oracular point disclosed itself to Friedrich; in vaguer condition, but not less indubitable, and much more perilous: namely, That now, at last (end of 1755), the Two Imperial Majesties, very eager both, consider that the time is come. And are—as Friedrich looks abroad on the Austrian-Russian marchings of troops, campings, and unusual military symptoms and combinations—visibly preparing to that end.

"They have agreed to attack me next Year (1756), if they can; and next again (1757), without *if*:" so Friedrich, putting written word and public occurrence together, gradually reads; and so, all readers will see, the fact was,—though Imperial Majesty at Schönbrunn, as we shall find, strove to deny it when applied to; and scouted, as mere fiction and

¹ *Mémoire Raisoné* (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*), i. 422.

² For example, or in recapitulation: a Treaty of Warsaw or Leipzig, to partition him (18th May, 1745); Treaty of Petersburg (22d May, 1746, new form of Warsaw Treaty, with Czarina superadded); tremulous Quasi-Accession thereto of his Polish Majesty (most tremulous, hypothetic Quasi-Accession, "Yes-and-No," 15th August, 1747, and often afterwards); first Deliberation of the Russian Senate, 15th May, 1753; &c. &c.

imagination, the notion of such an "Agreement." Which I infer, therefore, *not* to have existed in parchment; not in parchment, but only in reality, and as a mutual Bond registered in—shall we say "in Heaven," as some are wont?—registered, perhaps, in *Two* Places, very separate indeed! No truer "Agreement" ever did exist;—though a devout Imperial Majesty denies it, who would shudder at the lie direct.

Poor Imperial Majesty: who can tell her troubles and straits in this abstruse time! Heaven itself ordering her to get back the Silesia of her Fathers, if she could;—yet Heaven always looking dubious, surely, upon this method of doing it. By solemn Public Treaties signed in sight of all mankind; and contrariwise, in the very same moments, by Secret Treaties, of a fell nature, concocted underground, to destroy the life of these! Imperial Majesty flatters herself it may be fair: "Treaty of Dresden, Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle; Treaties wrung from me by force, the tyrannic Sea-Powers screwing us; Kaunitz can tell! A consummate Kaunitz; who has provided remedies. Treaties do get broken. Besides, I will not go to War, unless *he* the Bad One of Prussia do!"—Alas, your noble Majesty, plain it at least is, your love of Silesia is very strong. And consummate Kaunitz and it have led you into strange predicaments. The Pompadour, for instance: who was it that answered, "*Je ne la connais pas*; I don't know her, I"? How gladly would the Imperial Maria Theresa, soul of Propriety, have made that answer! But she did not; she had to answer differently. For Kaunitz was imperative: "A kind little Note to the Pompadour; one, and then another and another; it is indispensable, your Imperial Majesty!" And Imperial Majesty always had to do it. And there exist in writing, at this hour, various flattering little Notes from Imperial Majesty to that Address; which begin, "*Ma Cousine*," "*Princesse et Cousine*," say many witnesses; nay "*Madame ma très chère Sœur*," says one good witness:¹—Notes which ought to have been printed, before this, or

¹ Hormayr (cited in Preuss, i. 433 n.,—as are Duclos; Montgaillard; *Mémoires de Richelieu*; &c.).

given at least to the Museums. "My Cousin," "Princess and Cousin," "Madame my dearest Sister:" Oh, high Imperial Soul, with what strange bed-fellows does Misery of various kinds bring us acquainted!

Friedrich was blamably imprudent in regard to Pompadour, thinks Valori: "A little complaisance might have" — what might it not have done! — "But his Prussian Majesty would not. And while the Ministers of all the other Powers" allied with France "went assiduously to pay their court to Madame, the Baron von Knyphausen alone, by his Master's order, never once went ["Don't! *Je ne la connais pas*"], — while the Empress-Queen was writing her the most flattering letters. The Prince of Prussia, King's eldest Brother, wished ardently to obtain her Portrait, and had applied to me for it; as had Prince Henri to my Predecessor. The King, who has such gallant and seductive ways when he likes, could certainly have reconciled this celebrated Lady," — a highly important Improper Female to him and others.¹

Yes; but he quite declined, not counting the costs. Costs may be immediate; profits are remote, — remote, but sure. Costs did indeed prove considerable, perhaps far beyond his expectation; though, I flatter myself, they never awoke much remorse in him, on that score! —

Friedrich's Enigma, towards the end of 1755 and onwards, is becoming frightfully stringent; and the solution, "What practically will be the wise course for me?" does not lessen in abstruse intricacy, but the reverse, as it grows more pressing. A very stormy and dubious Future, truly! Two circumstances in it will be highly determinative: one of them evident to Friedrich; the other unknown to him, and to all mortals, except two or three. *First*,

That there will be an English-French War straightway; and that, as usual, the French, weaker at sea, will probably attack Hanover; — that is to say, bring the War home to one's own door, and ripen into fulfilment those Austrian-Russian Plots. This is the evident circumstance, fast coming

¹ Valori, i. 320.

on; visible to Friedrich and to everybody. But that, in such event, Austria will join, not with England, but with France: this is a *second* circumstance, guessable by nobody; known only to Kaunitz and a select one or two; but which also will greatly complicate Friedrich's position, and render his Enigma indeed astonishingly intricate, as well as stringent for solution!



CHAPTER II.

ENGLISH DIPLOMACIES ABROAD, IN PROSPECT OF A FRENCH WAR.

BRITANNIC Majesty, I know not at what date, but before the launching of that poor Braddock thunder-bolt, much more after the tragic explosion it made, had felt that French War was nearly inevitable, and also that the French method would be, as heretofore, to attack Hanover, and wound him in that tender part. There goes on, accordingly, a lively Foreign Diplomatzing, on his Majesty's part, at present,—in defect, almost total, of Domestic Preparation, military and other;—Majesty and Ministers expecting salvation from abroad, as usual. Military preparation does lag at a shameful rate: but, on the other hand, there is a great deal of pondering, really industrious considering and contriving, about Foreign Allies, and their subsidies and engagements. That step, for example, the questionable Seizure of the French Ships *without* Declaration of War, was a contrivance by diplomatic Heads (of bad quality): "Seize their ships," said some bad Head, after meditating; "put their ships in *sequestration*, till they do us justice. If they won't, and go to War,—then *they* are the Aggressors, not we; and our Allies have to send their auxiliary quotas, as per contract!" So the Ships were seized; held in sequestration, "till many of the cargoes (being perishable goods, some even fish) rotted."¹ And in return, as will

¹ Smollett's *History of England*; &c. &c

be seen, not one auxiliary came to hand: so that the diplomatic Head had his rotted cargoes, and much public obloquy, for his pains. Not a fortunate stroke of business, that! —

Britannic Majesty, on applying at Vienna (through Keith, Sir or Mr. Robert Keith, the *first* Excellency of that name, for there are two, a father and a son, both Vienna Excellencies), was astonished to learn That, in such event of an Aggression, even on Hanover, there was no co-operation to be looked for here. Altogether cold on that subject, her Imperial Majesty seems; regardless of Excellency Keith's remonstrances and urgencies; and, in the end, is flatly negatory: "Cannot do it, your Excellency; times so perilous, bad King of Prussia so minatory," — not to mention, *sotto voce*, that we have turned on our axis, and the wind (thanks to Kaunitz) no longer hits us on the same cheek as formerly!

"Cannot? Will not?" Britannic Majesty may well stare, wide-eyed; remembering such gigantic Subsidizings and Alcides Labors, Dettingens, Fontenoy's, on the per-*contra* side. But so stands the fact: "No help from an ungrateful Vienna; — quick, then, seek elsewhere!" And Hanbury and the Continental British Excellencies have to bestir themselves as they never did. Especially Hanbury; who is directed upon Russia, — whom alone of these Excellencies it is worth while to follow for a moment. Russia, on fair subsidy, yielded us a 35,000 last War (willingly granted, most useful, though we had no fighting out of them, mere terror of them being enough): beyond all things, let Hanbury do his best in Russia!

Hanbury, cheerfully confident, provides himself with the requisites, store of bribe-money as the chief; — at Warsaw withal, he picks up one Poniatowski (airy sentimental coxcomb, rather of dissolute habits, handsomest and windiest of young Polacks): "Good for a Lover to the Grand-Duchess, this one!" thinks Hanbury. Which proved true, and had its uses for Hanbury; — Grand-Duchess and Grand-Duke (Catherine and Peter, whom we saw wedded twelve years ago, Heirs-Apparent of this Russian Chaos) being an abstrusely situated

pair of Spouses; well capable of something political, in private ways, in such a scene of affairs; and Catherine, who is an extremely clever creature, being out of a lover just now. A fine scene for the Diplomatist, this Russia at present. Nowhere in the world can you do so much with bribery; quite a standing item, and financial necessary-of-life to Officials of the highest rank there, as Hanbury well knows.¹ That of Poniatowski proved, otherwise too, a notable stroke of Hanbury's; and shot the poor Polish Coxcomb aloft into tragic altitudes, on the sudden, as we all know!

Hanbury's immense dexterities, and incessant labors at Petersburg, shall lie hidden in the slop-pails: it is enough to say, his guineas, his dexterities and auxiliary Poniatowskis did prevail; and he triumphantly signed his Treaty (Petersburg, 30th September) "Subsidy-Treaty for 55,000 men, 15,000 of them cavalry," not to speak of "40 to 50 galleys" and the like; "to attack whomsoever Britannic Majesty bids: annual cost a mere £500,000 while on service; £100,000 while waiting."² And, what is more, and what our readers are to mark, the 55,000 begin on the instant to assemble, — along the Livonian Frontier or Lithuanian, looking direct into Preussen. Diligently rendezvousing there; 55,000 of them, nay gradually 70,000; no stinginess in the Czarina to her Ally of England. A most triumphant thing, thinks Hanbury: Could another of you have done it? Signed, ready for ratifying, 30th September, 1755 (bad Braddock news not hindering); — and *before* it is ratified (this also let readers mark), the actual Troops getting on march.

Hanbury's masterpiece, surely; a glorions triumph in the circumstances, and a difficult, thinks Hanbury. Had Hanbury seen the inside of the cards, as readers have, he would not have thought it so triumphant. For years past, — especially since that "Fundamental maxim, May 14th-15th, 1753," which we heard of, — the Czarina's longings had been fixed. And here now — scattering money from both hands of it, and wooing us with diplomatic finessings — is the Fulfilment come! "Opportunity" upon Preussen; behold it here.

¹ His Letters (in Raumer), *passim*.

² In *Adelung*, vii. 609.

30th Sept. 1755-16th Jan. 1756.

The Russian Senate again holds deliberation; declares (on the heel of this Hanbury Treaty), "in October, 1755," what we read above, That its Anti-Prussian intentions are — truculent indeed. And it is the common talk in Petersburg society, through Winter, what a dose the ambitious King of Prussia has got brewed for him,¹ out of Russian indignation and resources, miraculously set afloat by English guineas. A triumphant Hanbury, for the time being, — though a tragical enough by and by!

The triumphant Hanbury Treaty becomes, itself, Nothing or less; — but produces a Friedrich Treaty, followed by Results which surprise Everybody.

King Friedrich's outlooks, on this consummation, may well seem to him critical. The sore longing of an infuriated Czarina is now let loose, and in a condition to fulfil itself! To Friedrich these Petersburg news are no secret; nor to him are the Petersburg private intentions a thing that can be doubted. Apart from the Menzel-Weingarten revelations, as we noticed once, it appears the Grand-Duke Peter (a great admirer of Friedrich, poor confused soul) had himself thrice-secretly warned Friedrich, That the mysterious Combination, Russia in the van, would attack him next Spring; — "not Weingarten that betrayed our *Grand Mystère*; from first hand, that was done!" said Excellency Peubla, on quitting Berlin not long after.² The Grand Mystery is not uncertain to Friedrich; and it may well be very formidable, — coupled with those Braddock explosions, Seizures of French ships, and English-French War imminent, and likely to become a general European one; which are the closing prospects of 1755. The French King he reckons not to be well disposed to him; their old Treaty of "twelve years" (since 1744) is just about running out. Not friendly, the French King, owing to little

¹ *Mémoire Raisonné* (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*), i. 429, &c.

² Cogniazzo, *Geständnisse eines Oesterreichischen Veterans* (as cited above), i. 225. "September 16th, 1756," Peubla left Berlin (Rödenbeck, i. 298), — three months after Weingarten's disappearance.

rubbs that have been; still less the Pompadour; — though who could guess how implacable she was at “not being known (*ne la connais pas*)”! At Vienna, he is well aware, the humor towards him is mere cannibalism in refined forms. But most perilous of all, most immediately perilous, is the implacable Czarina, set afloat upon English guineas!

With a hope, as is credibly surmised, that the English might soothe or muzzle this implacable Czarina, Friedrich, directly after Hanbury's feat in Petersburg, applied at London, with an Offer which was very tempting there: “Suppose your Britannic Majesty would make, with me, an express ‘*Neutrality Convention* ;’ mutual Covenant to keep the German Reich entirely free of this War now threatening to break out? To attack jointly, and sweep home again with vigor, any and every Armed Non-German setting foot on the German soil!” An offer most welcome to the Heads of Opposition, the Pitts and others of that Country; who wish dear Hanover safe enough (safe in Davy-Jones's locker, if that would do); but are tired of subsidizing, and fighting and tumulting, all the world over, for that high end. So that Friedrich's Proposal is grasped at; and after a little manipulation, the thing is actually concluded.

By no means much manipulation, both parties being willing. There was uncommonly rapid surgery of any little difficulties and discrepancies; rapid closure, instant salutary stitching together of that long unhealable Privateer Controversy, as the main item: “£20,000 allowed to Prussia for Prussian damages; and to England, from the other side, the remainder of Silesian Debt, painfully outstanding for two or three years back, is to be paid off at once;” — and in this way such “*Neutrality Convention of Prussia with England*” comes forth as a Practical Fact upon mankind. Done at Westminster, 16th January, 1756. The stepping-stone, as it proved, to a closer Treaty of the same date next Year; of which we shall hear a great deal. The stepping-stone, in fact, to many large things; — and to the ruin of our late “Russian-Subsidy Treaty” (Hanbury's masterpiece), for one small thing. “That is a Treaty signed,

30th Sept. 1755-16th Jan. 1756.

sure enough," answer they of St. James's; "and we will be handsome about it to her Czarish Majesty; but as to *ratifying* it, in its present form, — of course, never!"

What a clap of thunder to Excellency Hanbury; his masterpiece found suddenly a superfluity, an incommodity! The Orthodox English course now is, "No foreign soldiers at all to be allowed in Germany;" and there are the 55,000 tramping on with such alacrity. "We cannot ratify that Treaty, Excellency Hanbury," writes the Majesty's Ministry, in a tone not of gratitude: "you must turn it some other way!" A terrible blow to Hanbury, who had been expecting gratitude without end. And now, try how he might, there was no turning it another way; this, privately, and this only, being the Czarina's own way. A Czarina obstinate to a degree; would not consent, even when they made her the liberal offer, "Keep your 55,000 at home; don't attack the King of Prussia with them; you shall have your Subsidy all the same!" "No, I won't!" answered she, — to Hanbury's amazement. Hanbury had not read the Weingarten-Menzel Documents; — what double double of toil and trouble might Hanbury have saved himself and others, could he have read them!

Hanbury could not, still less could the Majesty's Ministry, surmise the Czarina's secret at all, now or for a good while coming. And in fact, poor Hanbury, busy as a Diplomatic oee, never did more good in Russia, or out of it. By direction of the Majesty's Ministry, Hanbury still tried industriously, cash in both hands; tried various things: "Assuage the Czarina's mind; reconcile her to King Friedrich;" — all in vain. "Unite Austria, Russia and England, can't you, then? — in a Treaty against the Designs of France:" how very vain! Then, at a later stage, "Get us the Czarina to mediate between Prussia and Austria" (so very possible to sleek them down into peace, thought Majesty's Ministry): — and unwearied Hanbury, cunning eloquence on his lips, and money in both hands, tries again, and ever again, for many months. And in the way of making ropes from sand, it must be owned there never was such twisting and untwisting, as that appointed Hanbury. Who in fact broke his heart by it; — and died mad,

by his own hand, before long.¹ Poor soul, after all! — Here are some Russian Notices from him (and he has many curious, not pertinent here), which are still worth gleaning.

Petersburg, 2d October, 1755. . . . “The health of the Empress [Czarina Elizabeth, *Catin du Nord*, age now forty-five] is bad. She is affected with spitting of blood, shortness of breath, constant coughing, swelled legs and water on the chest; yet she danced a minuet with me,” lucky Hanbury. “There is great fermentation at Court. Peter [Grand-Duke Peter] does not conceal his enmity to the Schuwalofs [paramours of *Catin*, old and new]; Catherine [Grand-Duchess, who at length has an Heir, unbeautiful Czar Paul that will be, and “miscarriages” not a few] is on good terms with Bestuchef” (corruptiblest brute of a Chancellor ever known, friend to England by England’s giving him £10,000, and the like trifles, pretty frequently; Friedrich’s enemy, chiefly from defect of that operation) — she is “on good terms with Bestuchef. I think it my duty to inform the King [great George, who will draw his prognostics from it] of my observations upon her; which I can the better do, as I often have conversations with her for hours together, as at supper my rank places me always next to her,” twice-lucky Hanbury.

“Since her coming to this Country, she has, by every method in her power, endeavored to gain the affections of the Nation: she applied herself with diligence to study their language; and speaks it at present, as the Russians tell me, in the greatest perfection. She has also succeeded in her other aim; for she is esteemed and beloved here in a high degree. Her person is very advantageous, and her manners very captivating. She has great knowledge of this Empire; and makes it her only study. She has parts; and Great-Chancellor [brute Bestuchef] tells me that nobody has more steadiness and resolution. She has, of late, openly declared herself to me in respect of the King of Prussia;” — hates him a good deal, “natural and formidable enemy of Russia;” “heart certainly the worst in the world [and so on; but will see better by and by, having eyes of her own]: — she never mentions the King of England but

¹ Hanbury’s “Life” (in *Works*, vol. iii.) gives sad account.

with the utmost respect and highest regard; is thoroughly sensible of the utility of the union between England and Russia; always calls his Majesty the Empress's best and greatest Ally [so much of nourishment in him withal, as in a certain web-footed Chief of Birds, reckoned chief by some]; and hopes he will also give his friendship and protection to the Grand-Duke and herself. — As for the Grand-Duke, he is weak and violent; but his confidence in the Grand-Duchess is so great, that sometimes he tells people, that though he does not understand things himself, his Wife understands everything. Should the Empress, as I fear, soon die, the Government will quietly devolve on them.”¹

Catherine's age is twenty-six gone; her Peter's twenty-seven: one of the cleverest young Ladies in the world, and of the stoutest-hearted, clearest-eyed; — yoked to a young Gentleman much the reverse. Thank Hanbury for this glimpse of them, most intricately situated Pair; who may concern us a little in the sequel. — And, in justice to poor Hanover, the sad subject-matter of Excellency Hanbury's Problems and Futilities in Russia and elsewhere, let us save this other Fraction by a very different hand; and close that Hanbury scene: —

“Friedrich himself was so dangerous,” says the Constitutional Historian once: “Friedrich, in alliance with France, how easy for him to catch Hanover by the throat at a week's notice, throw a death-noose round the throat of poor Hanover, and hand the same to France for tightening at discretion! Poor Hanover indeed; she reaps little profit from her English honors: what has she had to do with these Transatlantic Colonies of England? An unfortunate Country, if the English would but think; liable to be strangled at any time, for England's quarrels: the Achilles'-heel to invulnerable England; a sad function for Hanover, if it be a proud one, and amazingly lucrative to some Hanoverians. The Country is very dear to his Britannic Majesty in one sense, very dear to Britain in another! Nay Germany itself, through Hanover, is to be torn

¹ Hanbury's Despatch, “October 2d, 1755” (Raumer, pp. 223-225); Subsidy Treaty still at its floweriest.

up by War for Transatlantic interests, — out of which she does not even get good Virginia tobacco, but grows bad of her own. No more concern than the Ring of Saturn with these over-sea quarrels; and can, through Hanover, be torn to pieces by War about them. Such honor to give a King to the British Nation, in a strait for one; and such profit coming of it: — we hope all sides are grateful for the blessings received!"

There has been a Counter-Treaty going on at Versailles in the Interim; which hereupon starts out, and tumbles the wholly astonished European Diplomacies heels-over-head.

To expectant mankind, especially to Vienna and Versailles, this Britannic-Prussian Treaty was a great surprise. And indeed it proved the signal of a general System of New Treaties all round. The first signal, in fact, — though by no means the first cause, — of a total circumgyration, summerset, or tumble heels-over-head in the Political relations of Europe altogether, which ensued thereupon; miraculous, almost as the Earthquake at Lisbon, to the Gazetteer and Diplomatic mind, and incomprehensible for long years after. First signal we say, by no means that it was the first cause, or indeed that it was a cause at all, — the thing being determined elsewhere long before; ever since 1753, when Kaunitz left it ready, waiting only its time.

Kaiser Franz, they say, when (probably during those Keith urgencies) the joining with France and turning against poor Britannic Majesty was proposed in Council at Vienna, opened his usually silent lips; and opined with emphasis against such a course, no Kaunitz or creature able to persuade Kaiser Franz that good would come of it; — though, finding Sovereign Lady and everybody against him, he held his peace again. And returned to his private banking operations, which were more extensive than ever, from the new troubles rising. "Lent the Empress-Queen, always on solid securities," says Friedrich, "large sums, from time to time, in those Wars; dealt in Commissariat stores to right and left; we ourselves had most of our meal from him this year."¹ Kaiser Franz was, and con-

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 8.

22d Sept.-1st May, 1756.

tinued, of the old way of thinking; but consummate Kaunitz, and the High Lady's fixed passion for her Schlesien, had changed everybody else. The ulterior facts are as follows, abbreviated to the utmost.

September 22d, 1755, a few days before Hanbury's Subsidy-feat at Petersburg, which took such a whirl for Hanbury, there had met for the first time at Versailles, more especially at Babiolo, Pleasure-House of the Pompadour, a most Select Committee of Three Persons: Graf von Stahrenberg, Austrian Ambassador; Pompadour herself; and a certain infinitely elegant Count and Reverence de Bernis (beautiful Clerico-Mundane Gentleman, without right Benefice hitherto, but much in esteem with the Pompadour);—for deepest practical consideration in regard to closure of a French-Austrian Alliance. Reverend Count (subsequently Cardinal) de Bernis has sense in Diplomacy; has his experiences in Secular Diplomatic matters; a soft-going cautious man, not yet official, but tending that way: whom the Pompadour has brought with her as henchman, or *unghostly* counsellor, in this intricate Adventure.

Stahrenberg, instructed from home, has no hesitation; nor has Pompadour herself, remembering that insolent "*Je ne la connais pas*," and the per-contra "*Ma Cousine*," "*Princesse et Sœur*:"—but Bernis, I suppose, looks into the practical difficulties; which are probably very considerable, to the Official French eye, in the present state of Europe and of the public mind. From September 22d, or autumnal equinox, 1755, onward to this Britannic-Prussian phenomenon of January, 1756, the Pompadour Conclave has been sitting,—difficulties, no doubt, considerable. I will give only the dates, having myself no interest in such a Committee at Babiolo; but the dates sufficiently betoken that there were intricacies, conflicts between the new and the old. Hitherto the axiom always was, "Prussia the Adjunct and Satellite of France:" now to be entirely reversed, you say?

July, 1755, that is two months before this Babiolo Committee met, a Duc de Nivernois, respectable intelligent dilet-

tante French Nobleman, had been named as Ambassador to Friedrich, "Go, you respectable wise Nivernois, Nobleman of Letters so called; try and retain Friedrich for us, as usual!" And now, on meeting of the Babiole Committee, Nivernois does not go; lingers, saddled and bridled, till the very end of the Year; arrives in Berlin January 12th, 1756. Has his First Audience January 14th; a man highly amiable to Friedrich; but with proposals, — wonderful indeed.

The French, this good while back, are in no doubt about War with England, a right hearty War; and have always expected to retain Prussia as formerly, — though rather on singular terms. Some time ago, for instance, M. de Rouillé, War-Minister, requested Knyphausen, Prussian Envoy at Paris: "Suggest to your King's Majesty what plunder there is at Hanover. Perfectly at liberty to keep it all, if he will plunder Hanover for us!"¹ Pleasant message to the proud King; who answered with the due brevity, to the purport, "Silence, Sir!" — with didactic effects on the surprised Rouillé. Who now mends his proposal; though again in a remarkable way. Instructs Nivernois, namely, "To offer King Friedrich the Island of Tobago, if he will renew Treaty, and take arms for us. Is'land of Tobago (a deserted, litigated, but pretty Island, were it ever ours), will not that entice this King, intent on Commerce?" Friedrich, who likes Nivernois and his polite ways, answers quizzingly: "Island of Tobago? Island of Barataria your Lordship must be meaning; Island of which I cannot be the Sancho Panza!"² And Nivernois found he must not mention Tobago again.

For the rest, Friedrich made no secret of his English Treaty; showed it with all frankness to Nivernois, in all points: "Is there, can the most captious allege that there is, anything against France in it? My one wish and aim, that of Peace for myself: judge!" Nivernois stayed till March; but seems to have had, of definite, only Tobago and good words; so that nothing farther came of him, and there was no Renewal of Treaty then or after. Thus, in his third month (March, 1756), practical Nivernois was recalled, without result; — instead of

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 29² *Ib* 31.

whom fat Valori was sent; privately intending "to do nothing but observe, in Berlin." From all which, we infer that the Babiolo Committee now saw land; and that Bernis himself had decided in the affirmative: "Austria, not Prussia; yes, Madame!" To the joy of Madame and everybody. For, it is incredible, say all witnesses, what indignation broke out in Paris when Friedrich made this new "defection," so they termed it; revolt from his Liege Lord (who had been so exemplary to him on former occasions!), and would not bite at Tobago when offered. So that the Babiolo Committee went on, henceforth, with flowing sea; and by Mayday (1st May, 1756) brought out its French-Austrian Treaty in a completed state. "To stand by one another," like Castor and Pollux, in a manner; "24,000, reciprocally, to be ready on demand;" nay I think something of "subsides" withal, — to Austria, of course. But the particulars are not worth giving; the Performance, thanks to a zealous Pompadour, having quite outrun the Stipulation, and left it practically out of sight, when the push came. Our Constitutional Historian may shadow the rest:—

"France and England going to War in these sad circumstances, and France and Austria being privately prepared [by Kaunitz and others] to swear everlasting friendship on the occasion, instead of everlasting enmity as heretofore; unexpected changes, miraculous to the Gazetteers, became inevitable; — nothing less, in short, than explosion or topsy-turvy of the old Diplomatic-Political Scheme of Europe. Old dance of the Constellations flung heels-over-head on the sudden; and much pirouetting, jigging, setting, before they could change partners, and continue their august dance again, whether in War or Peace. No end to the industrious wonder of the Gazetteer mind, to the dark difficulties of the Diplomatic. What bafflings, agonistic shufflings, impotent gazings into the dark; what seductive fiddling, and being fiddled to! A most sad function of Humanity, if sometimes an inevitable one; which ought surely at all times to be got over as briefly as possible. To be written of, especially, with a maximum of brevity; human nature being justly impatient of talk about it, beyond the strictly needful."

Most true it is, and was most miraculous, though now quite forgotten again, Political Europe had to make a complete whirl-round on that occasion. And not in a day, and merely saying to itself, "Let me do summerset!" as idle readers suppose, — but with long months of agonistic shuffle and struggle in all places, and such Diplomatic fiddling and being fiddled to, as seldom was before. Of which, these two instances, the Bernis and the Hanbury, are to serve as specimen; two and no more: a universe of extinct fiddling compressed into two nutshells, if readers have an ear.

CHAPTER III.

FRENCH-ENGLISH WAR BREAKS OUT.

THE French, in reality a good deal astonished at the Prussian-Britannic Treaty, affected to take it easy: "Treaty for Neutrality of Germany?" said they: "Very good indeed. Perhaps there are places nearer us, where our troops can be employed to more advantage!"¹ — hinting vocally, as henceforth their silent procedures, their diligence in the dockyards, moving of troops coastward and the like, still more clearly did, That an Invasion of England itself was the thing next to be expected.

England and France are, by this time, alike fiercely determined on War; but their states of preparation are very different. The French have War-ships again, not to mention Armies which they always have; some skilful Admirals withal, — La Gallissonnière, our old Canada friend, is one, very busy at present; — and mean to try seriously the Question of Sea-Supremacy once more. If an Invasion did chance to land, the state of England would be found handy beyond hope! How many fighting regiments England has, I need not inquire, nor with what strategic virtue they would go to work; — enough to mention the singular fact (recently true, and still, I

¹ Their "Declaration" on it (Adelung, vii. 613).

perceive, too like the truth), That of all their regiments, "only Three are in this Country," or have Colonels even nominated. Incredible; but certain. And the interesting point is, his Grace of Newcastle dare not have Colonels, still less higher Officers nominated; because Royal Highness of Cumberland would have the naming of them, and they would be enemies to his Grace.¹ In such posture stands the Envy of surrounding Nations at this moment.

"Hire Hessians," cry they; "hire Hanoverians; if France land on us, we are undone!" — and continue their Parliamentary Eloquences in a most distressful manner. "Apply to the Dutch, at any rate, for their 6,000 as per Treaty," cries everybody. Which is done. But the Dutch piteously wring their hands: "Dare not, your Majesty; how dare we, for France and our neglected Barrier! Oh, generous Majesty, excuse us!" — and the generous Majesty has to do it; and leave the Dutch in peace, this time. Hessians, Hanoverians, after eloquence enough, are at last got sent for, to guard us against this terrible Invasion: about 10,000 of each kind; and do land, — the native populations very sulky on them ("We won't billet you, not we; build huts, and be —!"), with much Parliamentary and Newspaper Commentary going on, of a distressful nature. "Saturday, 15th May, 1756, Hessians disembark at Southampton; obliged to pitch Camp in the neighborhood: Friday, 21st May, the Hanoverians, at Chatham, who hut themselves Canterbury way;" — and have (what is the sum-total of their achievements in this Country) a case of shoplifting, "pocket-handkerchief, across the counter, in open day;" one case (or what seemed to be one, but was not);² "and the fellow not to be tried by *us* for it!" which enrages the constitutional heart. Alas, my heavy-laden constitutional heart; but what can we do? These drilled louts will guard us, should this terrible

¹ Walpole, *George the Second*, ii. 19 (date, "March 25th, 1755;" and how long after, is not said: but see Pitt's Speeches, *ib.*, all through 1756, and farther).

² "At Maidstone, 13th September, 1756;" Hanoverian soldier, purchasing a handkerchief, imagines he has purchased two (not yet clipt asunder), haberdasher and he having no language in common: *Gentleman's Magazine*, for 1756, pp. 259, 448, &c.; Walpole, *scæpius*.

Invasion land. And indeed, about three weeks *before* these louts arrived, the terrible Invasion had declared itself to have been altogether a feint; and had lifted anchor, quite in the opposite direction, on an errand we shall hear of soon!

About the same date, I observe, "the first regiment of Footguards practising the Prussian drill-exercise in Hyde Park;" and hope his Grace of Newcastle and the Hero of Culloden (immortal Hero, and aiming high in Politics at this time) will, at least, have fallen upon some method of getting Colonels nominated. But the wide-weltering chaos of platitudes, agitated by hysterical imbecilities, regulating England in this great crisis, fills the constitutional mind with sorrow; and indeed is definable, once more, as amazing! England is a stubborn Country; but it was not by procedures of the Cumberland-Newcastle kind that England, and her Colonies, and Sea-and-Land Kingdoms, was built together; nor by these, except miracle intervene, that she can stand long against stress! Looking at the dismal matter from this distance, there is visible to me in the foggy heart of it one lucent element, and pretty much one only; the individual named William Pitt, as I have read him: if by miracle that royal soul could, even for a time, get to something of Kingship there? Courage; miracles do happen, let us hope!—This is whitherward the grand Invasion had gone:—

Toulon, 10th April, 1756. La Gallissonnière, our old Canadian friend, a crooked little man of great faculty, who has been busy in the dockyards lately, weighs anchor from Toulon; "12 sail of the line, 5 frigates and above 100 transport-ships;" with the grand Invasion-of-England Armament on board: 16,000 picked troops, complete in all points, Maréchal Due de Richelieu commanding.¹ Weighs anchor; and, singular to see, steers, not for England, and the Hessian-Hanover Defenders (who would have been in such excellent time); but direct for Minoreca, as the surer thing! Will seize Minoreca; a so-called inexpugnable Possession of the English, — Key of their Medi-

¹ Adelung, viii. 70.

terranean Supremacies; — really inexpugnable enough; but which lies in the usual dilapidated state, though by chance with a courageous old Governor in it, who will not surrender quite at once.

April 18th, La Gallissonnière disembarks his Richelieu with a Sixteen Thousand, unopposed at Port-Mahon, or Fort St. Philip, in Minorca; who instantly commences Siege there. To the astonishment of England and his Grace of Newcastle, who, except old Governor Blakeney, much in dilapidation (“wooden platforms rotten,” “batteries out of repair,” and so on), have nothing ready for Richelieu in that quarter. The story of Minorca; and the furious humors and tragic consummations that arose on it, being still well known, we will give the dates only. *

Fort St. Philip, April 18th-May 20th. For a month, Richelieu, skilful in tickling the French troops, has been besieging, in a high and grandiose way; La Gallissonnière vigilantly cruising; old Blakeney, in spite of the rotten platforms, vigorously holding out; when — *May 19th*, La Gallissonnière descries an English fleet in the distance; indisputably an English fleet; and clears his decks for a serious Affair just coming. *Thursday, 20th May*, Admiral Byng accordingly (for it is he, son of that old seaworthy Byng, who once “blew out” a minatory Spanish Fleet and “an absurd Flame of War” in the Straits of Messina, and was made Lord Torrington in consequence, — happily now dead) — Admiral Byng does come on; and gains himself a name badly memorable ever since. Attacks La Gallissonnière, in a wide-lying, languid, hovering, uncertain manner: — “Far too weak,” he says; “much disprovided, destitute, by blame of Ministry and of everybody” (though about the strength of La Gallissonnière, after all); — is almost rather beaten by La Gallissonnière; does not, in the least, beat him to the right degree: — and sheers off, in the night-time, straight for Gibraltar again. To La Gallissonnière’s surprise, it is said; no doubt to old Blakeney and his poor Garrison’s, left so, to their rotten platforms and their own shifts.

Blakeney and Garrison stood to their guns in a manful

manner, for above a month longer ; day after day, week after week, looking over the horizon for some Byng or some relief appearing, to no purpose ! *June 14th*, there are three available breaches ; the walls, however, are very sheer (a Fortress hewn in the rock) : Richelieu scanning them dubiously, and battering his best, for about a fortnight more, is ineffectual on Blakeney.

June 27th, Richelieu, taking his measures well, tickling French honor well, has determined on storm. Richelieu, giving order of the day, "Whosoever of you is found drunk shall *not* be of the storm-party" (which produced such a teetotalism as nothing else had done), — storms, that night, with extreme audacity. The Place has to capitulate : glorious victory ; honorable defence : and Minorea gone.

And England is risen to a mere smoky whirlwind, of rage, sorrow and darkness, against Byng and others. Smoky darkness, getting streaked with dangerous fire. "Tried ?" said his Grace of Newcastle to the City Deputation : "Oh indeed he shall be tried immediately ; he shall be hanged directly !" — assure yourselves of that.¹ And Byng's effigy was burnt all over England. And mobs attempt to burn his Seat and Park ; and satires and caricatures and firebrands are coming out : and the poor Constitutional Country is bent on applying surgery, if it but know how. Surgery to such indisputable abominations was certainly desirable. The new Relief Squadron, which had been despatched by Majesty's Ministry, was too late for Blakeney, but did bring home a superseded Byng.

Spithead, Tuesday, 27th July, The superseded Byng arrives ; is punctually arrested, on arriving : "Him we will hang directly : — is there anything else we can try [except, perhaps, it were hanging of ourselves, and our fine methods of procedure], by way of remedying you ?" — War against France, now a pretty plain thing, had been "declared," 17th May (French counter-declaring, 9th June) : and, under a Duke of Newcastle and a Hero of Culloden, not even pulling one way,

¹ Walpole, ii. 231 : Details of the Siege, ib. 218-225 ; in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxvi. 256, 312-313, 358 ; in Adelung, vii. ; &c. &c.

but two ways; and a Talking-Apparatus full of discords at this time, and pulling who shall say how many ways,—the prospects of carrying on said War are none of the best. Lord Loudon, a General without skill, and commanding, as Pitt declares, “a scroll of Paper hitherto” (a good few thousands marked on it, and perhaps their Colonels even named), is about going for America; by no means yet gone, a long way from gone: and, if the Laws of Nature be suspended — Enough of all that!

King Friedrich's Enigma gets more and more stringent.

Friedrich's situation, in those fatefully questionable months, and for many past (especially from January 16th to July), — readers must imagine it, for there is no description possible. In many intricacies Friedrich has been; but never, I reckon, in any equal to this. Himself certain what the Two Imperial Women have vowed against him; self and Winterfeld certain of that sad truth; and all other mortals ready to deny it, and fly delirious on hint of it, should he venture to act in consequence! Friedrich's situation is not unimaginable, when (as can now be done by candid inquirers who will take trouble enough) the one or two internal facts of it are disengaged from the roaring ocean of clamorous delusions which then enveloped them to everybody, and are held steadily in view, said ocean being well run off to the home of it very deep underground. Lies do fall silent; truth waits to be recognized, not always in vain. No reader ever will conceive the strangling perplexity of that situation, now so remote and extinct to us. All I can do is, to set down what features of it have become indisputable; and leave them as detached tracerics, as fractions of an outline, to coalesce into something of image where they can.

Winterfeld's opinion was, for some time past, distinct: “Attack them; since it is certain they only wait to attack us!” But Friedrich would by no means listen to that. “We must not be the aggressor, my friend; that would spoil all. Perhaps the English will pacify the Russian *Catin* for me;

tie her, with packthreads, bribes and intrigues, from stirring? Wait, watch!" Fiery Winterfeld, who hates the French, who despises the Austrians, and thinks the Prussian Army a considerable Fact in Politics, has great schemes: far too great for a practical Friedrich. "Plunge into the Austrians with a will: Prussian Soldiery, — can Austrians resist it? Ruin them, since they are bent on ruining us. Stir up the Hungarian Protestants; try all things. Home upon our implacable enemies, sword drawn, scabbard flung away! And the French, — what are the French? Our King should be Kaiser of Teutschland; and he can, and he may: — the French would then be quieter!" These things Winterfeld carried in his head; and comrades have heard them from him over wine.¹ To all which Friedrich, if any whisper of them ever got to Friedrich, would answer one can guess how.

It is evident, Friedrich had not given up his hope (indeed, for above a year more, he never did) that England might, by profuse bribery, — "such the power of bribery in that mad Court!" — assuage, overnet with backstairs packthreads, or in some way compesce the Russian delirium for him. And England, his sole Ally in the world, still tender of Austria, and unable to believe what the full intentions of Austria are; England demands much wariness in his procedures towards Austria; reiterating always, "Wait, your Majesty! Oh, beware!" —

His own Army, we need not say, is in perfect preparation. The Army — let us guess, 150,000 regular, or near 200,000 of all arms and kinds² — never was so perfect before or since. Old Captains in it, whom we used to know, are grayer and wiser; young, whom we heard less of, are grown veterans of trust. Schwerin, much a Cincinnatus since we last saw him, has laid down his plough again, a fervid "little Marlborough" of seventy-two; — and will never see that beautiful Schwerinsburg, and its thriving woods and farm-fields, any more. Ugly Walrave is not now chief Engineer; one Balbi,

¹ Retzow, i. 43, &c.

² Archenholtz (i. 8) counts vaguely "160,000" at this date.

a much prettier man, is. Ugly Walrave (Winterfeld suspecting and watching him) was found out; convicted of "falsified accounts," of "sending plans to the Enèmy," of who knows all what; — and sits in Magdeburg (in a thrice-safe prison-cell of his own contriving), prisoner for life.¹ The Old Dessauer is away, long since; and not the Old alone. Dietrich of Dessau is now "Guardian to his Nephew," who is a Child left Heir there. Death has been busy with the Dessauers: — but here is Prince Moritz, "the youngest, more like his Father than any of them." Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, Moritz of Dessau, Keith, Duke of Brunswick-Bevern: no one of these people has been idle, in the ten years past. Least of all, has the Chief Captain of them, — whose diligence and vigilance in that sphere, latterly, were not likely to decline!

Friedrich's Army is in the perfection of order. Ready at the hour, for many months back; but the least motion he makes with it is a subject of jealousy. Last year, on those Russian advancings and alacrities, he had marched some Regiments into Pommern, within reach of Preussen, should the Russians actually try a stroke there: "See!" cried all the world: "See!" cried the enlightened Russian Public. This year 1756, from June onwards and earlier, there are still more fatal symptoms, on the Austrian side: great and evident War-preparations; Magazines forming; Camps in Bohemia, Moravia; Camp at Königsgrätz, Camp at Prag, — handy for the Silesian Border. Friedrich knows they have deliberated on their Pretext for a War, and have fixed on what will do, — some new small Prussian-Mecklenburg brabble, which there has lately been; paltry enough recruiting-quarrel, such as often are (and has been settled mutually some time ago, this one, but is capable of being ripped up again); — and that, on this cobweb of a pretext, they mean to draw sword when they like. Russia too has its Pretext ready. And if Friedrich hint of stirring, England whispers hoarse, England and other friends, "Wait, your Majesty! Oh, beware!" To keep one's

¹ "Arrested at Potsdam 12th February, 1748, and after trial put into the *Stern* at Magdeburg; sat there till he died, 16th January, 1773" (*Militair-Lexikon*, iv. 150-151).

sword at its sharpest, and, with an easy patient air, one's eyes vigilantly open: this is nearly all that Friedrich can do, in neighborhood of such portentous imminencies. He has many critics, near and far; — for instance: —

Berlin, 31st July, 1756, Excellency Valori writes to Versailles: . . . “to give you account of a Conversation I have had, a day or two ago, with the Prince of Prussia [August Wilhelm, Heir-Apparent], who honors me with a particular confidence,” — and who appears to be, privately, like some others, very strong in the Opposition view. “He talked to me of the present condition of the King his Brother, of his Brother's apprehensions, of his military arrangements, of the little trust placed in him by neighbors, of their hostile humor towards him, and of many other things which this good Prince [little understanding them, as would appear, or the dangerous secret that lay under them] did not approve of. The Prince then said,” — listen to what the Prince of Prussia said to Valori, one of the last days of July, 1756, —

“‘There is an Aneedote which continually recurs to me, in the passes we are got to at present. Putting the case we might be attacked by Russia, and perhaps by Austria, the late Rothenburg was sent [as readers know], on the King's part, to Milord Tyrconnel, to know of him what, in such case, were the helps he might reckon on from France. Milord enumerated the various helps; and then added [being a blustering Irishman, sent hither for his ill tongue]: “Helps enough, you observe, Monsieur; but, *morbleu*, if you deceive us, you will be squelched (*vous serez écrasés*)!” The King my Brother was angry enough at hearing such a speech: but, my dear Marquis,’ and the Prince turned full upon me with a face of inquiry, ‘Can the thing actually come true? And do you think it can be the interest of your Master [and his Scarlet Woman] to abandon us to the fury of our enemies? Ah, that cursed Convention [Neutrality-Convention with England]! I would give a finger from my hand that it had never been concluded. I never approved of it; ask the Duc de Nivernois, he knows what we said of it together. But how return on our steps?’

Who would now trust us ? ' ' This Prince appeared "to be much affected by the King his Brother's situation [of which he understood as good as nothing], and agreed that he," the King his Brother, "had well deserved it."¹

This is not the first example, nor the last, of August Wilhelm's owning a heedless, good-natured tongue; considerably prone to take the Opposition side, on light grounds. For which if he found a kind of solacement and fame in some circles, it was surely at a dear rate! To his Brother, that bad habit would, most likely, be known; and his Brother, I suppose, did not speak of it at all; such his Brother's custom in cases of the kind. — Judicious Valori, by way of answer, dilated on the peculiar esteem of his Majesty Louis XV. for the Prussian Majesty, — "so as my Instructions direct me to do;" and we hear no more of the Prince of Prussia's talk, at this time; but shall in future; and may conjecture a great deal about the atmosphere Friedrich had now to live in. A Friedrich undergoing, privately, a great deal of criticism: "Mad tendency to war; lust of conquest; contempt for his neighbors, for the opinion of the world; — no end of irrational tendencies:"² from persons to whom the secret of his Problem is deeply unknown.

One wise thing the English have done: sent an Excellency Mitchell, a man of loyalty, of sense and honesty, to be their Resident at Berlin. This is the noteworthy, not yet much noted, Sir Andrew Mitchell; by far the best Excellency England ever had in that Court. An Aberdeen Scotchman, creditable to his Country: hard-headed, sagacious; sceptical of shows; but capable of recognizing substances withal, and of standing loyal to them, stubbornly if needful; who grew to a great mutual regard with Friedrich, and well deserved to do so; constantly about him, during the next seven years; and whose Letters are among the perennially valuable Documents on Friedrich's History.³

¹ Valori, ii. 129-131.

² Ib. ii. 124-151 ("July 27th-August 21st").

³ Happily secured in the British Museum; and now in the most perfect order for consulting (thanks to Sir F. Madden "and three years' labor" well

Mitchell is in Berlin since June 10th. Mitchell, who is on the scene itself, and looking into Friedrich with his own eyes, finds the reiterating of that "Beware, your Majesty!" which had been his chief task hitherto, a more and more questionable thing; and suggests to him at last: "Plainly ask her Hungarian Majesty, What is your meaning by those Bohemian Campings?" "Pshaw," answers Friedrich: "Nothing but some ambiguous answer, perhaps with insult in it!" — nevertheless thinks better; and determines to do so.¹

CHAPTER IV.

FRIEDRICH PUTS A QUESTION AT VIENNA, TWICE OVER.

JULY 18th, 1756, Friedrich despatches an Express to Graf von Klinggräf, his Resident at Vienna (an experienced man, whom we have seen before in old Carteret, "Conference-of-Hanau" times), To demand audience of the Empress; and, in the fittest terms, friendly and courteous, brief and clear, to put that question of Mitchell's suggesting. "Those unwonted Armaments, Camps in Böhmen, Camps in Mähren, and military movements and preparations," Klinggräf is to say, "have caused anxiety in her Majesty's peaceable Neighbor of Prussia; who desires always to continue in peace; and who requests hereby a word of assurance from her Majesty, that these his anxieties are groundless." Friedrich himself hopes little or nothing from this; but he has done it to satisfy people about him, and put an end to all scruples in himself and others. The Answer may be expected in ten or twelve days.

And, about the same time, — likely enough, directly after, though there is no date given, to a fact which is curious and authentic, — Friedrich sent for two of his chief Generals, to (invested); — should certainly, and will one day, be read to the bottom, and cleared of their darknesses, extrinsic and intrinsic (which are considerable) by somebody competent.

¹ Mitchell Papers.

Potsdam, for a secret Conference with Winterfeld and him. The Generals are, old Schwerin and General Retzow Senior, — Major-General Retzow, whom we used to hear of in the Silesian Wars, — and whose Son reports on this occasion. Conference is on this Imminency of War, and as to what shall be done in it. Friedrich explains in general terms his dangers from Austria and Russia, his certainty that Austria will attack him; and asks, Were it, or were it not, better to attack Austria, as is our Prussian principle in such case? Schwerin and Retzow — Schwerin first, as the eldest; and after him Retzow, “who privately has charge from the Prussian Princes to do it” — opine strongly: That indications are uncertain, that much seems inevitable which does not come; that in a time of such tumultuous whirlings and unexpected changes, the true rule is, Watch well, and wait.

After enough of this, with Winterfeld looking dissent but saying almost nothing, Friedrich gives sign to Winterfeld; — who spreads out, in their lucidest prearranged order, the principal Menzel-Weingarten Documents; and bids the two Military Gentlemen read. They read; with astonishment, are forced to believe; stand gazing at one another; — and do now take a changed tone. Schwerin, “after a silence of everybody for some minutes,” — “bursts out like one inspired; ‘If War is to be and must be, let us start to-morrow; seize Saxony at once; and in that rich corny Country form Magazines for our Operations on Bohemia!’”¹

That is privately Friedrich's own full intention. Saxony, with its Elbe River as Highway, is his indispensable preliminary for Bohemia: and he will not, a second time, as he did in 1744 with such results, leave it in an *unsecured* condition. Adieu then, Messieurs; silent: *au revoir*, which may be soon! Retzow Junior, a rational, sincere, but rather pipe-clayed man, who is wholly to be trusted on this Conference, with his Father for authority, has some touches of commentary on it, which indicate (date being 1802) that till the end of his life, or of Prince Henri his Patron's, there remained always in some heads a doubt as to Friedrich's wisdom in regard to

¹ Retzow. i. 39.

starting the Seven-Years War, and to Schwerin's entire sincerity in that inspired speech. And still more curious, that there was always, at Potsdam as elsewhere, a Majesty's Opposition Party; privately intent to look at the wrong side; and doing it diligently, — though with lips strictly closed for most part; without words, except well-weighed and to the wise: which is an excellent arrangement, for a Majesty and Majesty's Opposition, where feasible in the world! —

From Retzow I learn farther, that Winterfeld, directly on the back of this Conference, took a Tour to the Bohemian Baths, "To Karlsbad, or Töplitz, for one's health;" and wandered about a good deal in those Frontier Mountains of Bohemia, taking notes, taking sketches (not with a picturesque view); and returned by the Saxon Pirna Country, a strange stony labyrinth, which he guessed might possibly be interesting soon. The Saxon Commandant of the Königstein, lofty Fortress of those parts, strongest in Saxony, was of Winterfeld's acquaintance: Winterfeld called on this Commandant; found his Königstein too high for cannonading those neighborhoods, but that there was at the base of it a new Work going on; and that the Saxons were, though languidly, endeavoring to bestir themselves in matters military. Their entire Army at present is under 20,000; but, in the course of next Winter, they expect to have it 40,000. Shall be of that force, against Season 1757. No doubt Winterfeld's gatherings and communications had their uses at Potsdam, on his getting home from this Tour to Töplitz.

Meanwhile, Klinggräf has had his Audience at Vienna; and has sped as ill as could have been expected. The Answer given was of supercilious brevity; evasive, in effect null, and as good as answering, That there is no answer. Two Accounts we have, as Friedrich successively had them, of this famed passage: *first*, Klinggräf's own, which is clear, rapid, and stands by the essential; *second*, an account from the other side of the scenes, furnished by Menzel of Dresden, for Friedrich's behoof and ours; which curiously illustrates the foregoing, and confirms the interpretation Friedrich at once made

of it. This is Menzel's account; in other words, the Saxon Envoy at Vienna's, stolen by Menzel.

July 26th, it appears, Klinggräf — having applied to Kaunitz the day before, who noticed a certain flurry in him, and had answered carelessly, "Audience? Yes, of course; nay I am this moment going to the Empress: only you must tell me about what?" — was admitted to the Imperial Presence, he first of many that were waiting. Imperial Presence held in its hand a snip of Paper, carefully composed by Kaunitz from the data, and read these words: "*Die bedenklichen Umstände*, The questionable circumstances of the Time have moved me to consider as indispensably necessary those measures which, for my own security and for defence of my Allies, I am taking, and which otherwise do not tend the least towards injury of anybody whatsoever;" — and adding no syllable more, gave a sign with her hand, intimating to Klinggräf that the Interview was done. Klinggräf strode through the Antechamber, "visibly astonished," say on-lookers, at such an Answer had. Answer, in fact, "That there is no answer," and the door flung in your face!¹

Friedrich, on arrival of report from Klinggräf, and without waiting for the Menzel side of the scenes, sees that the thing is settled. Writes again, however (August 2d, probably the day after, or the same day, Klinggräf's Despatch reached him); instructing Klinggräf To request "a less oracular response;" and specially, "If her Imperial Majesty (Austria and Russia being, as is understood, in active League against him) will say, That Austria will not attack him this year or the next?" Draw up memorial of that, Monsieur Klinggräf; and send us the supercilious No-Answer: till which arrive we do not cross the Frontier, — but are already everywhere on march to it, in an industrious, cunningly devised, evident and yet impenetrably mysterious manner.

Excellency Valori never saw such activity of military preparation: such Artillery, "2,000 big pieces in the Park here;"

¹ *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 772. In Valori, ii. 128, Friedrich's little Paper of Instructions to Klinggräf; this Vienna Answer to it, ib. 138; — see ib. 138, 162; and *Gesammelte Nachrichten*, ii. 214–221.

Regiments, Wagon-trains, getting under way everywhere, no man can guess whitherward; "drawn up in the Square here, they know not by what Gate they are to march." By three different Gates, I should think;—mysteriously, in Three Directions, known only to King Friedrich and his Adjutant-General, all these Regiments in Berlin and elsewhere are on march. Towards Halle (Leipzig way); towards Brietzen (Wittenberg and Torgau way); towards Bautzen neighborhood,—towards Three settled Points of the Saxon Frontier; will step across the instant the supercilious No-Answer comes to hand. Are to converge about Dresden and the Saxon Switzerland;—about 65,000 strong, equipped as no Army before or since has been;—and take what luck there may be.

Brühl and Polish Majesty's Army, still only about 18,000, have their apprehensions of such visit: but what can they do? The Saxon Army draws out into Camp, at sight of this mysterious marching; strong Camp "in the angle of Elbe and Mulde Rivers;"—then draws in again; being too weak for use. And is thinking, Menzel informs us, to take post in the stony labyrinthic Pirna Country: such the advice an Excellency Broglio has given;—French Excellency, now in Dresden; Maréchal de Broglio's Son, and of little less explosive nature than his Father was. Brühl and Polish Majesty, guessing that the hour is come, are infinitely interested. Interested, not flurried. "Austrian-Russian Anti-Prussian Covenant!" say Brühl and Majesty, rather comfortably to themselves: "We never signed it. *We* never would sign anything; what have we to do with it? Courage; steady; To Pirna, if they come! Are not Excellency Broglio, and France, and Austria, and the whole world at our back?"

It was full three weeks before Klinggräf's Message of Answer could arrive at Berlin. Of Friedrich in the interim, launching such a world-adventure, himself silent, in the midst of a buzzing Berlin, take these indications, which are luminous enough. Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick is to head one of the Three "Columns." Duke Ferdinand, Governor of Magdeburg, is now collecting his Column in that neighbor-

hood, chiefly at Halle; whitherward, or on what errand, is profoundly unknown. Unknown even to Ferdinand, except that it is for actual Service in the Field. Here are two Friedrich Letters (ruggedly Official, the first of them, and not quite peculiar to Ferdinand), which are worth reading:—

The King to Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick.

“POTSDAM, 15th August, 1756.

“For time of Field-Service I have made the arrangement, That for the Subaltern Officers of your regiment, over and above their ordinary Equipage-moneys, there shall, to each Subaltern Officer, and once for all, be Eight Thalers [twenty-four shillings sterling] advanced. That sum [eight thalers per subaltern] shall be paid to the Captain of every Company; and besides this there shall, monthly, Two Thalers be deducted from the Subaltern's Pay, and be likewise paid over to the Captain:—in return for which, He is to furnish Free Table for the Subalterns throughout the Campaign, and so long as the regiment is in the field.

“Of the Two Baggage-carts per Company, the regiment shall take only One, and leave the other at home. No Officer, let him be who or of what title he will, Generals not excepted, shall take with him the least of Silver Plate, not even a silver spoon. Whoever wants, therefore, to keep table, great or small (*Tafel oder Tisch*), must manage the same with tin utensils;—without exception, be he who he will.

“Each Captain shall take with him a little Cask of Vinegar; of which, as soon as the regiments get to Camp, he must give me reckoning, and I will then have him repaid. This Vinegar shall solely and exclusively be employed for this purpose, That in places where the water is bad, there be poured into it, for the soldiers, a few drops of the vinegar, to correct the water, and thereby preserve them from illnesses.

“So soon as the regiment gets on march, the Women who have permission to follow are put under command of the Profoss; that thereby all plunderings and disorders may the more be guarded against. If the Captains and Officers take

Grooms (*Jäger*) or the like Domestics, there can muskets be given to these, that use may be had of them, in case of an attack in quarters, or on march, when a *Wagenburg* (wagon-fortress) is to be formed. . . .

FRIEDRICH.”¹

Same to Same (Confidential, this one).

“POTSDAM, 24th August.

. . . “Make as if you were meaning to go into Camp at Halle. The reason why I stop you is, that the Courier from Vienna has not yet come. We must therefore reassure the Saxon neighborhood. . . . I have been expecting answer from hour to hour; cannot suitably begin a War-Expedition till it come; do therefore apprise Your Dilection, though under the deepest secrecy.

“And it is necessary, and my Will is, That, till farther order, you keep all the regiments and corps belonging to your Column in the places where they are when this arrives. And shall, meanwhile, with your best skill mask all this, both from the Town of Halle, and from the regiments themselves; making, in conformity with what I said yesterday, as if you were a Corps of Observation come to encamp here, and were waiting the last orders to go into camp.

FRIEDRICH.”²

And in regard to the Vienna Courier, and Friedrich's attitude towards that Phenomenon, read only these Two Notes:—

1°. *Friedrich to the Prince of Prussia and the Princess Amelia*
(at Berlin).

POTSDAM, “25th August,” 1756.

“MY DEAR BROTHER, MY DEAR SISTER, —I write to you both at once, for want of time. I will follow the advice you are so good as give me; and will take leave of the Queen [our dear Mamma] by Letter. And that the reading of my Letter may not frighten her, I will send it by my Sister, to be presented in a favorable moment.

¹ Preuss, ii. 6, 7.

² Ib. ii. 7, 8.

"I have yet got no Answer from Vienna; by Klinggräff's account, I shall not receive it till to-morrow [came this night]. But I count myself surer of War than ever; as the Austrians have named Generals, and their Army is ordered to march, from Kolin to Königsgrätz" — Schlesien way. "So that, expecting nothing but a haughty Answer, or a very uncertain one, on which there will be no reliance possible, I have arranged everything for setting out on Saturday next. To-morrow, so soon as the news comes, I will not fail to let you know. Assuring you that I am, with a perfect affection, my dear Brother and my dear Sister, — Yours, — F."¹

Answer comes from Klinggräff that same night. Once more, an Answer almost worse than could have been expected. "The 'League with Russia against you' is non-extant, a thing of your imagination: Have not we already answered?"² Whereupon,

2°. *Friedrich to the Prince of Prussia.*

POTSDAM, "26th August," 1756.

"MY DEAR BROTHER, — I have already written to the Queen; softening things as much as I could [Letter lost]. My Sister, to whom I address the Letter, will deliver it.

"You have seen the Paper I sent to Klinggräff. Their Answer is, 'That they have not made an Offensive Alliance with Russia against me.' The Answer is impertinent, high and contemptuous; and of the Assurance that I required [as to This Year and next], not one word. So that the sword alone can cut this Gordian Knot. I am innocent of this War; I have done what I could to avoid it; but whatever be one's love of peace, one cannot and must not sacrifice to that, one's safety and one's honor. Such, I believe, will be your opinion too, from the sentiments I know in you. At present, our one thought must be, To do War in such a way as may cure our

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 155.

² In *Gesammelte Urkunden*, i. 217: Klinggräff's second question (done by Letter this time), "18th August;" Maria Theresa's Answer, "21st August."

Enemies of their wish to break Peace again too soon. I embrace you with all my heart. I have had no end of business (*terriblement à faire*).” — F.¹

The March into Saxony, in Three Columns.

Ahead of that last Note, from an earlier hour of the same day, Thursday, 26th August, there is speeding forth, to all Three Generals of Division, this Order (take Duke Ferdinand’s copy : —

“I hereby order that Your Dilection (*Uw. Liebden*), with all the regiments and corps in the Column standing under your command, Shall now, without more delay, ~~get~~ *set* on march, on the 29th inst.; and proceed, according to the March-Tables and Instructions already given, to execute what Your Dilection has got in charge.” — F.

The same Thursday, 26th, Excellency Mitchell, informed by Podewils of the King’s wish to see him at Potsdam, gets under way from Berlin; arrives “just time enough to speak with the King before he sat down to supper.” Very many things to be consulted of, and deliberatively touched upon, with Mitchell and England; no end of things and considerations, for England and King Friedrich, in this that is now about to burst forth on an astonished world! — Over in London, we observe, just in the hours when Mitchell was harnessing for Potsdam, and so many Orders and Letters were speeding their swiftest in that quarter, there is going forward, on Tower-Hill yonder, the following Operation : —

“London, Thursday, 26th August, 1756. About five in the afternoon, a noted Admiral [only in Effigy as yet; but who has been held in miserable durance, and too actual question of death or life, ever since his return: “Oh, yes indeed! Hang *him* at once,” — if that can be a remedy!] was, after having been privately shown to many ladies and gentlemen, brought — in an open sedan, guarded by a number of young gentlemen

¹ *Œuvres*, xxvi. 116.

under arms, with drums beating, colors flying — to Tower-Hill, where a Gallows had been erected for him at six the same morning. He was richly dressed, in a blue and gold coat, buff waistcoat, trimmed, &c. in full uniform. When brought under the Gallows, he stayed a small space, till his clergyman (a chimney-sweeper) had given him some admonitions: that done, he was drawn, by pulleys, to the top of the Gallows, which was twenty feet high; every person expressing as much satisfaction as if it had been the real man.

“He remained there, guarded by the above volunteers, without any molestation, two hours; when, upon a supposition of being obstructed by the Governor of the Tower, some sailors appeared, who wanted to pull him down, in order to drag him along the streets. But a fire being kindled, which consisted of tar-barrels, fagots, tables, tubs, &c., he was consumed in about half an hour.”¹

That is their employment on Tower-Hill, over yonder, while Mitchell is getting under way to see Friedrich.

Mitchell continued at Potsdam over Friday; and was still in eager consultation that night, when the King said to him, with a certain expressiveness of glance: “*Bon soir*, then; — To-morrow morning about four!” And on the morrow, Saturday, 28th, Mitchell reports hurriedly: —

“ . . . Am just returned to Berlin, in time to write to your Lordship. This morning, between four and five, I took leave of the King of Prussia. He went immediately upon the Parade; mounted on horseback; and, after a very short exercise of his Troops, put himself at their head; and marched directly for Beitz [half-way to Brietzen, *Treuenbrietzen* as they call it]; where, To-morrow, he will enter the Saxon Territory,” — as, at their respective points, his two other Columns will; — and begin, who shall say what terrible game; incalculable to your Lordship and me, with such Operations afoot on Tower-Hill! ² —

Seven Hussar Regiments of Duke Ferdinand's Column got the length of Leipzig that Sunday Evening, 29th; and took

¹ Old Newspapers (*Gentleman's Magazine*, xxvi. 409).

² Mitchell Papers, vi. 804 (“To Lord Holderness, 28th August 1756”).

possession of the place.¹ Duke Ferdinand to right of the King, Duke of Brunswick-Bevern to left, — the Three Columns cross the Border, at points, say 80 miles from one another; occasionally, on the march, bending to rightwards and leftwards, to take in the principal Towns, and make settlements there, the two might be above a hundred miles from Friedrich on each hand. The length of march for each Column, — Ferdinand “from Leipzig, by Chemnitz, Freyberg, Dippoldiswalde, to the Village of Cotta” (Pirna neighborhood, south of Elbe); Bevern, “through the Lausitz, by Bautzen, to Lohmen” (same neighborhood, north of Elbe); King Friedrich, to Dresden, by the course of the Elbe itself, was not far from equal, and may be called about 150 miles. They marched with diligence, not with hurry; had their pauses, rest-days, when business required. They got to their ground, with the simultaneousness appointed, on the eleventh or twelfth day.

The middle Column, under the King, where Marshal Keith is second in command, goes by Torgau (detaching Moritz of Dessau to pick up Wittenberg, and ruin the slight works there); crosses the Elbe at Torgau, September 2d; marches, cantoning itself day after day, along the southern bank of the River; leaves Meissen to the left, I perceive, does not pass through Meissen; comes first at Wilsdruf, on ground where we have been, — and portions of it, I doubt not, were billeted in Kesselsdorf; and would take a glance at the old Field, if they had time. There is strict discipline in all the Columns; the authorities complying on summons, and arranging what is needful. Nobody resists; town-guards at once ground arms, and there is no soldier visible; soldiers all ebbing away, whitherward we guess.²

At Wilsdruf, Friedrich first learns for certain, that the Saxon Army, with King, with Brühl and other chief personages, are withdrawn to Pirna, to the inexpugnable Königstein and Rock-Country. The Saxon Army had begun assembling

¹ In *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 731, his “Proclamation” there, 29th August 1756.

² *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 732, 733; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 81.

there, September 1st, directly on the news that Friedrich was across the Border; September 9th, on Friedrich's approach, the King and Dignitaries move off thither, from Dresden, out of his way. Excellency Broglio has put them on that plan. Which may have its complexities for Friedrich, hopes Broglio, — though perhaps its still greater for some other parties concerned! For Brühl and Polish Majesty, as will appear by and by, nothing could have turned out worse.

Meanwhile Friedrich pushes on: "Forward, all the same." Polish Majesty, dating from Struppen, in the Pirna Country, has begun a Correspondence with Friedrich, very polite on both hands; and his Adjutant-General, the Chevalier Meagher ("Chevalier de *Marre*," as Valori calls him, — *Ma'ar*, as he calls himself in Irish), has just had, at Wilsdruf, an interview with Friedrich; but is far from having got settlement on the terms he wished. Polish Majesty magnanimously assenting to "a Road through his Country for military purposes;" offers "the strictest Neutrality, strictest friendship even; has done, and will do, no injury whatever to his Prussian Majesty — ["Did we ever *sign* anything?" whisper comfortably Brühl and he to one another]; — expects, therefore, that his Prussian Majesty will march on, whither he is bound; and leave him unmolested here."¹

That was Meagher's message; that is the purport of all his Polish Majesty's Eleven Letters to Friedrich, which precede or follow, — reiterating with a certain ovine obstinacy, insensible to time or change, That such is Polish Majesty's fixed notion: "Strict neutrality, friendship even; and leave me unmolested here."² "Strict neutrality, yes: but disperse your Army, then," answers Friedrich; send your Army back to its cantonments: I must myself have the keeping of my Highway, lest I lose it, as in 1744." This is Friedrich's answer; this at first, and for some time coming; though, as the aspects change, and the dangerous elements heap themselves higher, Friedrich's answer will rise with them, and his terms, like

¹ *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 774.

² In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 235-260 ("29th August-10th September-18th September," 1756), are collected now, the Eleven Letters, with their Answers.

the Sibyl's, become worse and worse. This is the utmost that Meagher, at Wilsdruf, can make of it; and this, in conceivable circumstances, will grow less and less.

Next day, September 9th, Friedrich, with some Battalions, entered Dresden, most of his Column taking Camp near by; General Wylich had entered yesterday, and is already Commandant there. Friedrich sends, by Feldmarschall Keith, highest Officer of his Column, his homages to her Polish Majesty:—nothing given us of Keith's Interview; except by a side-wind, "That Majesty complained of those Prussian Sentries walking about in certain of her corridors" (with an eye to Something, it may be feared!)—of which, doubtless, Keith undertook to make report. Friedrich himself waits upon the Junior Princes, who are left here: is polite and gracious as ever, though strict, and with business enough; lodges, for his own part, "in the Garden-House of Princess Moczińska;"—and next morning leads off his Column, a short march eastward, to the Pirna Country; where, on the right and on the left, Ferdinand at Cotta, Bevern at Lohmen (if readers will look on their Map), he finds the other Two in their due positions. Head-quarter is Gross-Sedlitz (westernmost skirt of the Rock-region); and will have to continue so, much longer than had been expected.

The Diplomatic world in Dresden is in great emotion; more especially just at present. This morning, before leaving, Friedrich had to do an exceedingly strict thing: secure the Originals of those Menzel Documents. Originals indispensable to him, for justifying his new procedures upon Saxony. So that there has been, at the Palace, a Scene this morning of a very high and dissonant nature,—“Marshal Keith” in it, “Marshal Keith making a second visit” (say some loose and false Accounts);—the facts being strictly as follows.

Far from removing those Prussian sentries complained of last night, here seems to be a double strength of them this morning. And her Polish Majesty, a severe, hard-featured old Lady, has been filled with indignant amazement by a Prussian Officer—Major von Wangenheim, I believe it is—requiring,

in the King of Prussia's name, the Keys of that Archiv-room; Prussian Majesty absolutely needing sight, for a little while, of certain Papers there. "Enter that room? Archives of a crowned Head? Let me see the living mortal that will dare to do it!" — one fancies the indignant Polish Majesty's answer; and how, calling for materials, she "openly sealed the door in question," in Wangenheim's presence. As this is a celebrated Passage, which has been reported in several loose ways, let us take it from the primary source, Chancery style and all. Graf von Sternberg, Austrian Excellency, writing from the spot and at the hour, informs his own Court, and through that all Courts, in these solemnly Official terms: —

"*Dresden, 10th September, 1756.* The Queen's Majesty, this forenoon, has called to her all the Foreign Ministers now at Dresden; and in Highest Own Person has signified to us, How, the Prussian intrusions and hostilities being already known, Highest said Queen's Majesty would now simply state what had farther taken place this morning: —

"Highest said Queen's Majesty, to wit, had, in her own name, requested the King of Prussia, in conformity with his assurances [by Keith, yesternight] of paying every regard for Her and the Royal Family, To remove the Prussian Sentries pacing about in those Corridors," — Corridors which lead to the Secret Archives, important to some of us! — "Instead of which, the said King had not only doubled his Sentries there; but also, by an Officer, demanded the Keys of the Archive-apartment [just alluded to]! And as the Queen's Majesty, for security of all writings there, offered to seal the Door of it herself, and did so, there and then, — the said Officer had so little respect, that he clapped his own seal thereon too.

"Nor was he content therewith," — not by any means! — "but the same Officer [having been with Wylich, Commandant here] came back, a short time after, and made for opening of the Door himself. Which being announced to the Queen's Majesty, she in her own person (*Höchst-dieselbe*, Highest-the-Same) went out again; and standing before the Door, informed him, 'How Highest-the-Same had too much regard to his Prussian Majesty's given assurance, to believe that such

order could proceed from the King.' As the Officer, however, replied, 'That he was sorry to have such an order to execute; but that the order was serious and precise; and that he, by not executing it, would expose himself to the greatest responsibility,' Her Majesty continued standing before the Door; and said to the Officer, 'If he meant to use force, he might upon Her make his beginning.' " There is for you, Herr Wangenheim! —

" Upon which said Officer had gone away, to report anew to the King [I think, only to Wylich the Commandant; King now a dozen miles off, not so easily reported to, and his mind known]; and in the mean while Her Majesty had called to her the Prussian and English Ambassadors [Mahlzahn and Stormont; sorry both of them, but how entirely resourceless, — especially Mahlzahn!], and had represented and repeated to them the above; beseeching that by their remonstrances and persuasions they would induce the King of Prussia, conformably with his given assurance, to forbear. Instead, however, of any fruit from such remonstrances and urgencies, final Order came, 'That, Queen's Majesty's own Highest Person notwithstanding, force must be used.'

" Whereupon her Majesty, to avoid actual mistreatment, had been obliged to " — to become passive, and, no Keys being procurable from her, see a smith with his picklocks give these Prussians admission. Legation-Secretary Plessmann was there (Menzel one fancies sitting, rather pale, in an adjacent room¹); and they knew what to do. Their smith opens the required Box for them (one of several "all lying packed for Warsaw," says Friedrich); from which soon taking what they needed, Wangenheim and Wylich withdrew with their booty, and readers have the fruit of it to this day. "Which unheard-of procedure, be pleased, your Excellencies, to report to your respective Courts." ²

Poor old Lady, what a situation! And I believe she never saw her poor old Husband again. The day he went to Pirna

¹ Suprà, p. 266.

² *Gesammelte Nachrichten*, i 222 (or "No. 26" of that Collection); *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 83.

(morning of yesterday, September 9th, Friedrich entering in the evening), these poor Spouses had, little dreaming of it, taken leave of one another forevermore. Such profit lies in your Brühl. Kings and Queens that will be governed by a Jesuit Guarini, and a Brühl of the Twelve Tailors, sometimes pay dear for it. They, or their representatives, are sure to do so. Kings and Queens, — yes, and if that were all: but their poor Countries too? Their Countries; — well, their Countries did not hate Beelzebub, in his various shapes, *enough*. Their Countries should have been in watch against Beelzebub in the shape of Brühls; — watching, and also “praying” in a heroic manner, now fallen obsolete in these impious times!

CHAPTER V.

FRIEDRICH BLOCKADES THE SAXONS IN PIRNA COUNTRY.

FRIEDRICH reckons himself to have 65,000 men in Saxony. Schwerin is issuing from Silesia, through the Glatz Mountains, for Bohemia, at the head of 40,000. The Austrian force is inferior in quantity, and far from ready: — Two “Camps” in Bohemia they have; the chief one under Browne (looking, or intending, this Saxon way), and a smaller under Piccolomini, in the Königshof-Kolin region: — if well run into from front and rear, both Browne and Piccolomini might be beautifully handled; and a gash be cut in Austria, which might incline her to be at peace again! Nothing hinders but this paltry Camp of the Saxons; itself only 18,000 strong, but in a Country of such strength. And this does hinder, effectually while it continues: “How march to Bohemia, and leave the road blocked in our rear?”

The Saxon Camp did continue, — unmanageable by any method, for five weeks to come; the season of war-operations gone, by that time: — and Friedrich’s First Campaign, rendered mostly fruitless in this manner, will by no means check the

Austrian truculencies, as by his velocity he hoped to do. No; but, on the contrary, will rouse the Austrians, French and all Enemies, to a tenfold pitch of temper. And bring upon himself, from an astonished and misunderstanding Public, such tempests and world-tornadoes of loud-roaring obloquy, as even he, Friedrich, had never endured before.

To readers of a touring habit this Saxon Country is perhaps well known. For the last half-century it has been growing more and more famous, under the name of "Saxon Switzerland (*Sächsische Schweiz*)," instead of "Misnian Highlands (*Meissnische Hochland*)," which it used to be called. A beautiful enough and extremely rugged Country; interesting to the picturesque mind. Begins rising, in soft Hills, on both sides of the Elbe, a few miles east of Dresden, as you ascend the River; till it rises into Hills of wild character, getting ever wilder, and riven into wondrous chasms and precipices. Extends, say almost twenty miles up the River, to Tetschen and beyond, in this eastern direction; and with perhaps ten miles of breadth on each side of the River: area of the Rock-region, therefore, is perhaps some four hundred square miles. The Falkenberg (what we should call *Hawkscrag*) northeastward in the Lausitz, the Schneeberg (*Snow Mountain*), southeastward on the Bohemian border, are about thirty-five miles apart: these two are both reckoned to be in it, — its last outposts on that eastern side. But the limits of it are fixed by custom only, and depend on no natural condition.

We might define it as the Sandstone *neck* of the Metal Mountains: a rather lower block, of Sandstone, intercalated into the Metal-Mountain range, which otherwise, on both hands, is higher, and of harder rocks. Southward (as *shoulder* to this sandstone *neck*) lies, continuous, broad and high, the "Metal-Mountain range" specially so called: northward and northeastward there rise, beyond that Falkenberg, many mountains, solitary or in groups, — "the Metal Mountains" fading out here into "the Lausitz Hills," still in fine picturesque fashion, which are Northern Border to the great Bohemian "Basin of the Elbe," after you emerge from this Sandstone Country.

Saxon Switzerland is not very high anywhere; 2,000 feet is a notable degree of height: but it is torn and tumbled into stone labyrinths, chasms and winding rock-walls, as few regions are. Grows pinewood, to the topmost height; pine-trees far aloft look quietly down upon you, over sheer precipices, on your intricate path. On the slopes of the Hills is grass enough; in the intervals are Villages and husbandries, are corn and milk for the laborious natives,—who depend mainly on quarrying, and pine-forest work: pines and free-stone, rafts of long slim pines, and big stone barges, are what one sees upon the River there. A Note, not very geological, says of it:—

“Elbe sweeps freely through this Country, for ages and æons past; curling himself a little into snake-figure, and with increased velocity, but silent mostly, and trim to the edge, a fine flint-colored river;—though in æons long anterior, it must have been a very different matter for torrents and water-power. The Country is one huge Block of Sandstone, so many square miles of that material; ribbed, channelled, torn and quarried, in this manner,—by the ever-busy elements, for a million of Ages past! Chiefly by the Elbe himself, since he got to be a River, and became cosmic and personal; ceasing to be a mere watery chaos of Lakes and Deluges hereabouts. For the Sandstone was of various degrees of hardness; tenacious as marble some parts of it, soft almost as sand other parts. And the primordial diluviums and world-old torrents, great and small, rushing down from the Bohemian Highlands, from the Saxon Metal Mountains, with such storming, gurgling and swashing, have swept away the soft parts, and left the hard standing in this chaotic manner, and bequeathed it all to the Elbe, and the common frosts and rains of these human ages.

“Elbe has now a trim course; but Elbe too is busy quarrying and mining, where not artificially held in;—and you notice at every outlet of a Brook from the interior, north side and south side, how busy the Brook has been. Boring, grinding, undermining; much helped by the frosts, by the rains. Æons ago, the Brook was a lake, in the interior; but was every

moment laboring to get out ; till it has cut for itself that mountain gullet, or sheer-down chasm, and brought out with it an Alluvium or Delta, — on which, since Adam's time, human creatures have built a Hamlet. That is the origin, or unwritten history, of most hamlets and cultivated spots you fall in with here : they are the waste shavings of the Brook, working millions of years, for its own object of getting into the Elbe in level circumstances. Ploughed fields, not without fertility, are in the interior, if you ascend that Brook ; the Hamlet, at the delta or mouth of it, is as if built upon its *tongue* and into its *gullet* : think how picturesque, in the November rains, for example !

“The road,” one road, “from Dresden to Aussig, to Lobositz, Budin, Prag, runs up the river-brink (south brink) ; or, in our day, as Prag-Dresden Railway, thunders through those solitudes ; strangely awakening their echoes ; and inviting even the bewildered Tourist to reflect, if he could. The bewildered Tourist sees rock-walls heaven-high on both hands of him ; River and he rushing on between, by law of gravitation, law of ennui (which are laws of Nature both), with a narrow strip of sky in full gallop overhead ; and has little encouragement to reflect, except upon his own sorrows, and delirious circumstances, physical and moral. ‘How much happier, were I lying in my bed !’ thinks the bewildered Tourist ; — does strive withal to admire the Picturesque, but with little success ; notices the ‘*Bastei* (Bastion),’ and other rigorously prescribed points of the Sublime and Beautiful, which are to be ‘done.’ That you will have to *do*, my friend : step out, you will have to go on that Pinnacle, with indifferent Hôtel attached ; on that iron balcony, aloft among the clouds yonder ; and shudder to project over Elbe-flood from such altitudes, admiring the Picturesque in prescribed manner.

“This Country has for its permanent uses, timber, freestone, modicum of milk and haver, serviceable to the generality ; — and to his Polish Majesty, at present, it is as the very Ark of Noah : priceless at this juncture ; being the strongest military country in the world. Excellent strength

in it; express Fortresses; especially one Fortress called the Königstein, not far from Schandau; of a towering precipitous nature, with 'a well 900 feet deep' in it, and pleasant Village outside at the base; — Fortress which is still, in our day, reckoned a safe place for the Saxon Archives and preciousities. Impregnable to gunpowder artillery; not to be had except by hunger. And then, farther down the River, close by Pirna, presiding over Pirna, as that Königstein in some sort does over Schandau, is the Sonnenstein: Sonnenstein too was a Fortress in those days of Friedrich, but not impregnable, if judged worth taking. The Austrians took it, a year or two hence; Friedrich retook it, dismantled it: 'the Sonnenstein is now a Madhouse,' say the Guide-books.

"Sonnenstein stands close east or up-stream of Pirna, which is a town of 5,000 souls, by much the largest in those parts; Königstein a little down-stream of Schandau, which latter is on the opposite or north side of the River. These are the two chief Towns, which do all the trade of this region; picturesque places both: — the Tourist remembers Pirna? Standing on its sleek table or stair-step, by the River's edge; well above floodmark; green, shaggy or fringy mountains looking down on it to rearward; in front, beyond the River, nothing visible but mile-long cream-colored rock-wall, with bushes at bottom and top, wall quarried by Elbe, as you can see. Pirna is near the beginning [properly *end*, but we start from Dresden] or western extremity of Saxon Schweitz. Schandau, almost at the opposite or eastern extremity, is still more picturesque; standing on the delta of a little Brook, with high rock-cliffs, with garden-shrubberies, sanded walks, tufts of forest-umbrage; a bright-painted, almost *operatic*-looking place, — with spa-waters, if I recollect:" yes truly, and the "Bath Season" making its packages in great haste, breaking up prematurely, this Year (1756)! —

Directly on arriving at Gross-Sedlitz, Friedrich takes ocular survey of this Country, which is already not unknown to him. He finds that the Saxons have secured themselves within the Mountains; a rocky streamlet, Brook of Gottleube, which issues into Elbe just between Gross-Sedlitz and them, "through a dell

of eighty or a hundred feet deep," serving as their first defence ; well in front of the mere rocky Heights and precipices behind it, which stretch continuously along to southward, six miles or more, from Pirna and the south brink of Elbe. At Langen-Hennersdorf, which is the southernmost part, these Heights make an elbow inwards, by Leopoldshayn, towards the Königstein, which is but four miles off ; here too the Saxons are defended by a Brook (running straight towards Königstein, this one) in front of their Heights ; and stand defensive, in this way, along a rock-bulwark of ten miles long : the passes all secured by batteries, by abatis, palisades, mile after mile, as Friedrich rides observant leftward : behind them, Elbe rushing swifter through his rock-walls yonder, with chasms and intricate gorges ; defending them inexpugnably to rear. Six miles long of natural bulwark (six to Hennersdorf), where the gross of the Saxons lie ; then to Königstein four other miles, sufficiently, if more sparsely, beset by them. "No stronger position in the world," Friedrich thinks ;¹—and that it is impossible to force this place, without a loss of life disproportionate even to its importance at present. Not to say that the Saxons will make terms all the easier, *before* bloodshed rise between us ;—and furthermore that Hunger (for we hear they have provision only for two weeks) may itself soon do it. "Wedge them in, therefore ; block every outgate, every entrance ; nothing to get in, except gradually Hunger. Hunger, and on our part rational Offers, will suffice." That is Friedrich's plan ; good in itself, — though the ovine obstinacy, and other circumstances, retarded the execution of it to an unexpected extent, lamentable to Friedrich and to some others.

The Prussian-Saxon military operations for the next five weeks need not detain us. Their respective positions on the Heights behind that Brook Gottleube, and on the plainer Country in front of it, — How the Prussians lie, first Division of them, from Gross-Sedlitz to Zehist, under the King ; then

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv 83, 84 (not a very distinct Account ; and far from accurate in the details, — which are left without effectual correction even in the best Editions).

second Division from Zehist to Cotta, and onward by "the Rothschenke" (*Red-House* Tavern), by Markersbach, and sparsely as far as Hellendorf on the Prag Highway; in brief, where all the Divisions of them lie, and under whom; and where the Prussians, watching Elbe itself, have Batteries and Posts on the north side of it: all this is marked on the Map;—to satisfy ingenuous curiosity, should it make tour in those parts. To which add only these straggles of Note, as farther elucidative:—

"The Saxons, between Elbe and their Lines, possess about thirty square miles of country. From Pirna or Sonnenstein to Königstein, as the crow flies, may be five miles east to west; but by Langen-Hennersdorf, and the elbow there, it will be ten: at Königstein, moreover, Elbe makes an abrupt turn northward for a couple of miles, instead of westward as heretofore, turning abruptly westward again after that: so that the Saxon 'Camp,' or Occupancy here, is an irregular Trapezium, with Pirna and Königstein for vertices, and with area estimable as above,—ploughable, a fair portion of it, and not without corn of its own. So that the 'two weeks' provision' spun themselves out (short allowance aiding) to two months, before actual famine came.

... "The High-road from the Lausitz parts crosses Elbe at Pirna; falls into the Dresden-Prag High-road there; and from Pirna towards Töplitz, for the first few miles, this latter runs through the Prussian Posts; but we may guess it is not much travelled at present. North of Elbe, too, the Prussians have batteries on the fit points; detachments of due force, from Gross-Sedlitz Bridge-of-Pontoons all round to Schandau, or beyond; could fire upon the Königstein, across the River: they have plugged up the Saxon position everywhere. They have a Battery especially, and strong post, to cannonade the Bridge at Pirna, should the Saxons think of trying there. It is now the one Saxon or even *Half*-Saxon Bridge; Sonnenstein and Pirna command the Saxon end of it, a strong battery the Prussian end: a Bridge lying mainly idle, like the general Highway to Töplitz at this time. Beyond the Königstein, again, at a place called Wendisch-Fähre (*Wends'-Ferry*), the

Prussians have, by means of boats swinging wide at anchor on the swift current, what is called a Flying-bridge, with which the north side can communicate with the south. They have a post at Nieder-Raden (*Ober Raden*, railway station in our time, is on the south side): Nether Raden is an interesting little Hamlet, mostly invisible to mankind (built in the *throat* of the stone chasms there), from which you begin mounting to the *Bastei* far aloft. A Raden to be noted, by the Tourist and us."

Little, or even nothing, of fighting there is: why should there be? The military operations are a dead-lock, and require no word. Thirty thousand, half of the Prussian Force, lie, vigilant as lynxes, blockading here; other half, 32,000, under Marshal Keith, have marched forward to Ausig, to Nollendorf on the Bohemian frontier, to clear the ways, and look into any Austrian motion thereabouts, — with whom, with some Pandour detachment of whom, Duke Ferdinand, leading the vanguard, has had a little brush among the Hills; smiting them home again, in his usual creditable way (September 13th); and taking Camp at Peterswalde, he and others of the Force, that night.¹ It is with this Keith Army, with this if with any, that adventures are to be looked for at present.

Polish Majesty's Head-quarters are at Struppen, well in the centre of the Saxon lines: "goes always to the Königstein to sleep." Polish Majesty's own table is, by Friedrich's permission for that special object, supplied *ad libitum*: but the common men were at once put on short allowance, which grows always the shorter. Polish Majesty corresponds with Friedrich, as we saw; and above all, sends burning Messages to Austria, to France, to every European Court, charged with mere shrieks: "Help me; a robber has me!" In which sense, Excellencies of all kinds, especially one Lord Stormont, the English Excellency, daily running out from Dresden to Gross-Sedlitz, are passionately industrious with Friedrich; who is eager enough to comply, were there any safe means possible. But there are none. Unfortunately, too, it appears

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 85; *Anonymous of Hamburg*, i. 19.

the Austrians are astir; Feldmarschall Browne actually furnishing himself at Prag yonder with an eye hitherward, and extraordinary haste and spirit shown: which obliges Friedrich to rise in his demands; ovine obstinacy, on the other side, naturally increasing from the same cause.

“Polish Majesty, we say, has liberty to bring in proviant for self and suite, rigorously for no mortal more; and he lives well, in the culinary sense,—surely for most part ‘in his dressing-gown,’ too, poor loose collapsed soul! Brühl and he have plenty of formal business: but their one real business is that of crying, by estafettes and every conceivable method, to Austria, ‘Get us out of this!’ To which Austria has answered, ‘Yes; only patience, and be steady!’—Friedrich’s head-quarters are at Sedlitz; and the negotiating and responding which he has, transcends imagination. His first hope was, Polish Majesty might be persuaded to join with him;—on the back of that, certainty, gradually coming, that Polish Majesty never would; and that the Austrians would endeavor a rescue, were they once ready. Starvation, or the Austrians, which will be first here? is the question; and Friedrich studies to think it will be the former. At all events, having settled on the starvation method, and seen that all his posts are right, we perceive he does not stick close by Sedlitz; but runs now hither now thither; is at Torgau, where an important establishment, kind of New Government for Saxony, on the Finance side, is organizing itself. What his work with Ambassadors was, and how delicate the handling needed, think!”—Here is another Clipping:—

... “Polish Majesty passes the day at Struppen, amid many vain noises of Soldiering, of Diplomatzizing; the night always at Königstein, and finally both day and night,—quite luxuriously accommodated, Brühl and he, to the very end of this Affair. Towards Struppen [this is weeks farther on, but we give it here],—Comte de Broglio [Old Broglio’s elder Son, younger is in the Military line], who is Ambassador to his Saxon-Polish Majesty, sets out from Dresden for an interview with said Majesty. At the Prussian lines, he is informed, ‘Yes, you can go; but, without our King’s Order, you cannot

return.' 'What? The Most Christian Majesty's Ambassador, and treated in this way? I will go to where the Polish King is, and I will return to my own King, so often as I find business: stop me at your peril!' and threatened and argued, and made a deal of blustering noise; — far too much, thinks Valori; think the Prussian Officers, who are sorry, but inflexible. Margraf Karl, Commandant of the place, in absence of King Friedrich (who is gone lately, on a Business we shall hear of), earnestly dissuaded Excellency Broglio; but it was to no purpose. Next day Broglio appeared in his state-carriage, formally demanding entrance, free thoroughfare: 'Do you dare refuse me?' 'Yes,' answered Margraf Karl; 'we do and must.' Indignant Broglio reappeared, next day, on foot; Lieutenant-General Prince Friedrich Eugen of Würtemberg the chief man in charge: 'Do you dare?' 'Indubitably, Yes;' — and Broglio still pushing on incredulous, Eugen actually raised his arm, — elbow and fore-arm across the breast of Most Christian Majesty's Ambassador, — who recoiled, to Dresden, in mere whirlwinds of fire; and made the most of it [unwisely, thinks Valori] in writing to Court.¹ Court, in high dudgeon, commanded Valori to quit Berlin without taking leave. Valori, in his private capacity, wrote an Adieu;² and in his public, as the fact stood, That he was gone without Adieu."

And the Dauphiness, daughter of those injured Polish Majesties, fell on her knees (Pompadour permitting and encouraging) at the feet of Most Christian Majesty; on her knees, all in passion of tears; craved help and protection to her loved old Mother, in the name of Nature and of all Kings: could any King resist? And his Pompadour was busy: "Think of that noble Empress, who calls me *Cousin and dear Princess*; think of that insolent Prussian Robber: Ah, your Majesty:" — and King Louis, though not a hating man, did privately dislike Friedrich; and evil speeches of Friedrich's had been reported to him. And, in short, the upshot was: King Louis,

¹ Valori, ii. 349, 209, 353 ("Wednesday, 6th October" the day of it, seemingly); ib. i. 312, &c.

² Friedrich's kind Letter in answer to it, "2d November, 1756," in Valori, i. 313.

bound only to 24,000 for help of Austria, determined to send, and did send, above 100,000 across the Rhine, next Year, for that object; as will be seen. And all Frenchmen — all except Belleisle, who is old — are charmed with these new energetic measures, and beautiful new Austrian connections.

Certain it is, the Austrians are coming, her Imperial Majesty bent with all her might on relief of those Saxon martyrs; which indeed is relief of herself, as she well perceives: "Courage, my friends; endure yet a little!" Messengers smuggle themselves through the Mountain paths, and go and return, though with difficulty.

Since September 19th, the Correspondence with Polish Majesty has ceased: no persuading of the Polish Majesty. Winterfeld went twice to him; conferred at large, Brühl forbidden to be there, on the actual stringencies and urgencies of Fact between the Two Countries; but it was with no result at all. Polish Majesty has not the least intention that Saxony shall be even a Highway for Friedrich, if at any time Polish Majesty can hinder it: "Neutrality," therefore, will not do for Friedrich; he demands Alliance, practical Partnership; and to that his Polish Majesty is completely abhorrent. Diplomatzizing may cease; nothing but wrestle of fight will settle this matter.

Friedrich, able to get nothing from the Sovereign of Saxony, is reduced to grasp Saxony itself: and we can observe him doing it; always the closer, always the more carefully, as the complicity deepens, and the obstinacy becomes more dangerous and provoking. What alternative is there? On first entering Saxony, Friedrich had made no secret that he was not a mere bird of passage there. At Torgau, there was at once a "Field-Commissariat" established, with Prussian Officials of eminence to administer, the Military Chest to be deposited there, and Torgau to be put in a state of defence. Torgau, our Saxon Metropolis of War-Finance, is becoming more and more the Metropolis of Saxon Finance in general. Saxon Officials were liable, from the first, to be suspended, on Friedrich's order. Saxon Finance-Officials, of all kinds, were from the first instructed, that till farther notice there must be no disburse-

ments without King Friedrich's sanction. And, in fact, King Friedrich fully intends that Saxony is to help him all it can; and that it either will or else shall, in this dire pressure of perplexity, which is due in such a degree to the conduct of the Saxon Government for twelve years past. Would Saxony go with him in any form of consent, how much more convenient to Friedrich! But Saxony will not; Polish Majesty, not himself suffering hunger, is obstinate as the decrees of Fate (or as sheep, when too much put upon), regardless of considerations; —and, in fine, here is Browne actually afoot; coming to relieve Polish Majesty! —The Austrians had uncommonly bestirred themselves: —

The activity, the zeal of all ranks, ever since this expedition into Saxony, and clutching of Saxony by the throat, contemporary witnesses declare to have been extraordinary. "Horses for Piccolomini's Cavalry, — they had scarcely got their horses, not to speak of training them, not to speak of cannon and the heavier requisites, when Schwerin began marching out of Glatz on Piccolomini. As to the cannon for Browne and him, draught-cattle seem absolutely unprocurable. Whereupon Maria Theresa flings open her own Imperial Stud: 'There, yoke these to our cannon; let them go their swiftest;' — which awoke such an enthusiasm, that noblemen and peasants crowded forward with their coach-horses and their cart-horses, to relay Browne, all through Bohemia, at different stages; and the cannon and equipments move to their places at the gallop, in a manner,"¹ —and even Browne, at the base of the Metal Mountains, has got most of his equipments. And is astir towards Pirna (Army of 60,000, rumor says), for relief of the Saxon martyrs. Friedrich's complexities are getting day by day more stringent.

From the middle of September, Marshal Keith, as was observed, with Half of the Prussians, Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick under him, has been on the Bohemian slope of the Metal Mountains; securing the roads, towns and passes thereabouts, and looking out for the advance of Marshal Browne from the

¹ Archenholtz, i. 24.

interior parts. Town of Aussig, and the River-road (castle of Tetschen, on its high rock known to Tourists, which always needs to be taken on such occasions), these Keith has secured. Lies encamped from Peterswalde to Aussig, the middle or main strength of him being in the Hamlet of Johns Dorf (discoverable, if readers like): there lies Keith, fifteen miles in length; like a strap, or bar, thrown across the back of that Metal-Mountain Range, — or part of its back; for the range is very broad, and there is much inequality, and many troughs, big and little, partial and general, in the crossing of it. A tract which my readers and I have crossed before now, by the “Pascopol” or Post-road and otherwise; and shall often have to cross!

Browne, vigorously astir in the interior (cannon and equipments coming by relays at such a pace), is daily advancing, with his best speed: in the last days of September, Browne is encamped at Budin; may cross the Eger River any day, and will then be within two marches of Keith. His intentions towards Pirna Country are fixed and sure; but the plan or route he will take is unknown to everybody, and indeed to Browne himself, till he see near at hand and consider. Browne’s problem, he himself knows, is abundantly abstruse, — bordering on the impossible; but he will try his best. To get within reach of the Saxons is almost impossible to Browne, even were there no Keith there. As good as impossible altogether, by any line of march, while Keith is afoot in those parts. By Aussig, down the River, straight for the interior of their Camp, it is flatly impossible: by the south or south-east corner of their Camp (Gottleube way), or by the north-east (by Schandau way, right bank of Elbe), it is virtually so, — at least without beating Keith. Could one beat Keith indeed; — but that will not be easy! And that, unluckily, is the preliminary to everything.

“By the Hellendorf-Hennersdorf side, in the wastes where Gottleube Brook gathers itself, Browne might have a chance. There, on that southeast corner of their Camp, were he once there to attack the Prussians from without, while the Saxons

burst up from within, — there,” thinks a good judge, “is much the favorablest place. But unless Browne’s Army had wings, how is it ever to get there? Across those Metal-Mountain ranges, barred by Keith: — by Aussig, with the rocks overhanging Elbe River and him, he cannot go in any case. Were there no Keith, indeed (but there always is, standing ready on the spring), one might hold to leftward, and by stolen marches, swift, far round about — !

“By Schandau region, north side of the Elbe, is Browne’s easiest, and indeed one feasible, point of approach, — no Prussians at present between him and that; the road open, though a far circuit northward for Browne, — were he to cross the Elbe in Leitmeritz circle, and march with velocity? That too will be difficult, — nearly impossible in sight of Keith. And were that even done, the egress for the Saxons, by Schandau side, is through strait mountain gorges, intricate steep passes, crossings of the Elbe: what force of Saxons or of Austrians will drive the Prussians from their redoubts and batteries there? ”¹

Browne’s problem is none of the feasiblest: but his orders are strict, “Relieve the Saxons, at all risks.” And Browne, one of the ablest soldiers living (“Your Imperial Majesty’s best general,” said the dying Khevenhüller long since), will do his utmost upon it. Friedrich does not think the enterprise very dangerous, — beating of Keith the indispensable preliminary to it; but will naturally himself go and look into it.

Tuesday, September 28th, Friedrich quits Pirna Country by the Prag Highway; making due inspection of his Posts as he goes along; and, the outmost of these once past, drives rapidly up the Mountains; gets, with small escort, through Peterswalde on to Johnsdorf that night. Does not think this Keith position good; breaks up this “Camp of Johnsdorf” bodily next morning; and marches down the Mountains, direct towards Browne; who, we hear, is about crossing the Eger (his Pontoons now come at last), and will himself be on the advance. From Türmitz, a poor mountain hamlet in the hol-

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 86, 93, 96.

low of the Hills, which is head-quarters that night, the march proceeds again; Friedrich with the vanguard; Army, I think, on various country-roads, on both hands; till all get upon the Great Road again, — Prag-Töplitz-Dresden Post-road; which is called, specially in this part of it, and loosely in whole, “The Pascopol,” and leads down direct to Budin and Browne.

“A ‘Pascopol’ famed in military annals,” says our Tourist. “It is a road with many windings, many precipitous sweeps of up and down; road precipitous in structure; — offers views to the lover of wild Nature: huge lonesome Hills scattered in the distance; waste expanses nearer hand, and futile attempts at moorish agriculture; but little else that is comfortable. In times of Peace, you will meet, at long intervals, some post-vehicle struggling forward under melancholy circumstances; some cart, or dilapidated mongrel between cart and basket, with a lean ox harnessed to it, and scarecrow driver, laden with pit-coal, — which you wish safe home, and that the scarecrow were getting warmed by it. But in War-time the steep road is livelier; the common Invasion road between Saxony and Bohemia; whole Armies sweeping over it, and their thousand-fold wagons and noises making clangor enough. . . . One of those Hollows, on the Pascopol, is Joachimsthal, with its old Silver Mines; yielding coins which were in request with traders, the silver being fine. ‘Let my ducat be a Joachimsthal one, then!’ the old trader would say: ‘a *Joachimsthal-er*;’ or, for brevity, a ‘*Thal-er*;’ whence *Thaler*, and at last *Dollar* (almighty and otherwise), — now going round the world!¹ Pascopol finishes in Welmina Township. From the last hamlet in Welmina, at the neck of the last Hill, step downward one mile, holding rather to the left, you will come on the innocent Village of Lobositz, its poor corn-mills and huckster-shops all peaceably unknown as yet, which is soon to become very famous.”

The Country-roads where Friedrich’s Army is on march, I should think, are mostly on the mounting hand. For here, from Türnitz, is a trough again; though the last considerable one; and on the crest of that, we shall look down upon the

¹ Büsching, *Erdbeschreibung*, v. 178.

Bohemian Plains and the grand Basin of the Elbe, — through various scrubby villages which are not nameworthy; through one called Kletschen, which for a certain reason is. Crossing the shoulder of Kletschenberg (*Hill* of this Kletschen), which abuts upon the Pascopol, — yonder in bright sunshine is your beautiful expansive Basin of the Elbe, and the green Bohemian Plains, revealed for a moment. Friedrich snatches his glass, not with picturesque object: "See, yonder is Feldmarschall Browne, then! In camp yonder, down by Lobositz, not ten miles from us, — [it is most true; Browne marched this morning, long before the Sun; crossed Eger, and pitched camp at noon] — Good!" thinks Friedrich. And pushes down into the Pascopol, into the hollows and minor troughs, which hide Browne henceforth, till we are quite near.

Quite near, through Welmina and a certain final gap of the Hills, Friedrich with the vanguard does emerge, "an hour before sunset;" overhanging Browne; not above a mile from the Camp of Browne. A very large Camp, that of Browne's, flanked to right by the Elbe; goes from Sulowitz, through Lobositz, to Welhoten close on Elbe; — and has properties extremely well worth studying just now! "Friedrich," the Books say, "bivouacs by a fire of sticks," short way down on the southern slope of the Hill; and till sunset and after, has eye-glass, brain, and faculties and activities sufficiently occupied for the rest of the night; — his Divisions gradually taking post behind him, under arms; "not till midnight, the very rearmost of them."¹

¹ "Tuesday, 28th September, left the Camp at Sedlitz, with 8 battalions 20 squadrons, to Johnsdorf: 29th. to Türnitz, — Browne is to pass the Eger tomorrow. From the tops of the Pascopol (30th), see an Austrian Camp in the Plain of Lobositz. Vanguard bivouacs in the 'neck' of the two Hills or a little beyond." *Prussian Account of Campaign 1756* (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*, i. 844-845, 840-858); Anonymous of Hamburg; &c. &c.

CHAPTER VI.

BATTLE OF LOBOSITZ.

WELMINA, — or Reschni-Aujest, last pertinent of Welmina (but we will take Friedrich's name for it), offers to the scrutinizing eye nothing, in our day, but some bewildered memory of "Alte Fritz" clinging obstinately even to the Peasant mind thereabouts. A sleepy littery place; some biggish haggard untrimmed trees, some broken-backed sleepy-looking thatched houses, not in contact, and each as far as might be with its back turned on the other, and cloaked in its own litter and privacy. Probably no human creature will be visible, as you pass through. Much straw lying about, chiefly where the few gaunt trees look down on it (cattle glad of any shelter): in fact, it is mainly an extinct tumult of straw; nothing alive, as you pass, but a few poor oxen languidly sauntering up and down, finding much to trample, little to eat. The Czech Populations (were it not for that "Question of the Nationalities") are not very beautiful!

Close south of this poor Hamlet is a big Hill, conspicuous with three peaks; quite at the other base of which, a good way down, lies Lobositz, the main Village in those parts; a place now of assiduous corn-mill and fruit trade; and one of the stations on the Dresden-Prag Railway. This Hill is what Lloyd calls the Lobosch;¹ twin to which, only flatter, is Lloyd's "Homolka Hill" (Hill of *Radostitz* in more modern Plans and Books). Conspicuous Heights, and important to us here, — though I did not find the Peasants much know them under those names. By the southern shoulder of this Lobosch Hill runs the road from Welmina to Lobositz, with branches towards many other villages. To your right or southern hand,

¹ Major-General Lloyd, *History of the late War in Germany, 1756-1759* (3 vols. 4to, London, 1781), i. 2-11.

short way southward, rises the other Hill, which Lloyd calls Homolka Hill; the gap or interval between Homolka and Lobosch, perhaps a furlong in extent, is essentially the *pass* through those uplands. This pass, Friedrich, at the first moment, made sure of; filling the same with battalions, there to bivouac. He likewise promptly laid hold of the two Hills, high Lobosch to his left, and lower Homolka to right; which precautionary measure it is reckoned a fault in Browne to have neglected, that night; fault for which he smarted on the morrow.

From this upland pass, or neck between the two Mountains, Friedrich's battalions would have had a fine view, had the morning shone for them: Lobositz, Leitmeritz, Melnick; a great fertile Valley, or expanse of fruitful country, many miles in breadth and length; Elbe, like a silver stripe, winding grandly through the finest of all his countries, before ducking himself into the rock-tumults of that Pirna district. The mountain gorges of Prag and Moldau River, south of Melnick, lie hidden under the horizon, or visible only as peaks, thirty miles and more to southeastward; a bright country intervening, sprinkled with steepled towns. To northwestward, far away, are the Lausitz Mountains, ranked in loose order, but massive, making a kind of range: and as outposts to them in their scattered state, Hills of good height and aspect are scattered all about, and break the uniformity of the Plain. Nowhere in North Germany could the Prussian battalions have a finer view,—if the morning were fine, and if views were their object.

The morning, first in October, was not fine; and it was far other than scenery that the Prussian battalions had in hand!—Friday, 1st October, 1756, Day should have broken: but where is day? At seven in the morning (and on till eleven), thick mist lay over the plain; thin fog to the very hill-tops; so that you cannot see a hundred yards ahead. Lobositz is visible only as through a crape; farther on, nothing but gray sea; under which, what the Austrians are doing, or whether there are any Austrians, who can say? Leftward on the Lobosch-

Hill side, as we reconnoitre, some Pandours are noticeable, nestled in the vineyards there:—that sunward side of the Lobosch is all vineyards, belonging to the different Lobositzers: scrubby vineyards, all in a brown plucked state at this season. Vineyards parted by low stone walls, say three or four feet high (parted by hurdles, or by tiny trenches, in our day, and the stone walls mere stone facings): there are the Pandours crouched, and give fire in a kneeling posture when you approach. Lower down, near Lobositz itself, flickerings as of Horse squadrons, probably Hussar parties, twinkle dubious in the wavering mist. Problem wrapt in mist; nothing to be seen; and all depends on judging it with accuracy! Seven by the clock: Deploy, at any rate; let us cover our post; and be in readiness for events.

Friedrich's vanguard of itself nearly fills that neck, or space between the Lobosch and Homolka Hills. He spreads his Infantry and "hundred field-pieces," in part, rightwards along the Homolka Hill; but chiefly leftwards along the Lobosch, where their nearest duty is to drive off those Pandours. Always as a new battalion, pushing farther leftward, comes upon its ground, the Pandours give fire on it; and it on the Pandours; till the Left Wing is complete, and all the Lobosch is, in this manner, a crackling of Pandour musketry and anti-musketry. Right Wing, steady to its guns on the Homolka, has as yet nothing to do. Those wings of Infantry are two lines deep; the Cavalry, in three lines, is between them in the centre; no room for Cavalry elsewhere, except on the outskirts some fringing of light horse, to be ready for emergencies.

The Pandour firing, except for the noise of it, does not amount to much; they can take no aim, says Lloyd, crouching behind their stone fences; and the Prussian Battalions, steadily pushing downwards, trample out their sputtering, and clear the Lobosch of them to a safe distance. But the ground is intricate, so wrapt in mist for the present. That crackling lasts for hours; decisive of nothing; and the mist also, and one's anxious guessings and scrutinizings, lasts in a wavering fitful manner.

Once, for some time, in the wavering of the mist, there

was seen, down in the plain opposite our centre, a body of Cavalry. Horse for certain: say ten squadrons of them, or 1,500 Horse; continually manœuvring, changing shape; now in more ranks, now in fewer; sometimes "checkerwise," formed like a draught-board; shooting out wings: they career about, one sees not whither, or vanish again into the mist behind. "Browne's rear-guard this, that we are come upon," thinks Friedrich; "these squatted Pandours, backed by Horse, must be his rear-guard, that are amusing us: Browne and the Army are off; crossing the Elbe, hastening towards the Schandau, the Pirna quarter, while we stand bickering and idly sputtering here!" — Weary of such idle business, Friedrich orders forward Twenty of his Squadrons from the centre station: "Charge me those Austrian Horse, and let us finish this." The Twenty Squadrons, preceded by a pair of field-pieces, move down hill; storm in upon the Austrian party, storm it furiously into the mist; are furiously chasing it, — when unexpected cannon-batteries, destructive case-shot, awaken on their left flank (batteries from Lobositz, one may guess); and force them to draw back. To draw back, with some loss; and rank again, in an indignantly blown condition, at the foot of their Hill. Indignant; after brief breathing, they try it once more.

"Don't try it!" Friedrich had sent out to tell them: for the mist was clearing; and Friedrich, on the higher ground, saw new important phenomena: but it was too late. For the Twenty Squadrons are again dashing forward; sweeping down whatever is before them: in spite of cannon-volleys, they plunge deeper and deeper into the mist; come upon "a ditch twelve feet broad" (big swampy drain, such as are still found there, grass-green in summer-time); clear said ditch; forward still deeper into the mist: and after three hundred yards, come upon a second far worse "ditch;" plainly impassable this one, — "ditch" they call it, though it is in fact a vile sedgy Brook, oozing along there (the *Morell Bach*, considerable Brook, lazily wandering towards Lobositz, where it discombogues in rather swifter fashion); — and are saluted with cannon, from the farther side; and see serried ranks under

the gauze of mist: Browne's Army, in fact! The Twenty Squadrons have to recoil out of shot-range, the faster the better; with a loss of a good many men, in those two charges. Friedrich orders them up Hill again; much regretful of this second charge, which he wished to hinder; and posts them to rearward, — where they stand silent, the unconscious stoic-philosophers in buff, and have little farther service through the rest of the day.

It is now 11 o'clock; the mist all clearing off; and Friedrich, before that second charge, had a growing view of the Plain and its condition. Beyond question, there is Browne; not in retreat, by any means; but in full array; numerous, and his position very strong. Ranked, unattaekable mostly, behind that oozy Brook, or *Bach* of Morell; which has only two narrow Bridges, cannon plenty on both: one Bridge from the south parts to Sulowitz (*our* road to Sulowitz and it would be by Radostitz and the Homolka); and then one other Bridge, connecting Sulowitz with Lobositz, — which latter is Browne's own Bridge, uniting right wing and left of Browne, so to speak; and is still more unattaekable, in the circumstances. What will Friedrich decide on attempting?

That oozy Morell Brook issues on Browne's side of Lobositz, cutting Browne in two; but is otherwise all in Browne's favor. Browne extends through Lobositz; and beyond it, curves up to Welhoten on the River-brink; at Lobositz are visible considerable redoubts, cannon-batteries and much regular infantry. Browne will be difficult to force yonder, in the Lobositz part; but yonder alone can he be tried. He is pushing up more Infantry that way; conscious probably of that fact, — and that the Lobosch Hill is not his, but another's. What would not Browne now give for the Lobosch Hill! Yesternight he might have had it gratis, in a manner; and indeed did try slightly, with his Pandour people (durst not at greater expense), — who have now ceased sputtering, and cower extinct in the lower vineyards there. Browne, at any rate, is rapidly strengthening his right wing, which has hold of Lobositz; pushing forward in that quarter, — where the Brook withal is of firmer bottom and more wadable. Thither too is Fried-

rich bent. So that Lobositz is now the key of the Battle; there will the tug of war now be.

Friedrich's cavalry is gone all to rearward. His right wing holds the Homolka Hill, — that too would now be valuable to Browne; and cannot be had gratis, as yesternight! Friedrich's left wing is on the Lobosch; Pandours pretty well extinct before it, but now from Welhoten quarter new Regulars coming on thither, — as if Browne would still take the Lobosch? Which would be victory to him; but is not now possible to Browne. Nor will long seem so; — Friedrich having other work in view for him; — meaning now to take Lobositz, instead of losing the Lobosch to him! Friedrich pushes out his Left Wing still farther leftward, leftward and downward withal, to clear those vineyard-fences completely of their occupants, Pandour or Regular, old or new. This is done; the vineyard-fences swept; — and the sweepings driven, in a more and more stormy fashion, towards Welhoten and Lobositz; the Lobosch falling quite desperate for Browne.

Henceforth Friedrich directs all his industry to taking Lobositz; Browne, to the defending of it, which he does with great vigor and fire; his batteries, redoubts, doing their uttermost, and his battalions rushing on, mass of them after mass, at quick march, obstinate, fierce to a degree, in the height of temper; and showing such fight as we never had of them before. Friedrich's Left Wing and Browne's Right now have it to decide between them; — any attempt Browne makes with his Left through Sulowitz (as he once did, and once only) is instantly repressed by cannon from the Homolka Hill. And the rest of the Battle, or rather the Battle itself, — for all hitherto has been pickeering and groping in the mist, — may be made conceivable in few words.

Friedrich orders the second line of his Left Wing to march up and join with the first; Right Wing, shoving *its* two lines into one, is now to cover the Lobosch as well. Left Wing, in condensed condition, shall fall down on Lobositz, and do its best. They are now clear of the vineyard-works; the ground is leveller, though still sloping, — a three furlongs from the

Village, and somewhat towards the Elbe, when Browne's battalions first came extensively to close grips; fierce enough (as was said); the toughest wrestle yet had with those Austrians, — coming on with steady fury, under such force of cannon; with iron ramrods too, and improved ways, like our own. But nothing could avail them; the counter-fury being so great. They had to go at the Welhoten part, and even to run, — plunging into Elbe, a good few of them, and drowning there, in the vain hope to swim. "Never have my troops," says Friedrich, "done such miracles of valor, cavalry as well as infantry, since I had the honor to command them. By this dead-lift achievement (*tour de force*) I have seen what they can do." ¹

In fine, after some three hours more of desperate tugging and struggling, cannon on both sides going at a great rate, and infinite musketry ("ninety cartridges a man on our Prussian side, and ammunition falling done"), not without bayonet-pushings, and smittings with the butt of your musket, the Austrians are driven into Lobositz; are furiously pushed there, and, in spite of new battalions coming to the rescue, are fairly pushed through. These Village-streets are too narrow for new battalions from Browne; "much of the Village should have been burnt beforehand," say cool judges. And now, sure enough, it does get burnt; Lobositz is now all on fire, by Prussian industry. So that the Austrians have to quit it instantly; and rush off in great disorder; key of the Battle, or Battle itself, quite lost to them.

¹ Letter to Schwerin, "Lobositz, 2d August, 1756" (Retzow, i. 64); *Relation de la Campagne*, 1756, that is, *Prussian Account* (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*), i. 848. Lloyd, *ut supra*, i. 2–11 (who has solid information at first hand, having been an actor in these Wars. A man of great natural sagacity and insight; decidedly luminous and original, though of somewhat crabbed temper now and then; a man well worth hearing on this and on whatever else he handles). Tempelhof, *Geschichte des siebenjährigen Krieges* (which is at first a mere Translation of Lloyd, nothing new in it but certain notes and criticisms on Lloyd; when Lloyd ends, Tempelhof, Prussian Major and Professor, a learned, intelligent, but diffuse man, of far inferior talent to Lloyd, continues and completes on his own footing: six very thin 4tos, Berlin, 1794), i. 38 (Battle, with foot-notes), and ib. 51 (criticism of Lloyd). Prussian and Austrian Accounts in *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 800 et seq. Many Narratives in *Feldzüge*, and the *Beylage* to Seyfarth; &c. &c.

The Prussian infantry, led by the Duke of Brunswick-Bevern ("Governor of Stettin," one of the Duke-Ferdinand cousinry, frugal and valiant), gave the highest satisfaction; seldom was such firing, such furious pushing; they had spent ninety cartridges a man; were at last quite out of cartridges; so that Bevern had to say, "Strike in with bayonets, *meine Kinder*; butt-ends, or what we have; *heran!*" Our Grenadiers were mainly they that burnt Lobositz. "How salutary now would it have been," says Epimetheus Lloyd, "had Browne had a small battery on the other side of the Elbe;" whereby he might have taken them in flank, and shorn them into the wind! Epimetheus marks this battery on his Plan; and is wise behindhand, at a cheap rate.

Browne's Right Wing, and probably his Army with it, would have gone much to perdition, now that Lobositz was become Prussian,—had not Browne, in the nick of the moment, made a masterly movement: pushed forward his Centre and Left Wing, numerous battalions still fresh, to interpose between the chasing Prussians and those fugitives. The Prussians, infantry only, cannot chase on such terms; the Prussian cavalry, we know, is far rearward on the high ground. Browne retires a mile or two,—southward, Budin-ward,—not chased; and there halts, and rearranges himself; thinking what farther he will do. His aim in fighting had only been to defend himself; and in that humble aim he has failed. Chase of the Prussians over that Homolka-Lobosch country, with the high grounds rearward and the Metal Mountains in their hands, he could in no event have attempted.

The question now is: Will he go back to Budin; or will he try farther towards Schandau? Nature points to the former course, in such circumstances; Friedrich, by way of assisting, does a thing much admired by Lloyd;—detaches Bevern with a strong party southward, out of Lobositz, which is now his, to lay hold of Tschirskowitz, lying Budin-ward, but beyond the Budin Road. Which feat, when Browne hears of it, means to him, "Going to cut me off from Budin, then? From my ammunition-stores, from my very bread-cupboard!" And he

marches that same midnight, silently, in good order, back to Budin. He is not much ruined; nay the Prussian loss is numerically greater: "3,308 killed and wounded, on the Prussian side; on the Austrian, 2,984, with three cannon taken and two standards." Not ruined at all; but foiled, frustrated; and has to devise earnestly, "What next?" Once rearranged, he may still try.

The Battle lasted seven hours; the last four of it very hot, till Lobositz was won and lost. It was about 5 P.M. when Browne fired his retreat-cannon: — cannon happened to be loaded (say the Anecdote-Books, mythically given now and then); Friedrich, wearied enough, had flung himself into his carriage for a moment's rest, or thankful reflection; and of all places, the ball of the retreat-cannon lighted *there*. Between Friedrich's feet, as he lay reeling, — say the Anecdote-Books, whom nobody is bound to believe.

On the strength of those two Prussian charges, which had retired from case-shot on their flank, and had not wings, for getting over sedge and ooze, Austria pretended to claim the victory. "Two charges repelled by our gallant horse; Lobositz, indeed, was got on fire, and we had nothing for it but to withdraw; but we took a new position, and only left that for want of water;" — with the like excuses. "Essentially a clear victory," said the Austrians; and sang *Te-deum* about it; — but profited nothing by that piece of melody. The fact, considerable or not, was, from the first, too undeniable: Browne beaten from the field. And beaten from his attempt too (the Saxons not relievable by this method); and lies quiet in Budin again, — with his water sure to him; but what other advantages gained?

Here are two Letters, brief both, which we may as well read: —

1°. *Friedrich to Wilhelmina* (at Baireuth).

"LOBOSITZ, 4th October, 1756.

"MY DEAR SISTER, — Your will is accomplished. Tired out by these Saxon delays, I put myself at the head of my Army of Bohemia [Keith's hitherto]; and marched from Aussig to

— a Name which seemed to me of good augury, being yours, — to the Village of Welmina [Battle was called *of Welmina*, by the Prussians at first]. I found the Austrians here, near Lobositz; and, after a Fight of seven hours, forced them to run. Nobody of your acquaintance is killed, except Generals Lüderitz and Cœrzen [who are not of ours].

“I return you a thousand thanks for the tender part you take in my lot. Would to Heaven the valor of my Army might procure us a stable Peace! That ought to be the aim of War. Adieu, my dear Sister; I embrace you tenderly, assuring you of the lively affection with which I am — F.”¹

2°. *Prince of Prussia to Valori* (who is still at Berlin, but soon going as it proves, — Broglio’s explosion at the Lines of Gross-Sedlitz being on hand, during the King’s absence, in these very hours²).

“CAMP OF LOBOSITZ, 5th October, 1756.

“You will know the news of the day; and I am persuaded you take part in it. All you say to me betokens the conspiracy there is for the destruction of our Country. If that is determined in the Book of Fate, we cannot escape it.

“Had my advice been asked, a year ago, I should have voted to preserve the Alliance [with *you*] which we had been used to for sixteen years [strictly for twelve, though in substance ever since 1740], and which was by nature advantageous to us. But if my advice were asked just now, I should answer, That the said method being now impossible, we are in the case of a ship’s captain who defends himself the best he can, and when all resources are exhausted, has, rather than surrender on shameful conditions, to fire the powder-magazine, and blow up his ship. You remember that of your François I.” — *Pors l’honneur*; ah yes, very well! — “Perhaps it will be my poor Children who will be the victims of these past errors,” — for such I still think them, I for my part.

“The Gazettes enumerate the French troops that are to besiege Wesel, Geldern [Wesel they will get gratis, poor Geldern

¹ *Œuvres*, xxvii. i. 291

² “5th–6th October” (Valori, ii. 353).

will almost break their heart first], and take possession of Ost-Friesland; the Russian Declaration [Manifesto not worth reading] tells us Russia's intentions for the next year [most trueulent intentions]: we will defend ourselves to the last drop of our blood, and perish with honor. If you have any counsel farther, I pray you give it me.

"Remain always my friend; and believe that in all situations I will remain yours; and trying to do what my duty is, will not forfeit the sentiments on your part which have been so precious to me. Your servant, GUILLAUME." ¹

"Pity this good Prince contemplating the downfall of his House," suggests Valori: "He deserved a better fate! He would be in despair to think I had sent this Letter to your Exeellency; but I thought perhaps you would show it to the King," — and that it might do good one day.² The Prussians lay in their "Camp of Lobositz," posted up and down in that neighborhood, for a couple of weeks more; waiting whether Browne would attempt anything farther in the fighting way; and, in fine, whether the solution of the crisis would fall out hereabouts, or on the other side of the Hills.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SAXONS GET OUT OF PIRNA ON DISMAL TERMS.

THE disaster of October 1st — for which they were trying to sing *Te-deums* at Vienna — fell heavier on the poor Saxons, in their cage at Pirna: "Alas, where is our deliveranee now?" Friedrich's people, in their lines here, gave them such a "joy-firing" for Lobositz as Retzow has seldom heard; huge volleyings, salvoings, running-fires, starting out, artistieally timed and stationed, thunderous, high; and borne by the echoes,

¹ Valori, ii. 204–206.

² Valori (to the French Minister, "12th October, 1756"), ii. 204.

gloomily reverberative, into every dell and labyrinth of the Pirna Country; — intended to strike a deeper damp into them, thinks he.¹ But Imperial Majesty was mindful, too; and straightway sent Browne positive order, “Deliver me these poor Saxons at any price!” And in the course of not quite a week from Lobositz, there arrives a confidential Messenger from Browne: “Courage still, ye caged Saxons; I will try it another way! Only you must hold out till the 11th; on the 11th stand to your tools, and it shall be done.”

Browne is to take a succinct Detachment, 8,000 picked men, horse and foot; to make a wider sweep with these, well eastward by the foot of Lausitz Hills, and far enough from all Prussian parties and scouts; to march, with all speed and silence, “through Böhln-Leipa, Kamnitz, Rumburg, Schluckenau; and come in upon the Schandau region, quite from the northeast side; say, at Lichtenhayn; an eligible Village, which is but seven miles or so from the Königstein, with the chasmy country and the river intervening. Monday, October 11th, Browne will arrive at Lichtenhayn (sixty miles of circling march from Budin); privately post himself near Lichtenhayn; Prussian posts, of no great strength, lying ahead of him there. You, indignant extenuated Saxons, are to get yourselves across, — near the Königstein it will have to be, under cover of the Königstein’s cannon, — on the front or riverward side of those same Prussian posts: crossing-place (Browne’s Messenger settles) can be Thürmsdorf Hamlet, opposite the Lilienstein, opposite the Hamlets of Ebenheit and Halbstadt there. Königstein fire will cover your bridge and your building of it.

“Monday night next, I say, post yourselves there, with hearts resolute, with powder dry; there, about the eastern roots of the Lilienstein [beautiful Show Mountain, with stair-steps cut on it for Tourist people, by August the Strong], and avoid the Prussian battery and abatis which is on it just now! You at Ebenheit, I at Lichtenhayn, trimmed and braced for action, through that Monday night. Tuesday morning, the Königstein, at your beckoning, shall fire two cannon-shots; which shall mean, ‘All ready here!’ Then forward, you, on

¹ Retzow, i. 67.

those Prussian posts by the front; I will attack them by the rear. With right fury, both of us! I am told, they are but weak in those posts; surely, by double impetus, and dead-lift effort from us both, they *can* be forced? Only force them, — you are in the open field again; and you march away with me, colors flying; your hunger-cage and all your tribulations left behind you!” —

This is Browne’s plan. The poor Saxons accept, — what choice have they? — though the question of crossing and bridge-building has its intricacies; and that inevitable item of “postponement till the 11th” is a sore clause to them; for not only are there short and ever shorter rations, but grim famine itself is advancing with large strides. The “daily twenty ounces of meal” has sunk to half that quantity; the “ounce or so of butcher’s-meat once a week” has vanished, or become *horse* of extreme leanness. The cavalry horses have not tasted oats, nothing but hay or straw (not even water always); the artillery horses had to live by grazing, brown leaves their main diet latterly. Not horses any longer; but walking trestles, poor animals! And the men, — well, they are fallen pale; but they are resolute as ever. The nine corn-mills, which they have in this circuit of theirs, grind now night and day; and all the cavalry are set to thresh whatever grain can be found about; no hind or husbandman shall retain one sheaf: in this way, they hope, utter hunger may be staved off, and the great attempt made.¹

Browne skilfully and perfectly did his part of the Adventure. Browne arrives punctually at Liechtenhayn, evening of the 11th; bivouacs, hidden in the Woods thereabouts, in cold damp weather; stealthily reconnoitres the Prussian Villages ahead, and trims himself for assault, at sound of the two cannons to-morrow. But there came no cannon-signal on the morrow; far other signalings and messagings to-morrow, and next day, and next, from the Königstein and neighborhood! “Wait, Excellency Feldmarschall [writes Brühl to

¹ *Précis de la Retraite de l’Armée Saxonne de son Camp de Pirna* (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*, i. 482–494).

him, Note after Note, instead of signalling from the Königstein]: do wait a very little! You run no risk in waiting; we, even if we *must* yield, will make that our first stipulation!" "You will?" grumbles Browne; and waits, naturally, with extreme impatience. But the truth is, the Adventure, on the Saxon side of it, has already altogether misgone; and becomes, from this point onwards, a mere series of failures, futilities and disastrous miseries, tragical to think of. Worth some record here, since there are Documents abundant; — especially as Feldmarschall Rutowski (who is General-in-Chief, an old, *not* esteemed, friend of ours) has produced, or caused to be produced, a Narrative, which illuminates the Business from within as well.¹ The latter is our main Document here: —

I know not how much of the blame was General Rutowski's: one could surmise some laxity of effort, and a rather slovenly survey of facts, in that quarter. The Enterprise, from the first, was flatly impossible, say judges; and it is certain, poor Rutowski's execution was not first-rate. "How get across the Elbe?" Rutowski had said to himself, perhaps not quite with the due rigor of candor proportionate to the rigorous fact: "How get across the Elbe? We have copper pontoons at Pirna; but they will be difficult to cart. Or we might have a boat-bridge; boats planked together two and two. At Pirna are plenty of boats; and by oar and track-rope, the River itself might be a road for them? Boats or pontoons to Königstein, by water or land, they must be got. Eight miles of abysmal roads, our horses all extenuated? Impossible to cart these pontoons!" said Rutowski to himself. — Pity he had not tried it. He had a week to do those eight bad miles in; and 2,000 lean horses, picking grass or brown leaves, while their riders threshed. "We will drag our pontoons by water, by the Elbe tow-path," thought Rutowski, "that will be easier;" — and forthwith sets about preparing for it, secretly collecting boats at Pirna, steersmen, towing-men, bridge-tackle and what else will be necessary.

¹ *Précis*, &c. (just cited); compare *Tagebuch der Einschliessung des Sächsischen Lagers bey Pirna* ("Diary," &c., which is the Prussian Account: in Seyfarth, *Boylagen*), ii. 22-48.

Rutowski made, at least, no delay. Browne's messenger, we find, had come to him, "Thursday, 7th:" and on Friday night Rutowski has a squad of boatmen, steersmen and twoscore of towing peasants ready; and actually gets under way. They are escorted by the due battalions with field-pieces; — who are to fire upon the Prussian batteries, and keep up such a blaze of musketry and heavier shot, as will screen the boats in passing. Surely a ticklish operation, this; — arguing a sanguine temper in General Rutowski! The south bank of the River is ours; but there are various Prussian batteries, three of them very strong, along the north bank, which will not fail to pelt us terribly as we pass. No help for it; — we must trust in luck! Here is the sequel, with dates adjusted.

Elbe River, Night of October 8th–9th. Friday night, accordingly, so soon as Darkness (unusually dark this night) has dropt her veil on the business, Rutowski sets forth. The Prussian battery, or bridge-head (*tête-de-pont*), at Pirna, has not noticed him, so silent was he. But, alas, the other batteries do not fail to notice; to give fire; and, in fact, on being answered, and finding it a serious thing, to burst out into horrible explosion; unanswerable by the Saxon field-pieces; and surely perilous to human nature steering and towing those big River-Boats. "Loyal to our King, and full of pity for him; that are we;" — but towing at a rate, say of two shillings per head! Before long, the forty towing peasants fling down their ropes, first one, then more, then all, in spite of efforts, promises, menaces; and vanish among the thickets, — forfeiting the two shillings, on view of imminent death. Soldiers take the towing-ropes; try to continue it a little; but now the steersmen also manage to call halt: "We won't! Let us out, let us out! We will steer you aground on the Prussian shore if you don't!" making night hideous. And the towing enterprise breaks down for that bout; double barges mooring on the Saxon shore, I know not precisely at what point, nor is it material.

Saturday Night, October 9th–10th, New boatmen, forty new towmen have been hired at immense increase of wages; say four shillings for the night: but have you much good proba-

bility, my General, that even for that high guerdon imminence of death can be made indifferent to towmen? No, you haven't. The matter goes this night precisely as it did last: towmen vanishing in the horrible cannon tumult; steersmen shrieking, "We will ground you on the Prussian shore;" very soldiers obliged to give it up; and General Rutowski himself obliged to wash his hands of it, as a thing that cannot be done. In fact, a thing which need not have been tried, had Rutowski been rigorously candid with himself and his hopes, as the facts now prove to be. "Twenty-four hours lost by this bad business" (says he; "thirty-six," as I count, or, to take it rigorously, "forty-eight" even): and now, Sunday morning instead of Friday, at what, in sad truth, is metaphorically "the eleventh hour." Rutowski has to betlink him of his copper pontoons; and make the impossible carting method possible in a day's time, or do worse.

Sunday, Monday, October 10th-11th, By unheard-of exertions, all hands and all spent-horses now at a dead-lift effort night and day, Rutowski does get his pontoons carted out of the Pirna storehouse; lands them at Thürnsdorf, — opposite the Lilienstein, — a mile or so short of Königstein, where his Bridge shall be. It is now the 11th, at night. And our pontoons are got to the ground, nothing more. Every man of us, at this hour, should have been across, and trimming himself to climb, with bayonet fixed! Browne is ready, expecting our signal-shot to storm in on his side. And our bridge is not built, only the pontoons here. "All things went perverse," adds Rutowski, for farther comfort: "we [Saxon Home-Army] had with us, except Officers, only Four Pontoniers, or trained Bridge-builders; all the rest are at Warsaw:" sad thought, but too late to think it!

Tuesday, till Wednesday early (12th-13th), Bridge, the Four Pontoniers, with Officers and numb soldiers doing their best, is got built; — Browne waiting for us, on thorns, all day; Prussians extensively beginning to strengthen their posts, about the Lilienstein, about Lichtenhayn, or where risk is; and in fact pouring across to that northern side, quite aware of Rutowski and Browne.

That same night, 12th–13th, while the Bridge was struggling to complete itself, — rain now falling, and tempests broken out, — the Saxon Army, from Pirna down to Hennemersdorf, had lifted itself from its Lines, and got under way towards Thürmsdorf, and the crossing-place. Dark night, plunging rain; all the elements in uproar. The worst roads in Nature; now champed doubly; “such roads as never any Army marched on before.” Most of their cannon are left standing; a few they had tried to yoke, broke down, “and choked up the narrow road altogether; so that the cavalry had to dismount, and lead their horses by side-paths,” — figure what side-paths! Distance to Thürmsdorf, from any point of the Saxon Lines, cannot be above six miles: but it takes them all that night and all next day. Such a march as might fill the heart with pity. Oh, ye Rutowskis, Brühls, though never so decorated by twelve tailors, what a sight ye are at the head of men! Dark night, wild raging weather, labyrinthic roads worn knee-deep. It is broad daylight, Wednesday, 13th, and only the vanguard is yet got across, trailing a couple of cannons; and splashes about, endeavoring to take rank there, in spite of wet and hunger; rain still pouring, wind very high.

Nothing of Browne comes, this Wednesday; but from the opposite Gross-Sedlitz and Gottleube side, the Prussians are coming. This morning, at daylight, struck by symptoms, “the Prussians mounted our empty redoubts:” they are now in full chase of us, Ziethen with Hussars as vanguard. A difficult bit of marching, even Ziethen and his light people find it; sprawling forward, at their cheeriest, with daylight to help, and in chase, not chased, through such intricacies of rock and mud. Ziethen’s company did not assist the Saxons! They wheel round, show fight, and there is volleying and bickering all day; the Saxon march getting ever more perturbed. Nearly all the baggage has to be left. Ziethen takes into the woods near Thürmsdorf; giving fire as the poor wet Saxons, now much in a pell-mell condition, pass to their Bridge.¹ Heavier Prussians are striding on to rear; these, from some final hill-top, do at last belch out two cannon-shots: figure the confusion

¹ *Prussian Account* (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*), i. 852.

at that Bridge, the speed now becoming delirious there! Towards evening, rain still violent, the Saxons, baggage-less, and rushing quite pell-mell the latter part of them, are mostly across, still countable to 14,000 or so; — upon which they cut their Bridge adrift, and let the river take it. At Raden, a few miles lower, the Prussians fished it out; rebuilt it more deliberately, — and we shall find it there anon. This day Friedrich, hearing what is afoot, has returned in person from the Lobositz Country; takes Struppen as his head-quarter, which was lately the Polish Majesty's.

From Browne there has nothing come this Wednesday; but to-morrow morning at seven there comes a Letter from him, written this night at ten; to the effect: —

“HEAD-QUARTER, LICHTENHAYN, Wednesday, October 13th, 10 P.M.

“EXCELLENZ, — Have [omitting the I] waited here at Lichtenhayn since Tuesday, expecting your signal-cannon; hearing nothing of it, conclude you have by misfortune not been able to get across; and that the Enterprise is up. My own position being dangerous [Prussians of double my strength intrenched within few miles of me], I turn homewards to-morrow at nine A.M.: ready for whatever occurs *till* then; and sorrowfully say adieu.”¹

Dreadful weather for Browne in his bivouac, and wearisome waiting, with Prussians and perils accumulating on him! Browne was ill of lungs; coughing much; lodging, in these violent tempests, on the cold ground. A right valiant soldier and man, as does appear; the flower of all the Irish Brownes (though they have quite forgotten him in our time), and of all those Irish Exiles then tragically spending themselves in Austrian quarrels! “You saw the great man,” says one who seems to have been present, “how he sacrificed himself to this Enterprise. What Austrian Field-marshal but himself would ever have lowered his loftiness to lead, in person, so insignificant a Detachment, merely for the public good! I have seen staff-officers, distinguished only by their sasheries and insignia,

¹ *Précis* (ut *suprà*), p. 493; *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 940; &c.

who would not have stirred to inspect a vedette without 250 men. Our Field-marshal was of another turn. Sharing with his troops all the hardships, none excepted, of these critical days; and in spite of a violent cough, which often brought the visible blood from his lungs, and had quite worn him down; exposing himself, like the meanest of the Army, to the tempests of rainy weather. Think what a sight it was, going to your very heart, and summoning you to endurance of every hardship,—that evening [not said which], when the Field-marshal, worn out with his fatigues and his disorder, sank out of fainting-fits into a sleep! The ground was his bed, and the storm of clouds his coverlid. In crowds his brave war-comrades gathered round; stripped their cloaks, their coats, and strove in noble rivalry which of them should have the happiness to screen the Father of the Army at their own cost of exposure, and by any device keep the pelting of the weather from that loved head!"¹ There is a picture for you, in the heights of Lichtenhayn, as you steam past Schandau, in contemplative mood; and perhaps think of "Justice to Ireland!" among other sad thoughts that rise.

From Thürmsdorf to the Pontoon-Bridge there was a kind of road; down which the Saxons scrambled yesterday; and, by painful degrees, got wriggled across. But, on the other shore, forward to the Hamlets of Halbstadt and Ebenheit, there is nothing but a steep slippery footpath: figure what a problem for the 14,000 in such weather! Then at Ebenheit, close behind, Browne-wards, where Browne now there, rises the Lilienstein, abrupt rocky mountain, its slopes on both hands washed by the River (River making its first elbow here, closely girdling this Lilienstein): on both these slopes are Prussian batteries, each with its abatis; needing to be stormed:—that will be your first operation. Abatis and slopes of the Lilienstein once stormed, you fall into a valley or hollow, raked again by Prussian batteries; and will have to mount, still storming, out of the valley, sky-high across the Ziegenrück (*Goat's-back*) ridge: that is your second preliminary operation.

¹ Cogniazzo, *Geständnisse eines Oesterreichischen Veterans*, ii. 2^c1

After which you come upon the work itself; namely, the Prussian redoubts at Lichtenhayn, and 12,000 men on them by this time! A modern Tourist says, reminding or informing:

“From the Königstein to Pirna, Elbe, if serpentine, is like a serpent rushing at full speed. Just past the Königstein, the Elbe, from westward, as its general course is, turns suddenly to northward; runs so for a mile and a half; then, just before getting to the *Bastei* at Raden, turns suddenly to westward again, and so continues. Tourists know Raden,” — where the Prussians have just fished out a Bridge for themselves, — “with the *Bastei* high aloft to west of it. The Old Inn, hospitable though sleepless, stands pleasantly upon the River-brink, overhung by high cliffs: close on its left side, or in the intricacies to rear of it, are huts and houses, sprinkled about, as if burrowed in the sandstone; more comfortably than you could expect. The site is a narrow dell, narrow chasm, with labyrinthic chasms branching off from it; narrow and gloomy as seen from the River, but opening out even into cornfields as you advance inwards: work of a small Brook, which is still industriously tinkling and gushing there, and has in Pre-Adamite times been a lake, and we know not what. Nieder-Raden, this, on the north side of the River; of Ober-Raden, on the south side, there is nothing visible from your Inn windows,” — nor have we anything to do with it farther. An older Guide of Tourists yields us this second Fraction (capable of condensation): —

. . . “To Halbstadt, thence to Ebenheit, your path is steeper and steeper; from Ebenheit to the Lilienstein you take a guide. The Mountain is conical; coarse *red* sandstone; steps cut for you where needed: August the Strong’s Hunting-Lodge (*Jagd-hütte*) is here (August went thither in a grand way, 1708, with his Wife); Lodge still extant, by the side of a wood; — Lilienstein towering huge and sheer, solitary, grand, like some colossal Pillar of the Cyclops, from this round Pediment of Country which you have been climbing; tops of Lilienstein plumed everywhere with fir and birch, Pediment also very green and woody. August the Strong, grandly visiting here, 1708, on finish of those stair-steps cut for you, set up an Ebenezer, or

Column of Memorial at this Hunting-Hut, with Inscription which can still be read, though now with difficulty in its time-worn state :—

“*Friedericus Augustus, Rex* [of what? Dare not say of *Poland* just now, for fear of Charles XII.], *et Elector Sax., ut Fortunam virtute, ita asperam hanc Rupem primus* [*primus* not of men, but of Saxon Electors] *superavit, Aditumque faciliorem reddi curavit. Anno 1708.*” — “*Ut Fortunam virtute,* As his fortune by valor, *so* he conquered this rugged rock by” — Poor devil, only hear him :—and think how good Nature is (for the time being) to poor devils and their 354 bastards !¹

Brühl and the Polish Majesty, safe enough they, and snug in the Königstein, are clear for advancing : “Dic like soldiers, for your King and Country !” writes Polish Majesty, “Thursday, two in the morning :” that also Rutowski reads ; and I think still other Royal Autographs, sent as Postscripts to that. From the Königstein they duly fire off the two Cannon-shot, as signal that we are coming ; signal which Browne, just in the act of departing, never heard, owing to the piping of the winds and rattling of the rain. “Advance, my heroes !” counsel they : “You cannot drag your ammunitions, say you ; your poor couple of big guns ? Here are his Majesty’s own royal horses for that service !” —and, in effect, the royal stud is heroically flung open in this pressure ; and a splashing column of sleek quadrupeds, “150 royal draught-horses, early in the forenoon,”² swim across to Ebenheit accordingly, if that could encourage. And, “about noon, there is strong cannonading from the Königstein, as signal to Browne,” who is off. Polish Majesty looking with his spy-glass in an astonished manner.

¹ M.(agister) Wilhelm Lebrecht Götzinger, *Schandau und seine Umgebungen, oder Beschreibung der Sächsischen Schweitz* (Dresden, 1812), pp. 145–148 Götzinger, who designates himself as “Pastor at Neustadt near Stolpen” (northwest border of the Pirna Country), has made of this (which would now be called a *Tourist’s Guide*, and has something geological in it) a modest, good little Book, put together with industry, clearness, brevity. Gives interesting Narrative of our present Business too, as gathered from his “Father” and other good sources and testimonies.

² Götzinger, p. 156

In vain ! Rutowski and his Council of War — sitting wet in a hut of Ebenheit, with 14,000 starved men outside, who have stood seventy-two hours of rain, for one item — see nothing for it but “surrender on such terms as we can get.”

“In fact,” independently of weather and circumstances, “the Enterprise,” says Friedrich, “was radically impossible; nobody that had known the ground could have judged it other.” Rutowski had not known it, then ? Browne never pretended to know it. Rutowski was not candid with the conditions; the conditions never known nor candidly looked at; and *they* are now replying to him with candor enough. From the first his Enterprise was a final flicker of false hope; going out, as here, by spasm, in the rigors of impossibility and flat despair.

That column of royal horses sent splashing across the River, — that was the utmost of self-sacrifice which I find recorded of his Polish Majesty in this matter. He was very obstinate; his Brühl and he were. But his conduct was not very heroic. That royal Autograph, “General Rutowski, and ye true Saxons, attack these Prussian lines, then; sell your lives like men” (not like Brühl and me), must have fallen cold on the heart, after seventy-two hours of rain ! Rutowski’s wet Council of War, in the hut at Ebenheit, rain still pouring, answers unanimously, “That it were a leading of men to the butchery;” that there is nothing for it but surrender. Brühl and Majesty can only answer: “Well-a-day; it must be so, then !” — Winterfeld, Prussian Commander hereabouts, grants Armistice, grants liberal “wagon-loads of bread” first of all; terms of Capitulation to be settled at Struppen to-morrow.

Friday, October 15th, Rutowski goes across to Struppen, the late Saxon head-quarter, now Friedrich’s; — Friday gone a fortnight was the day of Lobositz. Winterfeld and he are the negotiators there; Friedrich ratifying or refusing by marginal remarks. The terms granted are hard enough: but they must be accepted. First preliminary of all terms has already been accepted: a gift of bread to these poor Saxons; their haversacks are empty, their cartridge-boxes drowned; it has rained on them three days and nights. Last upshot of all terms is

still well known to everybody: That the 14,000 Saxons are compelled to become Prussian, and "forced to volunteer"!

That had been Friedrich's determination, and reading of his rights in the matter, now that hard had come to hard. "You refused all terms; you have resisted to death (or death's-door); and are now at discretion!" Of the question, What is to be done with those Saxons? Friedrich had thought a great deal, first and last; and had found it very intricate,—as readers too will, if they think of it. "Prisoners of War,—to keep them locked up, with trouble and expense, in that fashion? They can never be exchanged: Saxony has now nothing to exchange them with; and Austria will not. Their obstinacy has had costs to me; who of us can count what costs! In short, they shall volunteer!"

"Never did I, for my poor part, authorize such a thing," loudly asseverated Rutowski afterwards. And indeed the Capitulation is not precise on that interesting point. A lengthy Document, and not worth the least perusal otherwise; we condense it into three Articles, all grounding on this general Basis, not deniable by Rutowski: "The Saxon Army, being at such a pass, ready to die of hunger, if we did *not* lift our finger, has, so to speak, become our property; and we grant it the following terms:"—

"1°. Kettle-drums, standards and the like insignia and matters of honor,—carry these to the Königstein, with my regretful respects to his Polish Majesty. Königstein to be a neutral Fortress during this War. Polish Majesty at perfect liberty to go to Warsaw [as he on the instant now did, and never returned].

"2°. Officers to depart on giving their parole, Not to serve against us during this War [Parole given, nothing like too well kept].

"3°. Rest of the Army, with all its equipments, munitions, soul and body (so to speak), is to surrender utterly, and be ours, as all Saxony shall for the present be."¹

¹ In *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 920-928, at full length,—with Friedrich's *marginalia* noticeably brief.

That is, in sum, the Capitulation of Struppen. Nothing articulate in it about the one now interesting point, — and in regard to that, I can only fancy Rutowski might interject, interrogatively, perhaps at some length: “Our soldiers to be Prisoners of War, then?” “Prisoners; yes, clearly, — unless they choose to volunteer, and have a better fate! Prisoners can volunteer. They are at discretion; they would die, if we did *not* lift our finger!” thus I suppose Winterfeld would rejoin, if necessary; — and that, in the Winterfeld-Rutowski Conferences, the thing had probably been kept in a kind of *chiaroscuro* by both parties.

Very certain it is, Sunday, 17th October, 1756, Capitulation being signed the night before, Friedrich goes across at Nieder-Raden (where the Pilgrim of the Picturesque now climbs to see the *Bastei*; where the Prussians have, by this time, a Bridge thrown together out of those Pontoons), — goes across at Nieder-Raden, up that chasmy Pass; rides to the Heights of Waltersdorf, in the opener country behind; and pauses there, while the captive Saxon Army defiles past him, laying down its arms at his feet. Unarmed, and now under Prussian word of command, these Ex-Saxon soldiers go on defiling; march through by that Chasm of Nieder-Raden; cross to Ober-Raden; and, in the plainer country thereabouts, are — in I know not what length of hours, but in an incredibly short length, so swift is the management — changed wholly into Prussian soldiers: “obliged to volunteer,” every one of them!

That is the fact; fact loudly censured; fact surely questionable, — to what intrinsic degree I at this moment do not know. Fact much blamable before the loose public of mankind; upon which I leave men to their verdict. It is not a fact which invites imitation, as we shall see! Fact how accomplished; by what methods? that would be the question with me; but even that is left dark. “The horse regiments, three of heavy horse, he broke; and distributed about, a good few in his own Garde-du-Corps.” Three other horse regiments were in Poland, the sole Saxon Army now left, — of whom, at least of one man among whom, we may happen to hear. “Ten foot regiments

[what was reckoned a fault] he left together; in Prussian uniform, with Prussian Officers. They were scattered up and down; put in garrisons; not easy handling them: they deserted by whole companies at a time in the course of this War.”¹ Not a measure for imitation, as we said! — How Friedrich defended such hard conduct to the Saxons? Reader, I know only that Destiny and Necessity, urged on by Saxons and others, was hard as adamant upon Friedrich at this time; and that Friedrich did not the least dream of making any defence; — and will have to take your verdict, such as it may be.

Moritz of Dessau had a terrible Winter of it, organizing and breaking in these Saxon people, — got by press-gang in this way. Polish Majesty, “with 500 of suite,” had driven instantly for Warsaw; post-horses most politely furnished him, and all the Prussian posts and soldiers well kept out of his road, — road chosen for him to that end. Poor soul, he never came back. For six years coming, he saw, from Warsaw in the distance (amid anarchy and *Nie-pozwalam*, which he never lacked there), the wide War raging, in Saxony especially; and died soon after it was done. Nor did Brühl return, except broken by that event, and to die in few months after. Let us pity the poor fat-goose of a Majesty (not ill-natured at all, only stupid and idle): some pity even to the doomed-phantasm Brühl, if you can; — and thank Heaven to have got done with such a pair! —

Friedrich’s treatment of the Saxon Troops, Saxon Majesty and Country: who shall say that it was wise in all points? It would be singular treatment, if it were! In all things, *After* is so different from *Before* and *During*. The truth is, Friedrich hoped long to have made some agreement with the Saxons. And readers now, in the universal silence, have no notion of Friedrich’s complexities from fact, and of the loud howl of hostile rumor, which was piping through all journals, diplomacies and foreign human throats, against him at that time.

“The essential passages of War and Peace,” says a certain

¹ Preuss, ii. 22, 135; in Stenzel (v 16–20) more precise details.

Commentator, "during those Five weeks of Pirna, can be made intelligible in small compass. But how the world argued of them then and afterwards, and rang with hot Gazetteer and Diplomatic logic from side to side, no reader will now ever know. A world-tornado extinct, gone:—think of the sounds uttered from human windpipes, shrill with rage some of them, hoarse others with ditto; of the vituperations, execrations, printed and vocal, — grating harsh thunder upon Friedrich and this new course of his. Huge melody of Discords, shrieking, droning, grinding on that topic, through the afflicted Universe in general, for certain years. The very Pamphlets printed on it, — cannot Dryasdust give me the number of tons weight, then? Dead now every Pamphlet of them; a thing fallen horrible to human nature; extinct forever, as is the wont in such cases."

I will give only this of Voltaire; a mild Epigram, done at The *Délices*, in pleasant view of Ferney and good things coming. A bolt shot into the storm-tost Sea and its wreckages, by a Mariner now cheerily drying his clothes on the shore there; — in fact, an indifferent Epigram, on Kings Friedrich and George, which is now flying about in select circles: —

"Rivaux du Vainqueur de l'Euphrate,
L'Oncle et le Neveu,
L'un fait la guerre en pirate,
L'autre en parti bleu."

"Rivals of Alexander the Great, this Uncle and Nephew make war, the one as a Pirate [seizure of those French ships], the other [Saxony stolen] as Captain of an Accidental Thieving-Squad," — *parti bleu*, as the French soldiers call it.¹

Pirna was no sooner done than Friedrich returned to the "Camp at Lobositz," where his victorious Keith-Army has been lying all this while. The Camp of Lobositz, and all Camps Prussian and Austrian, are about to strike their tents, and proceed to Winter-quarters, to prepare against next Spring. Friedrich set off thither October 18th (the very day after that of Waltersdorf); with intent to bring home Keith's Army,

¹ Walpole's *Letters*, "To Sir Horace Mann, 8th December, 1756."

and see if Browne meant anything farther (which Browne did not, or does only in the small Tolpatch way); also to meet Schwerin, whom he had summoned over from Silesia for a little conference there. Schwerin, after eating Königsgrätz Country well, — which was all he could do, as Piccolomini would not come out, and we know how strong the ground is, — had retired to Silesia again, in due season (snapping up, in a sharply conclusive manner, any Tolpatcheries that attempted chase of him); taken Winter cantonments in Silesia, head-quarter Schweidnitz; and is now getting his Instructions, here personally, in the Metal Mountains, for a day or two.¹

Friedrich brought his Keith-Army home to Gross-Sedlitz, to join the other Force there; and distributed the whole into their Winter-quarters. Cantoned far and wide, spreading out from Pirna on both hands: on the left or western hand, by Zwickau, Freyberg, Chemnitz, up to Leipzig, Torgau; and on the right or northeast hand, by Zittau, Görlitz, Bautzen, to protect the Lausitz against Austrian inroads, — while a remote Detachment, under Winterfeld, watches the Bober River with similar views.² All which done, or settled to be done, Friedrich quits Gross-Sedlitz, November 14th; and takes up his abode at Dresden for this Winter.

CHAPTER VIII.

WINTER IN DRESDEN.

THE Saxon Army is incorporated, then; its King gone under the horizon; the Saxon Country has a Prussian Board set over it, to administer all things of Government, especially to draw taxes and recruits from Saxony. Torgau, seat of this new Board, has got fortified; "1,500 inhabitants were requisitioned as spademen for that end, at first with wages," — latterly, I almost fear, without! The Saxon Ministers are

¹ *Helden-Geschichte*, iii 946, 948.

² In *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 948 et seq., a minute List by Place and Regiment.

getting drilled, cashiered if necessary; and on all hands, rigorous methods going forward;—till Saxony is completely under grasp; in which state it was held very tight indeed, for the six years coming. There is no detailing of all that; details, were they even known to an Editor at such distance, would weary every reader. Enough to understand that Friedrich has not on this occasion, as he did in 1744, omitted to disarm Saxony, to hobble it in every limb, and have it, at discretion, tied as with ropes to his interests and him.¹ His management was never accounted cruel; and it was studiously the reverse of violent or irregular: but it had to be rigorous as the facts were;—nor was it the worst, or reckoned the worst, of Saxony's miseries in this time.

Poor Country, suffering for its Brühl! In the Country, except for its Brühl, there was no sin against Prussia; the reverse rather. The Saxon population, as Protestants, have no good-will to Austria and its aims of aggrandizement. In Austrian spy-letters, now and afterwards, they are described to us as "*gut Preussisch*;" "strong for Prussia, the most of them, even in Dresden itself."

Whether Friedrich could have had much real hope to end the War this Year, or scare it off from beginning, may be a question. If he had, it is totally disappointed. The Saxon Government has brought ruin on itself and Country, but it has been of great damage to Friedrich. Would Polish Majesty have consented to disband his soldiers, and receive Friedrich with a *bonâ-fide* "Neutrality," Friedrich could have passed the Mountains still in time for a heavy stroke on Bohemia, which was totally unprepared for such a visit. And he might—from the Towers of Prag, for instance—have, far more persuasively, held out the olive-branch to an astonished Empress-Queen: "Leave me alone, Madam; will you, then! Security for that; I wanted and want nothing more!" But Polish Majesty, taking on him the character of Austrian martyr, and flinging himself into the gulf, has prevented all that; has turned all that the other way.

¹ *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 946-956.

Austria, it appears, is quite ungrateful: "Was n't he bound?" thinks Austria, — as its wont rather is. Forgetful of the great deliverance wrought for it by poor Polish Majesty; whom it could not deliver — except into bottomless wreck! Austria, grateful or not, stands unseathed; has time to prepare its Armaments, its vocal Arguments: Austria is in higher provocation than ever; and its very Arguments, highly vocal to the Reich and the world, "Is not this man a robber, and enemy of mankind?" do Friedrich a great deal of ill. Friedrich's sudden Campaign, instead of landing him in the heart of the Austrian States, there to propose Peace, has kindled nearly all Europe into flames of rage against him, — which will not consist in words merely! Never was misunderstanding of a man at a higher pitch: "Such treatment of a peaceable Neighbor and Crowned Head, — witness it, ye Heavens and thou Earth!" Dauphiness falling on her knees to Most Christian Majesty; "Princess and dearest Sister" to Most Christian Majesty's Pompadour; especially no end of Pleading to the German Reich, in a furious, Delphic-Pythoness or quasi-inspired tone: all this goes on.

From the time when Pirna was blockaded, Kaiser Franz, his high Consort and sense of duty urging him, has been busy in the Reich's-Hofrath (kind of Privy-Council or Supreme Court of the Reich, which sits at Vienna); busy there, and in the Reich's Diet at Regensburg; busy everywhere, with utmost diligence over Teutschland, — forging Reich thunder. Manifestoes, *Hof-Decrets*, *Dehortatoriums*, *Excitatoriums*; so goes it, exploding like Vesuvius, shock on the back of shock: — 20th September it began; and lasts, *crescendo*, through Winter and onwards, at an extraordinary rate.¹ Of all which, leaving readers to imagine it, we will say nothing, — except that it points towards "Armed Interference by the Reich," "Reich's Execution Army;" nay towards "Ban of the Reich" (total excommunication of this Enemy of Mankind, and giving of him up to Satan, by bell, book and candle), which is a kind of thunder-bolt not heard of for a good few

¹ In *Helden-Geschichte* (iv. 163-174; iii. 956; and indeed *passim* through those Volumes), the Originals in frightful superabundance.

ages past! Thunder-bolt thought to be gone mainly to *rust* by the judicious; — which, however, the poor old Reich did grasp again, and attempt to launch. As perhaps we shall have to notice by and by, among the miracles going.

France too, urged by the noblest concern, feels itself called upon. France magnanimously intimates to the Reich's Diet, once and again, "That Most Christian Majesty is guarantee of the Treaty of Westphalia; Most Christian Majesty cannot stand such procedures;" and then the second time, "That Most Christian Majesty will interfere practically," — by 100,000 men and odd.¹ In short, the sleeping world-whirlwinds are awakened against this man. General Dance of the Furies; there go they, in the dusky element, those Eumenides, "giant-limbed, serpent-haired, slow-pacing, circling, torch in hand" (according to Schiller), — scattering terror and madness. At least, in the Diplomatic Circles of mankind; — if haply the Populations will follow suit! —

Friedrich, abundantly contemptuous of Reich's-thunder in the rusted kind, and well able to distinguish sound from substance in the Reich or elsewhere, recognizes in all this sufficiently portentous prophecies of fact withal; and understands, none better, what a perilous position he has got into. But he cannot mend it; — can only, as usual, do his own utmost in it. As readers will believe he does; and that his vigilance and diligence are very great. Continual, ubiquitous and at the top of his bent, one fancies his effort must have been, — though he makes no noise on the subject. Considerable work he has with Hanover, this Winter; with the poor English Government, and their "Army of Observation," which is to appear in the Hanover parts, *versus* those 100,000 French, next Spring. To Hanover he has sent Schmettau (the Younger Schmettau, Elder is now dead) in regard to said Army; has made a new and closer Treaty with England (impossible to be fulfilled on poor England's part); — and laments, as Mitchell often does, the tragically embroiled condition of that Country, struggling so vehemently, to no purpose, to get out of bed, and not unlike strangling or smothering itself in its own

¹ *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 340 ("26th March, 1757").

blankets, at present! With and in regard to Saxony, his work is of course extremely considerable; and in regard to his own Army, and its coming Business, considerablest of all. Counter-Manifesto work, to state his case in a distinct manner, and leave it with the Populations if the Diplomacies are deaf: this too, is copiously proceeding; under Artists who probably do not require much supervision. In fact, no King living has such servants, in the Civil or the Military part, to execute his will. And no King so little wastes himself in noises; a King who has good command of *himself*, first of all; not to be thrown off his balance by any terror, any provocation even, though his temper is very sharp.

Friedrich in person is mainly at Dresden, lodged in the Brühl Palace; — endless wardrobes and magnificences there; three hundred and sixty-four Pairs of Breeches hanging melancholy, in a widowed manner: *C'est assez de culottes; montrez-moi des vertus!* Brühl is far away, in Poland; Madam Brühl has still her Apartments in this Palace, — a frugal King needs only the necessary spaces. Madam Brühl is very busy here; and not to good purpose, being well seen into. “She had a cask of wine sent her from Warsaw,” says Friedrich; “orders were given to decant for her every drop of the wine, but to be sure and bring us the cask.” Cask was found to have two bottoms, intermediate space filled with spy-correspondence. Madam Brühl protests and pleads, Friedrich not unpolite in reply; his last Letter to her says, “Madam, it is better that you go and join your Husband.”

Another high Dame gets sausages from Bohemia; — some of Friedrich's light troops have an appetite, beyond strict law, for sausages; break in, find Letters along with the other stuffing.¹ Friedrich has a good deal of watching and coercing to do in that kind, — some arresting, conveyance even to Cüstrin for a time, though nothing crueller proved needful. To the poor Queen he keeps up civilities, but is obliged to be strict as Argus; — she made him a Gift too, the *Night* of Correggio, admired *Notte* of Correggio; having heard that he sat before

¹ (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 108; Mitchell, “27th March, 1757” (Raumer, p. 321).

it silent for half an hour, on entering that fine Gallery, — which is due to our Sovereign Lord and his Brühl, alas ! On the other hand, Friedrich had to take from her Majesty's Royal Abode those Hundred Swiss of Body-guard ; to discharge the same, and put Prussians in their stead. Nay, at one time, on loud outcry from her Majesty, and great private cause of complaint against her, there was talk of sending the poor Royal lady to Warsaw, after her Husband ; but her objection being violent, nothing came of that : Winter following, her poor Majesty died,¹ and gave nobody any farther trouble.

Friedrich's outposts, especially in the Lausitz, are a good deal disturbed by Austrian Tolpatcheries ; and do feats, heroic in the small way, in smiting down that rabble. A valuable Officer or two is lost in such poor service, poor but indispensable ;² and the troops have not always the repose which is intended them. Lieutenant-Colonel Loudon (Scotch by kindred, and famous enough before long) is the soul of these Croat enterprises, — and gets his Coloneley by them, in a month or two ; Browne recommending. Loudon had arrived too late for Lobositz, but had been with Browne to Schandau ; and, on the march homewards, did a bright feat of the Croat kind : — surprisal, very complete, of that Hill-Castle of Tetschen and considerable Hussar Party there ; done in a style which caught the eye of Browne ; and was the beginning of great things to poor Loudon, after his twenty years of painful eclipse under the Indigo Trencks, and miscellaneous Doggeries, Austrian and Russian.³

Tetschen, therefore, will again need capture by the Prussians, if they again intend that way. And in the mean while, Friedrich, to counterpoise those mischievous Croat people, has bethought him of organizing a similar Force of his own ; — Foot chiefly, for, on hint of former experience, he already has Hussars in quantity. And, this Winter, there are accordingly,

¹ 27th November, 1757.

² Funeral Discourses (of a very curious, ponderous and serious tone), in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*, ii. 458, 464, &c.

³ *La Vie du Feldmaréchal Baron de Loudon* (Translation of one Pezzl's German : à Vienne et à Paris, 1792), i. 1-32.

in different Saxon Towns, three Irregular Regiments getting ready for him; three "Volunteer Colonels" busily enlisting each his "Free Corps," such the title chosen;—chief Colonel of them one Mayer, now in Zwickan neighborhood, with 6 or 700 loose handy fellows round him, getting formed into strict battalion there:¹ of whom, and of whose soldiering, we shall hear farther. For the plan was found to answer; and extended itself year after year; and the "Prussian Free Corps," one way and another, made considerable noise in the world.

Outwardly Friedrich's Life is quiet; busy, none can be more so; but to the on-looker, placid, polite especially. He hears sermon once or twice in the Kreuz-Kirche (Protestant High Church); then next day will hear good music, devotional if you call it so, in the Catholic Church, where her Polish Majesty is. Daily at the old hour he has his own Concert, now and then assisting with his own flute. Makes donations to the Poor, and such like, due from Saxon Sovereignty while held by him; on the other hand, reduces salaries at a sad rate: Guarini, Queen's Confessor, from near £2,000 to little more than £300, for one instance;—cuts off about £25,000 in all under this head.² And is heavy with billeting, as new Prussians arrive. Billets at length in the very Ambassadors' Hotels,—and by way of apology to the Excellencies, signifies to them in a body: "Sorry for the necessity, your Excellencies: but ought not you to go to Warsaw rather? Your credentials are to his Polish Majesty. He is not here; nor coming hither, for some time!" Which hint, I suppose, the Excellencies mostly took. From his own Forests there came by the Elbe great rafts of firewood, to warm his soldiers in their quarters. Once or twice he makes excursions, of a day, of two days; to the Lausitz, to Leipzig (through Freyberg, where he has a post of importance);—very gracious to the University people: "Students be troubled with soldiering? Far from it, ye learned Gentlemen, servants of the Muses! Recruitment,

¹ Pauli (our old diffuse friend), *Leben grosser Helden des gegenwärtigen Krieges* (9 vols., Halle, 1759-1764), iii 159, § Mayr.

² *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 306 ("December, 1756").

a lamentable necessity, is to go on under your own Official people, and wholly by the old methods.”¹

Once, and once only, he made a run to Berlin, January 4th-13th, 1757: the last for six years and more. Came with great despatch, Brother Henri with him, whole journey in one day; got “to his Mother’s about 11 at night.”² A joyful meeting, for the kindred: cheerful light-gleam in the dark time, so suddenly eclipsed to them and others by those hurricanes that have risen. His Majesty seems to be in perfect health; and wears no look of gloom. At Berlin is no Carnival this year; all are grave, sunk in sad contemplations of the future. Of his businesses in this interval, which were many, I will say nothing; only of one little Act he did, the day before his departure: the writing of this *Secret Letter of Instructions* to Graf Finck von Finkensteen, his chief Home Minister, one of his old boy-comrades, as readers may recollect. The Letter was read by Count Finck with profound attention, 11th January, 1757, and conned over till he knew every point of it; after which he sealed it up, inscribing on the Cover: “*Höchsteigenhändige und ganz geheime*” — that is, “Highest-Autographic and altogether Secret Instructions, by the King, which, with the Appendixes, were delivered to me, Graf von Finkensteen, the 12th of January, 1757.” In this docketing it lay, sealed for many years (none knows how many), then unsealed, still in strict keeping, in the Private Royal Archives,³ — till on Friedrich’s Birthday, 24th January, 1854, it was, with some solemnity, lithographed at Berlin, and distributed to a select public, — as readers shall see.

“*Secret Instruction for the Graf von Finck.*

“BERLIN, 10th January, 1757.

“In the critical situation our affairs are in, I ought to give you my orders, so that in all the disastrous cases which are

¹ *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 303-313; *Universitätsanschlag zu Leipzig, wegen der Werbung* (“University-Placard about Enlisting:” in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*, i. 811).

² *Ib.* iv. 308.

³ *Preuss.* i. 449.

in the possibility of events, you be authorized for taking the necessary steps.

“1°. If it chanced (which Heaven forbid) that one of my Armies in Saxony were totally beaten; or that the French should drive the Hanoverians from their Country [which they failed not to do], and establish themselves there, and threaten us with an invasion into the Altmark; or that the Russians should get through by the Neumark, — you are to save the Royal Family, the principal *Dicasteria* [Land-Schedules, Lists of Tax-dues], the Ministries and the Directorium [which is the central Ministry of all]. If it is in Saxony on the Leipzig side that we are beaten, the fittest place for the removal of the Royal Family, and of the Treasure, is to Cüstrin: in such case the Royal Family and all above named must go, escorted by the whole Garrison” of Berlin, “to Cüstrin. If the Russians entered by the Neumark, or if a misfortune befell us in the Lausitz, it would be to Magdeburg that all would have to go: in fine, the last refuge is Stettin, — but you must not go till the last extremity. The Garrison, the Royal Family and the Treasure are inseparable, and go always together: to this must be added the Crown Diamonds, the Silver Plate in the Grand Apartments, — which, in such case, as well as the Gold Plate, must be at once coined into money.

“If it happened that I were killed, the Public Affairs must go on without the smallest alteration, or its being noticeable that they are in other hands: and, in this case, you must hasten forward the Oaths and Homagings, as well here as in Preussen; and, above all, in Silesia. If I should have the fatality to be taken prisoner by the Enemy, I prohibit all of you from paying the least regard to my person, or taking the least heed of what I might write from my place of detention. Should such misfortune happen me, I wish to sacrifice myself for the State; and you must obey my Brother, — who, as well as all my Ministers and Generals, shall answer to me with their heads, Not to offer any Province or any Ransom for me, but to continue the War, pushing their advantages, as if I never had existed in the world.

"I hope, and have ground to believe, that you, Count Finck, will not need to make use of this Instruction: but in case of misfortune, I authorize you to employ it; and, as mark that it is, after a mature and sound deliberation, my firm and constant will, I sign it with my Hand and confirm it with my Seal."

Or, in Friedrich's own spelling &c., so far as our possibilities permit:—

"Instruction Secrete Pour le Conte de finc.

"BERLIN, ce 10 de Janv. 1757.

"Dans La Situation Critique ou se trouvent nos affaires je dois Vous donner mes Ordres pour que dans tout Les Cas Malheureux qui sont dans la possibilité des Evenemens vous Soyéz autorisé aux partis qu'il faut prendre. 1)¹ Si l'arivoit (de quoi le Ciel preserve) qu'une de mes Armées en Saxse fut totalement battûe, oubien que Les français chassassent Les Hanovryeins de Leur país et si etablissent et nous menassassent d'un Invasion dans la Vieille Marche, ou que les Russes penetrassent par La Nouvelle Marche, il faut Sauver la famille Royale, les princepeaux Dicasteres les Ministres et le Directoire. Si nous sommes battus en Saxse du Coté de leipssic Le Lieu Le plus propre pour Le transport de La famille et du Tressor est a Custrin, il faut en ce Cas que la famille Royale et tous cidesus noméz aillent esCortéz de toute La Guarnison a Custrin. Si les Russes entroient par la Nouvelle Marche ou qu'il nous arivat un Malheur en Lusace, il faudroit que tout Se transportat a Magdebourg, enfin Le Dernier refuge est a Stetein, mais il ne faut y aller qu'a La Derniere extremité La Guarnison la famille Royale et le Tressort sont Inseparables et vont toujours ensemble il faut y ajouter les Diamans de la Couronne, et L'argenterie des Grands Apartemens qui en pareil cas ainsi que la Veselle d'or doit etre incontinant Monoyée Si l'arivoit que je fus tué, il faut que Les affaires Continuent Leur train sans la Moindre alteration et Sans qu'on s'apersoive qu'elles sont en d'autre Mains, et en ce Cas il faut hater Sermens et homages tant ici qu'en prusse et surtout en Silesie. Si j'avois la fatalité d'etre pris prisonnier

¹ Yes; but there follows no "2)" anywhere, such the haste!

par L'Enemy, je Defend qu'on Aye le Moindre egard pour ma perssonne ni qu'on fasse La Moindre reflexion sur ce que je pourois ecrire de Ma Detention, Si pareil Malheur m'arivoit je Veux me Sacrifiér pour L'Etat et il faut qu'on obeisse a Mon frere le quel ainsi que tout Mes Ministres et Generaux me reponderont de leur Tette qu'on offrira ni province ni ransson pour moy et que lon Continuera la Guerre en poussant Ses avantages tout Come si je n'avais jamais exsisté dans le Monde. J'espere et je dois Croire que Vous Conte fine n'aurez pas bessoin de faire usage de Cette Instruction mais en cas de Malheur je Vous autorisse a L'Employér, et Marque que C'est apres Unc Mure et saine Deliberation Ma ferme et Constante Volonté je le Signe de Ma Main et la Muni de mon Cachet

“FEDERIC R.”¹

These, privately made law in this manner, are Friedrich's fixed feelings and resolutions;—how fixed is now farther apparent by a fact which was then still more private, guessable long afterwards only by one or two, and never clearly known so long as Friedrich lived: the fact that he had (now most probably, though the date is not known) provided poison for himself, and constantly wore it about his person through this War. “Five or six small pills, in a small glass tube, with a bit of ribbon to it:” that stern relic lay, in a worn condition, in some drawer of Friedrich's, after Friedrich was gone.² For the Facts are peremptory; and a man that will deal with them must be equally so.

Two days after this Finck missive, Friday, 12th, Friedrich took farewell at Berlin, drove to Potsdam that night with his Brother, to Dresden next day. Adieu, Madam; Adieu, O Mother! said the King, in royal terms, but with a heart altogether human. “May God above bless you, my Son!” the old Lady would reply:—and the Two had seen one another for the last time; Mother and Son were to meet no more in this world.

¹ Fac simile of Autograph (Berlin, 24th January, 1854), where is some indistinct History of the Document. Printed also in *Œuvres*, xxv. 319-323.

² Preuss, ii. 175, 315 n.

BOOK XVIII.

SEVEN-YEARS WAR RISES TO A HEIGHT.

1757-1759.



CHAPTER I.

THE CAMPAIGN OPENS.

SELDOM was there seen such a combination against any man as this against Friedrich, after his Saxon performances in 1756. The extent of his sin, which is now ascertained to have been what we saw, was at that time considered to transcend all computation, and to mark him out for partition, for suppression and enchainment, as the general enemy of mankind. "Partition him, cut him down," said the Great Powers to one another; and are busy, as never before, in raising forces, inciting new alliances and calling out the general *posse comitatus* of mankind, for that salutary object. What tempestuous fulminations in the Reichstag, and over all Europe, England alone excepted, against this man!

Latterly the Swedes, who at first had compunctions on the score of Protestantism, have agreed to join in the Partitioning adventure: "It brings us his Pommern, all Pommern ours!" cry the Swedish Parliamentary Eloquences (with French gold in their pocket): "At any rate," whisper they, "it spites the Queen his Sister!"—and drag the poor Swedish Nation into a series of disgraces and disastrous platitudes it was little anticipating. This precious French-Swedish Bargain ("Swedes to invade with 25,000; France to give fair subsidy," and bribe largely) was consummated in March;¹ but did not be-

¹ "21st March, 1757" (Stenzel, v. 38; &c.).

come known to Friedrich for some months later; nor was it of the importance he then thought it, in the first moment of surprise and provocation. Not indeed of importance to anybody, except, in the reverse way, to poor Sweden itself, and to the French, who had spent a great deal of pains and money on it, and continued to spend, with as good as no result at all. For there never was such a War, before or since, not even by Sweden in the Captainless state! And the one profit the copartners reaped from it, was some discountenance it gave to the rumor which had risen, more extensively than we should now think, and even some nucleus of fact in it as appears, That Austria, France and the Catholic part of the Reich were combining to put down Protestantism. To which they could now answer, "Sec, Protestant Sweden is with us!"—and so weaken a little what was pretty much Friedrich's last hold on the public sympathies at this time.

As to France itself,—to France, Austria, Russia,—bound by such earthly Treaties, and the call of very Heaven, shall they not, in united puissance and indignation, rise to the rescue? France, touched to the heart by such treatment of a Saxon Kurfürst, and bound by Treaty of Westphalia to protect all members of the Reich (which it has sometimes, to our own knowledge, so carefully done), is almost more ardent than Austria itself. France, Austria, Russia; to these add Polish Majesty himself; and latterly the very Swedes, by French bribery at Stockholm: these are the Partitioning Powers;—and their shares (let us spare one line for their shares) are as follows.

The Swedes are to have Pommern in whole; Polish-Saxon Majesty gets Magdeburg, Halle, and opulent slices thereabouts; Austria's share, we need not say, is that jewel of a Silesia. Czarish Majesty, on the extreme East, takes Prussen, Königsberg-Memel Country in whole; adds Prussen to her as yet too narrow Territories. Wesel-Cleve Country, from the other or Western extremity, France will take that clipping, and make much of it. These are quite serious business-engagements, engrossed on careful parchment, that Spring,

1757, and I suppose not yet boiled down into glue, but still to be found in dusty corners, with the tape much faded. The high heads, making preparation on the due seale, think them not only exeecutable, but indubitable, and almost as good as done. Push home upon him, as united Posse Comitatus of Mankind; in a saered cause of Polish Majesty and Public Justice, how can one malefactor resist? "*Ah, ma très-chère reine,*" and "Oh, my dearest Princeess and Cousin," what a chancee has turned up!

It is computed that there are arrayed against this one King, under their respective Kings, Empress-Queens, Swedish Senates, Catins and Pompadours, populations to the amount of above 100 millions, — in after stages, I remember to have seen "150 millions" loosely given as the exaggerated eipher. Of armed soldiers aetually in the field against him (against Hanover and him), in 1757, there are, by striet count, 430,000. Friedrich's own Dominions at this time contain about Five Millions of Population; of Revenue somewhat less than Two Millions sterling. New taxes he cannot legally, and will not, lay on his People. His *Schatz* (ready-money Treasure, or Hoard yearly accumulating for such end) is, I doubt not, well filled, — express amount not mentioned. Of drilled men he has, this Year, 150,000 for the field; portioned out thriftily, — as well beseems, against Four Invasions coming on him from different points. In the field, 150,000 soldiers, probably the best that ever werè; and in garrison, up and down (his Country being, by nature, the least defensible of all Countries), near 40,000, which he reekons of inferior quality. So stands the aecount.¹ These are, arithmetieally preeise, his resourees, — *plus* only what may lie in his own head and heart, or funded in the other heads and hearts, especially in those 150,000, which he and his Fathers have been diligently disciplining, to good perfeetion, for four centuries come the time.

¹ Stenzel, iv. 308, 306, v. 39; Ranke, iii. 415; Preuss, ii. 389, 43, 124; &c. &c.; — substantially true, I doubt not; but little or nothing of it so definite and conclusively distinct as it ought, in all items, to have been by this time, — had poor Dryasdust known what he was doing.

France, urged by Pompadour and the enthusiasms, was first in the field. The French Army, in superb equipment, though privately in poorish state of discipline, took the road early in March; "March 26th and 27th," it crossed the German Border, Cleve Country and Köln Country; had been rumored of since January and February last, as terrifically grand; and here it now actually is, above 100,000 strong, — 110,405, as the Army-Lists, flaming through all the Newspapers, teach mankind.¹ Bent mainly upon Prussia, it would seem; such the will of Pompadour. Mainly upon Prussia; Maréchal d'Estrées, crossing at Köln, made offers even to his Britannic Majesty to be forgiven in comparison; "Yield us a road through your Hanover, merely a road to those Halberstadt-Magdeburg parts, your Hanover shall have neutrality!" "Neutrality to Hanover?" sighed Britannic Majesty: "Alas, am not I pledged by Treaty? And, alas, withal, how is it possible, with that America hanging over us?" and stood true. Nor is this all, on the part of magnanimous France: there is a Soubise getting under way withal, Soubise and 30,000, who will reinforce the Reich's Armament, were it on foot, and be heard of by and by! So high runs French enthusiasm at present. A new sting of provocation to Most Christian Majesty, it seems, has been Friedrich's conduct in that Damiens matter (miserable attempt, by a poor mad creature, to assassinate, or at least draw blood upon the Most Christian Majesty²); about which Friedrich, busy and oblivious, had never, in common politeness, been at the pains to condole, compliment, or take any notice whatever. And will now take the consequences, as due! —

The Wesel-Cleve Countries these French find abandoned: Friedrich's garrisons have had orders to bring off the artillery and stores, blow up what of the works are suitable for blowing up; and join the "Britannic Army of Observation" which is getting itself together in those regions. Considerable Army,

¹ *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 391; iii. 1073.

² "Evening of 5th January, 1757" (exuberantly plentiful details of it, and of the horrible Law-procedures which followed on it: in Adelung, viii. 197-220; Barbier, &c. &c.).

Britannic wholly in the money part: new Hanoverians so many, Brunswickers, Bückeburgers, Sachsen-Gothaers so many; add those precious Hanoverian-Hessian 20,000, whom we have had in England guarding our liberties so long, — who are now shipped over in a lot; fair wind and full sea to them. Army of 60,000 on paper; of effective more than 50,000; Headquarters now at Bielefeld on the Weser; — where, “April 16th,” or a few days later, Royal Highness of Cumberland comes to take command; likely to make a fine figure against *Maréchal d’Estrées* and his 100,000 French! But there was no helping it. Friedrich, through Winter, has had Schmettau earnestly flagitating the Hanoverian Officialities: “The Weser is wadable in many places, you cannot defend the Weser!” and counselling and pleading to all lengths, — without the least effect. “Wants to save his own Halberstadt lands, at our expense!” Which was the idea in London, too: “Don’t we, by Apocalyptic Newswriters and eyesight of our own, understand the man?” Pitt is by this time in Office, who perhaps might have judged a little otherwise. But Pitt’s seat is altogether temporary, insecure; the ruling deities Newcastle and Royal Highness, who withal are in standing quarrel. So that Friedrich, Schmettau, Mitchell pleaded to the deaf. Nothing but “Defend the Weser,” and ignorant Fatuity ready for the Impossible, is to be made out there. “Cannot help it, then,” thinks Friedrich, often enough, in bad moments; “Army of Observation will have its fate. Happily there are only 5,000 Prussians in it, Wesel and the other garrisons given up!”

Only 5,000 Prussians: by original Engagement, there should have been 25,000; and Friedrich’s intention is even 45,000 if he prosper otherwise. For in January, 1757 (Anniversary, or nearly so, of that *Neutrality Convention* last year), there had been — encouraged by Pitt, as I could surmise, who always likes Friedrich — a definite, much closer *Treaty of Alliance*, with “Subsidy of a million sterling,” Anti-Russian “Squadron of Observation in the Baltic,” “25,000 Prussians,” and other items, which I forget. Forget the more readily, as, owing to the strange state of England (near suffocating in its Constitutional bedclothes), the Treaty could not be kept at all, or serve

as rule to poor England's exertions for Friedrich this Year; exertions which were of the willing-minded but futile kind, going forward pell-mell, not by plan, and could reach Friedrich only in the lump, — had there been any "lump" of them to sum together. But Pitt had gone out; — we shall see what, in Pitt's absence, there was! So that this Treaty 1757 fell quite into the waste-basket (not to say, far deeper, by way of "pavement" we know where!), --- and is not mentioned in any English Book; nor was known to exist, till some Collector of such things printed it, in comparatively recent times.¹ A Treaty 1757, which, except as emblem of the then quasi-enchanted condition of England, and as Foreshadow of Pitt's new Treaty in January, 1758, and of three others that followed and *were* kept to the letter, is not of moment farther.

*Reich's Thunder, slight Survey of it; with Question,
Whitherward, if any-whither?*

The thunderous fulminations in the Reich's-Diet — an injured Saxony complaining, an insulted Kaiser, after vain *Dehortatoriums*, reporting and denouncing "Horrors such as these: What say you, O Reich?" — have been going on since September last; and amount to boundless masses of the liveliest Parliamentary Eloquence, now fallen extinct to all creatures.² The Kaiser, otherwise a solid pacific gentleman, intent on commercial operations (furnishes a good deal of our meal, says Friedrich), is Officially extremely violent in behalf of injured Saxony, — that is to say, in fact, of injured Austria, which is one's own. Kur-Mainz, Chairman of the Diet (we remember how he was got, and a Battle of Dettingen fought in consequence, long since); Kur-Mainz is admitted to have the most decided Austrian leanings: Britannic George, Austria being now in the opposite scale, finds him an unhandy Kur-Mainz, and what profit it was to introduce false weights into

¹ "M. Koch in 1802," not very perfectly (Schöll, iii. 30 n.; who copies what Koch has given).

² Given, to great lengths, in *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. iv. (and other easily avoidable Books).

the Reich's balance that time! Not for long generations before, had the poor old semi-imaginary Reich's-Diet risen into such paroxysms; nor did it ever again after. Never again, in its terrestrial History, was there such agonistic parliamentary struggle, and terrific noise of parliamentary palaver, witnessed in the poor Reich's-Diet. Noise and struggle rising ever higher, peal after peal, from September, 1756, when it started, till August, 1757, when it had reached its acme (as perhaps we shall see), though it was far from ending then, or for years to come.

Contemporary by-standers remark, on the Austrian part, extraordinary rage and hatred against Prussia; which is now the one point memorable. Austria is used to speak loud in the Diet, as we have ourselves seen: and it is again (if you dive into those old *Æolus'-Caves*, at your peril) unpleasantly notable to what pitch of fixed rage, and hot sullen hatred Austria has now gone; and how the tone has in it a potency of world-wide squealing and droning, such as you nowhere heard before. Omnipotence of droning, edged with shrieky squealing, which fills the Universe, not at all in a melodious way. From the depths of the gamut to the shrieky top again,—a droning that has something of porcine or wild-boar character. Figure assembled the wild boars of the world, all or mostly all got together, and each with a knife just stuck into its side, by a felonious individual too well known,—you will have some notion of the sound of these things. Friedrich sometimes remonstrates: "Cannot you spare such phraseology, unseemly to Kings? The quarrels of Kings have to be decided by the sword; what profit in unseemly language, Madam?"—but, for the first year and more, there was no abatement on the Austrian part.

Friedrich's own Delegate at Regensburg, a Baron von Plotho, come of old Brandenburg kindred, is a resolute, ready-tongued, very undaunted gentleman; learned in Diplomacies and Reich's Law; carries his head high, and always has his story at hand. Argument, grounded on Reich's Law and the nature of the case, Plotho never lacks, on spur of the hour: and is indeed a very commendable parliamentary mas-

tiff; and honorable and melodious in the bark of him, compared with those infuriated porcine specimens. He has Kur-Hanover for ally on common occasions, and generally from most Protestant members individually, or from the *Corpus Evangelicorum* in mass, some feeble whimper of support. Finds difficulty in getting his Reich's Pleadings printed; — dangerous, everywhere in those Southern Parts, to print anything whatever that is not Austrian: so that Plotho, at length, gets printers to himself, and sets up a Printing-Press in his own house at Regensburg. He did a great deal of sonorous pleading for Friedrich; proud, deep-voiced, ruggedly logical; fairly beyond the Austrian quality in many cases, — and always far briefer, which is another high merit. October coming, we purpose to look in upon Plotho for one minute; "October 14th, 1757;" which may be reckoned essentially the acme or turning-point of these unpleasant thunderings.¹

What good he did to Friedrich, or could have done with the tongue of angels in such an audience, we do not accurately know. Some good he would do even in the Reich's-Diet there; and out of doors, over a German public, still more; and is worth his frugal wages, — say £1,000 a year, printing and all other expense included! This is a mere guess of mine, Dryasdust having been incurious: but, to English readers it is incredible for what sums Friedrich got his work done, no work ever better. Which is itself an appreciable advantage, computable in pounds sterling; and is the parent of innumerable others which no Arithmetic or Book-keeping by Double Entry will take hold of, and which are indeed priceless for Nations and for persons. But this poor old bedridden Reich, starting in agonistic spasm at such rate: is it not touching, in a Corpus moribund for so many Centuries past! The Reich is something; though it is not much, nothing like so much as even Kaiser Franz supposes it. Much or not so much, Kaiser Franz wishes to secure it for himself; Friedrich to hinder him, — and it must be a poor something, if not worth Plotho's wages on Friedrich's part.

It would insult the patience of every reader to go into these

¹ *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 745-749.

spasmodic tossings of the poor paralytic Reich; or to mention the least item of them beyond what had some result, or fraction of result, on the world's real affairs. We shall say only, therefore, that after tempests not a few of porcine squealing, answered always by counter-latration on the vigilant Plotho's part;—squealing, chiefly, from the Reich's-Hofrath at Vienna, the Head Tribunal of Imperial Majesty, which sits judging and denouncing there, touched to the soul, as if by a knife driven into its side, by those unheard-of treatments of Saxony and disregard to our *Dehortatoriums*, and which bursts out, peal after peal, filling the Universe, Plotho not unvigilant;—the poor old Reich's-Diet did at last get into an acting posture, and determine, by clear majority of 99 against 60, that there should be a "Reich's Execution Army" got on foot. Reich's Execution Army to coerce, by force of arms, this nefarious King of Prussia into making instant restitution to Saxony, with ample damages on the nail; that right be done to Kurfürsts of this Reich. To such height of vigor has the Reich's-Diet gone;—and was voting it at Regensburg January 10th, 1757;¹ that very day when nefarious Friedrich at Berlin, case-hardened in iniquity to such a pitch, sat writing his *Instruction to Count Finck*, which we read not long since. Simultaneous movements, unknown to one another, in this big wrestle.

Reich's-Diet perfected its Vote; had it quite through, and sanctioned by the Kaiser's Majesty, January 29th: "Arming to be a *triplum*" (triple contingent required of you this time); with Romish-months (*Römermonate*) of cash contributions from all and sundry (rigorously gathered, I should hope, where Austria has power), so many as will cover the expense. Army to be got on actual foot hastily, instantly if possible: an "*eilende Reichs-Executions-Armee*;" so it ran, but the word *eilende* (speedy) had a mischance in printing, and was struck off into *elende* (contemptibly wretched): so that on all Market-Squares and Public Places of poor Teutschland, you read flaming Placards summoning out, not a speedy or immediate, but "a *miserable* Reich's Execution Army!" A word which, we need not say, was laughed at by the unfeeling part of the

¹ *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 252, 302, 330; Stenzel, v. 32.

20th April-2d May, 1757.

public; and was often called to mind by the Reich's Execution Army's performances, when said *speedy* Army did at last take the field.

For the Reich performed its Vote; actually had a Reich's Execution Army; the last it ever had in this world, not by any means the worst it ever had, for they used generally to be bad. Commanders, managers are named, Römermonate are gathered in, or the sure prospect of them; and, through May-June, 1757, there is busy stir, of drumming, preparing and enlisting, all over the Reich. End of July, we shall see the Reich's Army in Camp; end of August, actually in the field; and later on, a touch of its fighting withal. Many other things the Reich tried against unfortunate Friedrich, — gradual advance, in fact, to Ban of the Reich (or total anathema and cutting-off from fire and water): but in none of these, in Ban as little as any, did it come to practical result at all, or acquire the least title to be remembered at this day. Finis of Ban, some eight months hence, has something of attractive as futility, the curious Death of a Futility. Finis of Ban (October 14th, already indicated) we may for one moment look in upon, if there be one moment to spare; the rest — readers may fancy it; and read only of the actuality and fighting part, which will itself be enough for them on such a matter.

Friedrich suddenly marches on Prag.

Four Invasions, from their respective points of the compass, northeast, northwest, southeast and southwest: here is a formidable outlook for the one man against whom they are all advancing open-mouthed. The one man — with nothing but a Duke of Cumberland and his Observation Army for backing in such duel — had need to look to himself! Which, we well know, he does; wrapt in profoundly silent vigilance, with his plans all laid. Of the Four Invasions, three, the Russian, French, Austrian, are very large; and the two latter, especially the last, are abundantly formidable. The Swedish, of which there is rumoring, he hopes may come to little, or not come at all. Nor is Russia, though talking big, and actually

getting ready above 100,000 men, so immediately alarming. Friedrich always hopes the English, with their guineas and their managements, will do something for him in that quarter; and he knows, at worst, that the Russian Hundred Thousand will be a very slow-moving entity. The Swedish Invasion Friedrich, for the present, leaves to chance: and against Russia, he has sent old Marshal Lehwald into those Baltic parts; far eastward, towards the utmost Memel Frontier, to put the Country upon its own defence, and make what he can of it with 30,000 men, — West-Prussian militias a good few of them. This is all he can spare on the Swedish-Russian side: Austria and France are the perilous pair of entities; not to be managed except by intense concentration of stroke; and by going on them in succession, if one have luck! —

Friedrich's motions and procedures in canton-quarters, through Winter and in late months, have led to the belief that he means to stand on the defensive; that the scene of the Campaign will probably be Saxony; and that Austria, for recovering injured Saxony, for recovering dear Silesia, will have to take an invasive attitude. And Austria is busy everywhere preparing with that view. Has Tolpatcheries, and advanced Brigades, still harassing about in the Lausitz. A great Army assembling at Prag, — Browne forward towards the Metal Mountains securing posts, gathering magazines, for the crossing into Saxony there. There, it is thought, the tug of war will probably be. Furious, and strenuous, it is not doubted, on this Friedrich's part: but against such odds, what can he do? With Austrians in front, with Russians to left, with French to right and arear, not to mention Swedes and appendages: surely here, if ever, is a lost King! —

It is by no means Friedrich's intention that Saxony itself shall need to be invaded. Friedrich's habit is, as his enemies might by this time be beginning to learn, not that of standing on the defensive, but that of *going* on it, as the preferable method wherever possible. March 24th, Friedrich had quitted Dresden City; and for a month after (head-quarters Lockwitz, edge of the Pirna Country), he had been shifting, redistributing, his cantoned Army, — privately into the due

20th April-2d May, 1757.

Divisions, due readiness for march. Which done, on fixed days, about the end of April, the whole Army, he himself from Loekwitz, April 20th, — to the surprise of Austria and the world, Friedrich in three grand Columns, Bevern out of the Lausitz, King himself over the Metal Mountains, Schwerin out of Schlesien, is marching with extraordinary rapidity direct for Prag; in the notion that a right plunge into the heart of Bohemia will be the best defence for Saxony and the other places under menace.

This is a most unexpected movement; which greatly astonishes the world-theatre, pit, boxes and gallery alike (as Friedrich's sudden movements often do); and which is, above all, interesting on the stage itself, where the actors had been counting on a quite opposite set of entries and activities! Feldmarschall Browne and General Königseck (not our old friend Königseck, who used to dry-nurse in the Netherlands, but his nephew and heir) may cease gathering Magazines, in those Lausitz and Metal-Mountain parts: happy could they give wings to those already gathered! Magazines, for Austrian service, are clearly not the things wanted there. One does not burn one's Magazines till the last extremity; but wings they have none; and such is the enigmatic velocity of those Prussian movements, one seldom has time even to burn them, in the last crisis of catastrophe! Considerable portions of that provender fell into the Prussian throat; as much as "three months' provision for the whole Army," count they, — adding to those Frontier sundries the really important Magazine which they seized at Jung-Bunzlau farther in.¹ It is one among their many greater advantages from this surprisal of the enemy, and sudden topsy-turvy of his plans. Browne and Königseck have to retire on Prag at their swiftest; looking to more important results than Magazines.

It is Friedrich's old plan. Long since, in 1744, we saw a march of this kind, Three Columns rushing with simultaneous rapidity on Prag; and need not repeat the particulars on this occasion. Here are some Notes on the subject, which will sufficiently bring it home to readers: —

¹ *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 6-13; &c.

"The Three Columns were, for a part of the way, Four; the King's being, at first, in two branches, till they united again, on the other side of the Hills. For the King," what is to be noted, "had shot out, three weeks before, a small preliminary branch, under Moritz of Dessau; who marched, well westward, by Eger (starting from Chemnitz in Saxony); and had some tussling with our poor old friend Duke d'Ahremberg, Browne's subordinate in those parts. D'Ahremberg, having 20,000 under him, would not quit Eger for Moritz but pushed out Croats upon him, and sat still. This, it was afterwards surmised, had been a feint on Friedrich's part; to give the Austrians pleasant thoughts: 'Invading us, is he? Would fain invade us, but cannot!' Moritz fell back from Eger; and was ready to join the King's march, 'at Linay, April 23d' (third day from Lockwitz, on the King's part). Onwards from which point the Columns are specifically Three; in strength, and on routes, somewhat as follows:—

1°. "The *First* Column, or King's, — which is 60,000 after this junction, 45,000 foot, 15,000 horse, — quitted Lockwitz (head-quarter for a month past), *Wednesday, April 20th*. They go by the Pascopol and other roads; through Pirna, for one place: through Karbitz, Aussig, are at Linay on the 23d; where Moritz joins: 24th, in the united state, forward again (leave Lobositz two miles to left); to Trebnitz, 25th, and rest there one day.

"At Aussig an unfortunate thing befell. Zastrow, respectable old General Zastrow, was to drive the Austrians out of Aussig: Zastrow does it, April 22d–23d, drives them well over the heights; April 25th, however, marching forward towards Lobositz, Zastrow is shot through both temples (Pandour hid among the bushes and cliffs, *other* side of Elbe), and falls dead on the spot. Buried in *Gottleube* Kirk, 1st May."

In these Aussig affairs, especially in recapturing the Castle of Tetschen near by, Colonel Mayer, father of the new "Free-Corps," did shining service;—and was approved of, he and they. And, a day or two after, was detached with a Fifteen Hundred of that kind, on more important business: First, to pick up one or two Bohemian Magazines lying handy; after

which, to pay a visit to the Reich and its bluster about Execution-Army, and teach certain persons who it is they are thundering against in that awkwardly truculent manner! Errand shiningly done by Mayer, as perhaps we may hear, — and certainly as all the Newspapers loudly heard, — in the course of the next two months.

At crossing of the Eger, Friedrich's Column had some chasing of poor D'Ahremberg; attempting to cut him off from his Bridges, Bridge of Koschlitz, Bridge of Budin; but he made good despatch, Browne and he; and, except a few prisoners of Ziethen's gathering, and most of his Magazines unburnt, they did him no damage. The chase was close enough; more than once, the Austrian head-quarter of to-night was that of the Prussians to-morrow. Monday, May 2d, Friedrich's Column was on the Weissenberg of Prag; Browne, D'Ahremberg, and Prince Karl, who is now come up to take command, having hastily filed through the City, leaving a fit garrison, the day before. Except his Magazines, nothing the least essential went wrong with Browne; but Königseck, who had not a Friedrich on his heels, — Königseck, trying more, as his opportunities were more, — was not quite so lucky.

2°. "*Column Second*, to the King's left, comes from the Lausitz under Brunswick-Bevern, — 18,000 foot, 5,000 horse. This is the Bevern who so distinguished himself at Lobositz last year; and he is now to culminate into a still brighter exploit, — the last of his very bright ones, as it proved. Bevern set out from about Zittau (from Grottau, few miles south of Zittau), the same day with Friedrich, that is April 20th; — and had not well started till he came upon formidable obstacles. Came upon General Königseck, namely: a Königseck manœuvring ahead, in superior force; a Maguire, Irish subordinate of Königseck's, coming from the right to cut off our baggage (against whom Bevern has to detach); a Lacy, coming from the left; — or indeed, Königseck and Lacy in concert, intending to offer battle. Battle of Reichenberg, which accordingly ensued, April 21st," — of which, though it was very famous for so small a Battle, there can be no account given here.

The short truth is, Königseck falling back, Parthian-like, with a force of 30,000 or more, has in front of him nothing but Bevern; who, as he issues from the Lausitz, and till he can unite with Schwerin farther southward, is but some 20,000 odd: cannot Königseck call halt, and bid Bevern return, or do worse? Königseck, a diligent enough soldier, determines to try; chooses an excellent position, — at or round Reichenberg, which is the first Bohemian Town, one march from Zittau in the Lausitz, and then one from Liebenau, which latter would be Bevern's *second* Bohemian stage on the Prag road, if he continued prosperous. Reichenberg, standing nestled among hills in the Neisse Valley (one of those Four Neisses known to us, the Neisse where Prince Karl got exploded, in that signal manner, Winter, 1745, by a certain King), offers fine capabilities; which Königseck has laid hold of. There is especially one excellent Hollow (on the left or western bank of Neisse River, that is, *across* from Reichenberg), backed by woody hills, nothing but hills, brooks, woods all round; Hollow scooped out as if for the purpose; and altogether of inviting character to Königseck. There, "Wednesday, April 20th," Königseck posts himself, plants batteries, fells abatis; plenty of cannon, of horse and foot, and, say all soldiers, one of the best positions possible.

So that Bevern, approaching Reichenberg at evening, evening of his first march, Wednesday, April 20th, finds his way barred; and that the difficulties may be considerable. "Nothing to be made of it to-night," thinks Bevern; "but we must try to-morrow!" and has to take camp, "with a marshy brook in front of him," some way on the hither side of Reichenberg; and study overnight what method of unbarring there may be. Thursday morning early, Bevern, having well reconnoitred and studied, was at work unbarring. Bevern crossed his own marshy brook; courageously assaulted Königseck's position, left wing of Königseck; stormed the abatis, the batteries, plunged in upon Königseck, man to man, horse to horse, and after some fierce enough but brief dispute, tumbled Königseck out of the ground. Königseck made some attempt to rally; attempted twice, but in vain; had fairly to roll away, and at

length to run, leaving 1,000 dead upon the field, about 500 prisoners; one or two guns, and I forget how many standards, or whether any kettle-drums. This was thought to be a decidedly bright feat on Bevern's part (rather mismanaged latterly on Königseck's);¹ — much approved by Friedrich, as he hears of it, at Linay, on his own prosperous march Prag-ward. A comfortable omen, were there nothing more.

Königseck and Company, torn out of Reichenberg, and set running, could not fairly halt again and face about till at Liebenau, twenty miles off, where they found some defile or difficult bit of ground fit for them; and this too proved capable of yielding pause for a few hours only. For Schwerin, with his Silesian Column, was coming up from the northeast, threatening Königseck on flank and rear: Königseck could only tighten his straps a little at this Liebenau, and again get under way; and making vain attempts to hinder the junction of Schwerin and Bevern, to defend the Jung-Bunzlau Magazine, or do any good in those parts, except to detain the Schwerin-Bevern people certain hours (I think, one day in all), had nothing for it but to gird himself together, and retreat on Prag and the Ziscaberg, where his friends now were.

The Austrian force at Reichenberg was 20,000; would have been 30 and odd thousands, had Maguire come up (as he might have done, had not the appearances alarmed him too much); Bevern, minus the Detachment sent against Maguire, was but 15,000 in fight; and he has quite burst the Austrians away, who had plugged his road for him in such force: is it not a comfortable little victory, glorious in its sort; and a good omen for the bigger things that are coming? Bevern marched composedly on, after this inspiring tussle, through Liebenau and what defiles there were; April 24th, at Turnau, he falls into the Schwerin Column; incorporates himself therewith,

¹ Tempelhof, i. 100; *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 1077 (Friedrich's own Account, "Linay in Böhmen, 24th April, 1757"); &c. &c. There is, in Büsching's *Magazin* (xvi. 139 et seq.), an intelligible sketch of this Action of Reichenberg, with satirical criticisms, which have some basis, on Lacy, Maguire and others, by an Anonymous Military Cynic, — who gives many such in *Büsching* (that of Fontenoy, for example), not without force of judgment, and signs of wide study and experience in his trade.

and, as subordinate constituent part, accompanies Schwerin thenceforth.

3°. "Column *Third* was Schwerin's, out of Schlesien; counted to be 32,000 foot, 12,000 horse. Schwerin, gathering himself, from Glatz and the northerly country, at Landshut, — very careless, he, of the pleasant Hills, and fine scattered peaks of the Giant Mountains thereabouts, — was completely gathered foremost of all the Columns, having farthest to go. And on Monday, 18th April, started from Landshut, Winterfeld leading one division. In our days, it is the finest of roads; high level Pass, of good width, across the Giant Range; pleasant painted hamlets sprinkling it, fine mountain ridges and distant peaks looking on; Schneekoppe (*Snowfell*, its head bright-white till July come) attends you, far to the right, all the way: — probably Sprite Rübezahl inhabits there; and no doubt River Elbe begins his long journey there, trickling down in little threads over yonder, intending to float navies by and by: considerations infinitely indifferent to Schwerin. 'The road,' says my Tourist, 'is not Alpine; it reminds you of Derbyshire-Peak country; more like the road from Castletown to Sheffield than any I could name;' — we have been in it before, my reader and I, about Schatzlar and other places. Trautenau, well down the Hills, with swift streams, more like torrents, bound Elbe-wards, watering it, is a considerable Austrian Town, and the Bohemian end of the Pass, — Sohr only a few miles from it: heartily indifferent to Schwerin at this moment; who was home from the Army, in a kind of disfavor, or mutual pet, at the time Sohr was done. Schwerin's March we shall not give; his junction with Bevern (at Turnau, on the Iser, April 24th), then their capture of Jung-Bunzlau Magazine, and crossing of the Elbe at Melnick, these were the important points; and, in spite of Königseck's tusslings, these all went well, and nothing was lost except one day of time."

The Austrians, some days ago, as we observed, filed *through* Prag, — Sunday, May 1st, not a pleasant holiday-spectacle to the populations; — and are all encamped on the Ziscaberg high ground, on the other side of the City. Had they been alert,

now was the time to attack Friedrich, who is weaker than they, while nobody has yet joined him. They did not think of it, under Prince Karl; and Browne and the Prince are said to be in bad agreement.

CHAPTER II.

BATTLE OF PRAG.

MONDAY morning, 2d May, 1757, the Vanguard, or advanced troops of Friedrich's Column, had appeared upon the Weissenberg, northwest corner of Prag (ground known to them in 1744, and to the poor Winter-King in 1620): Vanguard in the morning; followed shortly by Friedrich himself; and, hour after hour, by all the others, marching in. So that, before sunset, the whole force lay posted there; and had the romantic City of Prag full in view at their feet. A most romantic, high-piled, many-towered, most unlevel old City; its skylights and gilt steeple-cocks glittering in the western sun, — Austrian Camp very visible close beyond it, spread out miles in extent on the Ziscaberg Heights, or eastern side; — Prag, no doubt, and the Austrian Garrison of Prag, taking intense survey of this Prussian phenomenon, with commentaries, with emotions, hidden now in eternal silence, as is fit enough. One thing we know, Head-quarter was in Welleslawin:" there, in that small Hamlet, nearly to north, lodged Friedrich, the then busiest man of Europe; whom Posterity is still striving for a view of, as something memorable.

Prince Karl, our old friend, is now in chief command yonder; Browne also is there, who was in chief command; their scheme of Campaign gone all awry. And to Friedrich, last night, at his quarters "in the Monastery of Tuchomirsitz," where these two Gentlemen had lodged the night before, it was reported that they had been heard in violent altercation;¹ — both of them, naturally, in ill-humor at the surprising turn things had taken; and Feldmarschall Browne firing up, belike, at some

¹ *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 11 (exact "Diary of the march" given there).

platitude past or coming, at some advice of his rejeeted, some imputation east on him, or we know not what. Prince Karl is now chief; and indignant Browne, as may well be the ease, dissents a good deal, — as he has often had to do. Patience, my friend, it is near ending now! Prince Karl means to lie quiet on the Ziseaberg, and hold Prag; does not think of molesting Friedrich in his solitary state; and will undertake nothing, “till Königseck, from Jung-Bunzlau, come in,” victorious or not; or till perhaps even Daun arrive (who is, rather slowly, gathering reinforcement in Mähren): “What can the enemy attempt on us, in a Post of this strength?” thinks Prince Karl. And Browne, whatever his insight or convictions be, has to keep silence.

“Weissenberg,” let readers be reminded, “is on the hither or western side of Prag: the Hradsehn [pronouncee *Radsheen*, with accent on the last syllable, as in “*Schwerin*” and other such cases], the Hradsehn, which is the topmost summit of the City and of the Fashionable Quarter, — old Bohemian Palace, still occasionally habitable as such, and in constant use as a *Downing Street*, — lies on the slope or shoulder of the Weissenberg, a good way from the top; and has a web of streets rushing down from it, steepest streets in the world; till they reach the Bridge, and broad-flowing Moldau (broad as Thames at half-flood, but nothing like so deep); after which the streets become level, and spread out in intricate plenty to right and to left, and ahead eastward, across the River, till the Ziseaberg, with frowning precipitous brow, suddenly puts a stop to them in that particular direction. From Ziseaberg top to Weissenberg top may be about five English miles; from the Hradsehn to the foot of Ziseaberg, northwest to southeast, will be half that distance, the greatest length of Prag City. Which is rather rhomboidal in shape, its longer diagonal this that we mention. The shorter diagonal, from northmost base of Ziseaberg to southmost of Hradsehn, is perhaps a couple of miles. Prag stands nestled in the lap of mountains; and is not in itself a strong place in war: but the country round it, Moldau ploughing his rugged chasm of a passage through the piled table-land, is difficult to manœuvre in.

“Moldau Valley comes straight from the south, crosses Prag; and — making, on its outgate at the northern end of Prag (end of ‘shortest diagonal’ just spoken of), one big loop, or bend and counter-bend, of horse-shoe shape,” which will be notable to us anon — “again proceeds straight northward and Elbe-ward. It is narrow everywhere, especially when once got fairly north of Prag; and runs along like a Quasi-Highland Strath, amid rocks and hills. Big Hill-ranges, not to be called barren, yet with rock enough on each hand, and fine side valleys opening here and there: the bottom of your Strath, which is green and fertile, with pleasant busy Villages (much intent on water-power and cotton-spinning in our time), is generally of few furlongs in breadth. And so it lasts, this pleasant Moldau Valley, mile after mile, on the northern or Lower Moldau, generally straight north, though with one big bend eastward just before ending; and not till near Melnick, or the mouth of Moldau, do we emerge on that grand Elbe Valley, — glanced at once already, from Pascopol or other Height, in the Lobositz times.”

Friedrich’s first problem is the junction with Schwerin: junction not to be accomplished south of Ziscaberg in the present circumstances; and which Friedrich knows to be a ticklish operation, with those Austrians looking on from the high grounds there. Tuesday, 3d May, in the way of reconnoitring, and decisively on Wednesday, 4th, Friedrich is off northward, along the western heights of Lower Moldau, proper force following him, to seek a fit place for the pontoons, and get across in that northern quarter. “How dangerous that Schwerin is a day too late!” murmurs he; but hopes the Austrians will undertake nothing. Keith, with 30,000, he has left on the Weissenberg, to straiten Prag and the Austrian Garrison on that side: our wagon-trains arrive from Leitmeritz on that side, Elbe-boats bring them up to Leitmeritz; very indispensable to guard that side of Prag. Friedrich’s fixed purpose also is to beat the Austrians, on the other side of it, and send them packing; but for that, there are steps needful!

Up so far as Lissoley, the first day, Friedrich has found no fit place; but on the morrow, Thursday, 5th, farther up, at

a place called Seltz, Friedrich finds his side of the Strath to be "a little higher than the other," — proper, therefore, for cannonading the other, if need be; — and orders his pontoons to be built together there. He knows accurately of the Schwerin Column, of the comfortable Bevern Victory at Reichenberg, and how they have got the Jung-Bunzlau Magazine, and are across the Elbe, their bridges all secured, though with delay of one day; and do now wait only for the word, — for the three cannon-shot, in fact, which are to signify that Friedrich is actually crossing to their side of Lower Moldau.

Friedrich's Bridge is speedily built (trained human hands can be no speedier), his batteries planted, his precautions taken: the three cannon-shot go off, audible to Schwerin; and Friedrich's troops stream speedily across, hardly a Pandour to meddle with them. Nay, before the passage was complete — what light-horse squadrons are these? Hussars, seen to be Seidlitz's (missioned by Schwerin), appear on the outskirts: a meeting worthy of three cheers, surely, after such a march on both sides! Friedrich lies on the eastern Hill-tops that night (Hamlet of Czimitz his Head-quarter, discoverable if you wish it, scarcely three miles north of Prag); and accurate appointment is made with Schwerin as to the meeting-place to-morrow morning. Meeting-place is to be the environs of Prossik Village, southeastward over yonder, short way north of the Prag-Königsgrätz Highway; and rather nearer Prag than we now are, in Czimitz here: time at Prossik to be 6 A.M. by the clock; and Winterfeld and Schwerin to come in person and speak with his Majesty. This is the program for Friday, May 6th, which proves to be so memorable a day.

Schwerin is on foot by the stroke of midnight; comes along, "over the heights of Chaber," by half a dozen, or I know not how many roads; visible in due time to Friedrich's people, who are likewise punctually on the advance: in a word, the junction is accomplished with all correctness. And, while the Columns are marching up, Schwerin and Winterfeld ride about in personal conference with his Majesty; taking survey, through spy-glasses, of those Austrians encamped yonder on

the broad back of their Zisca Hill, a couple of miles to southward. "What a set of Austrians," exclaim military critics, "to permit such junction, without effort to devour the one half or the other, in good time!" Friedrich himself, it is probable, might partly be of the same opinion; but he knew his Austrians, and had made bold to venture. Friedrich, we can observe, always got to know his man, after fighting him a month or two; and took liberties with him, or did not take, accordingly. And, for most part, — not quite always, as one signal exception will show, — he does it with perfect accuracy; and often with vital profit to his measures. "If the Austrian cooking-tents are a-smoke before eight in the morning," notes he, "you may calculate, in such case, the Austrians will march that day."¹ With a surprising vividness of eye and mind (beautiful to rival, if one could), he watches the signs of the times, of the hours and the days and the places; and prophesies from them; reads men and their procedures, as if they were mere handwriting, not too cramp for him. — The Austrians have, by this time, got their Königseck home, very unvictorious, but still on foot, all but a thousand or two: they are already stronger than the Prussians by count of heads; and till even Daun come up, what hurry in a Post like this? The Austrians are viewing Friedrich, too, this morning; but in the blankest manner: their outposts fire a cannon-shot or two on his group of adjutants and him, without effect; and the Head people send their cavalry out to forage, so little prophecy have they from signs seen.

Zisca Hill, where the Austrians now are, rises sheer up, of well-nigh precipitous steepness, though there are trees and grass on it, from the eastern side of Prag, say five or six hundred feet. A steep, picturesque, massive green Hill; Moldau River, turning suddenly to right, strikes the north-west corner of it (has flowed well to west of it, till then), and winds eastward round its northern base. As will be noticed presently. The ascent of Ziscaberg, by roads, is steep and tedious: but once at the top, you find that it is precipitous on two sides only, the City or westward side, and the Moldau

¹ *Military Instructions.*

or northward. Atop it spreads out, far and wide, into a waving upland level; bare of hedges; ploughable all of it, studded with littery hamlets and farmsteadings; far and wide, a kind of Plain, sloping with extreme gentleness, five or six miles to eastward, and as far to southward, before the level perceptibly rise again.

Another feature of the Ziscaberg, already hinted at, is very notable: that of the Moldau skirting its northern base, and scarping the Hill, on that side too, into a precipitous, or very steep condition. Moldau having arrived from southward, fairly past the end of Ziscaberg, had, so to speak, made up his mind to go right eastward, quarrying his way through the lower uplands there. And he proceeds accordingly, hugging the northern base of Ziscaberg, and making it steep enough; but finds, in the course of a mile or so, that he can no more; upland being still rock-built, not underminable farther; and so is obliged to wind round again, to northward, and finally straight westward, the way he came, or parallel to the way he came; and has effected that great Horse-shoe Hollow we heard of lately. An extremely pretty Hollow, and curious to look upon; pretty villas, gardens, and a "Belvedere Park," laid out in the bottom part; with green mountain-walls rising all round it, and a silver ring of river at the base of them: length of Horse-shoe, from heel to toe, or from west to east, is perhaps a mile; breadth, from heel to heel, perhaps half as much. Having arrived at his old distance to west, Moldau, like a repentant prodigal, and as if ashamed of his frolic, just over against the old point he swerved from, takes straight to northward again. Straight northward; and quarries out that fine narrow valley, or Quasi-Highland Strath, with its pleasant busy villages, where he turns the overshot machinery, and where Friedrich and his men had their pontoons swimming yesterday.

It is here, on this broad back of the Ziscaberg, that the Austrians now lie; looking northward over to the King, and trying cannon-shots upon him. There they have been encamping, and diligently intrenching themselves for four days past; diligent especially since yesterday, when they heard of

Friedrich's crossing the River. Their groups of tents, and batteries at all the good points, stretch from near the crown of Ziscaberg, eastward to the Villages of Hlaupetin, Kyge, and their Lakes, near four miles; and rearward into the interior one knows not how far; — Prince Karl, hardly awake yet, lies at Nussel, near the Moldau, near the Wischerad or south-eastmost point of Prag; six good miles west-by-south of Kyge, at the other end of the diagonal line. About the same distance, right east from Nussel, and a mile or more to south of Kyge, over yonder, is a littery Farmstead named Sterbohol, which is not yet occupied by the Austrians, but will become very famous in their War-Annals, this day! —

Where the Austrian Camp or various Tent-groups were, at the time Friedrich first cast eye on them, is no great concern of his or ours; inasmuch as, in two or three hours hence, the Austrians were obliged, rather suddenly, to take Order of Battle; and that, and not their camping, is the thing we are curious upon. Let us step across, and take some survey of that Austrian ground, which Friedrich is now surveying from the distance, fully intending that it shall be a battle-ground in few hours; and try to explain how the Austrians drew up on it, when they noticed the Prussian symptoms to become serious more and more. By nine in the morning, — some two hours after Friedrich began his scanning, and the Austrian outposts their firing of stray cannon-shots on him, — it is Battle-lines, not empty Tents (which there was not time to strike), that salute the eye over yonder.

From behind that verdant Horse-shoe Chasm we spoke of, buttressed by the inaccessible steepes, and the Moldau, double-folded in the form of Horse-shoe, all along the brow of that sloping expanse, stands (by 9 A.M. "foragers all suddenly called in") the Austrian front; the second line and the reserve, parallel to it, at good distances behind. Ranked there; say 65,000 regulars (Prussian force little short of the same), on the brow of Ziscaberg slope, some four miles long. Their right wing ends, in strong batteries, in intricate marshes, knolls, lakelets, between Hlaupetin and Kyge: the extreme of their left wing looks over on that Horse-shoe Hollow, where

Moldau tried to dig his way, but could not and had to turn back. They have numerous redoubts, in front and in all the good places; and are busy with more, some of them just now getting finished, treble-quick, while the Prussians are seen under way. As many as sixty heavy cannon in battery up and down: of field-pieces they have a hundred and fifty. Excellent always with their Artillery, these Austrians; plenty of it, well-placed and well-served: thanks to Prince Liechtenstein's fine labors within these ten years past.¹ The villages, the farmsteads, are occupied; every rising ground especially has its battery, — Homoly Berg, Tabor Berg, "Mount of Tabor;" say *Knoll* of Tabor (nothing like so high as Battersea Rise, hardly even as Constitution Hill), though scriptural Zisca would make a Mount of it; — these, and other *Bergs* of the like type.

That is the Austrian Battle Order (as it stood about 9, though it had still to change a little, as we shall see): their first line, straight or nearly so, looking northward, stands on the brow of the Zisca Slope; their second and their third, singularly like it, at the due distances behind; — in the intervals, their tents, which stand scattered, in groups wide apart, in the ample interior to southward. The cavalry is on both wings; left wing, behind that Moldau Chasm, cannot attack nor be attacked, — except it were on hippogriffs, and its enemy on the like, capable of fighting in the air, overhead of these Belvedere Pleasure-grounds: perhaps Prince Karl will remedy this oversight; fruit of close following of the orthodox practice? Prince Karl, supreme Chief, commands on the left wing; Browne on the right, where he can attack or be attacked, *not* on hippogriffs. As we shall see, and others will! Light horse, in any quantity, hang scattered on all outskirts. With foot, with cannon batteries, with horse, light or heavy, they cover in long broad flood the whole of that Zisca Slope, to near where it ceases, and the ground to eastward begins perceptibly to rise again.

In this latter quarter, Zisca Slope, now nearly ended, begins to get very swampy in parts; on the eastern border of the

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric* (in several places); see Hormayr, § Lichtenstein.

Austrian Camp, at Kyge, Hostawitz, and beyond it southward, about Sterbohol and Michelup, there are many little lakelets; artificial fish-ponds, several of them, with their sluices, dams and apparatus: a ragged broadish lacing of ponds and lakelets (all well dried in our day) straggles and zigzags along there, connected by the miserablest Brook in nature, which takes to oozing and serpentizing forward thereabouts, and does finally get emptied, now in a rather livelier condition, into the Moldau, about the *toe*-part of that Horse-shoe or Belvedere region. It runs in sight of the King, I think, where he now is; this lower livelier part of it: little does the King know how important the upper oozing portion of it will be to him this day. Near Michelup are lakelets worth noticing; a little under Sterbohol, in the course of this miserable Brook, is a string of fish-ponds, with their sluices open at this time, the water out, and the mud bottom sown with herb-provender for the intended carps, which is coming on beautifully, green as lecks, and nearly ready for the fish getting to it again.

Friedrich surveys diligently what he can of all this, from the northern verge. We will now return to Friedrich; and will stay on his side through the terrible Action that is coming. Battle of Prag, one of the furious Battles of the World; loud as Doomsday; — the very Emblem of which, done on the Piano by females of energy, scatters mankind to flight who love their ears! Of this great Action the Narratives old and modern are innumerable; false some of them, unintelligible well-nigh all. There are three in Lloyd, known probably to some of my readers. Tempelhof, with criticisms of these three, gives a fourth, — perhaps the one Narrative which human nature, after much study, can in some sort understand. Human readers, especially military, I refer to that as their finale.¹ Other interest than military-scientific the

¹ In Lloyd, i. 38 et seq. (the Three): in Tempelhof, i. 123 (the Fourth); ib. i. 144 (strength of each Army), 105–149 (*remarks* of Tempelhof). — The "*History*," or Series of Lectures on the Battles &c. of this War, "*by the Royal Staff-Officers*," — which, for the last thirty or forty years, is used as Text-Book, or Military *Euclid*, in the Prussian Cadet-Schools, — appears to possess the fit professorial lucidity and amplitude; and, in regard to all Official details, enumerations and the like, is received as of *canonical* authority: it is not

Action now has not much. The stormy fire of soul that blazed that day (higher in no ancient or modern Fight of men) is extinct, hopeless of resurrection for English readers. Approximately what the thing to human eyes might be like; what Friedrich's procedure, humor and physiognomy of soul was in it: this, especially the latter head, is what we search for, — had lazy Dryasdust given us almost anything on this latter head! What little can be gleaned from him on both heads let us faithfully give, and finish our sad part of the combat.

Friedrich, with his Schwerin and Winterfeld, surveying these things from the northern edge, admits that the Austrian position is extremely strong; but he has no doubt that it must be, by some good method, attacked straightway, and the Austrians got beaten. Indisputably the enterprise is difficult. Unattackable clearly, the Austrians, on that left wing of theirs; not in the centre well attackable, nor in the front at all, with that stiff ground, and such redoubts and points of strength: but round on their right yonder; take them in flank, — cannot we? On as far as Kyge, the Three have ridden reconnoitring; and found no possibility upon the front; nor at Kyge, where the front ends in batteries, pools and quagmires, is there any. "Difficult, not undoable," persists the King: "and it must be straightway set about and got done." Winterfeld, always for action, is of that opinion, too: and, examining farther down along their right flank, reports that there the thing is feasible.

Feasible perhaps: "but straightway?" objects Schwerin. His men have been on foot since midnight, and on forced marches for days past: were it not better to rest for this one day? "Rest: — and Daun, coming on with 30,000 of reinforcement to them, might arrive this night? Never, my good Feldmarschall;" — and as the Feldmarschall was a man of stiff notions, and had a tongue of some emphasis, the Dialogue accessible to the general Public, — though liberally enough conceded in special cases; whereby, in effect, the main results of it are now become current in modern Prussian Books. By favor in high quarters, I had once possession of a copy, for some months; but not, at that time, the possibility of thoroughly reading any part of it.

went on, probably with increasing emphasis on Friedrich's side too, till old Schwerin, with a quite emphatic flash of countenance, crushing the hat firm over his brow, exclaims: "Well, your Majesty: the fresher fish the better fish (*frische Fische, gute Fische*): straightway, then!" and springs off on the gallop southward, he too, seeking some likely point of attack. He too,—conjointly or not with Winterfeld, I do not know: Winterfeld himself does not say; whose own modest words on the subject readers shall see before we finish. But both are mentioned in the Books as searching, at hand-gallop, in this way: and both, once well round to south, by the Podschernitz¹ quarter, with the Austrian right flank full in view, were agreed that here the thing was possible. "Infantry to push from this quarter towards Sterbohol yonder, and then plunge into their redoubts and them! Cavalry may sweep still farther southward, if found convenient, and even take them in rear." Both agree that it will do in this way: ground tolerably good, slightly downwards for us, then slightly upwards again; tolerable for horse even:—the intermediate lacing of dirty lakelets, the fish-ponds with their sluices drawn, Schwerin and Winterfeld either did not notice at all, or thought them insignificant, interspersed with such beautiful "pasture-ground,"—of unusual verdure at this early season of the year.

The deployment, or "marching up (*Aufmarschiren*)" of the Prussians was wonderful; in their squadrons, in their battalions, horse, foot, artillery, wheeling, closing, opening; strangely checkering a country-side,—in movements intricate, chaotic to all but the scientific eye. Conceive them, flowing along, from the Heights of Chaber, behind Prossik Hamlet (right wing of infantry plants itself at Prossik, horse westward of them); and ever onwards in broad many-cheekered tide-stream, eastward, eastward, then southward ("our artillery went through Podschernitz, the foot and horse a little on this westward side of it"): intricate, many-glancing tide of coming battle; which, swift, correct as clock-work, becomes two lines, from Prossik to near Chwala ("baggage well behind at

¹ "Podschernitz" is pronounced *Potshernitz* (should we happen to mention it again); "Kyge," *Keega*.

Gbell"); thence round by Podschernitz quarter; and descends, steady, swift, tornado-storm so beautifully hidden in it, towards Sterbohol, there to grip to. Gradually, in stirring up those old dead pedantic record-books, the fact rises on us: silent whirlwinds of old Platt-Deutsch fire, beautifully held down, dwell in those mute masses; better human stuff there is not than that old Teutsch (Dutch, English, Platt-Deutsch and other varieties); and so disciplined as here it never was before or since. "In an hour and half," what military men may count almost incredible, they are fairly on their ground, motionless the most of them by 9 A.M.; the rest wheeling rightward, as they successively arrive in the Chwala-Podschernitz localities; and, descending diligently, Sterbohol way; and will be at their harvest-work anon.

Meanwhile the Austrians, seeing, to their astonishment, these phenomena to the north, and that it is a quite serious thing, do also rapidly bestir themselves; swarming like bees; — bringing in their foraging Cavalry, "No time to change your jacket for a coat:" rank, double-quick! Browne is on that right wing of theirs: "Bring the left wing over hither," suggests Browne; "cavalry is useless yonder, unless they had hippogriffs!" — and (again Browne suggesting) the Austrians make a change in the position of their right wing, both horse and foot: change which is of vital importance, though unnoted in many Narratives of this Battle. Seeing, namely, what the Prussians intend, they wheel their right wing (say the last furlong or two of their long Line of Battle) half round to right; so that the last furlong or two stands at right angles ("en potence," gallows-wise, or joiner's-square-wise to the rest); and, in this way, make front to the Prussian onslaught, — front now, not flank, as the Prussians are anticipating. This is an important wheel to right, and formation in joiner's-square manner; and involves no end of interior wheeling, marching and deploying; which Austrians cannot manage with Prussian velocity. "Swift with it, here about Sterbohol at least, my men! For here *are* the Prussians within wind of us!" urges Browne. And here straightway the hurricane does break loose.

Winterfeld, the van of Schwerin's infantry (Schwerin's own regiment, and some others, with him), is striding rapidly on Sterbohol; Winterfeld catches it before Browne can. But near by, behind that important post, on the Homoly Hill (*Berg* or "Mountain," nothing like so high as Constitution Mountain), are cannon-batteries of devouring quality; which awaken on Winterfeld, as he rushes out double-quick on the advancing Austrians; and are fatal to Winterfeld's attempt, and nearly so Winterfeld himself. Winterfeld, heavily wounded, sank in swoon from his horse; and awakening again in a pool of blood, found his men all off, rushing back upon the main Schwerin body; "Austrian grenadiers gazing on the thing, about eighty paces off, not venturing to follow." Winterfeld, half dead, scrambled across to Schwerin, who has now come up with the main body, his front line fronting the Austrians here. And there ensued, about Sterbohol and neighborhood, led on by Schwerin, such a death-wrestle as was seldom seen in the Annals of War. Winterfeld's miss of Sterbohol was the beginning of it: the exact course of sequel none can describe, though the end is well known.

The Austrians now hold Sterbohol with firm grip, backed by those batteries from Homoly Hill. Redoubts, cannon-batteries, as we said, stud all the field; the Austrian stock of artillery is very great; arrangement of it cunning, practice excellent; does honor to Prince Lichtenstein, and indeed is the real force of the Austrians on this occasion. Schwerin must have Sterbohol, in spite of batteries and ranked Austrians, and Winterfeld's recoil tumbling round him:—and rarely had the oldest veteran such a problem. Old Schwerin (fiery as ever, at the age of 73) has been in many battles, from Blenheim onwards; and now has got to his hottest and his last. "Vanguard could not do it; main body, we hope, kindling all the hotter, perhaps may!" A most willing mind is in these Prussians of Schwerin's: fatigue of over-marching has tired the muscles of them; but their hearts,—all witnesses say, these (and through these, their very muscles, "always fresh again, after a few minutes of breathing-time") were beyond comparison, this day!

Schwerin's Prussians, as they "march up" (that is, as they front and advance upon the Austrians), are everywhere saluted by case-shot, from Homoly Hill and the batteries northward of Homoly; but march on, this main line of them, finely regardless of it or of Winterfeld's disaster by it. The general Prussian Order this day is: "By push of bayonet; no firing, none, at any rate, till you see the whites of their eyes!" Swift, steady as on the parade-ground, swiftly making up their gaps again, the Prussians advance, on these terms; and are now near those "fine sleek pasture-grounds, unusually green for the season." Figure the actual stepping upon these "fine pasture-grounds:" — mud-tanks, verdant with mere "bearding oat-crop" sown there as carp-provender! Figure the sinking of whole regiments to the knee; to the middle, some of them; the steady march become a wild sprawl through viscous mud, mere case-shot singing round you, tearing you away at its ease! Even on those terrible terms, the Prussians, by dams, by foot-paths, sometimes one man abreast, sprawl steadily forward, trailing their cannon with them; only a few regiments, in the footpath parts, cannot bring their cannon. Forward; rank again, when the ground will carry; ever forward, the case-shot getting ever more murderous! No human pen can describe the deadly chaos which ensued in that quarter. Which lasted, in desperate fury, issue dubious, for above three hours; and was the crisis, or essential agony, of the Battle. Foot-chargings, (once the mud-transit was accomplished), under storms of grape-shot from Homoly Hill; by and by, Horse-chargings, Prussian against Austrian, southward of Homoly and Sterbohol, still farther to the Prussian left; huge whirlpool of tumultuous death-wrestle, every species of spasmodic effort, on the one side and the other; — King himself present there, as I dimly discover; Feldmarschall Browne eminent, in the last of his fields; and, as the old *Niebelungen* has it, "a murder grim and great" going on.

Schwerin's Prussians, in that preliminary struggle through the mud-tanks (which Winterfeld, I think, had happened to skirt, and avoid), were hard bested. This, so far as I can learn, was the worst of the chaos, this preliminary part. Intolerable

to human nature, this, or nearly so; even to human nature of the Platt-Teutseh type, improved by Prussian drill. Winterfeld's repulse we saw; Schwerin's own Regiment in it. Various repulses, I perceive, there were, — "fresh regiments from our Second Line" storming in thereupon; till the poor repulsed people "took¹ breath," repented, "and themselves stormed in again," say the Books. Fearful tugging, swagging and swaying is conceivable, in this Sterbohol problem! And after long seanning, I rather judge it was in the wake of that first repulse, and not of some other farther on, that the veteran Schwerin himself got his death. No one times it for us; but the fact is unforgettable; and in the dim whirl of sequences, dimly places itself there. Very certain it is, "at sight of his own regiment in retreat," Feldmarschall Schwerin seized the colors, — as did other Generals, who are not named, that day. Seizes the colors, fiery old man: "*Heran, meine Kinder* (This way, my sons)!" and rides ahead, along the straight dam again; his "sons" all turning, and with hot repentance following. "On, my ehildren, *Heran!*" Five bits of grape-shot, deadly each of them, at once hit the old man; dead he sinks there on his flag; and will never fight more. "*Heran!*" storm the others with hot tears; Adjutant von Platen takes the flag; Platen, too, is instantly shot; but another takes it. "*Heran, On!*" in wild storm of rage and grief: — in a word, they manage to do the work at Sterbohol, they and the rest. First line, Second line, Infantry, Cavalry (and even the very Horses, I suppose), fighting inexpressibly; conquering one of the worst problems ever seen in War. For the Austrians too, especially their grenadiers there, stood to it toughly, and fought like men; — and "every grenadier that survived of them," as I read afterwards, "got double pay for life."

Done, that Sterbohol work; — those Foot-chargings, Horse-chargings; that battery of Homoly Hill; and, hanging upon that, all manner of redoubts and batteries to the rightward and rearward: — but how it was done no pen can describe, nor any intellect in clear sequence understand. An enormous *mêlée* there: new Prussian battalions charging, and ever new, irrepressible by ease-shot, as they successively get up; Marshal

Browne too sending for new battalions at double-quick from his left, disputing stiffly every inch of his ground. Till at length (hour not given), a cannon-shot tore away his foot; and he had to be carried into Prag, mortally wounded. Which probably was a most important circumstance, or the most important of all.

Important too, I gradually see, was that of the Prussian Horse of the Left Wing. Prussian Horse of the extreme left, as already noticed, had, in the mean while, fallen in, well southward, round by certain lakelets about Michelup, on Browne's extreme right; furiously charging the Austrian Horse, which stood ranked there in many lines; breaking it, then again half broken by it; but again rallying, charging it a second time, then a third time, "both to front and flank, amid whirlwinds of dust" (Ziethen busy there, not to mention indignant Warnery and others); — and at length, driving it wholly to the winds: "beyond Nussel, towards the Sazawa Country;" never seen again that day. Prince Karl (after Browne's death-wound, or before, I never know) came galloping to rally that important Right Wing of horse. Prince Karl did his very utmost there; obtesting, praying, raging, threatening: — but to no purpose; the Zietheners and others so heavy on the rear of them: — and at last there came a cramp, or intolerable twinge of spasm, through Prince Karl's own person (breast or heart), like to take the life of him: so that he too had to be carried into Prag to the doctors. And his Cavalry fled at discretion; chased by Ziethen, on Friedrich's express order, and sent quite over the horizon. Enough, "by about half-past one," Sterbohol work is thoroughly done: and the Austrian Battle, both its Commanders gone, has heeled fairly downwards, and is in an ominous way

The whole of this Austrian Right Wing, horse and foot, batteries and redoubts, which was put *en potence*, or square-wise, to the main battle, is become a ruin; gone to confusion; hovers in distracted clouds, seeking roads to run away by, which it ultimately found. Done all this surely was; and poor Browne, mortally wounded, is being carried off the ground; but in what sequence done, under what

exact vicissitudes of aspect, special steps of cause and effect, no man can say; and only imagination, guided by these few data, can paint to itself. Such a chaotic whirlwind of blood, dust, mud, artillery-thunder, sulphurous rage, and human death and victory, — who shall pretend to describe it, or draw, except in the gross, the scientific plan of it?

For, in the mean time, — I think while the dispute at Sterbohol, on the extreme of the Austrian right wing “in joiner’s-square form,” was past the hottest (but nobody will give the hour), — there has occurred another thing, much calculated to settle that. And, indeed, to settle everything; — as it did. This was a volunteer exploit, upon the very elbow or angle of said “joiner’s-square;” in the wet grounds between Hlaupetin and Kyge, a good way north of Sterbohol. Volunteer exploit; on the part of General Mannstein, our old Russian friend; which Friedrich, a long way off from it, blames as a rash fault of Mannstein’s, made good by Prince Henri and Ferdinand of Brunswick running up to mend it; but which Winterfeld, and subsequent good judges, admit to have been highly salutary, and to have finished everything. It went, if I read right, somewhat as follows.

In the Kyge-Hlaupetin quarter, at the corner of that Austrian right wing *en potence*, there had, much contrary to Browne’s intention, a perceptible gap occurred; the corner is open there; nothing in it but batteries and swamps. The Austrian right wing, wheeling southward, there to form *potence*; and scrambling and marching, then and subsequently, through such ground at double-quick, had gone too far (had thinned and lengthened itself, as is common, in such scrambling, and double-quick movement, thinks Tempelhof), and left a little gap at elbow; which always rather widened as the stress at Sterbohol went on. Certain enough, a gap there is, covered only by some half-moon battery in advance: into this, General Mannstein has been looking wistfully a long time: “Austrian Line fallen out at elbow yonder; clouted by some battery in advance?” — and at length cannot help dashing loose on it with his Division. A man liable to be rash, and always too impetuous in battle-time.

He would have fared ill, thinks Friedrich, had not Henri and Ferdinand, in pain for Mannstein (some think, privately in preconcert with him), hastened in to help; and done it altogether in a shining way; surmounting perilous difficulties not a few. Hard fighting in that corner, partly on the Sterbohol terms; batteries, mud-tanks; chargings, rechargings: "Comrades, you have got none enough, *Kameraden, ihr habt Ehre genug* [the second man of you lying dead]; let us now try!" said a certain Regiment to a certain other, in this business.¹ Prince Henri shone especially, the gallant little gentleman: coming upon one of those mud-tanks with battery beyond, his men were spreading file-wise, to cross it on the dams; "*Bursche*, this way!" cried the Prince, and plunged in middle-deep, right upon the battery, and over it, and victoriously took possession of it. In a word, they all plunge forward, in a shining manner; rush on those half-moon batteries, regardless of results; rush over them, seize and secure them. Rush, in a word, fairly into that Austrian hole-at-elbow, torrents more following them, — and irretrievably ruin both fore-arm and shoulder-arm of the Austrians thereby.

Fore-arm (Austrian right wing, if still struggling and wriggling about Sterbohol) is taken in flank; shoulder-arm, or main line, the like; we have them both in flank; with their own batteries to scour them to destruction here: — the Austrian Line, throughout, is become a ruin. Has to hurl itself rapidly to rightwards, to rearwards, says Tempelhof, behind what redoubts and strong points it may have in those parts; and then, by sure stages (Tempelhof guesses three, or perhaps four), as one redoubt after another is torn from the loose grasp of it, and the stand made becomes ever weaker, and the confusion worse, — to roll pell-mell into Prag, and hastily close the door behind it. The Prussians, Sterbohol people, Mannstein-Henri people, left wing and right, are quite across the Zisca Back, on by Nussel (Prince Karl's head-quarter that was), and at the Moldau Brink again, when the thing ends. Ziethen's Hussars have been at Nussel, very

¹ Archenholtz, i. 75; Tempelhof, &c.

busy plundering there, ever since that final charge and chase from Sterbohol. Plundering; and, I am ashamed to say, mostly drunk: "Your Majesty, I cannot rank a hundred sober," answered Ziethen (doubtless with a kind of blush), when the King applied for them. The King himself has got to Branik, farther up stream. Part of the Austrian foot fled, leftwards, southwards, as their right wing of horse had all done, up the Moldau. About 16,000 Austrians are distractedly on flight that way. Towards the Sazawa Country; to unite with Daun, as the now advisable thing. Near 40,000 of them are getting crammed into Prag; in spite of Prince Karl, now recovered of his cramp, and risen to the frantic pitch; who vainly struggles at the Gate against such inrush, and had even got through the Gate, conjuring and commanding, but was himself swum in again by those panic torrents of ebb-tide.

Rallying within, he again attempted, twice over, at two different points, to get out, and up the Moldau, with his broken people; but the Prussians, Nussel-Branik way, were awake to him: "No retreat up the Moldau for you, Austrian gentlemen!" They tried by another Gate, on the other side of the River; but Keith was awake too: "In again, ye Austrian gentlemen! Closed gates here too. What else?" Browne, from his bed of pain (death-bed, as it proved), was for a much more determined outrush: "In the dead of night, rank, deliberately adjust yourselves; storm out, one and all, and cut your way, night favoring!" That was Browne's last counsel; but that also was not taken. A really noble Browne, say all judges; died here in about six weeks,—and got away from Kriegs-Hofraths and Prince Karls, and the stupidity of neighbors, and the other ills that flesh is heir to, altogether.

At Branik the victorious King had one great disappointment: Prince Moritz of Dessau, who should have been here long hours ago, with Keith's right wing, a fresh 15,000, to fall upon the enemy's rear;—no Moritz visible; not even now, when the business is to chase! "How is this?" "Ill luck, your Majesty!" Moritz's Pontoon Bridge would not reach across, when he tried it. That is certain: "just three

poor pontoons wanting," Rumor says:—three or more; spoiled, I am told, in some narrow road, some short-cut which Moritz had commanded for them: and now they are not; and it is as if three hundred had been spoiled. Moritz, would he die for it, cannot get his Bridge to reach: his fresh 15,000 stand futile there; not even Seidlitz with his light horse could really swim across, though he tried hard, and is fabled to have done so. Beware of short-cuts, my Prince: your Father that is gone, what would he say of you here! It was the worst mistake Prince Moritz ever made. The Austrian Army might have been annihilated, say judges (of a sanguine temper), had Moritz been ready, at his hour, to fall on from rearward;—and where had their retreat been? As it is, the Austrian Army is not annihilated; only bottled into Prag, and will need sieging. The brightest triumph has a bar of black in it, and might always have been brighter. Here is a flying Note, which I will subjoin:—

Friedrich's dispositions for the Battle, this day, are allowed to have been masterly; but there was one signal fault, thinks Retzow: That he did not, as Schwerin counselled, wait till the morrow. Fault which brought many in the train of it; that of his "tired soldiers," says Retzow, being only a first item, and small in comparison. "Had he waited till the morrow, those fish-ponds of Sterbohol, examined in the interim, need not have been mistaken for green meadows; Prince Moritz, with his 15,000, would have been a fact, instead of a false hope; the King might have done his marching down upon Sterbohol in the night-time, and been ready for the Austrians, flank, or even rear, at daybreak: the King might"—In reality, this fault seems to have been considerable; to have made the victory far more costly to him, and far less complete. No doubt he had his reasons for making haste: Daun, advancing Prag-ward with 30,000, was within three marches of him; General Beck, Daun's vanguard, with a 10,000 of irregulars, did a kind of feat at Brandeis, on the Prussian post there (our Saxons deserting to him, in the heat of action), this very day, May 6th; and might, if lucky,

have taken part at Ziscaberg next day. And besides these solid reasons, there was perhaps another. Retzow, who is secretly of the Opposition-party, and well worth hearing, knows personally a curious thing. He says:—

“Being then [in March or April, weeks before we left Saxony] employed to translate the *Plan of Operations* into French, for Marshal Keith’s use, who did not understand German, I well know that it contained the following three main objects: 1°. ‘All Regiments cantoning in Silesia as well as Saxony march for Bohemia on one and the same day. 2°. Whole Army arrives at Prag May 4th [Schwerin was a day later, and got scolded in consequence]; if the Enemy stand, he is attacked May 6th, and beaten. 3°. So soon as Prag is got, Schwerin, with the gross of the Army, pushes into Mähren,’ and the heart of Austria itself; ‘King hastens with 40,000 to help of the Allied Army,’” — Royal Highness of Cumberland’s; who will much need it by that time!¹

Here is a very curious fact and consideration. That the King had so prophesied and preordained: “May 4th, Four Columns arrive at Prag; May 6th, attack the Austrians, beat them,” — and now wished to keep his word! This is an aerial reason, which I can suspect to have had its weight among others. There were twirls of that kind in Friedrich; intricate weak places; *knots* in the sound straight-fibred mind he had (as in whose mind are they not?), — which now and then cost him dear! The Anecdote-Books say he was very ill of body, that day, May 6th; and called for something of drug nature, and swallowed it (drug not named), after getting on horseback. The Evening Anecdote is prettier: How, in the rushing about, Austrians now flying, he got eye on Brother Henri (clayey to a degree); and sat down with him, in the blessed sunset, for a minute or two, and bewailed his sad losses of Schwerin and others.

Certain it is, the victory was bought by hard fighting; and but for the quality of his troops, had not been there. But the bravery of the Prussians was exemplary, and covered all mistakes that were made. Nobler fire, when did it burn in

¹ Retzow. i. 84 n.

any Army? More perfect soldiers I have not read of. Platt-Teutsch fire — which I liken to anthracite, in contradistinction to Gaelic blaze of kindled straw — is thrice noble, when, by strict stern discipline, you are above it withal; and wield your fire-element, as Jove his thunder, by rule! Otherwise it is but half-admirable: Turk-Janissaries have it otherwise; and it comes to comparatively little.

This is the famed Battle of Prag; fought May 6th, 1757; which sounded through all the world, — and used to deafen as in drawing-rooms within man's memory. Results of it were: On the Prussian side, killed, wounded and missing, 12,500 men; on the Austrian, 13,000 (prisoners included), with many flags, cannon, tents, much war-gear gone the wrong road; — and a very great humiliation and dispiritment; though they had fought well: "No longer the old Austrians, by any means," as Friedrich sees; but have iron ramrods, all manner of Prussian improvements, and are "learning to march," as he once says, with surprise not quite pleasant.

Friedrich gives the cipher of loss, on both sides, much higher: "This Battle," says he, "which began towards nine in the morning, and lasted, chase included, till eight at night, was one of the bloodiest of the age. The Enemy lost 24,000 men, of whom were 5,000 prisoners; the Prussian loss amounted to 18,000 fighting men, — without counting Marshal Schwerin, who alone was worth above 10,000." "This day saw the pillars of the Prussian Infantry cut down," says he mournfully, seeming almost to think the "laurels of victory" were purchased too dear. His account of the Battle, as if it had been a painful object, rather avoided in his after-thoughts, is unusually indistinct; — and helps us little in the extreme confusion that reigns otherwise, both in the thing itself and in the reporters of the thing. Here is a word from Winterfeld, some private Letter, two days after; which is well worth reading for those who would understand this Battle.

"The enemy had his Left Wing leaning on the City, close by the Moldau," at Nussel; "and stretched with his Right

Wing across the high Hill [of Zisca] to the village of Lieben [so he *had* stood, looking into Prag; but faced about, on hearing that Friedrich was across the River]; having before him those terrible Defiles [*die terriblen Defilées*, "Horse-shoe of the Moldau," as we call it], and the village of Prossik, which was crammed with Pandours. It was about half-past six in the morning, when our Schwerin Army [myself part of it, at this time] joined with the twenty battalions and twenty squadrons, which the King had brought across to unite with us, and which formed our right wing of battle that day [our left wing were Schweriners, Sterbohol and the fighting done by Schweriners after their long march]. The King was at once determined to attack the Enemy; as also were Schwerin [say nothing of the arguing] and your humble servant (*meine Wenigkeit*): but the first thing was, to find a hole whereby to get at him.

"This too was selected, and decided on, my proposal being found good; and took effect in manner following: We [Schweriners] had marched off left-wise, foremost; and we now, without halt, continued marching so with the Left Wing" of horse, "which had the van (*tête*); and moved on, keeping the road for Hlaupetin, and ever thence onwards along for Kyge, round the Ponds of Unter-Podschernitz, without needing to pass these, and so as to get them in our rear.

"The Enemy, who at first had expected nothing bad, and never supposed that we would attack him at once, *flagrante delicto*, and least of all in this point; and did not believe it possible, as we should have to wade, breast-deep in part, through the ditches, and drag our cannon, — was at first quite tranquil. But as he began to perceive our real design (in which, they say, Prince Karl was the first to open Marshal Browne's eyes), he drew his whole Cavalry over towards us, as fast as it could be done, and stretched them out as Right Wing; to complete which, his Grenadiers and Hungarian Regulars of Foot ranked themselves as they got up [makes his *potence*, *Haken*, or joiner's-square, outmost end of it Horse.]

"The Enemy's intention was to hold with the Right Wing of

his infantry on the Farmstead which they call Sterbaholy [Sterbohol, a very dirty Farmstead at this day]; I, however, had the good luck, plunging on, head foremost, with six battalions of our Left Wing and two of the Flank, to get to it before him. Although our Second Line was not yet come forward, yet, as the battalions of the First were tolerably well together, I decided, with General Fouquet, who had charge of the Flank, to begin at once; and, that the Enemy might not have time to post himself still better, I pushed forward, quick step, out of the Farmstead "of Sterbohol" "to meet him, — so fast, that even our cannon had not time to follow. He did, accordingly, begin to waver; and I could observe that his people here, on this Wing, were making right-about.

"Meanwhile, his fire of case-shot opened [from Homoly Hill, on our left], and we were still pushing on, — might now be about two hundred steps from the Enemy's Line, when I had the misfortune, at the head of Regiment Schwerin, to get wounded, and, swooning away (*vor Tod*), fell from my horse to the ground. Awakening after some minutes, and raising my head to look about, I found nobody of our people now here beside or round me; but all were already behind, in full flood of retreat (*hoch Anschlagen*). The Enemy's Grenadiers were perhaps eighty paces from me; but had halted, and had not the confidence to follow us. I struggled to my feet, as fast as, for weakness, I possibly could; and got up to our confused mass [*confusen Klumpen*, — exact place, where?]: but could not, by entreaties or by threats, persuade a single man of them to turn his face on the Enemy, much less to halt and try again.

"In this embarrassment the deceased Feldmarschall found me, and noticed that the blood was flowing stream-wise from my neck. As I was on foot, and none of my people now near, he bade give me his led horse which he still had [and sent me home for surgery? Winterfeld, handsomely effacing himself when no longer good for anything, hurries on to the Catastrophe, leaving us to guess that he was *not* an eye-witness farther] — bade give me the led horse which he still had; *and* [as if that had happened directly after, which surely it did

not? *and*] snatched the flag from Captain Rohr, who had taken it up to make the Bursche turn, and rode forward with it himself. But before he could succeed in the attempt, this excellent man, almost in a minute, was hit with five case-shot balls, and fell dead on the ground; as also his brave Adjutant von Platen was so wounded that he died next day.

"During this confusion and repulse, by which, as already mentioned, the Enemy had not the heart to profit, not only was our Second Line come on, but those of the First, who had not suffered, went vigorously (*frisch*) at the Enemy," — and in course of time (perhaps two hours yet), and by dint of effort, we did manage Sterbohol and its batteries: — "Like as [still in one sentence, and without the least punctuation; Winterfeld being little of a grammarian, and in haste for the close], Like as Princee Henri's Royal Highness with our Right Wing," Mannstein and he, "without waiting for order, attacked so *prompt* and with such *fermeté*," in that elbow-hole far north of *us*, "that everywhere the Enemy's Line began to give way; and instead of continuing as Line, sought corps-wise to gain the Heights, and there post itself. And as, without winning said Heights, we could not win the Battle, we had to storm them all, one after the other; and this it was that cost us the best, most and bravest people.

"The late Colonel von Goltz [if we glance back to Sterbohol itself], who, with the regiment Fouquet, was advancing, right-hand of Schwerin regiment" and your servant, "had likewise got quite close to the Enemy; and had he not, at the very instant when he was levelling bayonets, been shot down, I think that he, with myself and the Schwerin regiment, would have got in," — and perhaps have there done the job, special and general, with much less expense, and sooner! ¹

This is what we get from Winterfeld; a rugged, not much grammatical man, but (as I can perceive) with excellent eyes in his head, and interior talent for twenty grammatical people, had that been his line. These, faithfully rendered here, with-

¹ Preuss, ii. 45-47 (in Winterfeld's hand; dated "Camp at Prag, 8th May, 1757:" addressed to one knows not whom; first printed by Preuss).

out change but of pointing, are the only words I ever saw of his: to my regret, — which surely the Prussian Dryasdust might still amend a little? — in respect of so distinguished a person, and chosen Peer of Friedrich's. This his brief theory of Prag Battle, if intensely read, I find to be of a piece with his practice there. .

Schwerin was much lamented in the Army; and has been duly honored ever since. His body lies in Schwerinsburg, at home, far away; his Monument, finale of a series of Monuments, stands, now under special guardianship, near Sterbohel on the spot where he fell. A late Tourist says: —

“At first there was a monument of wood [*tree* planted, I will hope], which is now all gone; round this Kaiser Joseph II. once, in the year 1776, holding some review there, made his grenadier battalions and artilleries form circle, fronting the sky all round, and give three volleys of great arms and small, Kaiser in the centre doffing hat at each volley, in honor of the hero. Which was thought a very pretty thing on the Kaiser's part. In 1824, the tree, I suppose, being gone to a stump, certain subscribing Prussian Officers had it rooted out, and a modest Pyramid of red-veined marble built in its room. Which latter the then King of Prussia, Friedrich Wilhelm III., determined to improve upon; and so, in 1839, built a second Pyramid close by, bigger, finer, and of Prussian iron, this one; — purchasing also, from the Austrian Government, a rood or two of ground for site; and appointing some perpetual Peculium, or increase of Pension to an Austrian Veteran of merit for taking charge there. All which, perfectly in order, is in its place at this day. The actual Austrian Pensioner of merit is a loud-voiced, hard-faced, very limited, but honest little fellow; who has worked a little polygon ditch and miniature hedge round the two Monuments; keeps his own cottage, little garden, and self, respectably clean; and leads stoically a lone life, — no company, I should think, but the Sterbohel hinds, who probably are Czechs and cannot speak to him. He was once ‘of the regiment Hohenlohe;’ suffers somewhat from cold, in the winter-time, in those upland parts (the ‘cords of

wood' allowed him being limited); but complains of nothing else. Two English names were in his Album, a military two, and no more. '*Ehret den Held* (Honor the Hero)!' we said to him, at parting. 'Don't I?' answered he; glancing at his muddy bare legs and little spade, with which he had been working in the Polygon Ditch when we arrived. I could wish him an additional '*Klafter Holz*' (cord more of firewood) now and then, in the cold months! —

"Sterbohol Farmstead has been new built, in man's memory, but is dirty as ever. Agriculture, all over this table-land of the Ziscaberg, I should judge to be bad. Not so the prospect; which is cheerfully extensive, picturesque in parts, and to the student of Friedrich offers good commentary. Roads, mansions, villages: Prossik, Kyge, Podschernitz, from the Heights of Chaber round to Nussel and beyond: from any knoll, all Friedrich's Villages, and many more, lie round you as on a map, — their dirt all hidden, nothing wanting to the landscape, were it better carpeted with green (green instead of russet), and shaded here and there with wood. A small wild pink, bright-red, and of the size of a star, grows extensively about; of which you are tempted to pluck specimens, as memorial of a Field so famous in War."¹

CHAPTER III.

PRAG CANNOT BE GOT AT ONCE.

WHAT Friedrich's emotions after the Battle of Prag were, we do not much know. They are not inconceivable, if we read his situation well; but in the way of speech, there is, as usual, next to nothing. Here are two stray utterances, worth gathering from a man so uncommunicative in that form.

Friedrich a Month before Prag (From Lockwitz, 25th March, to Princess Amelia, at Berlin). — "My dearest Sister, I give

¹ Tourist's Note (September, 1858).

you a thousand thanks for the hints you have got me from Dr. Eller on the illness of our dear Mother. Thrice-welcome this; and reassures me [alas, not on good basis !] against a misfortune which I should have considered very great for me.

“As to us and our posture of affairs, political and military, — place yourself, I conjure you, *above* every event. Think of our Country and remember that one’s first duty is to defend it. If you learn that a misfortune happens to one of us, ask, ‘Did he die fighting?’ and if Yes, give thanks to God. Victory or else death, there is nothing else for us; one or the other we must have. All the world here is of that temper. What! you would everybody sacrifice his life for the State, and you would not have your Brothers give the example? Ah, my dear Sister, at this crisis, there is no room for bargaining. Either at the summit of glorious success, or else abolished altogether. This Campaign now coming is like that of Pharsalia for Rome, or that of Leuctra for the Greeks,” — a Campaign we verily shall have to win, or go to wreck upon!¹

Friedrich shortly after Prag (To his Mother, Letter still extant in Autograph, without date). — “My Brothers and I are still well. The whole Campaign runs risk of being lost to the Austrians; and I find myself free, with 150,000 men. Add to this, that we are masters of a Kingdom [Bohemia here], which is obliged to furnish us with troops and money. The Austrians are dispersed like straw before the wind. I will send a part of my troops to compliment Messieurs the French; and am going [if I once had Prag!] to pursue the Austrians with the rest of my Army.”²

Friedrich, who keeps his emotions generally to himself, does not, as will be seen, remain quite silent to us throughout this great Year; but, by accident, has left us some rather impressive gleanings in that kind; — and certainly in no year could such accident have been luckier to us; this of 1757 being, in several respects, the greatest of his Life. From nearly the topmost heights down to the lowest deeps, his fortunes oscillated this year; and probably, of all the sons of Adam,

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. i. 391.

² *Ib.* xxvi. 75.

nobody's outlooks and reflections had in them, successive and simultaneous, more gigantic forms of fear and of hope. He is on a very high peak at this moment; suddenly emerging from his thick cloud, into thunderous victory of that kind; and warning all Pythons what they get by meddling with the Sun-god! Loud enough, far-clanging, is the sound of the silver bow; gazetteers and men all on pause at such new Phœbus Apollo risen in his wrath;—the Victory at Prag considered to be much more annihilative than it really was. At London, Lord Holderness had his Tower-guns in readiness, waiting for something of the kind; and “the joy of the people was frantic.”¹

Very dominant, our “Protestant Champion” yonder, on his Ziscaberg; bidding the enormous Pompadour-Theresa combinations, the French, Austrian, Swedish, Russian populations and dread sovereigns, check their proud waves, and hold at mid-flood. It is thought, had he in effect “annihilated” the Austrian force at Prag, that day (Friday, 6th May, as he might have done by waiting till Saturday, 7th), he could then, with the due rapidity, rapidity being indispensable in the affair, have become master of Prag, which meant of Bohemia altogether; and have stormed forward, as his program bore, into the heart of an Austria still terror-stricken, unrallied;—in which case, it is calculated, the French, the Russians, Swedes, much more the Reich and such like, would all have drawn bridle; and Austria itself have condescended to make Peace with a Neighbor of such quality, and consent to his really modest desire of being let alone! Possible, all this,—think Retzow and others.² But the King had not waited till tomorrow; no persuasion could make him wait: and it is idle speculating on the small turns which here, as everywhere, can produce such deflections of course.

Beyond question, Prag is not captured, and may, as now

¹ *Mitchell Papers and Memoirs* (i. e. the *Printed Selection*, 2 vols. London, 1850;— which will be the oftenest cited by us, “*Papers and Memoirs*”), i. 249: “Holderness to Mitchell, 20th May, 1757.” Mitchell is now attending Friedrich; his Letter from Keith's Camp, during the thunder of “Friday, May 6th,” is given, *ib.* i. 248.

² See Retzow, i. 100-108; &c.

garrisoned, require a great deal of capturing: — and perhaps it is but a *peak*, this high dominancy of Friedrich's, not a solid table-land, till much more have been done! Friedrich has nothing of the Gascon: but there may well be conceivable at this time a certain glow of internal pride, like that of Phœbus amid the piled tempests, — like that of the One Man prevailing, if but for a short season, against the Devil and All Men: “I have made good my bit of resolution so far: here are the Austrians beaten at the set day, and Prag summoned to surrender, as per program!” —

Intrinsically, Prag is not a strong City: we have seen it taken in few days; in one night; — and again, as in Belleisle's time, we have seen it making tough defence for a series of weeks. It depends on the garrison, what extent of garrison (the circuit of it being so immense), and what height of humor. There are now 46,000 men caged in it, known to have considerable magazines; and Friedrich, aware that it will cost trouble, bends all his strength upon it, and from his two camps, Ziscaberg, Weissenberg, due Bridges uniting, Keith and he batter it violently, aiming chiefly at the Magazines (which are not all bomb-proof); and hope they may succeed before it is too late.

The Vienna people are in the depths of amazement and discouragement; almost of terror, had it not been for a few, or especially for one high heart among them. Feldmarschall Daun, on the news of May 6th, hastily fell back, joined by the wrecks of the right wing, which fled Sazawa way. Bruuswiick-Bevern, with a 20,000, is detached to look after Daun; finds Daun still on the retreat; greedily collecting reinforcements from the homeward quarter; and hanging back, though now double or so of Bevern's strength. Amazement and discouragement are the general feeling among Friedrich's enemies. Notable to see how the whole hostile world marching in upon him, — French, Russians, much more the Reich, poor faltering entity, — pauses, as with its breath taken away, at news of Prag; and, arrested on the sudden, with lifted foot, ceases to stride forward; and merely tramp-tramps on the same place (nay in part, in the Reich part, visibly tramps backward), for

above a month ensuing! Who knows whether, practically, any of them will come on;¹ and not leave Austria by itself to do the duel with Friedrich? If Prag were but got, and the 46,000 well locked away, it would be very salutary for Friedrich's affairs!—Week after week, the City holds out; and there seems no hope of it, except by hunger, and burning their Magazines by red-hot balls.

Colonel Mayer with his "Free-Corps" Party makes a Visit, of didactic Nature, to the Reich.

Friedrich, as we saw, on entering Böhmen, had shot off a Light Detachment under Colonel Mayer, southward, to seize any Austrian Magazines there were, especially one big Magazine at Pilsen:—which Mayer has handsomely done, May 2d (Pilsen "a bigger Magazine than Jung-Bunzlau, even"); after which Mayer is now off westward, into the Ober-Pfalz, into the Nürnberg Countries; to teach the Reich a small lesson, since they will not listen to Plotho. Prag Battle, as happens, had already much chilled the ardor of the Reich! Mayer has two Free-Corps, his own and another; about 1,300 of foot; to which are added a 200 of hussars. They have 5 cannon, carry otherwise a minimum of baggage; are swift wild fellows, sharp of stroke; and do, for the time, prove didactic to the Reich; bringing home to its very bosom the late great lesson of the Ziscaberg, in an applied form. Mayer made a pretty course of it, into the Ober-Pfalz Countries; scattering the poor Execution Drill-Sergeants and incipencies of preparation, the deliberative County Meetings, *Kreis*-Convents: ransoming Cities, Nürnberg for one city, whose cries went to Friedrich on the Ziscaberg, and wide over the world.² Nürnberg would have been but too happy to "refuse its contingent to the Reich's Army," as many others would have been (poor Kur-

¹ See *Correspondance du Comte de Saint-Germain*, an Eye-witness, i. 108 (cited in Preuss, ii. 50); &c. &c.

² In *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 360-367, the Nürnberg Letter and Response (31st May-5th June, 1757): in Pauli, *Leben grosser Helden* (iii. 159 et seq.), Account of the Mayer Expedition; also in *Militair-Lexikon*, iii. 29 (quoting from Pauli).

Baiern hurrying off a kind of Embassy to Friedrich, great terror reigning among the wigs of Regensburg, and everybody drawing back that could), — had not Imperial menaces, and an Event that fell out by and by in Prag Country, forced compliance.

Mayer's Expedition made a loud noise in the Newspapers; and was truly of a shining nature in its kind; very perfectly managed on Mayer's part, and has traits in it which are amusing to read, had one time. Take one small glance from Pauli: —

“At Fürth in Anspach, 1st June [after six days' screwing of Nürnberg from without, which we had no cannon to take], a Gratuity for the Prussian troops [amount not stated] was demanded and given: at Schwabach, farther up the Regnitz River, they took quarters; no exemption made, clergy and laity alike getting soldiers billeted. Meat and drink had to be given them: as also 100 carolines [guineas and better], and twenty new uniforms. Upon which, next day, they marched to Zirndorf, and the Reichsgraf Pückler's Mansion, the Schloss of Farrenbach there. Mayer took quarter in the Schloss itself. Here the noble owners got up a ball for Mayer's entertainment; and did all they could contrive to induce a light treatment from him.” Figure it, the neighboring nobility and gentry in gala; Mayer too in his best uniform, and smiling politely, with those “bright little black eyes” of his! For he was a brilliant airy kind of fellow, and had much of the chevalier, as well as of the partisan, when requisite!

“Out of Farrenbach, the Mayer people circulated upon all the neighboring Lordships; at Wilhelmsdorf, the Reichs-Fürst von Hohenlohe [a too busy Anti-Prussian] had the worst brunt to bear. The adjacent Baireuth lands [dear Wilhelmina, fancy her too in such neighborhood!] were to the utmost spared all billeting, and even all transit,” — though wandering sergeants of the Reich's Force, “one sergeant with the Würzburg Herr Commissarius and eight common men, did get picked up on Baireuth ground: and this or the other Anspach Official (Anspach being disaffected), too busy on the wrong side, found himself suddenly Prisoner of War; but was given up, at

Wilhelmina's gracious request. On Bamberg he was sharp as flint; and had to be; the Bambergers, reinforced at last by 'Circle-Militias (*Kreis-Truppen*)' in quantity, being called out in mass against him; and at Vach an actual Passage of Fight had occurred."

Of the "Affair at Vach," pretty little Drawn-Battle (mostly an affair of art), Mayer *versus* "Kreis-troops to the amount of 6,000, with twelve cannon, or some say twenty-four" (which they could n't handle); and how Mayer cunningly took a position unassailable, "burnt Bridges of the Regnitz River," and, plying his five cannon against these ardent awkward people, stood cheerful on the other side; and then at last, in good time, whisked himself off to the Hill of Culmbach, with all his baggage, inexpugnable there for three days: — of all this, though it is set down at full length, we can say nothing.¹ And will add only, that, having girt himself and made his packages, Mayer left the Hill of Culmbach; and deliberately wended home, by Coburg and other Countries where he had business, eating his way; and early in July was safe in the Metal Mountains again; having fluttered the Volscians in their Frankland Corioli to an unexpected extent. It is one of five or six such sallies Friedrich made upon the Reich, sometimes upon the Austrians and Reich together, to tumble up their magazines and preparations. Rapid unexpected inroads, year after year; done chiefly by the Free-Corps; and famous enough to the then Gazetteers. Of which, or of their doers, as we can in time coming afford little or no notice, let us add this small Note on the Free-Corps topic, which is a large one in the Books, but must not interrupt us again: —

"Before this War was done," say my Authorities, "there came gradually to be twenty-one Prussian Free-Corps," — foot almost all; there being already Hussars in quantity, ever since the first Silesian experiences. "Notable Aggregates they were of loose wandering fellows, broken Saxons, Prussians, French; 'Hungarian-Protestant' some of them, 'Deserters from all the Armies' not a few; attracted by the fame of Friedrich, — as

¹ Pauli, iii. 159, &c. (who gives Mayer's own *Letter*, and others, upon Vach).

the Colonels enlisting them had been; Mayer himself, for instance, was by birth a Vienna man; and had been in many services and wars, from his fifteenth year and onwards. Most miscellaneous, these Prussian Free-Corps; a swift faculty the indispensable thing, by no means a particular character: but well-disciplined, well-captained; who generally managed their work well.

"They were, by origin, of Anti-Tolpatch nature, got up on the diamond-cut-diamond principle; they stole a good deal with order sometimes, and oftener without; but there was nothing of the old Mentzel-Trenck atrocity permitted them, or ever imputed to them; and they did, usually with good military talent, sometimes conspicuously good, what was required of them. Regular Generals, of a high merit, one or two of their Captains came to be: Wunsch, for example; Werner, in some sort; and, but for his sudden death, this Mayer himself. Others of them, as Von Hordt (Hård is his Swedish name); and 'Quintus Ieilius' (by nature *Guichard*, of whom we shall hear a great deal in the Friedrich circle by and by), are distinguished as honorably intellectual and cultivated persons.¹

"Poor Mayer died within two years hence (5th January, 1759); of fever, eaught by unheard-of exertions and over fatigues; after many exploits, and with the highest prospects opening on him. A man of many adventures, of many qualities; a wild dash of chivalry in him all along, and much military and other talent crossed in the growing. In the dull old Books I read one other fact which is vivid to me, That Wilhelmina, as sequel of those first Franconian exploits and proceedings, 'had given him her Order of Knighthood, *Order of Sincerity and Fidelity*,' " — poor dear Princess, what an interest to Wilhelmina, this flash of her Brother's thunder thrown into those Franconian parts, and across her own pungent

¹ Count de Hordt's *Memoirs* (autobiographical, or in the first person: English Translation, London, 1806; two French Originals, a worse in 1789, and a better now at last), Preface, i-xii. In *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 102-104, 93, a detailed "List of the Free-Corps in 1758" (twelve of foot, two of horse, at that time): see Preuss, ii. 372 n.; Pauli (ubi suprâ), *Life of Mayer*.

anxieties and sorrowfully affectionate thoughts, in these weeks!—

Shortly after Mayer, about the time when Mayer was wending homeward, General von Oldenburg, a very valiant punctual old General, was pushed out westward upon Erfurt, a City of Kur-Mainz's, to give Kur-Mainz a similar monition. And did it handsomely, impressively upon the Gazetteer world at least and the Erfurt populations,—though we can afford it no room in this place. Oldenburg's force was but some 2,000; Pirna Saxons most of them:—such a winter Oldenburg has had with these Saxons; bursting out into actual musketry upon him once; Oldenburg, volcanically steady, summoning the Prussian part, “To me, true Prussian Bursche!”—and hanging nine of the mutinous Saxons. And has coerced and compesced them (all that did not contrive to desert) into soldierly obedience; and, 20th June, appears at the Gate of Erfurt with them, to do his delicate errand there. Sharply conclusive, though polite and punctual. “Send to Kur-Mainz, say you? Well, as to your Citadel, and those 1,400 soldiers all moving peaceably off thither,—Yes. As to your City: within one hour, Gate open to us, or we open it!”¹ And Oldenburg marches in, as vice-sovereign for the time:—but, indeed, has soon to leave again; owing to what Event in the distance will be seen!

If Prag Siege go well, these Mayer-Oldenburg expeditions will have an effect on the Reich: but if it go ill, what are they, against Austria with its force of steady pressure? All turns on the issue of Prag Siege:—a fact extremely evident to Friedrich too! But these are what in the interim can be done. One neglects no opportunity, tries by every method.

¹ In *Helden-Geschichte* (v. 371–384) copious Account, with the Missives to and from, the Reichs-Pleadings that followed, the &c. &c. *Militair-Lexikon*, § Oldenburg.

Of the singular quasi-bewitched Condition of England; and what is to be hoped from it for the Common Cause, if Prag go amiss.

On the Britannic side, too, the outlooks are not good; — much need Friedrich were through his Prag affair, and “hastening with forty thousand to help his Allies,” — that is, Royal Highness of Cumberland and Britannic Purse, his only allies at this moment. Royal Highness and Army of Observation (should have been 67,000, are 50 to 60,000, hired Germans; troops good enough, were they tolerably led) finds the Hanover Program as bad as Schmettau and Friedrich ever represented it; and, already, — unless Prag go well, — wears, to the understanding eye, a very contingent aspect. D’Estrées outnumbers him; D’Estrées, too, is something of a soldier; — a very considerable advantage in affairs of war.

D’Estrées, since April, is in Wesel; gathering in the revenues, changing the Officialities: much out of discipline, they say; — “hanging” gradually “1,000 marauders;” in round numbers 1,000 this Year.¹ D’Estrées does not yet push forward, owing to Prag. If he do — It is well known how Royal Highness fared when he did, and what a Campaign Royal Highness made of it this Year 1757! How the Weser did prove wadable, as Schmettau had said to no purpose; wadable, bridgable; and Royal Highness had to wriggle back, ever back; no stand to be made, or far worse than none: back, ever back, till he got into the Sea, for that matter, and to the end of more than one thing! Poor man, friends say he has an incurable Hanover Ministry, a Program that is inexecutable. As yet he has not lost head, any head he ever had: but he is wonderful, he; — and his England is! We shall have to look at him once again; and happily once only. Here, from my Constitutional Historian, are some Passages which we may as well read in the present interim of expectation. I label, and try to arrange: —

1. *England in Crisis.* “England is indignant with its Hero

¹ Stenzel, v. 65; Retzow, i. 173.

of Culloden and his Campaign 1757 ; but really has no business to complain. Royal Highness of Cumberland, wriggling helplessly in that manner, is a fair representative of the England that now is. For years back, there has been, in regard to all things Foreign or Domestic, in that Country, by way of National action, the miserablest haggling as to which of various little-competent persons shall act for the Nation. A melancholy condition indeed ! —

“ But the fact is, his Grace of Newcastle, ever since his poor Brother Pelham died (who was always a solid, loyal kind of man, though a dull ; and had always, with patient affection, furnished his Grace, much *unsupplied* otherwise, with Common sense hitherto), is quite insecure in Parliament, and knows not what hand to turn to. Fox is contemptuous of him ; Pitt entirely impatient of him ; Duke of Cumberland (great in the glory of Culloden) is aiming to oust him, and bear rule with his Young Nephew, the new Rising Sun, as the poor Papa and Grandfather gets old. Even Carteret (Earl Granville as they now call him, a Carteret much changed since those high-soaring Worms-Hanau times !) was applied to. But the answer was — what could the answer be ? High-soaring Carteret, scandalously overset and hurled out in that Hanau time, had already tried once (long ago, and with such result !) to spring in again, and ‘ deliver his Majesty from factions ; ’ and actually had made a ‘ Granville Ministry ; ’ Ministry which fell again in one day. To the complete disgust of Carteret-Granville ; — who, ever since, sits ponderously dormant (kind of Fixture in the Privy Council, this long while back) ; and is resigned, in a big contemptuous way, to have had his really considerable career closed upon him by the smallest of mankind ; and, except occasional blurts of strong rugged speech which come from him, and a good deal of wine taken into him, disdains making farther debate with the world and its elect Newcastles. Carteret, at this crisis, was again applied to, ‘ Cannot you ? In behalf of an afflicted old King ? ’ But Carteret answered, No.²

¹ “ 11th February, 1746 ” (Thackeray *Life of Chatham*, i. 146).

² *Ib.* i. 264

“In short, it is admitted and bewailed by everybody, seldom was there seen such a Government of England (and England has seen some strange Governments), as in these last Three Years. Chaotic Imbecility reigning pretty supreme. Ruler’s Work, — policy, administration, governance, guidance, performance in any kind, — where is it to be found? For if even a Walpole, when his Talking-Apparatus gets out of gear upon him, is reduced to extremities, though the stoutest of men, — fancy what it will be, in like case, and how the Acting-Apparatuses and Affairs generally will go, with a poor hysterical Newcastle, now when his Common Sense is fatally withdrawn! The poor man has no resource but to shuffle about in aimless perpetual fidget; endeavoring vainly to say Yes *and* No to all questions, Foreign and Domestic, that may rise. Whereby, in the Affairs of England, there has, as it were, universal St.-Vitus’s dance supervened, at an important crisis: and the Preparations for America, and for a downright Life-and-Death Wrestle with France on the *Jenkins’s-Ear Question*, are quite in a bad way. In an ominously bad. Why cannot we draw a veil over these things!” —

2. *Pitt, and the Hour of Tide*. “The fidgetings and shufflings, the subtleties, inane trickeries, and futile hitherings and thitherings of Newcastle may be imagined: a man not incapable of trick; but anxious to be well with everybody; and to answer Yes *and* No to almost everything, — and not a little puzzled, poor soul, to get through, in that impossible way! Such a paralysis of wriggling imbecility fallen over England, in this great crisis of its fortunes, as is still painful to contemplate: and indeed it has been mostly shaken out of mind by the modern Englishman; who tries to laugh at it, instead of weeping and considering, which would better beseem. Pitt speaks with a tragical vivacity, in all ingenious dialects, lively though serious; and with a depth of sad conviction, which is apt to be slurred over and missed altogether by a modern reader. Speaks as if this brave English Nation were about ended; little or no hope left for it; here a gleam of possibility, and there a gleam, which soon vanishes again in the fatal murk of impotencies, do-nothingisms. Very sad to the heart

of Pitt. A once brave Nation arrived at its critical point, and doomed to higgie and puddle there till it drown in the gutters: considerably tragical to Pitt; who is lively, ingenious, and, though not quitting the Parliamentary tone for the Hebrew-Prophetic, far more serious than the modern reader thinks.

“In Walpole’s Book¹ there is the liveliest Picture of this dismal Parliamentary Hellbroth, — such a Mother of Dead Dogs as one has seldom looked into! For the Hour is great; and the Honorable Gentlemen, I must say, are small. The hour, little as you dream of it, my Honorable Friends, is pregnant with questions that are immense. Wide Continents, long Epochs and Æons hang on this poor jargoning of yours; the Eternal Destinies are asking their much-favored Nation, ‘Will you, can you?’ — much-favored Nation is answering in that manner. Astonished at its own stupidity, and taking refuge in laughter. The Eternal Destinies are very patient with some Nations; and can disregard their follies, for a long while; and have their Cromwell, have their Pitt, or what else is essential, ready for the poor Nation, in a grandly silent way!

“Certain it is, — though how could poor Newcastle know it at all! — here is again the hour of tide for England. Tide is full again; has been flowing long hundreds of years, and is full: certain, too, that time and tide wait on no man or nation. In a dialect different from Cromwell’s or Pitt’s, but with a sense true to theirs, I call it the Eternal Destinies knocking at England’s door again: ‘Are you ready for the crisis, birth-point of long Ages to you, which is now come?’ Greater question had not been, for centuries past. None to be named with it since that high Spiritual Question (truly a much higher, and which was in fact the *parent* of this and of all of high and great that lay ahead), which England and Oliver Cromwell were there to answer: ‘Will you hold by Consecrated Formulas, then, you English, and expect salvation from traditions of the elders; or are you for Divine Realities, as the one sacred and indispensable thing?’ Which they did

¹ *Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of George II.*

answer, in what way we know. Truly the Highest Question ; which if a Nation can answer *well*, it will grow in this world, and may come to be considerable, and to have many high Questions to answer, — this of Pitt's, for example. And the Answers given do always extend through coming ages ; and do always bear harvests, accursed or else blessed, according as the Answers were. A thing awfully true, if you have eye for it ; — a thing to make Honorable Gentlemen serious, even in the age of percussion-caps ! No, my friend, Newcastleisms, impious Poltrooneries, in a Nation, do not die : — neither (thank God) do Cromwellisms and pious Heroisms ; but are alive for the poor Nation, even in its somnambulancies, in its stupidest dreams. For Nations have their somnambulancies ; and, at any rate, the questions put to Nations, in different ages, vary much. Not in any age, or turning-point in History, had England answered the Destinies in such a dialect as now under its Newcastle and National Palaver."

3. *Of Walpole, as Recording Angel.* "Walpole's *George the Second* is a Book of far more worth than is commonly ascribed to it ; almost the one original English Book yet written on those times, — which, by the accident of Pitt, are still memorable to us. But for Walpole, — burning like a small steady light there, shining faithfully, if stingily, on the evil and the good, — that sordid muddle of the Pelham Parliaments, which chanced to be the element of things now recognizable enough as great, would be forever unintelligible. He is unusually accurate, punctual, lucid ; an irrefragable authority on English points. And if, in regard to Foreign, he cannot be called an understanding witness, he has read the best Documents accessible, has conversed with select Ambassadors (Mitchell and the like, as we can guess) ; and has informed himself to a degree far beyond most of his contemporaries. In regard to Pitt's Speeches, in particular, his brief jottings, done rapidly while the matter was still shining to him, are the only Reports that have the least human resemblance. We may thank Walpole that Pitt is not dumb to us, as well as dark. Very curious little scratchings and etchings, those of Walpole :

frugal, swift, but punctual and exact; hasty pen-and-ink outlines; at first view, all barren; bald as an invoice, seemingly; but which yield you, after long study there and elsewhere, a conceivable notion of what and how excellent these Pitt Speeches may have been. Airy, winged, like arrow-flights of Phœbus Apollo; very superlative Speeches indeed. Walpole's Book is carefully printed, — few errors in it like that 'Chapeau' for *Chasot*," which readers remember: — "but, in respect to editing, may be characterized as still wanting an Editor. A Book *unedited*; little but lazy ignorance of a very hopeless type, thick contented darkness, traceable throughout in the marginal part. No attempt at an Index, or at any of the natural helps to a reader now at such distance from it. Nay, till you have at least marked, on the top of each page, what Month and Year it actually is, the Book cannot be read at all, — except by an idle creature, doing worse than nothing under the name of reading!"

4. *Pitt's Speeches, foreshadowing What.* "It is a kind of epoch in your studies of modern English History when you get to understand of Pitt's Speeches, that they are not Parliamentary Eloquences, but things which with his whole soul he means, and is intent to *do*. This surprising circumstance, when at last become undeniable, makes, on the sudden, an immense difference for the Speeches and you! Speeches are not a thing of high moment to this Editor; it is the Thing spoken, and how far the speaker means to do it, that this Editor inquires for. Too many Speeches there are, which he hears admired all round, and has privately to entertain a very horrid notion of! Speeches, the finest in quality (were quality really 'fine' conceivable in such case), which *want* a corresponding fineness of source and intention, corresponding nobleness of purport, conviction, tendency; these, if we will reflect, are frightful instead of beautiful. Yes; — and always the frightfuler, the 'finer' they are; and the faster and farther they go, sowing themselves in the dim vacancy of men's minds. For Speeches, like all human things, though the fact is now little remembered, do always rank themselves as forever blessed, or as forever unblessed. Sheep or goats; on the right hand of the

Final Judge, or else on the left. There are Speeches which can be called true; and, again, Speeches which are not true:—Heavens, only think what these latter are! Sacked wind, which you are intended to *sow*,—that you may reap the whirlwind! After long reading, I find Chatham's Speeches to be what he pretends they are: true, and worth speaking then and there. Noble indeed, I can call them with you: the highly noble Foreshadow, necessary preface and accompaniment of Actions which are still nobler. A very singular phenomenon within those walls, or without!

“Pitt, though nobly eloquent, is a Man of Action, not of Speech; an authentically Royal kind of Man. And if there were a Plutarch in these times, with a good deal of leisure on his hands, he might run a Parallel between Friedrich and Chatham. Two radiant Kings: very shining Men of Action both; both of them hard bested, as the case often is. For your born King will generally have, if not “all Europe against him,” at least pretty much all the Universe. Chatham's course to Kingship was not straight or smooth,—as Friedrich, too, had his well-nigh fatal difficulties on the road. Again, says the Plutarch, they are very brave men both; and of a clearness and veracity peculiar among their contemporaries. In Chatham, too, there is something of the flash of steel; a very sharp-cutting, penetrative, rapid individual, he too; and shaped for action, first of all, though he has to talk so much in the world. Fastidious, proud, no King could be prouder, though his element is that of Free-Senate and Democracy. And he has a beautiful poetic delicacy, withal; great tenderness in him, playfulness, grace; in all ways, an airy as well as a solid loftiness of mind. Not born a King,—alas, no, not officially so, only naturally so; has his kingdom to seek. The Conquering of Silesia, the Conquering of the Pelham Parliaments— But we will shut up the Plutarch with time on his hands.

“Pitt's Speeches, as I spell them from Walpole and the other faint tracings left, are full of genius in the vocal kind, far beyond any Speeches delivered in Parliament: serious always, and the very truth, such as he has it; but going in

many dialects and modes; full of airy flashings, twinkles and coruscations. Sport, as of sheet-lightning glancing about, the bolt lying under the horizon; bolt *hidden*, as is fit, under such a horizon as he had. A singularly radiant man. Could have been a Poet, too, in some small measure, had he gone on that line. There are many touches of genius, comic, tragic, lyric, something of humor even, to be read in those Shadows of Speeches taken down for us by Walpole. . . .

"In one word, Pitt, shining like a gleam of sharp steel in that murk of contemptibilities, is carefully steering his way towards Kingship over it. Tragical it is (especially in Pitt's case, first and last) to see a Royal Man, or Born King, wading towards his throne in such an element. But, alas, the Born King (even when he tries, which I take to be the rarer case) so seldom can arrive there at all; — sinful Epochs there are, when Heaven's curse has been spoken, and it is that awful Being, the Born Sham-King, that arrives! Pitt, however, does it. Yes; and the more we study Pitt, the more we shall find he does it in a peculiarly high, manful and honorable as well as dexterous manner; and that English History has a right to call him 'the acme and highest man of Constitutional Parliaments; the like of whom was not in any Parliament called Constitutional, nor will again be.'"

Well, probably enough; too probably! But what it more concerns us to remember here, is the fact, That in these dismal shufflings which have been, Pitt—in spite of Royal dislikes and Newcastle peddlings and chicaneries—has been actually in Office, in the due topmost place, the poor English Nation ardently demanding him, in what ways it could. Been in Office; — and is actually out again, in spite of the Nation. Was without real power in the Royal Councils; though of noble promise, and planting himself down, hero-like, evidently bent on work, and on ending that unutterable "St.-Vitus's-dance" that had gone so high all round him. Without real power, we say; and has had no permanency. Came in 11th-19th November, 1756; thrown out 5th April, 1757. After six months' trial, the St. Vitus finds that it cannot do with him; and will prefer going on again. The last act his Royal High-

ness of Cumberland did in England was to displace Pitt: "Down you, I am the man!" said Royal Highness; and went to the Weser Countries on those terms.

Would the reader wish to see, in summary, what Pitt's Offices have been, since he entered on this career about thirty years ago? Here, from our Historian, is the List of them in order of time; *Stages of Pitt's Course*, he calls it:—

1°. "*December, 1734*, Comes into Parliament, age now twenty-six; Cornet in the Blues as well; being poor, and in absolute need of some career that will suit. *April, 1736*, makes his First Speech:—Prince Frederick the subject,—who was much used as battering-ram by the Opposition; whom perhaps Pitt admired for his madrigals, for his Literary patronizings, and favor to the West-Wickham set. Speech, full of airy lightning, was much admired. Followed by many, with the lightning getting denser and denser; always on the Opposition side [once on the *Jenkins's-Ear Question*, as we saw, when the Gazetteer Editor spelt him Mr. Pitts]: so that Majesty was very angry, sulky Public much applausive; and Walpole was heard to say, 'We must muzzle, in some way, that terrible Cornet of Horse!'—but could not, on trial; this man's 'price,' as would seem, being awfully high! *August–October, 1744*, Sarah Duchess of Marlborough bequeathed him £10,000 as Commissariat equipment in this his Campaign against the Mud-gods,¹—glory to the old Heroine for so doing! Which lifted Pitt out of the Cornetcy or Horse-guards element, I fancy; and was as the nailing of his Parliamentary colors to the mast.

2°. "*February 14th, 1746*, Vice-Treasurer for Ireland: on occasion of that Pelham-Granville 'As-you-were!' (Carteret Ministry, which lasted One Day), and the slight shufflings that were necessary. Now first in Office,—after such Ten Years of colliding and conflicting, and fine steering in difficult waters. Vice-Treasurer for Ireland: and 'soon after, on Lord Wilmington's death,' *Paymaster of the Forces*. Continued Paymaster about nine years. Rejects, quietly and totally, the big income derivable from Interest of Government Moneys lying delayed

¹ Thackeray, i. 138.

in the Paymaster's hand ('Dishonest, I tell you!') — and will none of it, though poor. Not yet high, still low over the horizon, but shining brighter and brighter. Greatly contemptuous of Newcastle and the Platitudes and Poltrooneries; and still a good deal in the Opposition strain, and *not* always tempering the wind to the shorn lamb. For example, Pitt (still Paymaster) to Newcastle on King of the Romans Question (1752 or so): 'You engage for Subsidies, not knowing their extent; for Treaties, not knowing the terms!' — 'What a bashaw!' moan Newcastle and the top Officials. 'Best way is, don't mind it,' said Mr. Stone [one of their terriers, — a hard-headed fellow, whose brother became Primate of Ireland by and by].

3°. "*November 20th, 1755, Thrown out: — on Pelham's death, and the general hurly-burly in Official regions, and change of partners with no little difficulty, which had then ensued! Sir Thomas Robinson,*" our old friend, "*made Secretary, — not found to answer. Pitt sulkily looking on America, on Minorca; on things German, on things in general; warily set on returning, as is thought; but How? Fox to Pitt: 'Will you join me?' — Pitt: 'No,' — with such politeness, but in an unmistakable way! Ten months of consummate steering on the part of Pitt; Chancellor Hardwicke coming as messenger, he among others; Pitt's answer to him dexterous, modestly royal. Pitt's bearing, in this grand juncture and crisis, is royal, his speakings and also his silences notably fine. October 20th, 1756: to Newcastle face to face, 'I will accept no situation under your Grace!' — and, about that day month, comes in, on his own footing. That is to say,*

"*November 19th, 1756, to England's great comfort, Sees himself Secretary of State (age now just forty-eight). Has pretty much all England at his back; but has, in face of him, Fox, Newcastle and Company, offering mere impediment and discouragement; Royal Highness of Cumberland looking deadly sour. Till finally,*

"*April 5th, 1757, King bids him resign; Royal Highness setting off for Germany the second day after. Pitt had been in rather more than Four months. England, at that time a*

silent Country in comparison, knew not well what to do; took to offering him Freedoms of Corporations in very great quantity. Town after Town, from all the four winds, sympathetically firing off, upon a misguided Sacred Majesty, its little Box, in this oblique way, with extraordinary diligence. Whereby, after six months bombardment by Boxes, and also by Events, *June 29th, 1757* — We will expect June 29th.¹

In these sad circumstances, Preparations so called have been making for Hanover, for America; — such preparations as were never seen before. Take only one instance; let one be enough: —

“By the London Gazette, well on in February, 1756, we learn that Lord Loudon, a military gentleman of small faculty, but of good connections, has been nominated to command the Forces in America; and then, more obscurely, some days after, that another has been nominated: — one of them ought certainly to make haste out, if he could; the French, by account, have 25,000 men in those countries, with real officers to lead them! Haste out, however, is not what this Lord Loudon or his rival can make. In March, we learn that Lord Loudon has been again nominated; in an improved manner, this time; — and still does not look like going. ‘Again nominated, why again?’ Alas, reader, there have been hysterical fidgetings in a high quarter; internal shiftings and shufflings, contradictions, new proposals, one knows not what.² One asks only: How is the business ever to be done, if you cannot even settle what imbecile is to go and try it?

“Seldom had Country more need of a Commander than America now. America itself is of willing mind; and surely has resources, in such a Cause; but is full of anarchies as well: the different States and sections of it, with their discrepant Legislatures, their half-drilled Militias, pulling each a different way, there is, as in the poor Mother Country, little result except of the St.-Vitus kind. In some Legislatures are anarchic Quakers, who think it unpermissible to fight with

¹ Thackeray, i. 231, 264; Almon, *Anecdotes of Pitt* (London, 1810); i. 151, 182, 218.

² *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1756, pp 92, 150, 359, 450.

those hectoring French, and their tail of scalping Indians; and that the 'method of love' ought to be tried with them. What is to become of those poor people, if not even a Lord Loudon can get out?"

The result was, Lord Loudon had not in his own poor person come to hand in America till August, 1756, Season now done; and could only write home, "All is St. Vitus out here! Must have reinforcement of 10,000 men!" "Yes," answers Pitt, who is now in Office: "you shall have them; and we will take Cape Breton, please Heaven!" — but was thrown out; and by the wriggings that ensued, nothing of the 10,000 reached Lord Loudon till Season 1757 too was done. Nor did they then stead his Lordship much, then or afterwards; who never took Cape Breton, nor was like doing it; — but wriggled to and fro a good deal, and revolved on his axis, according to pattern given. And set (what chiefly induces us to name him here) his not reverent enough Subordinate, Lord Charles Hay, our old Fontenoy friend, into angry impatient quizzing of him; — and by and by into Court-Martial for such quizzing.¹ Court-Martial, which was much puzzled by the case; and could decide nothing, but only adjourn and adjourn; — as we will now do, not mentioning Lord Loudon farther, or the numerous other instances at all.²

Pitt, we just saw, far from being confirmed and furthered, has been thrown out by Royal Highness of Cumberland, the last thing before crossing to that exquisite Weser Problem. "Nothing now left at home to hinder *us* and our Hanover and Weser Problem!" thinks Royal Highness. No, indeed: a comfortable pacific No-government, or Battle of the Four Elements, left yonder; the Anarch Old wagging his addle head over it; ready to help everybody, and bring fire and water,

¹ Peerage Books, § Tweeddale.

² "1st May, 1760, Major-General Lord Charles Hay died" (*Gentleman's Magazine* of Year); and his particular Court-Martial could adjourn for the last time. — "I wrote something for Lord Charles," said the great Johnson once, many years afterwards; "and I thought he had nothing to fear from a Court-Martial. I suffered a great loss when he died: he was a mighty pleasing man in conversation, and a reading man" (Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, under date, "3d April, 1776").

and Yes and No, into holy matrimony, if he could! — Let us return to Prag. Only one remark more; upon “April 5th.” That was the Day of Pitt’s Dismissal at St. James’s: and I find, at Schönbrunn it is likewise the day when *Reichs-Hofrath* (Kaiser in Privy Council) decides, in respect to Friedrich, that Ban of the Reich must be proceeded with, and recommends Reich’s Diet to get through with the same.¹ Official England ordering its Pitt into private life, and Official Teutschland its Friedrich into outlawry (“Be quiet henceforth, both of you!”) — are, by chance, synchronous phenomena.

Phenomena of Prag Siege: — Prag Siege is interrupted.

Friedrich’s Siege of Prag proved tedious beyond expectation. In four days he had done that exploit in 1744; but now, to the world’s disappointment, in as many weeks he cannot. Nothing was omitted on his part: he seized all egresses from Prag, rapidly enough; had beset them with batteries, on the very night or morrow of the Battle; every egress beset, cannon and ruin forbidding any issue there. On the 9th of May, cannonading began; proper siege-cannon and ammunition, coming up from Dresden, were completely come May 19th; after which the place is industriously battered, bombarded with red-hot balls; but except by hunger, it will not do. Prag as a fortress is weak, but as a breastwork for 50,000 men it is strong. The Austrians tried sallies; but these availed nothing, — very ill-conducted, say some. The Prussians, more than once, had nearly got into the place by surprisal; but, owing to mere luck of the Austrians, never could, — say the same parties.²

A *Diarium* of Prag Siege is still extant, Two *Diariums*; punctual diurnal account, both Austrian and Prussian: ³ which it is far from our intention to inflict on readers, in this haste. Siege lasted six weeks; four weeks extremely hot, — from May 19th, when the proper artilleries, in complete state, got

¹ *Helden-Geschichte* (Reichs-Procedures, *ubi supra*).

² Archenholtz, i. 85, 87.

³ In *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 42–56, Prussian *Diarium*; ib. 73–86, Austrian.

23d-24th May, 1757.

up from Dresden. Line of siege-works, or intermittent series of batteries, is some twelve miles long; from Branik southward to beyond the Belvedere northward, on both sides of the Moldau. King's Camp is on the Ziscaberg; Keith's on the Lorenz Berg, embracing and commanding the Weissenberg; there are two Bridges of communication, Branik and Podoli: King lodges in the Parsonage of Michel, — the busiest of all the sons of Adam; what a set of meditations in that Parsonage! The Besieged, 46,000 by count, offer to surrender Prag on condition of "Free withdrawal:" "No; you shall engage, such of you as won't enlist with us, not to serve against me for six years." Here are some select Specimens; Prussian chiefly, in an abridged state: —

"*May 19th*, No sooner was our artillery come (all the grounds and beds for it had been ready beforehand), than as evening fell, it began to play in terrific fashion."

"*Night of the 23d-24th May*, There broke out a furious sally; their first, and much their hottest, say the Prussians: a very serious affair; — which fell upon Keith's quarter, west side of the Moldau. Sally, say something like 10,000 strong; picked men all, and strengthened with half a pound of horse-flesh each" (unluckily without salt): judge what the common diet must have been, when that was generous! "No salt to it; but a fair supplement of brandy. Browne, from his bed of pain (died 26th June), had been strongly urgent. Aim is, To force the Prussian lines, by determination and the help of darkness, in some weak point: the whole Army, standing ranked on the walls, shall follow, if things go well; and storm itself through, — away Daun-wards, across the River by Podoli Bridge.

"Sally broke out between 1 and 2 A.M.; but we had wind of it, and were on the alert. Sally tried on this place and on that; very furious in places, but could not anywhere prevail. The tussling lasted for near six hours (Prince Ferdinand" of Preussen, King's youngest Brother, "and others of us, getting hurts and doing exploits), — till, about 7 A.M., it was wholly swept in, with loss of 1,000 dead. Upon which, their whole Army retired to its quarters, in a hopeless condition.

Escape impossible. Near 50,000 of them; but in such a posture. Provision of bread, the spies say, is not scarce, unless the Prussians can burn it, which they are industriously trying (diligent to learn where the Magazines are, and to fire incessantly upon the same): plenty of meal hitherto; but for butcher's-meat, only what we saw. Forage nearly done, and 12,000 horses standing in the squares and market-places, — not even stabling for them, not to speak of food or work, — slaughtering and salting [if one but had salt!] the one method. Horse-flesh two kreutzers a pound; rises gradually to double that value.

“*May 29th*, About sunset there came a furious burst of weather: rain-torrents mixed with battering hail; — some flaw of water-spout among the Hills; for it lasted hour on hour, and Moldau came down roaring double-deep, above a hundred yards too wide each way; with cargoes of ruin, torn-up trees, drowned horses; which sorely tried our Bridge at Branik. Bridge, half of it, did break away (Friedrich's half, forty-four pontoons; Keith's people got their end of the Bridge doubled in and saved): the Austrians, in Prag, fished out twenty-four of Friedrich's pontoons; the other twenty we caught at our Bridge of Podoli, farther down. A most wild night for the Prussian Army in tents; and indeed for Prag itself, the low parts of which were all under water; unfortunate individuals getting drowned in the cellars; and, still more important, a great deal of Austrian meal, which had been carried thither, to be safe from the red-hot balls.

“It was thought the Austrians, our Bridge being down, might try a sally again. To prevent which, hardly was the rain done, when, on our part, a rocket flew aloft; and there began on the City, from all sides, a deluge of bombs and red-hot balls. So that the still-dripping City was set fire to, in various parts: and we could hear [what this Editor never can forget] the *Weh-Klagen* (wail) of the Townsfolk as they tried to quench it, and it always burst out again. The fire-deluge lasted for six hours.” — Human *Weh-Klagen*, through the hollow of Night, audible to the Prussians and us: “Woe's me! water-deluges, then fire-deluges; death on every hand!”

According to the Austrian accounts, there perished, by bursting of bomb-shells, falling of walls, by hunger and other misery and hurts, "above 9,000 Townsfolk in this Siege." Yes, my Imperial friends; War is not a thing of streamering and ornamental trumpeting alone; War is an inexorable, dangerously incalculable thing. Is it not a terrible question, at whose door lies the beginning of a War!

"June 5th, 12,000 poor people of Prag were pushed out: 'Useless mouths, will you contrive to disappear some way!' But, after haggling about all day, they had to be admitted in again, under penalty of being shot.

"June 8th, City looking black and ruinous, whole of the Neustadt in ashes; few houses left in the Jew Town; in the Altstadt the fire raged on (*wüthete fort*). Nothing but ruin and confusion over there; population hiding in cellars, getting killed by falling buildings. Bürgermeister and Townsfolk besiege Prince Karl, 'For the Virgin's sake, have pity on us, Your Serenity!' Poor Prince Karl has to be deaf, whatever his feelings.

"He was diligent in attending mass, they say: he alone of the Princes, of whom there were several; two Saxon Princes among others, Prince Xavier the elder of them, who will be heard of again. A profane set, these, lodging in the *Clementinum* [vast Jesuit Edifice, which had been cleared out for them, and "the windows filled with dung outside," against balls]: there, with wines of fine vintage, and cookeries plentiful and exquisite, that know nothing of famine outside, they led an idle disorderly life, — ran races in the long corridors [not so bad a course], dressed themselves in Priests' vestures [which are abundant in such locality], and made travesties and mummeries of Holy Religion; the wretched creatures, defying despair, as buccaneers might when their ship is sinking. To surrender, everything forbids; of escape, there is no possibility.¹

"June 9th, The bombardment abates; a *Laboratorium* of our own flew aloft by some spark or accident; and killed thirteen men.

¹ Archenholtz, i. 86; *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 73-84.

"*June 15th*, From the King's Camp a few bombs [King himself now gone] kindled the City in three places : " — but there is, by this time, new game afield ; Prag Siege awaiting its decision not at Prag, but some way off.

Friedrich has been doing his utmost ; diligent, by all methods, to learn where the Austrian Magazines were, that is, on what special edifices and localities shot might be expended with advantage ; and has fired into these "about 12,000 bombs." Here is a small thing still remembered : —

"Spies being, above all, essential in this business, Friedrich had bethought him of one Käsebier, a supreme of House-breakers, whom he has, safe with a ball at his ankle, doing forced labor at Spandau [in Stettin, if it mattered]. Käsebier was actually sent for, pardon promised him if he could do the State a service. Käsebier smuggled himself twice, perhaps three times, into Prag ; but the fourth time he did not come back." ¹ Another Note says : "Käsebier was a Tailor, and Son of a Tailor, in Halle ; and the expertest of Thieves. Had been doing forced labor, in Stettin, since 1748 ; twice did get into Prag ; third time, vanished. A highly celebrated Prussian thief ; still a myth among the People, like Dick Turpin or Cartouche, except that his was always theft without violence." ²

We learn vaguely that the price of horse-flesh in Prag has risen to double ; famine very sore : but still one hears nothing of surrender. And again there is vague rumor that the City may be as it will ; but that the Garrison has meal, after all we have ruined, which will last till October. Such a Problem has this King : soluble within the time ; or not soluble ? Such a question for the whole world, and for himself more than any.

¹ Retzow, i. 108 n.

² Preuss, ii. 57 n.

CHAPTER IV.

BATTLE OF KOLIN.

ON and after June 9th, the bombardment at Prag abated, and never rose to briskness again; the place of trial for decision of that Siege having fitted else-whither, as we said. About that time, rumors came in, not so favorable, from the Duke of Bevern; which Friedrich, strong in hope, strove visibly to disbelieve, but at last could not. Bevern reports that Daun is actually coming on, far too strong for his resisting; — in other terms, that the Siege of Prag will not decide itself by bombardment, but otherwise and elsewhere. Of which we must now give some account; brief as may be, especially in regard to the preliminary or marching part.

Daun, whose light troops plundered Brandeis (almost within wind of the Prussian Rear) on the day while Prag Battle was fighting, had, on that fatal event, gradually drawn back to Czaslau, a place we used to know fifteen years ago; and there, or in those neighborhoods, defensively manœuvring, and hanging upon Kuttенberg, Kolin, especially upon his Magazine of Suchdol, Daun, always rather drawing back, with Brunswick-Bevern vigilantly waiting on him, has continued ever since; diligently recruiting himself; ranking the remains of the right wing defeated at Prag; drawing regiments out of Mähren, or whencesoever to be had. Till, by these methods, he is grown 60,000 strong; nearly thrice superior to Bevern; though being a “Fabius Cunctator” (so called by and by), he as yet attempts nothing. Forty thousand in Prag, with Sixty here in the Czaslau Quarter,¹ that makes 100,000; say his Prussian Majesty has two-thirds of the number: can the Fabius Cunctator attempt nothing, before Prag utterly famish?

¹ Tempelhof, i. 196; Retzow (i. 107, 109) counts 46,000 + 66,000.

Order comes to him from Vienna: "Rescue Prag; straight-way go upon it, cost what it like!" Daun does go upon it; advances visibly towards Prag, Bevern obliged to fall back in front of him. Sunday, 12th June, Daun despatches several Officers to Prince Karl at Prag, with notice that, "On the 20th, Monday come a week, he will be in the neighborhood of Prag with this view: — they, of course, to sally out, and help from rearward." "Several Officers, under various disguises," go with that message, June 12th; but none of them could get into the City; and some of them, I judge, must have fallen into the Prussian Hussar Parties: — at any rate, the news they carried did get into the Prussian circuit, and produced an instant resolution there. Early next morning, Monday 13th, King Friedrich, with what disposable force is on the spot, — 10,000 capable of being spared from siege-work, and 4,000 more that will be capable of following, under Prince Moritz, in two days, — sets forth in all speed. Joins Bevern that same night; at Kaurzim, thirty-five miles off, which is about midway from Prag to Czaslau, and only three miles or so from Daun's quarters that night, — had the King known it, which he did not.

Daun must be instantly gone into; and shall, — if he is there at all, and not fallen back at the first rumor of us, as Friedrich rather supposes. In any case, there are preliminaries indispensable: the 4,000 of Prince Moritz still to come up; secondly, bread to be had for us, which is baking at Nimburg, across the Elbe, twenty miles off; lastly (or rather firstly, and most indispensable of all), Daun to be reconnoitred. Friedrich reconnoitres Daun with all diligence; pushes on everything according to his wont; much obstructed in the reconnoitring by Pandour clouds, under which Daun has veiled himself, which far outnumber our small Hussar force. Daun, as usual, — showing always great skill in regard to camps and positions, — has planted himself in difficult country: a little river with its boggy pools in front; behind and around, an intricate broken country of knolls and swamps, one ridge in it which they even call a *Berg* or Hill, Kamhayek Berg; not much of a Hill after all, but forming a long backbone to the

locality, west end of it straight behind Daun's centre, at present. Friedrich's position is from north to south; like Daun's, taking advantage of what heights and brooks there are; and edging northward to be near his bread-ovens: right wing still holds by Kaurzim, left wing looking down on Planian, a little Town on the High Road (*Kaiser-Strasse*) from Prag to Vienna. Little Town destined to get up its name in a day or two, — next little Town to which, twelve miles farther on, is Kolin, secretly destined to become and continue still more famous among mankind. Kolin is close to the Elbe, left or south bank; Elbe hereabouts strikes into his long northwestern course (to Wittenberg all the way; Pirna, say 150 miles off, is his half-way house in that direction); — strikes off northward hereabouts, making for Nimburg, among other places: Planian, right south of Nimburg, is already fifteen good miles from Elbe.

This is Friedrich's position, Wednesday, June 15th and the day following; somewhat nearer his ovens than yesterday. Daun is yet parallel to him, has his centre behind Swoyschitz, an insignificant Village at the foot of those Kamhayek Heights, which is, ever since, to be found in Maps. Friday, 17th, Friedrich's bread-wagons and 4,000 having come in, as doubtless the Pandours report in the proper place, Daun does not quite like his strong position any more, but would prefer a stronger. Friday about sunset, "great clouds of dust" rise from Daun: changing his position, the Prussians see, if for Pandours and gathering darkness they can at present see little else. Daun, truly, observing the King to have in that manner edged up, towards Planian, is afraid of his right wing from such a neighbor. So that the reader must take his Map again. Or, if he care not for such things, let him skip, and leave me solitary to my sad function; till we can meet on easier ground, and report the battle which ensued. Daun hustles his right wing back out of that dangerous proximity; wheels his whole right wing and centre ninety degrees round, so as to reach out now towards Kolin, and lie on the north slope of the Kamhayek ridge; places his left wing *en potence* (gibbet-wise), hanging round the western end of said Kamhayek, its southern ex-

tremity at Swoyschitz, its northern at Hradenin, where (not a mile from Planian) his right wing had formerly been; — with other intricate movements not worth following, under my questionable guidance, on a Map with unpronounceable names. Enough to say that Daun's right wing is now far east at Krzeczhorz, well beyond Chotzemitz, whereabouts his centre now comes to stand (and most of his horse *there*, both the wings being hilly and rough, unfit for horse); — and that, this being nearly the last of Daun's shiftings and hustlings for the present, or indeed in essential respects the very last, readers may as well note the above main points in it.

Hustled into this still stronger place, with wheeling and shoving, which lasted to a late hour, Daun composes himself for the night. He lies now, with centre and right looking northward, pretty much parallel to the Planian-Kolin or Prag-Vienna Highway, and about a mile south of the same; extreme posts extending almost to Kolin on that side; left wing well planted *en potence*; Kamhayek ridge, north face and west end of it, completely his on both the exposed or Anti-Prussian faces. Friedrich feels uncertain whether he has not gone his ways altogether; but proposes to ascertain by break of day.

By break of day Friedrich starts, having cleared off certain Pandour swarms visible in places of difficulty, who go on first notice, and without shot fired.¹ Marches through Planian in two columns, along the Kolin Highway and to north of it; marches on, four or five miles farther, nothing visible but the skirts of retiring Pandours, — "Daun's rear-guard probably?" — Friedrich himself is with Ziethen, who has the vanguard, as Friedrich's wont is, eagerly enough looking out; reaches a certain Inn on the wayside (*Wirthshaus* "of Slatislunz or *Golden-Sun*," say the Modern Books, — though I am driven

¹ Lloyd, i. 61 et seq. (or Tempelhof's Translation, i. 151-164); Tempelhof's own Account is, i. 179-196; Retzow's, i. 120-149 (fewer errors of detail than usual); Kutzen, *Der Tag von Kolin* (Breslau, 1857), a useful little compilation from many sources. Very incorrect most of the common accounts are; Kausler's *Schlachten*, Jomini, and the like.

to think it Novomiesto, nearer Planian; but will not quarrel on the subject); Inn of good height for one thing; and there, mounting to the top-story or perhaps the leads, deseries Daun, stretching far and wide, leant against the Kamhayek, in the summer morning. What a sight for Friedrich: "Big game *shall* be played, then; death sure, this day, to thousands of men: and to me — ? Well!"

Friedrich calls halt: rest here a little; to consider, examine, settle how. A hot close morning; rest for an hour or two, till our rear from Kaurzim come up: horses and men will be the better for it, — horses can have a mouthful of grass, mouthful of water; some of them "had no drink last night, so late in getting home." Poor quadrupeds, they also have to get into a blaze of battle-rage this day, and be blown to pieces a great many of them, — in a quarrel not of their seeking! Horse and rider are alike satisfied on that latter point; silently ready for the task *they* have; and deaf on questions that are bottomless.

At this Hostelry of Novomiesto (not of Slatishunz or "*Golden-Sun*" at all, which is a "Sun" fallen dismally eclipsed in other ways¹), Friedrich halted for three hours and more; saw Daun developing himself into new Order of Battle, "every part of his position visible;" considered with his whole might what was to be tried upon him; — and about noon, having made up his mind, called his Generals, in sight of the phenomenon itself there, to give them their various

¹ "The Inn of Slati-Slunz was burnt, about twenty years ago; nothing of it but the stone walls now dates from Friedrich's time. It is a biggish solid-looking House of two stories (whether ever of three, I could not learn); stands pleasantly, at the crown of a long rise from Kolin; — and inwardly, alas, in our day, offers little but bad smells and negative quantities! Only the ground-floor is now inhabited. From the front, your view northward, Nimburg way, across the Elbe Valley, is fertile, wide-waving, pretty: but rearward, upstairs, — having with difficulty got permission, — you find bare balks, tattered feathers, several hundredweight of pigeon's dung, and no outlook at all, except into walls of office-houses and the overhanging brow of Heights, — fatal clearly, to any view of Daun, even from a third story!" (*Tourist's Note*, 1858.) — Tempelhof (*ubi supra*) seems to have known the right place; not Retzow, or almost anybody since: and indeed the question, except for expressly Military people, is of no moment.

orders and injunctions in regard to the same. The Plan of Fight, which was thought then, and is still thought by everybody, an excellent one, — resting on the “oblique order of attack,” Friedrich’s favorite mode, — was, if the reader will take his Map, conceivable as follows.

Daun has by this time deployed himself; in three lines, or two lines and a reserve; on the high-lying Champaign south of the Planian-Kolin Great Road; south, say a mile, and over the crests of the rising ground, or Kamhayek ridge, so that from the Great Road you can see nothing of him. His line, swaying here and there a little, to take advantage of its ground, extends nearly five miles, from east to west; pointing towards Planian side, the left wing of it; from Planian, eastward, the way Friedrich has marched, Daun’s left wing may be four miles distant. On the other side, Daun’s right wing — main line always pretty parallel to the Highway, and pointing rather southward of Kolin — reaches to the small Hamlet of Krzeczhorz, which is two miles off Kolin. In front of his centre is a Village called Chotzemitz (from which for a while, in those months, the Battle gets its name, “Battle of Chotzemitz,” by Daun’s christening): in front of him, to right or to left of Chotzemitz, are some four or even six other Villages (dim rustic Hamlets, invisible from the High Road), every Village of which Daun has well beset with batteries, with good infantry, not to speak of Croat parties hovering about, or dismounted Pandours squatted in the corn. That easternmost Village of his is spelt “Krzeczhorz” (unpronounceable to mankind), a dirty little place; in and round which the Battle had its hinge or cardinal point: the others, as abstruse of spelling, all but equally impossible to the human organs, we will forbear to name, except in case of necessity. Half a mile behind Krzeczhorz (let us write it Kreczor, for the future: what can we do?), is a thin little Oak-wood, bushes mainly, but with sparse trees too, which is now quite stubbed out, though it was then important enough, and played a great part in the result of this day’s work. Radowesnitz, a pronounceable little Village, half a mile farther or southward of the Oak-bush, is beyond the extremity of Daun’s position; low down on a marshy little

Brook, which oozes through lakes and swamps towards Kolin, in the northerly direction.

Most or all of these Villages are on little Brooks (natural thirst so leading them): always some little runlet of water, not so swampy when there is any fall for it; in general lively when it gets over the ridge, and becomes visible from this Highway. And it is curious to see what a considerable dell, or green ascending chasm, this little thread of water, working at all moments for thousands of years, has hollowed out for itself in the sloping ground; making a great military obstacle, if you are mounting to attack there. Poor Czech Hamlets all of them, dirty, dark, mal-odorous, ignorant, abhorrent of German speech; — in what nook those inarticulate inhabitants, diving underground at a great rate this morning, have hidden themselves to-day, I know not. The country consists of knolls and slopes, with swamps intermediate; rises higher on the Planian side; but except the top of that Kamhayek ridge on the Planian side, and “Friedrich’s-Berg” on the Kolin side, there is nothing that you could think of calling a Hill, though many Books (and even Friedrich’s Book) rashly say otherwise. Friedrich’s-Berg, now so called, is on the north side of the Highway: half a mile northeastward of Slatislunz, the mal-odorous Inn. A conical height of perhaps a hundred and fifty feet; rises rather suddenly from the still-sloping ground, checking the slope there; on which the Austrian populations have built some memorial lately, notable to Tourists. Here Friedrich “stood during the Battle,” say they; and the Prussians “had a battery there.” Which remains uncertain to me, at least the battery part of it: that Friedrich himself was there, now and then, can be believed; but not that he kept “standing there” for long together. Friedrich’s-Berg does command some view of the Kreczor scene, which at times was cardinal, at others not: but Friedrich did not stand anywhere: “oftenest in the thick of the fire,” say those who saw.

Friedrich, from his Inn near Planian, seeing how Daun deploys himself, considers him impregnable on the left wing; impregnable, too, in front: not so on the Kreczor side, right

flank and rear; but capable of being rolled together, if well struck at there. Thither therefore; that is his vulnerable point. March along his front: quietly parallel in due Order of Battle, till we can bend round, and plunge in upon that. The Van, which consists of Ziethen's Horse and Hülßen's Infantry; Van, having faced to right at the proper moment and so become Left Wing, will attack Kreczor; probably carry it; each Division following will in like manner face to right when it arrives there, and fall on in regular succession in support of Hülßen (at Hülßen's right flank, if Hülßen be found prospering): our Right Wing is to refuse itself, and be as a Reserve, — no fighting on the road, you others, but steady towards Hülßen, in continual succession, all you; no facing round, no fighting anywhere, till we get thither: — "March!"

The word is given about 2 P.M.; and all, on the instant, is in motion; rolls steadily eastward, in two columns, which will become First Line and Second. One along the Highway, the second at due distance leftward on the green ground, no hedge or other obstacle obstructing in that part of the world. Daun's batteries, on the right, spit at them in passing, to no purpose; sputters of Pandour musketry, from coverts, there may be: Prussians finely disregarding, pass along; flowing tide-like towards *their* goal and place of choice. An impressive phenomenon in the sunny afternoon; with Daun expectant of them, and the Czech populations well hidden underground! —

Ziethen, vanmost of all, finds Nadasti and his Austrian squadrons drawn across the Highway, hitherward of the Kreczor latitude: Ziethen dashes on Nadasti; tumbles his squadrons and him away; clears the Road, and Kreczor neighborhood, of Nadasti: drives him quite into the hollow of Radowesnitz, where he stood inactive for the rest of the day. Hülßen now at the level of Kreczor (in the latitude of Kreczor, as we phrased it), halts, faces to right; stiffly presses up, opens his cannon-thunders, his bayonet-charges and platoon-fires upon Kreczor. Stiffly pressing up, in spite of the

violent counter-thunders, Hülsen does manage Kreezor without very much delay, completely enough, and like a workman; takes the battery, two batteries; overturns the Infantry;—in a word, has seized Kreezor, and, as new tenant, swept the old, and their litter, quite out. Of all which Ziethen has now the chase, and by no means will neglect that duty. Ziethen, driving the rout before him, has driven it in some minutes past the little Oak-wood above mentioned; and, or rather *but*,—what is much to be noted,—is there taken in flank with cannon-shot and musketry, Daun having put batteries and Croat parties in the Oak-wood; and is forced to draw bridle, and get out of range again.

Hülsen, advancing towards this little Oak-wood, is surprised to discover, not the wood alone, but a strong Austrian force, foot and horse, to rear of it;—such had been Daun's and Nadasti's precaution, on view of those Friedrich phenomena, flowing on from Planian, guessed to be hitherward. At sight, of which Wood and foot-party, Hülsen, no new Battalion having yet arrived to second him, pauses, merely cannonading from the distance, till new Battalions shall arrive. Unhappily they did not arrive, or not in due quantity at the set time,—for what reason, by what strange mistake? men still ask themselves. Probably by more mistakes than one. Enough, Hülsen struggling here all day, with reinforcements never adequate, did take the Wood, and then lose it; did take and lose this and that;—but was unable to make more of it than keep his ground thereabouts. A resolute man, says Retzow, but without invention of his own, or head to mend the mistakes of others. In and about Kreezor, Hülsen did maintain himself with more and more tenacity, till the general avalanche, fruit of sad mistakes swept *him*, quite spasmodically struggling at that period, off to the edge of it, and all the others clean away! Mistakes have been to rightwards, one or even two, the fruit of which, small at first, suffices to turn the balance, and ends in an avalanche, or precipitous descent of ruin on the Prussian side.

One mistake there was, miles westward on the right wing; due to Mannstein, our too impetuous Russian friend. Mann-

stein well to right, while marching forward according to order, has Croat musketry spitting upon him from amid the high corn, to an inconvenient extent: such was the common lot, which others had borne and disregarded: perhaps it was beyond the average on Mannstein, or Mannstein's patience was less infinite; any way it provoked Mannstein to boil over; and in an evil moment he said, "Extinguish me that Croat canaille, then!" Regiment Bornstedt faced to right, accordingly; took to extinguishing the Croat canaille, which of course fled at once, or squatted closer, but came back with reinforcements; drew Mannstein deeper in, fatally delayed Bornstedt, and proved widely ruinous. For now he stopped the way to those following him: regiments marching on to rear of Mannstein see Mannstein halted, volleying with the Austrians; ask themselves "How? Is there new order come? Attack to be in this point?" And successively fall on to support Mannstein, as the one clear point in such dubiety. So that the whole right wing from Regiment Bornstedt westward is storming up the difficult steeps, in hot conflict with the Austrians there, where success against them had been judged impracticable; — and there is now no reserve force anywhere to be applied to in emergency, for Hülsen's behoof or another's; and the Plan of Battle from Mannstein westward has been fatally overturned. Poor Mannstein, there is no doubt, committed this error, being too fiery a man. Surely to him it was no luxury, and he paid the smart for it in skin and soul: "badly wounded in this business;" nay, in direct sequel, not many weeks after, killed by it, as we shall see! —

To Mannstein's mistake, Friedrich himself, in his account of Kolin, mainly imputes the disaster that followed; and such, then and afterwards, was the universal judgment in military circles; loading the memory of too impetuous Mannstein with the whole.¹ Much talk there was in Prussian military circles; but there must also have been an admirable silence on the part of some. To Three Persons it was known that another strange incident had happened far ahead, far eastward, of Mannstein's position: incident which did not by any means tend to allevi-

¹ See Retzow, i. 135; Tempelhof, i. 214, 220.

ate, which could only strengthen and widen, the evil results of Mannstein; and which might have lifted part of the load from Mannstein's memory! Not till the present Century, after the lapse of almost fifty years, was this secret slowly dug out of silence, and submitted to modern curiosity.

The incident is this;—never whispered of for near fifty years (so silent were the three); and endlessly tossed about since that; the sense of it not understood till almost now.¹ The three parties were: King Friedrich; Moritz of Dessau, leading on the centre here; Moritz's young Nephew Franz, Heir of Dessau, a brisk lad of seventeen, learning War here as Aide-de-camp to Moritz: the exact spot is not known to me, — probably the ground near that Inn of Slatislunz, or Golden-Sun; between the foot of Friedrich's-Berg and that:—fact indubitable, though kept dark so long. Moritz is marching with the centre, or main battle, that way, intending to wheel and turn hillwards, Kreczor-wise, as per order, certain furlongs ahead; when Friedrich (having, so I can conceive it, seen from his Hill-top, how Hülßen had done Kreczor, altogether prosperous there; and what endless capability there was of prospering to all lengths and speeding the general winning, were Hülßen but supported soon enough, were there any safe short-cut to Hülßen) dashed from his Hill-top in hot haste towards Prince Moritz, General of the centre, intending to direct him upon such short-cut; and hastily said, with Olympian brevity and fire, "Face to right *here!*" With Jove-like brevity, and in such blaze of Olympian fire as we may imagine. Moritz himself is of brief, crabbed, fiery mind, brief in temper; and answers to the effect, "Impossible to attack the enemy here, your Majesty; postured as they are; and we with such orders gone abroad!" — "Face to right, I tell you!" said the King, still more Olympian, and too emphatic for explaining. Moritz, I hope, paused, but rather think he did not, before remonstrating the second time; neither perhaps was his voice so low as it should have been: it is certain Friedrich dashed quite up to Moritz at this second remonstrance, flashed

¹ See Retzow, i. 126; Berenhorst; &c. &c.;—then *finally*, Kutzen, pp. 99, 217.

out his sword (the only time he ever drew his sword in battle); and now, gone all to mere Olympian lightning and thunder-tone, asks in *this* attitude, "*Will Er* (Will He) obey orders, then?" — Moritz, fallen silent of remonstrance, with gloomy rapidity obeys.

Prince Franz, the young Nephew of Moritz, alone witnessed this scene; scene to be locked in threefold silence. In his old age, Franz had whispered it to Berenhorst, his bastard Half-Uncle, a famed military Critic, — who is still in the highest repute that way (Berenhorst's *Kriegskunst*, and other deep Books), and is recognizable, to *lay* readers, for an abstruse strong judgment; with equal strength of abstruse temper hidden behind it, and very privately a deep grudge towards Friedrich, scarcely repressible on opportunity. From Berenhorst it irrepressibly oozed out;¹ much more to Friedrich's disadvantage than it now looks when wholly seen into. Not change of plan, not ruinous caprice on Friedrich's part, as Berenhorst, Retzow and others would have it; only excess of brevity towards Moritz, and accident of the Olympian fire breaking out. Friedrich is chargeable with nothing, except perhaps (what Moritz knows the evil of) trying for a short-cut! Such is now the received interpretation. Prince Franz, to his last day, refused to speak again on the subject; judiciously repentant, we can fancy, of having spoken at all, and brought such a matter into the streets and their pie-powder adjudications.² For the present, he is Adjutant to Moritz, busy obeying to the letter.

Friedrich, withdrawing to his Height again, and looking back on Moritz, finds that he is making right in upon the Austrian line; which was by no means Friedrich's meaning, had not he been so brief. Friedrich, doubtless with pain, remembers now that he had said only, "Face to right!" and had then got into Olympian tempest, which left things dark to Moritz. "*Halb-links*, Half to left withal!" he despatches that new

¹ "Heinrich von Berenhorst [a natural son of the Old Dessauer's], in his *Betrachtungen über die Kriegskunst*, is the first that alludes to it in print (Leipzig, 1797, — page in *second* edition, 1798, is i. 219)."

² In *Kutzen*, pp. 217-237, a long dissertation on it.

order to Moritz, with the utmost speed: "Face to right; *then*, forward half to left." Had Moritz, at the first, got that commentary to his order, there had probably been no remonstrance on Moritz's part, no Olympian scene to keep silent; and Moritz, taking that diagonal direction from the first, had hit in at or below Kreczor, at the very point where he was needed. Alas for overhaste; short-cuts, if they are to be good, ought at least to be made clear! Moritz, on the new order reaching him, does instantly steer half-left: but he arrives now above Kreczor, strikes the Austrian line on this side of Kreczor; disjoined from Hülsen, where he can do no good to Hülsen: in brief, Moritz, and now the whole line with him, have to do as Mannstein and sequel are doing, attack in face, not in flank; and try what, in the proportion of one to two, uphill, and against batteries, they can make of it in that fashion!

And so, from right wing to left, miles long, there is now universal storm of volleying, bayonet-charging, thunder of artillery, case-shot, cartridge-shot, and sulphurous devouring whirlwind; the wrestle very tough and furious, especially on the assaulting side. Here, as at Prag, the Prussian troops were one and all in the fire; each doing strenuously his utmost, no complaint to be made of their performance. More perfect soldiers, I believe, were rarely or never seen on any field of war. But there is no reserve left: Mannstein and the rest, who should have been reserve, and at a General's disposal, we see what they are doing! In vain, or nearly so, is Friedrich's tactic or manœuvring talent; what now is there to manœuvre? All is now gone up into one combustion. To fan the fire, to be here, there, fanning the fire where need shows: this is now Friedrich's function; "everywhere in the hottest of the fight," that is all we at present know of him, invisible to us otherwise. This death-wrestle lasted perhaps four hours; till seven or towards eight o'clock in the June evening; the sun verging downwards; issue still uncertain.

And, in fact, at last the issue turned upon a hair;—such the empire of Chance in War matters. Cautious Daun, it is well known, did not like the aspect of the thing; cautious Daun thinks to himself, "If we get pushed back into that

Camp of yesternight, down the Kamhayek Heights, and right into the impassable swamps; the reverse way, Heights now *his*, not ours, and impassable swamps waiting to swallow us? Wreck complete, and surrender at discretion —!" Daun writes in pencil: "The retreat is to Suchdol" (Kuttenberg way, southward, where we have heights again and magazines); Daun's Aide-de-camp is galloping every-whither with that important Document; and Generals are preparing for retreat accordingly, — one General on the right wing has, visibly to Hülsen and us, his cannon out of battery, and under way rearwards; a welcome sight to Hülsen, who, with imperfect reinforcement, is toughly maintaining himself there all day.

And now the Daun Aide-de-camp, so Chance would have it, cannot find Nostitz the Saxon Commandant of Horse in that quarter; finds a "Saxon Lieutenant-Colonel B——" ("Benkendorf" all Books now write him plainly), who, by another little chance, had been still left there: "Can the Herr Lieutenant-Colonel tell me where General Nostitz is?" Benkendorf can tell; — will himself take the message: but Benkendorf looks into the important Pencil Document; thinks it premature, wasteful, and that the contrary is feasible! persuades Nostitz so to think; persuades this regiment and that (Saxon, Austrian, horse and foot); though the cannon in retreat go trundling past them: "Merely shifting their battery, don't you see: — Steady!" And, in fine, organizes, of Saxon and Austrian horse and foot in promising quantity (Saxons in great fury on the Pirna score, not to say the Striegau, and other old grudges), a new unanimous assault on Hülsen.

The assault was furious, and became ever more so; at length irresistible to Hülsen. Hülsen's horse, pressing on as to victory, are at last hurled back; could not be rallied;¹ fairly fled (some of them); confusing Hülsen's foot, — foot is broken, instantly ranks itself, as the manner of Prussians is; ranks itself in impromptu squares, and stands fiercely defensive again, amid the slashing and careering: wrestle of

¹ That of "*Racker, wollt ihr ewig leben*, Rascals, would you live forever?" with the "Fritz, for eight groschen, this day there has been enough!" — is to be counted pure myth; not unsuccessful, in its withered kind.

extreme fury, say the witnesses. "This for Striegau!" cried the Saxon dragoons, furiously sabring.¹ Yes; and is there nothing to account of Pirna, and the later scores? Scores unliquidated, very many still; but the end is, Hülßen is driven away; retreats, Parthian-like, down-hill, some space; whose sad example has to spread rightwards like a powder-train, till all are in retreat, — northward, towards Nimburg, is the road; — and the Battle of Kolin is finished.

Friedrich made vehement effort to rally the Horse, to rally this and that; but to no purpose: one account says he did collect some small body, and marched forth at the head of it against a certain battery; but, in his rear, man after man fell away, till Lieutenant-Colonel Grant (not "Le Grand," as some call him, and indeed there is an *accent* of Scotch in him, still audible to us here) had to remark, "Your Majesty and I cannot take the battery ourselves!" Upon which Friedrich turned round; and, finding nobody, looked at the Enemy through his glass, and slowly rode away² — on a different errand.

Seeing the Battle irretrievably lost, he now called Bevern and Moritz to him; gave them charge of the retreat — "To Nimburg; cross Elbe there [fifteen good miles away]; and in the defiles of Planian have especial care!" and himself rode off thitherward, his Garde-du-Corps escorting. Retzow says, "a swarm of fugitive horse-soldiers, baggage-people, grooms and led horses gathered in the train of him: these latter, at one point," Retzow has heard in Opposition circles, "rushed up, galloping: 'Enemy's hussars upon us!' and set the whole party to the gallop for some time, till they found the alarm was false."³ Of Friedrich we see nothing, except as if by cloudy moonlight in an uncertain manner, through this and the other small Anecdote, perhaps semi-mythical, and true only in the essence of it.

Daun gave no chase anywhere; on his extreme left he had, perhaps as preparative for chasing, ordered out the cavalry; "General Stampach and cavalry from the centre," with cannon, with infantry and appliances, to clear away the wrecks

¹ Archenholtz, i. 100.

² Retzow, i. 139.

³ Ib. i. 140

of Mannstein, and what still stands, to right of him, on the Planian Highway yonder. But Stampach found "obstacles of ground," wet obstacles and also dry, — Prussian posts, smaller and greater, who would not stir a hand-breadth: in fact, an altogether deadly storm of Negative, spontaneous on their part, from the indignant regiments thereabouts, King's First Battalion, and two others; who blazed out on Stampach in an extraordinary manner, tearing to shreds every attempt of his, themselves stiff as steel: "Die, all of us, rather than stir!" And, in fact, the second man of these poor fellows did die there.¹ So that Bevern, Commander in that part, who was absent speaking with the King, found on his return a new battle broken out; which he did not forbid but encourage; till Stampach had enough, and withdrew in rather torn condition. This, if this were some preparative for chasing, was what Daun did of it, in the cavalry way; and this was all. The infantry he strictly prohibited to stir from their position, — "No saying, if we come into the level ground, with such an enemy!" — and passed the night under arms. Far on our left, or what was once our left, Ziethen with all his squadrons, nay Hülsen with most of his battalions, continued steady on the ground; and marched away at their leisure, as rear-guard.

"It seemed," says Tempelhof, in splenetic tone, "as if Feldmarschall Daun, like a good Christian, would not suffer the sun to go down on his wrath. This day, nearly the longest in the year, he allowed the Prussian cavalry, which had beaten Nadasti, to stand quiet on the field till ten at night [till nine]; he did not send a single hussar in chase of the infantry. He stood all night under arms; and next day returned to his old Camp, as if he had been afraid the King would come back. Arriving there himself, he could see, about ten in the morning, behind Kaurzim and Planian, the whole Prussian Baggage fallen into such a coil that the wagons were with difficulty got on way again; nevertheless he let it, under cover of the grenadier battalion Manteuffel, go in peace."² A man that for caution and slowness could make no use of his victory!

¹ Kutzen, p. 138 (from the canonical, or "*Staff-Officer's*" enumeration: see *suprà*, p. 403 n.).

² Tempelhof i. 195.

The Austrian force in the Field this day is counted to have been 60,000; their losses in killed, wounded and missing, 8,114. The Prussians, who began 34,000 in strength, lost 13,773; of whom prisoners (including all the wounded), 5,380. Their baggage, we have seen, was not meddled with: they lost 45 cannon, 22 flags, — a loss not worth adding, in comparison to this sore havoc, for the second time, in the flower of the Prussian Infantry.¹

The news reached Prag Camp at two in the morning (Sunday, 19th): to the sorrowful amazement of the Generals there; who “stood all silent; only the Prince of Prussia breaking out into loud lamentations and accusations,” which even Retzow thinks unseemly. Friedrich arrived that Sunday evening: and the Siege was raised, next day; with next to no hindrance or injury. With none at all on the part of Daun; who was still standing among the heights and swamps of Planian, — busy singing, or shooting, universal *Te-Deum*, with very great rolling fire and other pomp, that day while Friedrich gathered his Siege-goods and got on march.

The Maria-Theresa Order, new Knighthood for Austria.

No tongue can express the joy of the Austrians over this victory, — vouchsafed them, in this manner, by Lieutenant-Colonel Benkendorf and the Powers above. Miraculously, behold, they are not upon the retreat to Suchdol, at double quick, and in ragged ever-lengthening line; but stand here, keeping rank all night, on the Planian-Kolin upland of the Kamhayek: — behold, they have actually beaten Friedrich; for the first time, not been beaten by him. Clearly beaten that Friedrich, by some means or other. With such a result, too; consider it, — drawn sword¹ was at our throat; and marvellously now it is turned round upon his (if Daun be alert), and we — let us rejoice to all lengths, and sing *Te-Deum* and *Te-Daunum* with one throat, till the Heavens echo again.

There was quite a hurricane, or lengthened storm, of jubila

¹ Retzow, i. 141 (whose numbers are apt to be inaccurate); Kutzen, p. 144 (who depends on the Canonical *Staff-Officer* Account).

tion and tripudiation raised at Vienna on this victory: New *Order of Maria Theresa*, in suitable Olympian fashion, with no end of regulating and inaugurating, — with Daun the first Chief of it; and “Pensions to Merit” a conspicuous part of the plan, we are glad to see. It subsists to this day: the grandest Military Order the Austrians yet have. Which then deafened the world, with its infinite solemnities, patentings, discoursings, trumpeting, for a good while. As was natural, surely, to that high Imperial Lady with the magnanimous heart; to that loyal solid Austrian People with its pudding-head. Daun is at the top of the Theresa Order, and of military renown in Vienna circles; — of Lieutenant-Colonel Benkendorf I never heard that he got the least pension or recognition; — continued quietly a military lion to discerning men, for the rest of his days.¹

Nay once, on Daun’s *Te-Deum* day, he had a kind of recognition; — and even, by good accident, can tell us of it in his own words:² —

“I was sent for to head-quarters by a trumpeter,” — Benkendorf was, — “when all was ready for the *Te-Deum*. Feldmarschall Daun was pleased to say at sight of me, ‘That as I had had so much to do with the victory, it was but right I should thank our Herr Gott along with him.’ Having no change of clothes, — as the servant, who was to have a uniform and some linens ready for me, had galloped off during the Fight, and our baggage was all gone to rearward, — I tried to hustle out of sight among the crowd of Imperial Officers all in gala: but the reigning Duke of Württemberg [Wilhelmina’s Son-in-law, a perverse obstinate Herr, growing ever more perverse; one of Wilhelmina’s sad afflictions in these days] called me to him, and said, ‘He would give his whole wardrobe, could he wear that dusty coat with such honor as I!’” — yes; and tried hard, in his perverse way, for some such thing; but never could, as we shall see.

How lucky that Polish Majesty had some remains of Cavalry

¹ “Died at Dresden, General of Cavalry,” 5th May, 1801 (Rödenbeck, i. 338, 339).

² Kutzen (citing some *Biography* of Benkendorf), p. 143.

still at Warsaw in the Pirna time; that they were made into a Saxon Brigade, and taken into the Austrian service; Brigade of three Regiments, Nostitz for Chief, and this Benkendorf a Lieutenant-Colonel, among them; — and that Polish Majesty, though himself lost, has been the saving of Austria twice within one year!

CHAPTER V.

FRIEDRICH AT LEITMERITZ, HIS WORLD OF ENEMIES COMING ON.

OF Friedrich's night-thoughts at Nimburg; how he slept, and what his dreams were, we have no account. Seldom did a wearied heart sink down into oblivion on such terms. By narrow miss, the game gone; and with such results ahead. It was a right valiant plunge this that he made, with all his strength and all his skill, home upon the heart of his chief enemy. To quench his chief enemy before another came up: it was a valiant plan, and valiantly executed; and it has failed. To dictate peace from the walls of Vienna: that lay on the cards for him this morning; and at night — ? Kolin is lost, the fruit of Prag Victory too is lost; and Schwerin and new tens of thousands, unreplaceable for worth in this world, are lost; much is lost! Courage, your Majesty, all is not lost, you not, and honor not.

To the young Graf von Anhalt, on the road to Nimburg, he is recorded to have said, "Don't you know, then, that every man must have his reverses (*Mais ne savez-vous donc pas que chaque homme doit avoir ses revers*)? It appears I am to have mine."¹ And more vaguely, in the Anecdote-Books, is mention of some stanch ruggedly pious old Dragoon, who brought, in his steel cap, from some fine-flowing well he had discovered, a draught of pure water to the King; old Mother Earth's own gift, through her rugged Dragoon, exquisite refection to the

¹ Rödénbeck, i. 309.

thirsty wearied soul; and spoke, in his Dragoon dialect, — “Never mind, your Majesty! *Der Allmächtige* and we; it shall be mended yet. ‘The Kaiserin may get a victory for once; but does that send us to the Devil (*davon holt uns der Teufel nicht*)!’” — words of rough comfort, which were well taken.

Next morning, several Books, and many Drawings and Sculptures of a dim unsuccessful nature, give us view of him, at Nimburg; sitting silent “on a *Brunnen-Rohr*” (Fountain Apparatus, waste-pipe or feeding-pipe, too high for convenient sitting): he is stooping forward there, his eyes fixed on the ground, and is scratching figures in the sand with his stick, as the broken troops reassemble round him. Archenholtz says: “He surveyed with speechless feeling the small remnant of his Life-guard of Foot, favorite First Battalion; 1,000 strong yesterday morning, hardly 400 now;” — gone the others, in that furious Anti-Stampach outburst which ended the day’s work! “All soldiers of this chosen Battalion were personally known to him; their names, their age, native place, their history [the pick of his Ruppın regiment was the basis of it]: in one day, Death had mowed them down; they had fought like heroes, and it was for him that they had died. His eyes were visibly wet, down his face rolled silent tears.”¹

In public I never saw other tears from this King, — though in private I do not warrant him; his sensibilities, little as you would think it, being very lively and intense. “To work, however!” This King can shake away such things; and is not given overmuch to retrospection on the unalterable Past. “Like dewdrops from the lion’s mane” (as is figuratively said); the lion swiftly rampant again! There was manifold swift ordering, considering and determining, at Nimburg, that day; and towards night Friedrich shot rapidly into Head-quarters at Prag, where, by order, there is, as the first thing of all, a very rapid business going on, well forward by the time he arrives.

To fold one’s Siege-gear and Army neatly together from those Two Hill-tops, and march away with them safe, in sight

¹ Archenholtz, i. 104, 101; Kutzen, pp. 259, 138; Retzow, i. 142.

20th-27th June, 1757.

of so many enemies: this has to be the first and rapidest thing; if this be found possible, as one calculates it may. After which, the world of enemies, held in the slip so long, will rush in from all the four winds, — unknown whitherward; one must wait to see whitherward and how.

Friedrich's History for the remaining six months of this Year falls, accordingly, into three Sections. Section *first*: Waiting how and towards what objects his enemies, the Austrians first of all, will advance; — this lasts for about a month; Friedrich waiting mainly at Leitmeritz, on guard there both of Saxony and of Silesia, till this slowly declare itself. Slowly, perhaps almost stupidly, but by no means satisfactorily to Friedrich, as will be seen! After which, Section *second* of his History lasts above two months; Friedrich's enemies being all got to the ground, and united in hope and resolution to overwhelm and abolish him; but their plans, positions, operations so extremely various that, for a long time (end of August to beginning of November), Friedrich cannot tell what to do with them; and has to scatter himself into thin threads, and roam about, chiefly in Thuringen and the West of Saxony, seeking something to fight with, and finding nothing; getting more and more impatient of such paltry misery; at times nigh desperate; and habitually drifting on desperation as on a lee shore in the night, despite all his efforts. Till, in Section *third*, which goes from November 5th, through December 5th, and into the New Year, he does find what to do; and does it, — in a forever memorable way.

Three Sections; of which the reader shall successively have some idea, if he exert himself; though it is only in snatches, suggestive to an active fancy, that we can promise to dwell on them, especially on the First Two, which lie pretty much *un-surveyable* in those chaotic records, like a world-wide coil of thrums. Let us be swift, in Friedrich's own manner; and try to disimprison the small portions of essential! Here, partly from Eye-witnesses, are some Notes in regard to Section First:¹ —

¹ Westphalen, *Geschichte der Feldzüge des Herzogs Ferdinand* (and a Private Journal of W.'s there), ii. 13-19; Retzow; &c.

"*Sunday, 19th June*, At 2 A.M., Major Grant arrives at Prag [must have started instantly after that of "We two cannot take the battery, your Majesty!"]—goes to Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, interim Commander on the Ziscaberg, with order To raise Siege. Consternation on the part of some; worse, on the Prince of Prussia's part; the others kept silence at least,—and set instantly to work. On both Hills, the cañons are removed (across Moldau the Zisca-Hill ones), batteries destroyed, Siege-gear neatly gathered up, to go in wagons to Leitmeritz, thence by boat to Dresden; all this lies ready done, the dangerous part of it done, when Friedrich arrives.

"*Monday, 20th*, before sunrise, Siege raised. At three in the morning Friedrich marches from the Ziscaberg; to eastward he, to Alt-Bunzlau, thence to Alt-Lissa,"—Nimburg way, with what objects we shall see. "Marshal Keith's fine performance. Keith, from the Weissenberg, does not march, such packing and loading still; all the baggages and artilleries being with Keith. Not till four in the afternoon did Keith march; but beautifully then; and folded himself away,—rear-guard under Schmettau 'retreating checkerwise,' nothing but Tolpatcheries attempting on him,—westward, Budin-ward, without loss of a linstock, not to speak of guns. Very prettily done on the part of Keith. By Budin, to Leitmeritz, he; where the King will join him shortly."

Friedrich's errand in Alt-Lissa, eastward, while Keith went westward, was, To be within due arm's-length of the Moritz-Bevern, or beaten Kolin Army, which is coming up that way; intending to take post, and do its best, in those parts, with Zittau Magazine and the Lausitz to rear of it. One of our Eye-witnesses, a Herr Westphalen, Ferdinand of Brunswick's Secretary,—who, with his Chief, got into wider fields before long,—yields these additional particulars face to face:—

"*Tuesday, 21st June, 1757*. King's Head-quarters in Lissa or neighborhood till Friday next; which is central for both these movements,—Thursday, orders seven regiments of horse to reinforce Keith. No symptom yet of pursuit anywhere.

"*Friday, 24th*. Prince Moritz with the Kolin Army made appearance, all safe, and is to command here; King intending

for Keith. After dinner, and the due interchange of battalions to that end, King sets off, with Prince Henri, towards Keith; Head-quarter in Alt-Bunzlau again. *Saturday Night*, at Melnick; *Sunday*, Gastorf: *Monday Night, 27th June*, Leitmeritz; King lodges in the Cathedral Close, in sight of Keith, who is on the opposite side of Elbe, — but the town has a Bridge for to-morrow. ‘Never was a quieter march; not the shadow of a Pandour visible. The Duke [Ferdinand, my Chief, Chatham’s jewel that is to be, and precious to England] has suffered much from a’ — in fact, from a *cours de ventre*, temporary bowel-derangement, which was very troublesome, owing to the excessive heats by day, and coldness of the nights.

“*Tuesday, 28th.* Junction with Keith, — Bridge rightly secured, due party of dragoons and foot left on the right bank, to occupy a height which covers Leitmeritz. ‘Clearing of the Pascopol’ (that is, sweeping the Pandours out of it) is the first business; Colonel Loudon with his Pandours, a most swift sharp-cutting man, being now here in those parts; doing a deal of mischief. Three days ago, Saturday, 25th, Keith had sent seven battalions, with the proper steel-besoms, on that Pascopol affair; Tuesday, on junction, Majesty sends three more: job done on Wednesday; reported ‘done,’ — though I should not be surprised,” says Westphalen, “if some little highway robbery still went on among the Mountains up there.”

No; — and before quitting hold, what is this that Loudon (on the very day of the King’s arrival, June 27th), on the old Field of Lobositz over yonder, has managed to do! General Mannstein, wounded at Kolin, happened, with others in like case, to be passing that way, towards Dresden and better surgery, — when Loudon’s Croats set upon them, scattering their slight escort: “Quarter, on surrender! Prisoners?” “Never!” answered Mannstein; “Never!” that too impetuous man, starting out from his carriage, and snatching a musket: and was instantly cut down there. And so ends; — a man of strong head, and of heart only too strong.¹

From Prag onwards, here has been a delicate set of operations; perfectly executed, — thanks to Friedrich’s rapidity of

¹ Preuss, ii. 58; *Militair-Lexikon*, iii. 10.

shift, and also to the cautious slowly puzzling mind of Daun. Had Daun used any diligence, had Daun and Prince Karl been broad awake, together or even singly! But Friedrich guessed they seldom or never were; that they would spend some days in puzzling; and that, with despatch, he would have time for everything. Daun, we could observe, stood singing *Te-Deum*, greatly at leisure, in his old Camp, 20th June, while Friedrich, from the first gray of morning, and diligently all day long, was withdrawing from the trenches of Prag, — Friedrich's people, self and goods getting folded out in the finest gradation, and with perfect success; no Daun to hinder him, — Daun leisurely doing *Te-Deum*, forty miles off, helping on the *wrong* side by that exertion!¹ — “Poor Browne, he is dead of his wounds, in Prag yonder,” writes Westphalen, in his Leitmeritz Journal, “news came to us July 1st: men said, ‘Ah, that was why they lay asleep.’”

Till June 26th, Daun and Karl had not united; nor, except sending out Loudon and Croats, done anything, either of them. Sunday, June 26th, at Podschernitz on the old Field of Prag, a week and a day after Kolin, they did get together; still seemingly a little puzzled, “Shall we follow the King? Shall we follow Moritz and Bevern?” — nothing clear for some time, except to send out Pandour parties upon both. Moritz, since parting with the King in Alt-Bunzlau neighborhood, has gone northward some marches, thirty miles or so, to *Jung-Bunzlau*, — meeting of Iser and Elbe, surely a good position: — Moritz, on receipt of these Pandour allowances of his, writes to the King, “Shall we retreat on Zittau, then, your Majesty? Straight upon Zittau?” Fancy Friedrich's astonishment; — who well intends to eat the Country first, perhaps to fight if there be chance, and at least to lie *outside* the doors of Silesia and the Lausitz, as well as of Saxony here! — and answers, with his own hand, on the instant: “Your Dilection will not be so mad!”² And at once recalls Moritz, and appoints the Prince of Prussia to go and take command. Who directly went; — a most important step for the King's

¹ Cogniazzo, ii. 367.

² In Preuss, ii. 58, the pungent little Autograph in full

interests and his own. Whose fortunes in that business we shall see before long! —

At Leitmeritz the King continues four weeks, with his Army parted in this way; waiting how the endless hostile element, which begirdles his horizon all round, will shape itself into combinations, that he may set upon the likeliest or the needfulest of these, when once it has disclosed itself. Horizon all round is black enough: Austrians, French, Swedes, Russians, Reichs Army; closer upon him or not so close, all are rolling in: Saxony, the Lausitz and Silesia, Brandenburg itself, it is uncertain which of these may soonest require his active presence.

The very day after his arrival in Leitmeritz, — Tuesday, 28th June, while that junction with Keith was going on, and the troops were defiling along the Bridge for junction with Keith, — a heavy sorrow had befallen him, which he yet knew not of. An irreparable Domestic loss; sad complement to these Military and other Public disasters. Queen Sophie Dorothee, about whose health he had been anxious, but had again been set quiet, died at Berlin that day.¹ In her seventy-first year: of no definite violent disease; worn down with chagrins and apprehensions, in this black whirlpool of Public troubles. So far as appears, the news came on Friedrich by surprise: — “bad cough,” we hear of, and of his anxieties about it, in the Spring time; then again of “improvement, recovery, in the fine weather;” — no thought, just now, of such an event: and he took it with a depth of affliction, which my less informed readers are far from expecting of him.

July 2d, the news came: King withdrew into privacy; to weep and bewail under this new pungency of grief, superadded to so many others. Mitchell says: “For two days he had no levee; only the Princes dined with him [Princes Henri and Ferdinand; Prince of Prussia is gone to Jung-Bunzlau, would get the sad message there, among his other troubles]: yesterday, July 3d, King sent for me in the afternoon, — the first time he has seen anybody since the news came: — I had the honor to remain with him some hours in his closet. I must

¹ Monbijou, 28th June, 1757; born at Hanover, 27th March, 1687.

own to your Lordship I was most sensibly afflicted to see him indulging his grief, and giving way to the warmest filial affections; recalling to mind the many obligations he had to her late Majesty; all she had suffered, and how nobly she bore it; the good she did to everybody; the one comfort he now had, to think of having tried to make her last years more agreeable.”¹ In the thick of public business, this kind of mood to Mitchell seems to have lasted all the time of Leitmeritz, which is about three weeks yet: Mitchell’s Note-books and Despatches, in that part, have a fine Biographic interest; the wholly human Friedrich wholly visible to us there as he seldom is. Going over his past Life to Mitchell; brief, candid, pious to both his Parents; — inexpressibly sad; like moonlight on the grave of one’s Mother, silent that, while so much else is too noisy!

This Friedrich, upon whom the whole world has risen like a mad Sorcerer’s-Sabbath, how safe he once lay in his cradle, like the rest of us, mother’s love wrapping him soft: — and now! These thoughts commingle in a very tragic way with the avalanche of public disasters which is thundering down on all sides. Warm tears the meed of this new sorrow; small in compass, but greater in poignancy than all the rest together. “My poor old Mother, oh, my Mother, that so loved me always, and would have given her own life to shelter mine!” — It was at Leitmeritz, as I guess, that Mitchell first made decisive acquaintance, what we may almost call intimacy, with the King: we already defined him as a sagacious, long-headed, loyal-hearted diplomatic gentleman, Scotch by birth and by turn of character; abundantly polite, vigilant, discreet, and with a fund of general sense and rugged veracity of mind; whom Friedrich at once recognized for what he was, and much took to, finding a hearty return withal; so that they were soon well with one another, and continued so. Mitchell, as orders were, “attended the King’s person” all through this War, sometimes in the blaze of battle itself and nothing but cannon-shot going, if it so chanced; and has preserved, in his

¹ *Papers and Memoirs*, i. 253; Despatch to Holderness, 4th July (slightly abridged); — see *ib.* i. 357–359 (Private Journal). Westphalen, ii. 14. See *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 182.

multifarious Papers, a great many traits of Friedrich, not to be met with elsewhere.

Mitchell's occasional society, conversation with a man of sense and manly character, which Friedrich always much loved, was, no doubt, a resource to Friedrich in his lonely roamings and vicissitudes in those dark years. No other British Ambassador ever had the luck to please him or be pleased by him, — most of them, as Ex-Exchequer Legge and the like Ex-Parliamentary people, he seems to have considered dull, obstinate, wooden fellows, of fantastic, abrupt rather abstruse kind of character, not worth deciphering; — some of them, as Hanbury Williams, with the mischievous tic (more like galvanism or St.-Vitus'-dance) which he called "wit," and the inconvenient turn for plotting and intriguing, Friedrich could not endure at all, but had them as soon as possible recalled, — of course, not without detestation on their part.

At Leitmeritz, it appears, he kept withdrawn to his closet a good deal; gave himself up to his sorrows and his thoughts; would sit many hours drowned in tears, weeping bitterly like a child or a woman. This is strange to some readers; but it is true, — and ought to alter certain current notions. Friedrich, flashing like clear steel upon evil-doers and mendacious unjust persons and their works, is not by nature a cruel man, then, or an unfeeling, as Rumor reports? Reader, no, far the reverse; — and public Rumor, as you may have remarked, is apt to be an extreme blockhead, full of fury and stupidity on such points, and had much better hold its tongue till it know in some measure. Extreme sensibility is not sure to be a merit; though it is sure to be reckoned one, by the greedy dim fellows looking idly on: but, in any case, the degree of it that dwelt (privately, for most part) in Friedrich was great; and to himself it seemed a sad rather than joyful fact. Speaking of this matter, long afterwards, to Garve, a Silesian Philosopher, with whom he used to converse at Breslau, he says; — or let dull Garve himself report it, in the literal third-person: —

"And herein, I," the Herr Garve (venturing to dispute, or

qualify, on one of his Majesty's favorite topics), "believe, lies the real ground of 'happiness:' it is the capacity and opportunity to accomplish great things. This the King would not allow; but said, That I did not sufficiently take into account the natural feelings, different in different people, which, when painful, imbittered the life of the highest as of the lowest. That, in his own life, he had experienced the deepest sufferings of this kind: 'And,' added he, with a touching tone of kindness and familiarity, which never occurred again in his interviews with me, 'if you (*Er*) knew, for instance, what I underwent on the death of my Mother, you would see that I have been as unhappy as any other, and unhappier than others, because of the greater sensibility I had (*weil ich mehr Empfindlichkeit gehabt habe*).'"¹

There needed not this new calamity in Friedrich's lot just now! From all points of the compass, his enemies, held in check so long, are floating on: the confluence of disasters and ill-tidings, at this time, very great. From Jung-Bunzlau, close by, his Brother's accounts are bad; and grow ever worse, — as will be seen! On the extreme West, "July 3d," while Friedrich at Leitmeritz sat weeping for his Mother, the French take Embden from him; "July 5th," the Russians, Memel, on the utmost East. June 30th, six days before, the Russians, after as many months of haggling, did cross the Border; 37,000 of them on this point; and set to bombarding Memel from land and sea. Poor Memel (garrison only 700) answered very fiercely, "sank two of their gunboats" and the like; but the end was as we see, — Feldmarschall Lehwald able to give no relief. For there were above 70,000 other Russians (Feldmarschall Apraxin with these latter, and Cossacks and Calmucks more than enough) crossing elsewhere, south in Tilsit Country, upon old Lehwald.² Lehwald, with 30,000, in such circumstances — what is to become of Preussen and him!

¹ *Fragmente zur Schilderung des Geistes, des Charakters und der Regierung Friedrichs des Zweiten*, von Christian Garve (Breslau, 1798), i. 314–316. An unexpectedly dull Book (Garve having talent and reputation); kind of monotonous Preachment upon Friedrich's character: almost nothing but the above fraction now derivable from it.

² *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 407–413.

Nearer hand, the Austrians, the French, the very Reichs Army, do now seem intent on business.

The Reichs Execution Army, we saw how Mayer and the Battle of Prag had checked it in the birth-pangs; and given rise to pangs of another sort; the poor Reichs Circles generally exclaiming, "What! Bring the war into our own borders? Bring the King of Prussia on our own throats!" — and stopping short in their enlistments and preparations; in vain for Austrian Officials to urge them. Watching there, with awe-struck eye, while the 12,000 bombs flew into Prag.

The Battle of Kolin has reversed all that; and the poor old Reich is again bent on business in the Execution way. Drumming, committeeing, projecting, and endeavoring, with all her might, in all quarters; and, from and after the event of Kolin, holding visible Encampment, in the Nürnberg Country; fractions of actual troops assembling there. "On the Plains of Fürth, between Fürth and Farrenbach, east side the River Regnitz, there was the Camp pitched," says my Anonymous Friend; who gives me a cheerful Copperplate of the thing: red pennons, blue, and bright mixed colors; generals' tents; order-of-battle, and respective rallying points: with Bamberg Country in front, and the peaks of the Pine Mountains lying pleasantly behind: a sight for the curious.¹ It is the same ground where Mayer was careering lately; neighboring nobility and gentry glad to come in gala, and dance with Mayer. Hither, all through July, come contingents straggling in, thicker and thicker; "August 8th," things now about complete, the Bishop of Bamberg came to take survey of the Reichs-Heer (Bishop's remarks not given); August 10th, came the young reigning Duke of Hildburghausen (Duke's grand-uncle is to be Commander), on like errand; August 11th, the Reichs-Heer got on march. Westward ho! — readers will see towards what.

A truly *elende*, or miserable, Reichs Execution Army (as the misprinter had made it); but giving loud voice in the Gazettes;

¹ J. F. S. (whom I named *Anonymous of Hamburg* long since; who has boiled down, with great diligence, the old Newspapers, and gives a great many dates, notes, &c., without Index), i. 211, 224 (the Copperplate)

and urged by every consideration to do something for itself. Prince of Hildburghausen — a general of small merit, though he has risen in the Austrian service, and we have seen him with Seckendorf in old Turk times — has, for his Kaiser's sake, taken the command; sensible perhaps that glory is not likely to be rife here; but willing to make himself useful. Kaiser and Austria urge, everywhere, with all their might: Prince of Hessen-Darmstadt, who lay on the Weissenberg lately, one of Keith's distinguished seconds there and a Prussian Officer of long standing, has, on Kaiser's order, quitted all that, and become Hildburghausen's second here, in the Camp of Fürth; thinking the path of duty lay that way, — though his Wife, one of the noble women of her age, thought very differently.¹ A similar Kaiser's order, backed by what Lawthunder lay in the Reich, had gone out against Friedrich's own Brothers, and against every Reichs Prince who was in Friedrich's service; but, except him of Hessen-Darmstadt, none of them had much minded.² I did not hear that his strategic talent was momentous: but Prussia had taught him the routine of right soldiering, surely to small purpose; and Friedrich, no doubt, glanced indignantly at this small thing, among the many big ones.

From about the end of June, the Reichs Army kept dribbling in: the most inferior Army in the world; no part of it well drilled, most of it not drilled at all; and for variety in color, condition, method, and military and pecuniary and other outfit, beggaring description. Hildburghausen does his utmost; Kaiser the like. The number should have far exceeded 50,000; but was not, on the field, of above half that number: 25,000; add at least 8,000 Austrian troops, two regiments of them cavalry; good these 8,000, the rest bad, — that was the Reichs Execution Army; most inferior among Armies; and considerable part of it, all the Protestant part, privately wish-

¹ Her Letter to Friedrich, "Berlin, 30th October, 1757," *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. ii. 135.

² In Orlich, *Fürst Moritz von Anhalt Dessau* (Berlin, 1842), pp. 74, 75, Prince Moritz's rather mournful Letter on the subject, with Friedrich's sharp Answer.

ing well to Friedrich, they say. Drills itself multifariously in that Camp between Fürth and Farrenbach, on the east side of Regnitz River. Fancy what a sight to Wilhelmina, if she ever drove that way; which I think she hardly would. The Baireuth contingent itself is there; the Margraf would have held out stiff on that point; but Friedrich himself advised compliance. Margraf of Anspach — perverse tipping creature, ill with his Wife, I doubt — has joyfully sent his legal hundreds; will vote for the Reichs Ban against this worst of Germans, whom he has for Brother-in-law. Dark days in the heart of Wilhelmina, those of the Camp at Fürth. Days which grow ever darker, with strange flashings out of empyrean lightning from that shrill true heart; no peace more, till the noble heroine die! —

This *elende* Reichs-Heer, miserable “Army of the Circles,” is mockingly called “the Hoopers, Coopers (*Tonneliers*),” and gets quizzing enough, under that and other titles, from an Opposition Public. Far other from the French and Austrians; who are bent that it should do feats in the world, and prove impressive on a robber King. Thus too, “for Deliverance of Saxony,” to co-operate with Reichs-Heer in that sacred object, thanks to the zeal of Pompadour, Prince de Soubise has got together, in Elsass, a supplementary 30,000 (40,330 said Theory, but Fact never quite so many): and is passing them across the Rhine, in Frankfurt Country, all through July, while the drilling at Fürth goes on. With these, Soubise, simultaneously getting under way, will steer northeastward; join the Reichs-Heer about Erfurt, before August end; and — and we shall see what becomes of the combined Soubise and Reichs Army after that!

It must be owned, the French, Pompadour and love of glory urging, are diligent since the event of Kolin. In select Parisian circles, the Soubise Army, or even that of D’Estrées altogether, — produced by the tears of a filial Dauphiness, — is regarded as a quasi-sacred, or uncommonly noble thing; and is called by her name, “*L’Armée de la Dauphine*,” or for shortness “*La Dauphine*” without adjunct. Thus, like a kind of chivalrous Bellona, vengeance in her right hand. tears and fire

in her eyes, the *Dauphiness* advances; and will join Reichs-Heer at Erfurt before August end. Such the will of Pompadour; Richelieu encouraging, for reasons of his own. Soubise, I understand, is privately in pique against poor D'Estrées;¹ and intends to eclipse him by a higher style of diligence; though D'Estrées too is doing his best.

July 3d, we saw the D'Estrées people taking Embden; D'Estrées, quiet so long in his Camp, at Bielefeld, had at once bestirred himself, Kolin being done; — shot out a detachment leftwards, and Embden had capitulated that day. Adieu to the Shipping Interests there, and to other pleasant things! “July 9th, after sunset,” D'Estrées himself got on march from Bielefeld; set forth, in the cool of night, 60,000 strong, and 10,000 more to join him by the road (the rest are left as garrisons, reserves, — 1,000 marauders of them swing as monitory pendulums, on their various trees, for one item), — direct towards Hanover and Royal Highness of Cumberland; who retreats, and has retreated, behind the Ems, the Weser, back, ever back; and, to appearance, will make a bad finish yonder.

To Friedrich, waiting at Leitmeritz, all these things are gloomily known; but the most pressing of them is that of the Austrians and Jung-Bunzlau close by. Let us give some utterances of his to Wilhelmina, nearly all we have of direct from him in that time; and then hasten to the Prince of Prussia there: —

Friedrich to Wilhelmina (at Baireuth).

Leitmeritz, 1st July, 1757. . . . “Sensible as heart can be to the tender interest you deign to take in what concerns me. Dear Sister, fear nothing on my score: men are always in the hand of what we call Fate” (“Predestination, *Gnadenwahl*,” — Pardon us, Papa! — “*ce qu'on nomme le destin*); accidents

¹ “Reappeared unexpectedly in Paris [from D'Estrées's Army], 22d June” (four days after Kolin): got up this *Dauphiness Army*, by aid of Pompadour, with Richelieu, &c.: *Barbier*, iv. 227, 231. Richelieu “busy at Strasburg lately” (29th July: *Collini's Voltaire*, p. 191).

will befall people, walking on the streets, sitting in their room, lying in their bed; and there are many who escape the perils of war. . . . I think, through Hessen will be the safest route for your Letters, till we see; and not to write just now except on occasions of importance. Here is a piece in cipher; anonymous," — intended for the Newspapers, or some such road.

July 5th. "By a Courier of Plottho's, returning to Regensburg [who passes near you], I write to apprise my dear Sister of the new misery which overwhelms us. We have no longer a Mother. This loss puts the crown on my sorrows. I am obliged to act; and have not time to give free course to my tears. Judge, I pray you, of the situation of a feeling heart put to so cruel a trial. All losses in the world are capable of being remedied; but those which Death causes are beyond the reach of hope."

July 7th. "You are too good; I am ashamed to abuse your indulgence. But do, since you will, try to sound the French, what conditions of Peace they would demand; one might judge as to their intentions. Send that Mirabeau (*ce M. de Mirabeau*) to France. Willingly will I pay the expense. He may offer as much as five million thalers [£750,000] to the Favorite [yes, even to the Pompadour] for Peace alone. Of course, his utmost discretion will be needed;" — should the English get the least wind of it! But if they are gone to St. Vitus, and fail in every point, what can one do? *Ce M. de Mirabeau*, readers will be surprised to learn, is an Uncle of the great Mirabeau's; who has fallen into roving courses, gone abroad insolvent; and "directs the Opera at Baireuth," in these years! — One Letter we will give in full: —

"LEITMERITZ, 13th July, 1757.

"MY DEAREST SISTER, — Your Letter has arrived: I see in it your regrets for the irreparable loss we have had of the best and worthiest Mother in this world. I am so struck down with all these blows from within and without, that I feel myself in a sort of stupefaction.

"The French have just laid hold of Friesland [seized Emb-

den, July 3d]; are about to pass the Weser: they have instigated the Swedes to declare War against me; the Swedes are sending 17,000 men [rather more if anything; but they proved beautifully ineffectual] into Pommern," — will be burdensome to Stralsund and the poor country people mainly; having no Captain over them but a hydra-headed National Palaver at home, and a Long-pole with Cocked-hat on it here at hand. "The Russians are besieging Memel [have taken it, ten days ago]: Lehwald has them on his front and in his rear. The Troops of the Reich," from your Plains of Fürth yonder, "are also about to march. All this will force me to evacuate Bohemia, so soon as that crowd of Enemies gets into motion.

"I am firmly resolved on the extremest efforts to save my Country. We shall see (*quitte à voir*) if Fortune will take a new thought, or if she will entirely turn her back upon me. Happy the moment when I took to training myself in philosophy! There is nothing else that can sustain the soul in a situation like mine. I spread out to you, dear Sister, the detail of my sorrows: if these things regarded only myself, I could stand it with composure; but I am bound Guardian of the safety and happiness of a People which has been put under my charge. There lies the sting of it: and I shall have to reproach myself with every fault, if, by delay or by over-haste, I occasion the smallest accident; all the more as, at present, any fault may be capital.

"What a business! Here is the liberty of Germany, and that Protestant Cause for which so much blood has been shed; here are those Two great Interests again at stake; and the pinch of this huge game is such, that an unlucky quarter of an hour may establish over Germany the tyrannous domination of the House of Austria forever! I am in the case of a traveller who sees himself surrounded and ready to be assassinated by a troop of cut-throats, who intend to share his spoils. Since the League of Cambrai [1508–1510, with a Pope in it and a Kaiser and Most Christian King, iniquitously sworn against poor Venice; — to no purpose, as happily appears], there is no example of such a Conspiracy as that infamous

Triumvirate [Austria, France, Russia] now forms against me. Was it ever seen before, that three great Princes laid plot in concert to destroy a Fourth, who had done nothing against them? I have not had the least quarrel either with France or with Russia, still less with Sweden. If, in common life, three citizens took it into their heads to fall upon their neighbor, and burn his house about him, they very certainly, by sentence of tribunal, would be broken on the wheel. What! and will Sovereigns, who maintain these tribunals and these laws in their States, give such example to their subjects? . . . Happy, my dear Sister, is the obscure man, whose good sense, from youth upwards, has renounced all sorts of glory; who, in his safe low place, has none to envy him, and whose fortune does not excite the cupidity of scoundrels!

“But these reflections are vain. We have to be what our birth, which decides, has made us in entering upon this world. I reckoned that, being King, it seemed me to think as a Sovereign; and I took for principle, that the reputation of a Prince ought to be dearer to him than life. They have plotted against me; the Court of Vienna has given itself the liberty of trying to maltreat me; my honor commanded me not to suffer it. We have come to War; a gang of robbers falls on me, pistol in hand: that is the adventure which has happened to me. The remedy is difficult: in desperate diseases there are no methods but desperate ones.

“I beg a thousand pardons, dear Sister: in these three long pages I talk to you of nothing but my troubles and affairs. A strange abuse it would be of any other person’s friendship. But yours, my dear Sister, yours is known to me; and I am persuaded you are not impatient when I open my heart to you:—a heart which is yours altogether; being filled with sentiments of the tenderest esteem, with which I am, my dearest Sister, your [in truth, affectionate Brother at all times]

F.”¹

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. i. 294, 295, 296–298.

Prince August Wilhelm finds a bad Problem at Jung-Bunzlau ; and does it badly : Friedrich thereupon has to rise from Leitmeritz, and take the Field elsewhere, in bitter Haste and Impatience, with Outlooks worse than ever.

The Prince of Prussia's Enterprise had its intricacies ; but, by good management, was capable of being done. At least, so Friedrich thought ; — though, in truth, it would have been better had Friedrich gone himself, since the chief pressure happened to fall there ! The Prince has to retire, Parthian-like, as slowly as possible, with the late Kolin or Moritz-Bevern Army, towards the Lausitz, keeping his eye upon Silesia the while ; of course securing the passes and strong places in his passage, for defence of his own rear at lowest ; especially securing Zittau, a fine opulent Town, where his chief Magazine is, fed from Silesia now. The Army is in good strength (guess 30,000), with every equipment complete, in discipline, in health and in heart, such as beseems a Prussian Army, — probably longing rather, if it venture to long or wish for anything not yet commanded, to have a stroke at those Austrians again, and pay them something towards that late Kolin score.

The Prince arrived at Jung-Bunzlau, June 30th ; Winterfeld with him, and, at his own request, Schmettau. The Austrians have not yet stirred : if they do, it may be upon the King, it may be upon the Prince : in three or even in two marches, Prince and King can be together, — the King only too happy, in the present oppressive coil of doubts, to find the Austrians ready for a new passage of battle, and an immediate decision. The Austrians did, in fact, break out, — seemingly, at first, upon the King ; but in reality upon the Prince, whom they judge safer game ; and the matter became much more critical upon him than had been expected.

The Prince was thought to have a good judgment (too much talk in it, we sometimes feared), and fair knowledge in military matters. The King, not quite by the Prince's choice,

has given him Winterfeld for Mentor; Winterfeld, who has an excellent military head in such matters, and a heart firm as steel, — almost like a second self in the King's estimation. Excellent Winterfeld; — but then there are also Schmettau, Bevern and others, possibly in private not too well affected to this Winterfeld. In fact, there is rather a multitude of Counsellors; — and an ingenuous fine-spirited Prince, perhaps more capable of eloquence on the Opposition side, than of condensing into real wisdom a multitude of counsels, when the crisis rises, and the affair becomes really difficult. Crisis did rise: the victorious Austrians, after such delay, had finally made up their minds to press this one a little, this one rather than the King, and hang upon his skirts; Daun and Prince Karl set out after him, just about the time of his arrival, — “70,000 strong,” the Prince hears, including plenty of Pandours. Certain it is, the poor Prince's mind did flounder a good deal; and his procedures succeeded extremely ill on this occasion. Certain, too, that they were extremely ill-taken at headquarters: and that he even died soon after, — chiefly of broken heart, said the censorious world. It is well known how Europe rang with the matter for a long while; and Books were printed, and Documents, and *Collections by a Master's Hand*.¹ We, who can spend but a page or two on it, must carefully stand by the essential part.

“June 30th–July 3d, Prince at Jung-Bunzlau, in chief command. Besides Winterfeld, the Generals under him are Zieten, Schmettau, Fouquet, Retzow, Goltz, and two others who need not be of our acquaintance. Impossible to stay there, thinks the Prince, thinks everybody; and they shift to Neuschloss, westward thirty miles. July 1st, Daun had crossed the Elbe (Daun let us say for brevity, though it is Daun and Karl, or even Karl *and* Daun, Karl being chief, and capable of saying so at times, though Daun is very splendid since

¹ *Lettres Secrètes touchant la Dernière Guerre: de Main de Maître; divisées en deux parties* (Francfort et Amsterdam, 1772): this is the Prince's own Statement, Proof in hand. By far the clearest Account is in *Schmettau's Leben* (by his Son), pp. 353–384. See also Preuss, ii. 57–61. and especially ii. 407.

Kolin), — crossed the Elbe above Brandeis; Nadasti, with precursor Pandours, now within an hour's march of Jung-Bunzlau; — and it was time to go.

“*July 3d-6th*, At Neuschloss, which is thought a strong position, key of the localities there, and nearer Friedrich too, the Prince stayed not quite four days; shifted to Böhm (Böhmisch) Leipa, *July 7th*, — rather off from Leitmeritz, but a march towards Zittau, where the provisions are. ‘A bad change,’ said the Prince’s friends afterwards; ‘change advised by Winterfeld, — who never mentioned that circumstance to his Majesty, many as he did mention, not in the best way!’ — Prince gets to Böhm Leipa *July 7th*; stays there, in questionable circumstances, nine days.

“Böhm Leipa is still not above thirty miles northeastward of the King; and it is about the same distance southwestward from Zittau, out of which fine Town, partly by cross-roads, the Prince gets his provisions on this march. From Zittau hitherward, as far as the little Town of Gabel, which lies about half way, there is broad High Road, the great Southern *Kaiser-Strasse*: from Gabel, for Böhm Leipa, you have to cross southwestward by country roads; the keys to which, especially Gabel, the Prince has not failed to secure by proper garrison parties. And so, for about a week, not quite uncomfortably, he continues at Böhm Leipa; getting in his convoys from Zittau. Diligently scanning the Pandour stragglings and sputterings round him, which are clearly on the increasing hand. Diligently corresponding with the King, meanwhile; who much discourages undue apprehension, or retreat movement till the last pinch. ‘Edging backward, and again backward, you come bounce upon Berlin one day, and will then have to halt!’ — which is not pleasant to the Prince. But, indisputably, the Pandour spurts on him do become Pandour gushings, with regulars also noticeable: it is certain the Austrians are out, — pretending first to mean the King and Leitmeritz; but knowing better, and meaning the Prince and Böhm Leipa all the while.” — By way of supplement, take Daun’s positions in the interim: —

Daun and Karl were at Podschernitz 26th June; 1st July,

cross the Elbe, above Brandeis (Nadasti now within an hour's march of Jung-Bunzlau); 7th July (day while the Prince is flitting to Böhm Leipa), Daun is through Jung-Bunzlau to Münchengrätz; thence to Liebenau; 14th, to Niemes, not above four miles from the Prince's rightmost outpost (rightmost or eastmost, which looks away from his Brother); while a couple of advanced parties, Beck and Maguire, hover on his flank Zittauward, and Nadasti (if he knew it) is pushing on to rear.

"*Thursday, 14th July*, About six in the evening, at Böhm Leipa, distinct cannon-thunder is heard from northeast: 'Evidently Gabel getting cannonaded, and our wagon convoy [empty, going to Zittau for meal, General Puttkammer escorting] is in a dangerous state!' And by and by hussar parties of ours come in, with articulate news to that bad effect: 'Gabel under hot attack of regulars; Puttkammer with his 3,000 vigorously defending, will expect to be relieved within not many hours!' Here has the crisis come. Crisis sure enough;—and the Prince, to meet it, summons that refuge of the irresolute, a Council of War.

"Winterfeld, who is just come home in these moments, did not attend;—not, till three next morning. Winterfeld had gone to bed; fairly 'tired dead,' with long marching and hurrying about. To the poor Prince there are three courses visible. Course *first*, That of joining the King at Leitmeritz. Gabel, Zittau lost in that case; game given up;—reception likely to be bad at Leitmeritz! Course *second*,—the course Friedrich himself would at once have gone upon, and been already well ahead with,—That of instantly taking measures for the relief of Puttkammer. Dispute Gabel to the last; retreat, on loss of it, Parthian-like, to Zittau, by that broad Highway, short and broad, whole distance hence only thirty miles. 'Thirty miles,' say the multitude of Counsellors: 'Yes, but the first fifteen, to Gabel, is cross-road, hilly, difficult; they have us in flank!' 'We are 25,000,' urges the Prince; 'fifteen miles is not much!' The thing had its difficulties: the Prince himself, it appears, faintly thought it feasible: '25,000 we; 20,000 they; only fifteen miles,' said he. But the variety of Counsellors: 'Cross-roads, defiles, flank-march,

dangerous,' said they. And so the *third* course, which was incomparably the worst, found favor in Council of War: That of leaving Gabel and Puttkammer to their fate; and of pushing off for Zittau leftwards through the safe Hills, by Kamnitz, Kreywitz, Rumburg; — which, if the reader look, is by a circuitous, nay quite parabolic course, twice or thrice as far: — 'In that manner let us save Zittau and our Main Body!' said the Council of War. Yes, my friends: a cannon-ball, endeavoring to get into Zittau from the town-ditch, would have to take a parabolic course; — and the cannon-ball would be speedy upon it, and not have Hill roads to go by! This notable parabolic circuit of narrow steep roads may have its difficulties for an Army and its baggages!" Enough, the poor Prince adopted that worst third course; and even made no despatch in getting into it; and it proved ruinous to Zittau, and to much else, his own life partly included.

"*July 16th–22d.* Thursday night, or Friday 3 A.M., that third and incomparably worst course was adopted: Gabel, Puttkammer with his wagons, ensigns, kettle-drums, all this has to surrender in a day: High Road to Zittau, for the Austrians, is a smooth march, when they like to gather fully there, and start. And in the Hills, with their jolts and precipitous windings, infested too by Pandours, the poor Prussian Main Body, on its wide parabolic circuit, has a time of it! Loses its pontoons, loses most of its baggage; obliged to set fire, not to the Pandours, but to your own wagons, and necessities of army life; encamps on bleak heights; no food, not even water; road quite lost, road to be rediscovered or invented; Pandours sputtering on you out of every bush and hollow, your peasant wagoners cutting traces and galloping off: — such are the phenomena of that march by circuit leftward, on the poor Prince's part. March began, soon after midnight, *Saturday, 16th*, Schmettau as vanguard; and" —

And, in fine, by *Friday, 22d*, after not quite a week of it, the Prince, curving from northward (in parabolic course, *less* speedy than the cannon-ball's would have been) into sight of Zittau, — behold, there *are* the Austrians far and wide to left

of us, encamped impregnable behind the Neisse River there! They have got the Eckart's Hill, which commands Zittau:— and how to get into Zittau and our magazines, and how to subsist if we were in? The poor Prince takes post on what Heights there are, on his own side of the Neisse; looks wistfully down upon Zittau, asking How?

About stroke of noon the Austrians, from their Eckartsberg, do a thing which was much talked of. They open battery of red-hot balls upon Zittau; kindle the roofs of it, shingle-roofs in dry July; set Zittau all on blaze, the 10,000 innocent souls shrieking in vain to Heaven and Earth; and before sunset, Zittau is ashes and red-hot walls, not Zittau but a einder-heap, — Prussian Garrison not hurt, nor Magazine as yet; Garrison busy with buckets, I should guess, but beginning to find the air grow very hot. On the morrow morning, Zittau is a smouldering einder-heap, hotter and hotter to the Prussian Garrison; and does not exist as a City.

One of the most inhuman actions ever heard of in War, shrieks universal Germany; asks itself what could have set a chivalrous Karl upon this devil-like procedure? "Protestants these poor Zittauers were; shone in commerce; no such weaving, industriying, in all Teutsehland elsewhere: Hah! An eye-sorrow, they, with their commerce, their weavings and industriyings, to Austrian Papists, who cannot weave or trade?" that was finally the guess of some persons;—wide of the mark, we may well judge. Princee Xavier of Saxony, present in the Camp too, made no remonstrance, said others. Alas, my friends, what could Xavier probably avail, the foolish fellow, with only three regiments? Princee Karl, it was afterwards evident, could have got Zittau unburnt; and could even have kept the Prussians out of Zittau altogether. Zittau surely would have been very useful to Princee Karl. But overnight (let us try to fancy it so), not knowing the Prussian possibilities, Princee Karl, screwed to the devilish point, had got his furnaces lighted, his red-hot balls ready; and so, hurried on by his Pride and by his other Devils, had, — There are devilish things sometimes done in War. And whole cities are made ashes by them. For certain, here is

a strange way of commencing your "Deliverance of Saxony"! And Prince Karl carries, truly, a brand-mark from this conflagration, and will till all memory of him cease. As to Zittau, it rebuilt itself. Zittau is alive again; a strong stone city, in our day. On its new-built Town-house stands again "*Bene facere et male audire regium est*, To do well, and be ill spoken of, is the part of kings"¹ (amazingly true of them, — when they are not shams). What times for Herrnhuth; preparing for its Christian Sabbath, under these omens near by!

The Prince of Prussia tells us, he "early next morning (Saturday, 23d July) had his tents pitched;" which was but an unavailing procedure, with poor Zittau gone such a road. "Bring us bread out of that ruined Zittau," ordered the Prince: his Detachment returns ineffectual, "So hot, we cannot march in." And the Garrison Colonel (one Dierecke and five battalions are garrison) sends out word: "So hot, we cannot stand it." "Stand it yet a very little; and —!" answers the Prince: but Dierecke and battalions cannot, or at least cannot long enough; and set to marching out. In firm order, I have no doubt, and with some modicum of bread: but the tumbling of certain burnt walls parted Colonel and men, in a sad way. Colonel himself, with the colors, with the honors (none of his people, it seems, though they were scattered loose), was picked up by an Austrian party, and made prisoner. A miserable business, this of Zittau!

Next evening, Sunday, after dark, Prince of Prussia strikes his tents again; rolls off in a very unsuccinct condition; happily unchased, for he admits that chase would have been ruinous. Off towards Löbau (what nights for Zinzendorf and Herrnhuth, as such things tumble past them!); thence towards Bautzen; and arrives in the most lugubrious torn condition any Prussian General ever stood in. Reaches Bautzen on those terms; — and is warned that his Brother will be there in a day or two.

One may fancy Friedrich's indignation, astonishment and grief, when he heard of that march towards Zittau through

¹ A saying of Alexander the Great's (Plutarch, in *Alexandro*).

the Hills by a parabolic course; the issue of which is too guessable by Friedrich. He himself instantly rises from Leitmeritz; starts, in fit divisions, by the Pascopol, by the Elbe passes, for Pirna; and, leaving Moritz of Dessau with a 10,000 to secure the Passes about Pirna, and Keith to come on with the Magazines, hastens across for Bautzen, to look into these advancing triumphant Austrians, these strange Prussian proceedings. On first hearing of that side-march, his auguries had been bad enough;¹ but the event has far surpassed them. Zittau gone; the Army hurrying home, as if in flight, in that wrecked condition; the door of Saxony, door of Silesia left wide open, — Daun has only to choose! Day by day, as Friedrich advanced to repair that mischief, the news of it have grown worse on him. Days rife otherwise in mere bad news. The Russians in Memel, Preussen at their feet; Soubise's French and the Reich's Army pushing on for Erfurt, to "deliver Saxony," on that western side: and from the French-English scene of operations — In those same bad days Royal Highness of Cumberland has been doing a feat worth notice in the above connection! Read this, from an authentic source: —

"*Hastenbeck, 22d-26th July, 1757.* Royal Highness, hitching back and back, had got to Hameln, a strong place of his on the safe side of the Weser; and did at last, Hanover itself being now nigh, call halt; and resolve to make a stand. July 22d [very day while the Prince of Prussia came in sight of Zittau, with the Austrians hanging over it], Royal Highness took post in that favorable vicinity of Hameln; at perfect leisure to select his ground: and there sat waiting D'Estrées, — swamps for our right wing, and the Weser not far off; small Hamlet of Hastenbeck in front, and a woody knoll for our left; — totally inactive for four days long; attempting nothing upon D'Estrées and his intricate shufflings, but looking idly noonward to the courses of the sun, till D'Estrées should come up. Royal Highness is much swollen into obes-

¹ Letter to Wilhelmina "Linay, 22d July" (second day of the march from Leitmeritz): *Œuvres*, xxvii. i. 298.

ity, into flabby torpor; a changed man since Fontenoy times; shockingly inactive, they say, in this post at Hastenbeck. D'Estrées, too, is ridiculously cautious, 'has manœuvred fifteen days in advancing about as many British miles.' D'Estrées did at last come up (July 25th), nearly two to one of Royal Highness, — 72,000 some count him, but considerably anarchic in parts, overwhelmed with Court Generals and Princes of the Blood, for one item; — and decides on attacking, next morning. D'Estrées duly went to reconnoitre, but unluckily 'had mist suddenly falling.' 'Well; we must attack, all the same!'

"And so, 26th July, Tuesday, there ensued a *Battle of Hastenbeck*: the absurdest Battle in the world; and which ought, in fairness, to have been lost by *both*, though Royal Highness alone had the ill luck. Both Captains behaved very poorly; and each of them had a subaltern who behaved well. D'Estrées, with his 70,000 *versus* 40,000 posted there, knows nothing of Royal Highness's position; sees only Royal Highness's left wing on that woody Height; and after hours of preliminary cannonading, sends out General Chevert upon that. Chevert, his subaltern [a bit of right soldier-stuff, the Chevert whom we knew at Prag, in old Belleisle times], goes upon it like fury; whom the Brunswick Grenadiers resist in like humor, hotter and hotter. Some hard fighting there, on Royal Highness's left; Chevert very fiery, Grenadiers very obstinate; till, on the centre, westward, in Royal Highness's chief battery there, some spark went the wrong way, and a powder-wagon shot itself aloft with hideous blaze and roar; and in the confusion, the French rushed in, and the battery was lost. Which discouraged the Grenadiers; so that Chevert made some progress upon them, on their woody Height, and began to have confident hope.

"Had Chevert known, or had D'Estrées known, there was close behind said Height, a Hollow, through which these Grenadiers might have been taken in rear. Dangerous Hollow, much neglected by Royal Highness, who has only General Breitenbach with a weak party there. This Breitenbach, happening to have a head of his own, and finding nothing to do in that Hollow or to rightward, bursts out, of his own

accord, on Chevert's left flank; cannonading, volleying, horse-charging;—the sound of which ('Hah, French there too!') struck a damp through Royal Highness, who instantly ordered retreat, and took the road. What singular ill-luck that *sound* of Breitenbach to Royal Highness! For observe, the *effect* of Breitenbach,—which was, to recover the lost battery (gallant young Prince of Brunswick, 'Hereditary Prince,' or Duke that is to be, striking in upon it with bayonet-charge at the right moment), made D'Estrées to order retreat! 'Battle lost,' thinks D'Estrées;—and with good cause, had Breitenbach been supported at all. But no subaltern durst; and Royal Highness himself was not overtakable, so far on the road. Royal Highness wept on hearing; the Brunswick Grenadiers too are said to have wept (for rage); and probably Breitenbach and the Hereditary Prince."¹

This is the last of Royal Highness's exploits in War. The retreat had been ordered "To Hanover;" but the baggage by mistake took the road for Minden; and Royal Highness followed thither,—much the same what road he or it takes. Friedrich might still hope he would retreat on Magdeburg; 40,000 good soldiers might find a Captain there, and be valuable against a D'Estrées and Soubise in those parts. But no; it was through Bremen Country, to Stade, into the Sea, that Royal Highness, by ill luck, retreated! He has still one great vexation to give Friedrich,—to us almost a comfort, knowing what followed out of it;—and will have to be mentioned one other time in this History, and then go over our horizon altogether.

Whether Friedrich had heard of Hastenbeck the day his Brother and he met (July 29th, at Bautzen), I do not know: but it is likely enough he may have got the news that very morning; which was not calculated to increase one's good humor! His meeting with the Prince is royal, not fraternal, as all men have heard. Let us give with brevity, from Schmettau Junior, the exact features of it; and leave the candid reader,

¹ Mauvillon, i. 228; Anonymous of Hamburg, i. 206 (who gives a Plan and all manner of details, if needed by anybody); Kausler; &c. &c.

who has formed to himself some notion of kingship and its sorrows and stern conditions (having perhaps himself something of kingly, in a small potential way), to interpret the matter, and make what he can of it:—

“*Bautzen, 29th July, 1757.* The King with reinforcement is coming hither, from the Dresden side; to take up the reins of this dishevelled Zittau Army; to speed with it against the Austrians, and, if humanly possible, lock the doors of Silesia and Saxony again, and chase the intruders away. Prince of Prussia and the other Generals have notice, the night before: ‘At 4 A.M. to-morrow (29th), wait his Majesty.’ Prince and Generals wait accordingly, all there but Goltz and Winterfeld; they not, which is noted.

“For above an hour, no King; Prince and Generals ride forward:—there is the King coming; Prince Henri, Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick and others in his train. King, noticing them, at about 300 paces distance, drew bridle; Prince of Prussia did the like, train and he saluting with their hats, as did the King’s train in return. King did not salute;—on the contrary, he turned his horse round and dismounted, as did everybody else on such signal. King lay down on the ground, as if waiting the arrival of his Vanguard; and bade Winterfeld and Goltz sit by him.” Poor Prince of Prussia, and battered heavy-laden Generals! “After a minute or two, Goltz came over and whispered to the Prince. ‘Hither, *meine Herren*, all of you; a message from his Majesty!’ cried the Prince. Whereupon, to Generals and Prince, Goltz delivered, in equable official tone, these affecting words: ‘His Majesty commands me to inform your Royal Highness, That he has cause to be greatly discontented with you; that you deserve to have a Court-martial held over you, which would sentence you and all your Generals to death; but that his Majesty will not carry the matter so far, being unable to forget that in the Chief General he has a Brother!’ ”¹

The Prince answered, He wanted only a Court-martial, and the like, in stiff tone. Here is the Letter he writes next day to his Brother, with the Answer:—

¹ Schmettau, pp. 384, 385.

Prince of Prussia to the King.

“BAUTZEN, 30th July, 1757.

“MY DEAR BROTHER, — The Letters you have written me, and the reception I yesterday met with, are sufficient proof that, in your opinion, I have ruined my honor and reputation. This grieves, but it does not crush me, as in my own mind I am not conscious of the least reproach. I am perfectly convinced that I did not act by caprice: I did not follow the counsels of people incapable of giving good ones; I have done what I thought to be suitablest for the Army. All your Generals will do me that justice.

“I reckon it useless to beg of you to have my conduct investigated: this would be a favor you would do me; so I cannot expect it. My health has been weakened by these fatigues, still more by these chagrins. I have gone to lodge in the Town, to recruit myself.

“I have requested the Duke of Bevern to present the Army Reports; he can give you explanation of everything. Be assured, my dear Brother, that in spite of the misfortunes which overwhelm me, and which I have not deserved, I shall never cease to be attached to the State; and as a faithful member of the same, my joy will be perfect when I learn the happy issue of your Enterprises. I have the honor to be”

AUGUST WILHELM.¹

King's Answer, the Same Day.

“CAMP NEAR BAUTZEN, 30th July, 1757.

“MY DEAR BROTHER, — Your bad guidance has greatly deranged my affairs. It is not the Enemy, it is your ill-judged measures that have done me all this mischief. My Generals are inexcusable; either for advising you so ill, or in permitting you to follow resolutions so unwise. Your ears are accustomed to listen to the talk of flatterers only. Daun has not flattered you; — behold the consequences. In this sad situation, nothing is left for me but trying the last extremity

¹ *Main de Maître*, p. 21.

I must go and give battle; and if we cannot conquer, we must all of us have ourselves killed.

"I do not complain of your heart; but I do of your incapacity, of your want of judgment in not choosing better methods. A man who [like me; mark the phrase, from such a quarter!] has but a few days to live need not dissemble. I wish you better fortune than mine has been: and that all the miseries and bad adventures you have had may teach you to treat important things with more of care, more of sense, and more of resolution. The greater part of the misfortunes which I now see to be near comes only from you. You and your Children will be more overwhelmed by them than I. Be persuaded nevertheless that I have always loved you, and that with these sentiments I shall die. FRIEDRICH."¹

As the King went off to the Heights of Weissenberg, Zittau way, to encamp there against the Austrians, that same evening, the Prince did not answer this Letter, — except by asking verbally through Lieutenant-Colonel Lentulus (a mute Swiss figure, much about the King, who often turns up in these Histories), "for leave to return to Dresden by the first escort." — "Depends on himself; — an escort is going this night!" answered Friedrich. And the Prince went accordingly; and, by two stages, got into Dresden with his escort on the morrow. And had, not yet conscious of it, quitted the Field of War altogether; and was soon about to quit the world, and die, poor Prince. Died within a year, 12th June, 1758, at Oranienburg, beside his Family, where he had latterly been.² — Winterfeld was already gone, six months before him; Goltz went, not long after him; the other Zittau Generals all survived this War.

The poor Prince's fate, as natural, was much pitied; and Friedrich, to this day, is growled at for "inhuman treatment" and so on. Into which question we do not enter, except to say that Friedrich too had his sorrows; and that probably his concluding words, "with these sentiments I shall die," were perfectly true. *Main de Maître* went widely abroad over

¹ *Main de Maître*, p. 22.

² Preuss. ii. 60 (ib. 78).

the world. The poor Prince's words and procedures were eagerly caught up by a scrutinizing public, — and some of the former were not too guarded. At Dresden, he said, one morning, calling on a General Finck whom we shall hear of again: "Four such disagreeing, thin-skinned, high-pacing (*uneinige, piquirte*) Generals as Fouquet, Schmettau, Winterfeld and Goltz, about you, what was to be done!" said the Prince to Finck.¹

His Wife, when at last he came to Oranienburg, nursed him fondly; that is one comfortable fact. Prince Henri, to the last, had privately a grudge of peculiar intensity, on this score, against all the peccant parties, King not excepted. As indeed he was apt to have, on various scores, the jealous, too vehement little man.

Friedrich's humor at this time I can guess to have been well-nigh desperate. He talks once of "a horse, on too much provocation, getting the bit between its teeth; regardless thenceforth of chasms and precipices:"² — though he himself never carries it to that length; and always has a watchful eye, when at his swiftest! From Weissenberg, that night, he drives in the Pandours on Zittau and the Eckartsberg; but the Austrians don't come out. And, for three weeks, in this fierce necessity of being speedy, he cannot get one right stroke at the Austrians; who sit inexpugnable upon their Eckart's Hill, bristling with cannon; and can in no way be manœuvred down, or forced or enticed into Battle. A baffling, bitterly impatient three weeks; — two of them, the worst two, he spends at Weissenberg itself, chasing Pandours, and scuffling on the surface, till Keith and the Magazine-train come up; — even writing Verses now and then, when the hours get unendurable otherwise!

The instant Keith and the Magazines are come, he starts for Bernstadt; 56,000 strong after this junction: — and a Prussian Officer, dating "Bernstädtel [Bernstadt on the now Maps], 21st August, 1757," sends us this account; which also is but of preliminary nature: —

¹ Preuss, ii. 79 n. : see ib. 60, 78.

² Letter to Wilhelmina, "Linay, 22d July" (cited above).

"August 15th, Majesty left Weissenberg, and marched hither, much to the enemy's astonishment, who had lain perfectly quiet for a fortnight past, fancying they were a mastiff on the door-sill of Silesia: little thinking to be trampled on in this unceremonious way! General Beck, when our hussars of the vanguard made appearance, had to saddle and ride as for life, leaving every rag of baggage, and forty of his Pandours captive. Our hussars stuck to him, chasing him into Ostritz, where they surprised General Nadasti at dinner; and did a still better stroke of business: Nadasti himself could scarcely leap on horseback and get off; left all his field equipage, coaches, horses, kitchen-utensils, flunkies seventy-two in number, — and, what was worst of all, a secret box, in which were found certain Dresden Correspondences of a highly treasonous character, which now the writers there may quake to think of;" — if Friedrich, or we, could take much notice of them, in this press of hurries!¹

Next day, August 16th, Friedrich detached five battalions to Görlitz; — Prince Karl (he calls it *Daun*) still camping on the Eckartsberg; — and himself, about 4 P.M., with the main Army, marched up to those Austrians on their Hill, to see if they would fight.² No, they would n't: they merely hustled themselves round so as to face him; face him, and even flank him with cannon-batteries if he came too near. Steep ground, "precipitous front of rocks," in some places. "A hollow before their front; Village of Wittgenau there, and three roads through it, *one* of them with width for wheels;" Daun sitting inaccessible, in short. Next day, Winterfeld, with a detached Division, crossed the Neisse, tried Nadasti: "Attack Nadasti, on his woody knoll at Hirschfeld yonder; they will have to rise and save him!" In vain, that too; they let Nadasti take his own luck: for four days (16th–20th August) everything was tried, in vain.

No Battle to be had from these Austrians. And it would have been so infinitely convenient to us: Reich's Army and Soubise's French are now in the actual precincts of Erfurt (August 25th, Soubise took quarter there); Royal Highness

¹ *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 596–599.

² *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 137.

of Cumberland is staggering back into the Sea; Richelieu's French (not D'Estrées any more, D'Estrées being superseded in this strange way) are aiming, it is thought, towards Magdeburg, had they once done with Royal Highness; Swedes are getting hold of Pommern; Russians, in huge force, of Preussen: how comfortable to have had our Austrians finished before going upon the others! For four days more (August 20th–24th), Friedrich arranges his Army for watching the Austrians, and guarding Silesia;—Bevern and Winterfeld to take command in his absence:—and, August 25th, has to march, with a small Division, which, at Dresden, he will increase by Moritz's, now needless in the Pirna Country; towards Thüringen; to look into Soubise and the Reich's Army, as a thing that absolutely cannot wait. Arrives in Dresden, Monday, August 29th; and— Or let the old Newspaper report it, with the features of life:—

“*Dresden, 29th August, 1757*, This day, about noon, his Majesty, with a part of his Army from the Upper Lausitz, arrived at the Neustadt here. Though the kitchen had been appointed to be set up at what they call The Barns (*Die Scheunen*), his Majesty was pleased to alight in Königsbrück Street, at the new House of Brühl's Chamberlain, Haller; and there passed the night. Tuesday evening, 30th, his Majesty the King, with his Lifeguards of Horse and of Foot, also with the Gens-d'Armes and other Battalions, marched through the City, about a mile out on the Freiberg road, and took quarter in Klein Hamberg. The 31st, all the Army followed,”—a poor 23,000, Moritz and he, that was all!¹—“the King's field-equipage, which had been taken from the Brühl Palace and packed in twelve wagons, went with them.”²

¹ “22,360” (Tempelhof, i. 228).

² Rödenbeck, p. 316; Preuss, ii. 84 n; Mitchell's Interview (*Memoirs and Papers*, i. 270).

CHAPTER VI.

DEATH OF WINTERFELD.

BEFORE going upon this forlorn march of Friedrich's, one of the forlornest a son of Adam ever had, we must speak of a thing which befell to rearward, while the march was only half done, and which greatly influenced it and all that followed. It was the seventh day of Friedrich's march, not above eighty miles of it yet done, when Winterfeld perished in fight. No Winterfeld now to occupy the Austrians in his absence; to stand between Silesia and them, or assist him farther in his lonesome struggle against the world. Let us spend a moment on the exit of that brave man: Bernstadt, Görlitz Country, September 7th, 1757.

The Bevern Army, 36,000 strong, is still there in its place in the Lausitz, near Görlitz; Prince Karl lies quiet in his near Zittau, ever since he burnt that Town, and stood four days in arms unattackable by Friedrich with prospect of advantage. The Court of Vienna cannot comprehend this state of inactivity: "Two to one, and a mere Bevern against you, the King far away in Saxony upon his desperate Anti-French mission there: why not go in upon this Bevern? The French, whom we are by every courier passionately importuning to sweep Saxony clear, what will they say of this strange mode of sweeping Silesia clear?" Maria Theresa and her Kriegs-Hofrath are much exercised with these thoughts, and with French and other remonstrances that come. Maria Theresa and her Kriegs-Hofrath at length despatch their supreme Kaunitz, Graf Kaunitz in person, to stir up Prince Karl, and look into the matter with his own wise eyes and great heart. Prince Karl, by way of treat to this high gentleman, determines on doing something striking upon Bevern.

Bevern lies with his main body about Görlitz, in and to westward of Görlitz, a pleasant Town on the left bank of the Neisse (readers know there are four Neisses, and which of them this is), with fine hilly country all round, bulky solitary Heights and Mountains rising out of fruitful plains,—two Hochkirchs (*High-Kirks*), for example, are in this region, one of which will become extremely notable next year:—Bevern has a strong camp leaning on the due Heights here, with Görlitz in its lap; and beyond Görlitz, on the right bank of the Neisse, united to him by a Bridge, he has placed Winterfeld with 10,000, who lies with his back to Görlitz, proper brooks and fencible places flanking him, has a Dorf (*Thorp*) called Moys in *his* lap; and, some short furlong beyond Moys, a 2,000 of his grenadiers planted on the top of a Hill called the Moysberg, called also the Holzberg (*Woodhill*) and Jäkelsberg, of which the reader is to take notice. Fine outpost, with proper batteries atop, with hussar squadrons and hussar pickets sprinkled about; which commands a far outlook towards Silesia, and in marching thither, or in continuing here, is useful to have in hand,—were it not a little too distant from the main body. It is this Jäkelsberg, capable of being snatched if one is sudden enough, that Prince Karl decides on: it may be good for much or for little to Prince Karl; and, if even for nothing, it will be a brilliant affront upon Winterfeld and Bevern, and more or less charming to Kaunitz.

Winterfeld, the ardent enterprising man, King's other self, is thought to be the mainspring of affairs here (small thanks to him privately from Bevern, add some): and is stationed in the extreme van, as we see; Winterfeld is engaged in many things besides the care of this post; and indeed where a critical thing is to be done, we can imagine Winterfeld goes upon it. "We must try to stay here till the King has finished in Saxony!" says Winterfeld always. To which Bevern replies, "Excellent, truly; but how?" Bevern has his provender at Dresden, sadly far off; has to hold Bautzen garrisoned, and gets much trouble with his convoys. Better in Silesia, with our magazines at hand, thinks Bevern, less mindful of other considerations.

Tuesday, September 6th, Prince Karl sends Nadasti to the right bank of the River, forward upon Moys, to do the Jäkelsberg before day to-morrow: only some 2,000 grenadiers on it; Nadasti has with him 15,000, some count 20,000 of all arms, artillery in plenty; surely sufficient for the Jäkelsberg; and Daun advances, with the main body, on the other side of the River, to be within reach, should Moys lead to more serious consequences. Nadasti diligently marches all day; posts himself at night within few miles of Moys; gets his cannon to the proper Hills (*Gallows Hill* and others), his Croats to the proper Woods; and, before daylight on the morrow, means to begin upon the Moys Hill and its 2,000 grenadiers.

Wednesday morning, at the set hour, Nadasti, with artillery bursting out and quivering battle-lines, is at work accordingly; hurls up 1,000 Croats for one item, and regulars to the amount of "forty companies in three lines." The grenadiers, somewhat astonished, for the morning was misty and their hussar-posts had come hastily in, stood upon their guard, like Prussian men; hurled back the 1,000 Croats fast enough; stubbornly repulsed the regulars too, and tumbled them down hill with bullet-storm for accompaniment; gallantly foiling this first attempt of Nadasti's. Of course Nadasti will make another, will make ever others; capture of the Jäkelsberg can hardly be doubtful to Nadasti.

Winterfeld was not at Moys, he was at Görlitz, just got in from escorting an important meal-convoy hither out of Bautzen; and was in conference with Bevern, when rumor of these Croat attacks came in at the gallop from Moys. Winterfeld made little of the rumors: he had heard of some attack intended, but it was to have been overnight, and has not been. "Mere foraging of Croat rabble, like yesterday's!" said Winterfeld, and continued his present business. In few minutes the sound of heavy cannonading convinced him. "Haha, there are my guests," said he; "we must see if we cannot entertain them right!" sprang to horseback, ordered on, double-quick, the three regiments nearest him, and was off at the gallop, — too late; or, alas, too *early* we might rather say! Arriving at the gallop, Winterfeld found his grenadiers and their insufficient rein-

forcements rolling back, the Hill lost; Winterfeld "sprang to a fresh horse," shot his lightning glances and energies to this hand and that; stormfully rallied the matter, recovered the Hill; and stormfully defended it, for, I should guess, an hour or more; and might still have done one knows not what, had not a bullet struck him through the breast, and suddenly ended all his doings in this world.

Three other reasons the Prussians give for loss of their Hill, which are of no consequence to them or to us in comparison. First, that Bevern, on message after message, sent no reinforcement; that Winterfeld was left to his own 10,000, and what he and they could make of it. Bevern is jealous of Winterfeld, hint they, and willing to see his impetuous audacity checked. Perhaps only cautious of getting into a general action for what was intrinsically nothing? Second, that two regiments of Infantry, whom Winterfeld detached double-quick to seize a couple of villages (Leopoldshayn, Hermsdorf) on his right, and therefrom fusillade Nadasti on flank, found the villages already occupied by thousands of Croats, with regular foot and cannon-batteries, and could in nowise seize them. This was a great reverse of advantage. Third, that an Aide-de-Camp made a small misnomer, misreport of one word, which was terribly important: "Bring me hither Regiment Manteuffel!" Winterfeld had ordered. The Aide-de-Camp reported it "Grenadiers Manteuffel:" upon which, the grenadiers, who were posted in a walled garden, an important point to Winterfeld's right, came instantly to order; and Austrians instantly rushed in to the vacant post, and galled Winterfeld's other flank by their fire.¹

Enough, Winterfeld lay bleeding to death, the Hill was lost, Prussians drawing off slowly and back-foremost, about two in the afternoon; upon which the Austrians also drew off, leaving only a small party on the Hill, who voluntarily quitted it next morning. Next morning, likewise, Winterfeld had died. The Hill was, except as bravado, and by way of comfort to Kaunitz, nothing for the Austrians; but the death of Winterfeld, which

¹ Abundant Accounts in Seyfarth, ii. (*Beylagen*), 162-183; *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 615-633; Retzow, i. 216-221.

had come by chance to them in the business, was probably a great thing. Better than two pitched battles gained : who shall say ? He was a shining figure, this Winterfeld ; dangerous to the Anstrians. The most shining figure in the Prussian Army, except its Chief ; and had great thoughts in his head. Prussia is not skilful to celebrate her Heroes, — the Prussian Muse of History, choked with dry military pipe-clay, or with husky cobwebbery and academic pedantry, how can she ? — but if Prussia can produce heroes worth celebrating, that is the one important point. Apart from soldieriship, and the outward features which are widely different, there is traceable in Winterfeld some kinship in soul to English Chatham his contemporary ; though he has not had the fame of Chatham.

Winterfeld was by no means universally liked ; as what brave man is or can be ? Too susceptible to flattery ; too this, too that. He is, one feels always, except Friedrich only, the most shining figure in the Prussian Army : and it was not unnatural he should be Friedrich's one friend, — as seems to have been the case. Friedrich, when this Job's-message reached him (in Erfurt Country, eight days hence), was deeply affected by it. To tears, or beyond tears, as we can fancy. "Against my multitude of enemies I may contrive resources," he was heard to say ; "but I shall find no Winterfeld again !" Adieu, my one friend, real Peer, sole companion to my lonely pilgrimage in these perilous high regions.

"The Prince of Prussia, contrariwise," says a miserable little Note, which must not be withheld, "brightened up at the news : 'I shall now die much more content, knowing that there is one so bad and dangerous man fewer in the Army !' And, six months after, in his actual death-moments, he exclaimed : 'I end my life, the last period of which has cost me so much sorrow ; but Winterfeld is he who shortened my days !'"¹ — Very bitter Opposition humors circulating, in their fashion, there as elsewhere in this world !

Bevern, the millstone of Winterfeld being off his neck, has become a more responsible, though he feels himself a much-delivered man. Had not liked Winterfeld, they say ; or had

¹ Preuss, ii. 76 ; citing Retzow.

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even hated him, since those bad Zittau times. Can now, at any rate, make for Schlesien and the meal-magazines, when he sees good. He will find meal readier there; may he find other things corresponding! Nobody now to keep him painfully manœuvring in these parts; with the King's Army nearer to him, but meal not.

On the third day after (September 10th), Bevern, having finished packing, took the road for Schlesien; Daun and Karl attending him; nothing left of Daun and Karl in those Saxon Countries, — except, at Stolpen, out Dresden-wards, some Reserve-Post or Rear-guard of 15,000, should we chance to hear of that again. And from the end of September onwards, Bevern's star, once somewhat bright at Reichenberg, shot rapidly downwards, under the horizon altogether; and there came, post after post, such news out of Schlesien, — to say nothing of that Stolpen Party, — as Friedrich had never heard before.

CHAPTER VII.

FRIEDRICH IN THÜRINGEN, HIS WORLD OF ENEMIES ALL COME.

THE Soubise-Hildburghausen people had got rendezvoused at Erfurt about August 25th; 50,000 by account, and no enemy within 200 miles of them; and in the Versailles circles it had been expected they would proceed to the "Deliverance of Saxony" straightway. What is to hinder? — Friedrich, haggling with the Austrians at Bernstadt, could muster but a poor 23,000, when he did march towards Erfurt. In those same neighborhoods, within reach of Soubise, is the Richelieu, late D'Estrées, Army; elated with Hastenbeck, comfortably pushing Royal Highness of Cumberland, who makes no resistance, step by step, into the sea; victoriously plundering far and wide in those countries, Hanover itself the Head-quarter. In the Versailles circles, it is farther expected that Richelieu, "Conqueror of Minorca," will shortly besiege and conquer

Magdeburg, and so crown his glories. Why not; were the "Deliverance of Saxony" complete?

The whole of which turned out greatly otherwise, and to the sad disappointment of Versailles. The Conqueror of Minorea is probably aware that the conquering of Magdeburg, against one whose platforms are not rotten, and who does *not* "lie always in his bed," as poor old Blakeney did, will be a very different matter. And the private truth is, Maréchal de Richelieu never turned his thoughts upon Magdeburg at all, nor upon any point of war that had difficulties, but solely upon collecting plunder for himself in those Countries. One of the most magnificent marauders on record; in no danger, he, of becoming monitory and a pendulum, like the 1,000 that already swing in that capacity to rear of him! And he did manage, in this Campaign, which was the last of his military services, so as to pay off at Paris "above £50,000 of debts; and to build for himself a beautiful Garden Mansion there, which the mocking populations called 'Hanover Pavillon (*Pavillon d'Hanovre*);'" a name still sticking to it, I believe.¹ Of the Richelieu Campaign we are happily delivered from saying almost anything: and the main interest for us turns now on that Soubise-Hildburghausen wing of it,—which also is a sufficiently contemptible affair; not to be spoken of beyond the strictly unavoidable.

Friedrich, with his 23,000 setting out from Dresden, August 30th, has a march of about 170 miles towards Erfurt. He may expect to find—counting Richelieu, if Royal Highness of Cumberland persist in acting *zero* as hitherto—a confused mass of about 150,000 Enemies, of one sort and other, waiting him ahead; not to think of those he has just left behind;—and he cannot well be in a triumphant humor! Behind, before, around, it is one gathering of Enemies: one point only certain, that he must beat them, or else die. Readers would fain follow him in this forlorn march; him, the one point of interest now in it: and readers shall, if we can manage, though it is extremely difficult. For, on getting to Erfurt, he finds his

¹ Barbier, iii. 256, 271.

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Soubise-Hildburghausen Army off on retreat among the inaccessible Hills still farther westward; and has to linger painfully there, and to detach, and even to march personally against other Enemies; and then, these finished, to march back towards his Erfurt ones, who are taking heart in the interim:—and, in short, from September 1st to November 5th, there are two months of confused manœuvring and marching to and fro in that West-Saxon region, which are very intricate to readers. November 5th is a day unforgettable: but anterior to that, what can we do? Here, dated, are the Three grand Epochs of the thing; which readers had better fix in mind as a preliminary:—

1°. *September 13th*, Friedrich has got to Erfurt neighborhood; but Soubise and Company are off westward to the Hills of Eisenach, won't come down; Friedrich obliged to linger thereabouts, painfully waiting almost a month, till

2°. *October 11th*, hearing that "15,000 Austrians" (that Stolpen Party, left as rear-guard at Stolpen; Croats mainly, under a General Haddick) are on march for Berlin, he rises in haste thitherward, through Leipzig, Torgau, say 100 miles; hears that Haddick *has* been in Berlin (16th-17th October) for one day, and that he is off again full speed with a ransom of £30,000, which they have had to pay him: upon which Friedrich calls halt in the Torgau country;—and would have been uncertain what to do, had not

3°. Soubise and Company, extremely elated with this Haddick Feat, come out from their Hills, intent to deliver Saxony after all. So that Friedrich has to turn back (October 26th-30th) through Leipzig again; towards, — in fact towards *Rosbach* and *November 5th*, in his old Saale Country, which does not prove so wearisome as formerly!

These are the cardinal dates; these let the reader recur to, if necessary, and keep steadily in mind: it will then perhaps be possible to intercalate, in a manner intelligible to him, what other lucent phenomena there are; and these dismal wanderings, and miserablest two months of Friedrich's life, will not be wholly a provoking blotch of enigmatic darkness, but in some sort a thing with features in the twilight of the Past.

I. *Friedrich's March to Erfurt from Dresden* (31st
August–13th September, 1757).

The march to Erfurt was of twelve days, and without adventure to speak of. Mayer and Free-Battalion had the vanguard, Friedrich there as usual; main body, under Keith with Ferdinand and Moritz, following in several columns: straight towards their goal; with steady despatch; for twelve days;—weather often very wet.¹ Seidlitz, with cavalry, had gone ahead, in search of one Turpin, a mighty hunter and Hussar among the French, who was threatening Leipzig, threatening Halle: but Turpin made off at sound of him, without trying fight; so that Seidlitz had only to halt, and rejoin, hoping better luck another time.

A march altogether of the common type,—the stages of it not worth marking except for special readers;—and of memorable to us offers only this, if even this: at Rötha, in Leipzig Country, the eighth stage from Dresden, Friedrich writes, willing to try for Peace if it be possible,

To the Maréchal Duc de Richelieu.

“RÖTHA, 7th September, 1757.

“I feel, M. le Duc, that you have not been put in the post where you are for the purpose of Negotiating. I am persuaded, however, that the Nephew of the great Cardinal Richelieu is made for signing treaties no less than for gaining battles. I address myself to you from an effect of the esteem with which you inspire even those who do not intimately know you.

“’Tis a small matter, Monsieur (*Il s’agit d’une bagatelle*): only to make Peace, if people are pleased to wish it! I know not what your Instructions are: but, in the supposition that the King your Master, now assured by your Successes, will have put it in your power to labor in the pacification of Germany, I address to you the *Sieur d’Elcheset*” (*Sieur Balbi* is

¹ Tempelhof, i. 229; Rödenbeck, i. 317 (not very correct): in Westphalen (ii. 20 &c.) a personal Diary of this March, and of what followed on Duke Ferdinand’s part.

the real name of him, an Italian Engineer of mine, who once served with you in the Fontenoy times, — and some say he has privately a £15,000 for your Grace's acceptance, — "the Sieur d'Elcheset), in whom you may place complete confidence.

"Though the events of this Year afford no hope that your Court still entertains a favorable disposition for my interests, I cannot persuade myself that a union which has lasted between us for sixteen years may not have left some trace in the mind. Perhaps I judge others by myself. But, however that may be, I, in short, prefer putting my interests into the King your Master's hands rather than into any other's. If you have not, Monsieur, any Instructions as to the Proposal hereby made, I beg of you to ask such, and to inform me what the tenor of them is.

"He who has merited statues at Genoa [ten years ago, in those *Anti*-Austrian times, when Genoa burst up in revolt, and the French and Richelieu beautifully intervened against the oppressors]; he who conquered Minorca in spite of immense obstacles; he who is on the point of subjugating Lower Saxony, — can do nothing more glorious than to restore Peace to Europe. Of all your laurels, that will be the fairest. Work in this Cause, with the activity which has secured you such rapid progress otherwise; and be persuaded that nobody will feel more grateful to you than, Monsieur le Duc, — Your faithful Friend, —

FRÉDÉRIC."¹

Richelieu, it appears by any evidence there is, went willingly into this scheme; and applied at Versailles, as desired; with a peremptory negative for result. Nothing came of the Richelieu attempt there; nor of "*ce M. de Mirabeau*," if he ever went; nor of any other on that errand. Needless to apply for Peace at Versailles (and a mere waste of your "sum of £15,000," which one hopes is fabulous in the present scarcity

¹ Given in *Rödenbeck*, i. 313 (doubtless from *Mémoires de Richelieu*, Paris, 1793, ix. 175, the one fountain-head in regard to this small affair): for "the £15,000" and other rumored particulars, see *Retzow*, i. 197; *Preuss*, ii. 84; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 145.

of money):—nor should we perhaps have mentioned the thing at all, except for the sake of Wilhelmina, whose fond scheme it is in this extremity of fate; scheme which she tries in still other directions, as we shall see; her Brother willing too, but probably with much less hope. If a civil Letter and a bribe of Money will do it, these need not be spared.

This at Rötha is the day while Winterfeld, on Moys Hill, is meeting his death. To-day at Pegau, in this neighborhood, Seidlitz, who could not fall in with Turpin, has given the Hussars of Loudon a beautiful slap; the first enemy we have seen on this march; and the last,—nothing but Loudon and Hussars visibly about, the rest of those Soubise-Reichs people dormant, as would seem. “D’Elcheset,” Balbi, or whoever he was, would not find Richelieu at Hanover; but at a place called Kloster-Zeven, in Bremen Country, fifty or sixty miles farther on. There, this day, are Richelieu with one Sporeken a Hanoverian, and one Lynar a Dane, rapidly finishing a thing they were pleased to call “Convention of Kloster-Zeven;” which Friedrich regarded as another huge misfortune fallen on him,—though it proved to have been far the reverse a while after. Concerning which take this brief Note; cannot be too brief on such a topic:—

“Never was there a more futile Convention than that of Kloster-Zeven; which filled all Europe with lamentable noises, indignations and anxieties, during the remainder of that Year; and is now reduced, for Europe and the Universe, to a silent mathematical point, or mere mark of position, requiring still to be attended to in that character, though itself zero in any other. Here are the main particulars, in their sequence.

“August 3d, towards midnight, ‘11 P.M.’ say the Books, Maréchal de Richelieu arrives in the D’Estrées Camp (‘Camp of Oldendorf,’ still only one march west of Hastenbeck); to whom D’Estrées on the instant loftily delivers up his Army; explains with loyalty, for a few days more, all things needful to the new Commander; declines to be himself Second; and loftily withdraws to the Baths of Aachen ‘for his health.’

“Royal Highness of Cumberland is, by this time, well on

Elbe-ward, Ocean-ward. Till August 1st, for one week, Royal Highness of Cumberland lay at Minden, some thirty odd miles from Hastenbeck; deploring that sad mistake; but unper-suadable to stand, and try amendment of it: August 1st, the French advancing on him again, he moved off northward, sea-ward. By Nienburg, Verden, Rothenburg, Zeven, Bremenvörde, Stade; — arrived at Stade, on the tidal Waters of the Elbe, August 5th; and by necessity did halt there. From Minden onwards, Richelieu, not D'Estrées, has had the chasing of Royal Highness: one of the simplest functions; only that the country is getting muddy, difficult for artillery-carriage (thinks Richelieu), with an Army so dilapidated, hungry, short of pay; and that Royal Highness, a very furious person to our former knowledge, might turn on us like a boar at bay, endangering everything; and finally, that one's desire is not for battle, but for a fair chance of plunder to pay one's debts.

“Britannic Majesty, in this awful state of his Hanover Armaments, has been applying at the Danish Court; Richelieu too sends off an application thither: ‘Mediate between us, spare useless bloodshed!’¹ — Whereupon Danish Majesty (Britannic’s son-in-law) cheerfully undertakes it; bids one Lynar bestir himself upon it. Count Lynar, an esteemed Official of his, who lives in those neighborhoods; Danish Viceroy in Oldenburg, — much concerned with the Scriptures, the Sacred Languages and other seraphic studies, — and a changed man since we saw him last in the Petersburg regions, making love to Mrs. Anton Ulrich long ago! Lynar, feeling the axis of the world laid on his shoulder in this manner, loses not a moment; invokes the Heavenly Powers; goes on it with an alacrity and a despatch beyond praise. Runs to the Duke of Cumberland at Stade; thence to Richelieu at Zeven; back to the Duke, back to Zeven: ‘Won’t you; and won’t *you*?’ and in four short days has the once world-famed ‘Convention of Kloster-Zeven’ standing on parchment, — signed, ready for ratifying: ‘Royal Highness’s Army to go home to their countries again [routes, methods, times: when, how, and what next, all left unsettled], and noise of War to cease in those parts.’ Signed

¹ Valfons, p. 291.

cheerfully on both sides 9th September, 1757; and Lynar striking the stars with his sublime head.¹

"Unaccountable how Lynar had managed such a difficulty. He says seraphically, in a Letter to a friend, which the Prussian lussars got hold of, 'The idea of it was inspired by the Holy Ghost:' at which the whole world haha'd again. For it was a Convention vague, absurd, not capable of being executed; ratification of it refused by both Courts, by the French Court first, if that was any matter:—and the only thing now memorable of it is, that *it* was a total Futility; but that there ensued from it a Fact still of importance; namely:—

"That on the 5th of October following, Royal Highness quitted Stade, and his wrecked Army hanging sorrowful there, like a flight of plucked cranes in mid-air;—arrived at Kensington, October 12th; heard the paternal Majesty say, that evening, 'Here is my son who has ruined me, and disgraced himself!'—and thereupon indignantly laid down his military offices, all and sundry; and ceased altogether to command Armies, English or other, in this world.² Whereby, in the then and now diagram of things, Kloster-Zeven, as a mathematical point, continues memorable in History, though shrunk otherwise to zero!

"Pitt's magnanimity to Royal Highness was conspicuous. Royal Highness, it is said, had been very badly used in this matter by his poor peddling Father and the Hanover Ministers; the matter being one puddle of imbecilities from beginning to end. He was the soul of honor; brave as a Welf lion; but of dim poor head; and had not the faintest vestige [*allergeringste* says Mauvillon] of military skill: awful in the extreme to see in command of British Armies! Adieu to him, forever and a day."

Ever since July 29th, three days after Hastenbeck, Pitt had been in Office again; such the bombardment by Corporation-Boxes and Events impinging on Britannic Majesty: but not

¹ Büsching (who alone is exact in the matter), *Beiträge*, iv. 167, 168, § Lynar: see Schöll, iii. 49; Valfons, pp. 292, 293; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 143 (with correction of Preuss's Note there).

² In *Walpole* (iii. 59-64) the amplest minuteness of detail.

till now, as I fancy, had Pitt's way, in regard to those German matters, been clear to him. The question of a German Army, if you must have a No-General at the top of it, might well be problematical to Pitt. To equip your strong fighting man, and send him on your errand, regardless of expense; and, by way of preliminary, cut the head off him, before saying "Good-speed to you, strong man!" But with a General, Pitt sees that it can be different; that perhaps "America can be conquered in Germany," and that, with a Britannic Majesty so disposed, there is no other way of trying it. To this course Pitt stands henceforth, heedless of the gazetteer cackle, "Hah, our Pitt too become German, after all his talking!"—like a seventy-four under full sail, with sea, wind, pilot all of one mind, and only certain water-fowl objecting. And is King of England for the next Four Years; the one King poor England has had this long while;—his hand felt shortly at the ends of the Earth. And proves such a blessing to Friedrich, among others, as nothing else in this War; pretty much his one blessing, little as he expected it. Before long, Excellency Mitchell begins consulting about a General,—and Friedrich dimly sees better things in the distance, and that Kloster-Zeven had not been the misfortune he imagined, but only "The darkest hour," which, it is said, lies "nearest to the dawn."

II. *The Soubise Hildburghausen People take into the Hills; Friedrich in Erfurt Neighborhood, hanging on, Week after Week, in an Agony of Inaction* (13th September—10th October).

Friedrich's march has gone by Döbeln, Grimma, to Pegau and Rötha, Leipzig way, but with Leipzig well to right: it just brushes Weissenfels to rightward, next day after Rötha; crosses Saale River near Naumburg, whence straight through Weimar Country, Weimar City on your left, to Erfurt on the northern side;—and,

"*Erfurt, Tuesday 13th September, 1757, About 10 in the morning* [listen to a faithful Witness], there appeared Hussars on the heights to northward:—'Vanguard of his Prussian

Majesty !' said Erfurt with alarm, and our French guests with alarm. And scarcely were the words uttered, when said Vanguard, and gradually the whole Prussian Army [only some 9,000, though we all thought it the whole], came to sight; posting itself in half-moon shape round us there; French and Reichs folk hurrying off what they could from the Cyriaksberg and Petersberg, by the opposite gates," — towards Gotha, and the Hills of Eisenach.

"Think what a dilemma for Erfurt, jammed between two horns in this way, should one horn enter before the other got out! Much parleying and supplicating on the part of Erfurt: Till at last, about 4 P.M., French being all off, Erfurt flung its gates open; and the new Power did enter, with some due state: Prussian Majesty in Person (who could have hoped it!) and Prince Henri beside him; Cavalry with drawn swords; Infantry with field-pieces, and the band playing" — Prussian grenadier march, I should hope, or something equally cheering. "The rest of the Vanguard, and, in succession, the Army altogether, had taken Camp outside, looking down on the Northern Gate, over at Ilgertshofen, a village in the neighborhood, about two miles off." ¹

That is the first sight Friedrich has of "*La Dauphine*," as the Versailles people call this Bellona, come to "deliver Saxony;" and she is considerably coyer than had been expected. Many sad days, and ardent vain vows of Friedrich, before he could see the skirt of her again! From Ilgertshofen, northwestward to Dittelstädt, Gamstädt, and other poor specks of villages in Gotha Territory, is ten or fifteen miles; from Dittelstädt eastward to Buttstädt and Buttelstädt, in Weimar Country, may be twenty-five: in this area, Friedrich, shifting about, chiefly for convenience of quarters, — head-quarter Kirschleben for a while, Buttelstädt finally and longest, — had to wander impatiently to and fro for four weeks and more; no work procurable, or none worth mentioning: — in the humor of a man whose House is on fire, flaming out of every window, front and rear; who *has* run up with quenching apparatus; and cannot, being spell-bound, get the least bucket of it

¹ *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 636, 637.

applied. And is by nature the rapidest soul now alive. Figure his situation there, as it gradually becomes manifest to him !

For the present, *Dauphiness* Bellona, hurrying to the Hills, has left some tagrag of remnant in Gotha. Whereupon, the second day, here is an "Own Correspondent" again, — not coming by electric telegraph, but (what is a sensible advantage) credible in every point, when he does come : —

"*Gotha, Thursday, 15th September.* Grand-Duke and Duchess, like everybody else, have been much occupied all morning with the fact, that the Prussian Army [Seidlitz and a regiment or two, nothing more] is actually here ; took possession of the Town-Gates and Main Guard this morning, — certain Hungarian-French hussar rabble, hateful to every one in Gotha, having made off in time, rapidly towards Eisenach and the Hills.

"Towards noon, his Royal Majesty in highest person, with his Lord Brother the Prince Henri's Royal Highness, arrived in Gotha ; sent straightway, by one of his Officers, a compliment to the Grand-Duke ; and 'would have the pleasure to come and dine, if his Serene Highness permitted.' Serene Highness, self and Household always cordially Friedrich's, was just about sitting down to dinner ; and answered with exuberantly glad surprise, — or was answering, when Royal Majesty himself stepped in with smiling face ; and embracing the Duke, said : 'I timed myself to arrive at this moment, thinking your Durchlaucht would be at dinner, that I might be received without ceremony, and dine like a neighbor among you.' Unexpected as this visit was, the joy of Duke and Duchess," always fast friends to Friedrich, and the latter ever afterwards his correspondent, "may be conceived, but not adequately expressed ; as both the Serenities were touched, in the most affecting manner, by the honor of so great a King's sudden presence among them.

"His Majesty requested that the Frau von Buchwald, our Most Gracious Duchess's Hof-Dame, whose qualities he much valued, might dine with them," — being always fond of sensible people, especially sensible women. "The whole Highest and High company [Royal, that is. and Ducal] was, during table,

uncommonly merry. The King showed himself altogether content; and his bright clever talk and sprightly sallies, awakening everybody to the like, left not the least trace visible of the weighty toils he was then engaged in; — as if the weightier these were, the less should they fetter the noble openness (*Freymüthigkeit*) of this high soul, which is not to be cast down by the heaviest burden.

“His Majesty having taken leave of Duke and Duchess, and graciously permitted the chiefest persons of the Gotha Court to pay their respects, withdrew to his Army.”¹ Slept, I find elsewhere, “at Gamstädt, on the floor of a little Inn;” meaning to examine Posts in that part, next morning.

Here has been a cheerful little scene for Friedrich; the last he has in these black weeks. A laborious Predecessor, striving to elucidate, leaves me this Note: —

“What a pity one knows nothing, nor can know, about this Duke and Duchess, though their names, especially the latter’s name, are much tossed to and fro in the Books! We heard of them, favorably, in Voltaire’s time; and may again, at least of the Lady, who is henceforth a Correspondent of Friedrich’s. The above is a dim direct view of them, probably our last as well as first. Duke’s name is Friedrich III.; I do believe, a man of solidity, honor and polite dignified sense, a highly respectable Duke of Sachsen-Gotha, contented to be obscure, and quietly do what was still do-able in that enigmatic situation. He is Uncle to our George III.; — his Sister is the now Princess-Dowager of Wales, with a Lord Bute, and I know not what questionable figures and intrigues, or suspicions of intrigue, much about her. His Duchess, Louisa Dorothee, is a Princess of distinguished qualities, literary tastes, — Voltaire’s Hostess, Friedrich’s Correspondent: a bright and quietly shining illumination to the circle she inhabits. Duke is now fifty-eight, Duchess forty-seven; and they lost their eldest Son last year. There has been lately a considerable private brabble as to Tutorage of the Duke of Weimar (Wilhelmina’s maddish Duke, who is dead lately; and a Prince left, who soon died also, but left a Son, who grew to be Goethe’s friend); Tutorage

¹ Letter in *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 638, 639.

claimed by various Cousins, has been adjudged to this one, King Friedrich co-operating in such result.

“As to the famed Grand-Duchess, she is a Sachsen-Meiningen Princess, come of Ernst the Pious, of Johann the Magnanimous, as her Husband and all these Sachsens are: when Voltaire went precipitant, with such velocity, from the Potsdam Heaven, she received him at Gotha; set him on writing his *History of the Empire*, and endeavored to break his fall. She was noble to Voltaire, and well honored by that uncertain Spirit. There is a fine Library at Gotha; and the Lady bright loves Books, and those that can write them; — a friend of the Light, a Daughter of the Sun and the Empyrean, not of Darkness and the Stygian Fens.”¹

Friedrich's first Letter to her Highness was one of thanks, above a year ago, for an act of kindness, act of justice withal, which she did to one of his Official people. Here, on the morrow of that dinner, is the second Letter, much more aerial and cordial, in which style they all continue, now that he has seen the admired Princess.

To the Most Serene Grand-Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha.

DITTELSTÄDT, “16th September, 1757.

“MADAM, — Yesterday was a Day I shall never forget; which satisfied a just desire I have had, this long while, to see and hear a Princess whom all Europe admires. I am not surprised, Madam, that you subdue people's hearts; you are made to attract the esteem and the homage of all who have the happiness to know you. But it is incomprehensible to me how you can have enemies; and how men representing Countries that by no means wish to pass for barbarous, can have been so basely (*indignement*) wanting in the respect they owe you, and in the consideration which is due to all sovereigns [French not famous for their refined demeanor in Saxony this time]. Why could not I fly to prevent such disorders, such indecency! I can only offer you a great deal of good-will; but I feel well that, in present circumstances, the thing wanted is effective results and reality. May I, Madam, be so happy as to render you

¹ Michaelis, i. 517; &c. &c.

some service! May your fortune be equal to your virtues! I am with the highest consideration, Madam, your Highness's faithful Cousin, — F."¹

To Wilhelmina he says of it, next day, still gratified, though sad news have come in the *intérim*; — death of Winterfeld, for one black item: —

. . . "The day before yesterday I was in Gotha. It was a touching scene to see the partners of one's misfortunes, with like griefs and like complaints. The Duchess is a woman of real merit, whose firmness puts many a man to shame. Madam de Buchwald appears to me a very estimable person, and one who would suit you much: intelligent, accomplished, without pretensions, and good-humored. My Brother Henri is gone to see them to-day. I am so oppressed with grief, that I would rather keep my sadness to myself. I have reason to congratulate myself much on account of my Brother Henri; he has behaved like an angel, as a soldier, and well towards me as a Brother. I cannot, unfortunately, say the same of the elder. He sulks at me (*il me boude*), and has sulkily retired to Torgau, from whence, I hear, he is gone to Wittenberg. I shall leave him to his caprices and to his bad conduct; and I prophesy nothing good for the future, unless the younger guide him."² . . .

This is part of a long sad Letter to Wilhelmina; parts of which we may recur to, as otherwise illustrative. But before going into that tragic budget of bad news, let us give the finale of Gotha, which occurred the next day, — tragi-comic in part, — and is the last bit of action in those dreary four weeks.

Gotha, 18th September. "Since Thursday 15th, Major-General Seidlitz," youngest Major-General of the Army, but a rapidly rising man, "has been Commandant in Gotha, under flourishing circumstances; popular and supreme, though only

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 166.

² "Kirschleben, near Erfurt. 17th September, 1757" (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. i. 306).

with a force of 1,500, dragoons and hussars. Monday morning early, Seidlitz's scouts bring word that the Soubise-Hildburghausen people are in motion hitherward; French hussars and Austrian, Turpin's, Loudon's, all that are; grenadiers in mass; — total, say, 8,000 horse and foot, with abundance of artillery; — have been on march all night, to retake Gotha; with all the Chief Generals and Dignitaries of the Army following in their carriages, for some hours past, to see it done. Seidlitz, ascertaining these things, has but one course left, — that of clearing himself out, which he does with orderly velocity: and at 9 A.M. the Dignitaries and their 8,000 find open gates, Seidlitz clean off; occupy the posts, with due emphasis and flourish; and proceed to the Schloss in a grand triumphant way, — where privately they are not very welcome, though one puts the best face on it, and a dinner of importance is the first thing imperative to be set in progress. A flurried Court, that of Gotha, and much swashing of French plumes through it, all this morning, since Seidlitz had to flit.

“Seidlitz has not flitted very far. Seidlitz has ranked his small dragoon-hussar force in a hollow, two miles off; has got warning sent to a third regiment within reach of him, ‘Come towards me, and in a certain defile, visible from Gotha eastward, spread yourselves so and so!’ — and judges by the swashing he hears of up yonder, that perhaps something may still be done. Dinner, up in the Schloss, is just being taken from the spit, and the swashing at its height, when — ‘Hah what is that, though?’ and all plumes pause. For it is Seidlitz, artistically spread into single files, on the prominent points of vision; advancing again, more like 15,000 than 1,500: ‘And in the Defile yonder, that regiment, do you mark it; the King’s vanguard, I should say? — To horse!’

“That is Seidlitz’s fine Bit of Painting, hung out yonder, hooked on the sky itself, as temporary background to Gotha, to be judged of by the connoisseurs. For pictorial effect, breadth of touch, truth to Nature and real power on the connoisseur, I have heard of nothing equal by any artist. The high Generalcy, Soubise, Hildburghausen, Darmstadt, mount in the highest haste; everybody mounts, happy he who has

anything to mount; the grenadiers tumble out of the Schloss; dragoons, artillery tumble out; Dauphiness takes wholly to her heels, at an extraordinary pace: so that Seidlitz's hussars could hardly get a stroke at her; caught sixty and odd, nine of them Officers not of mark; did kill thirty; and had such a haul of equipages and valuable effects, cosmetic a good few of them, habilitary, artistic, as caused the hussar heart to sing for joy. Among other plunder, was Loudon's Commission of Major-General, just on its road from Vienna [poor Mannstein's death the suggesting cause, say some];—undoubtedly a shining Loudon; to whom Friedrich, next day, forwarded the Document with a polite Note.”¹

The day after this bright feat of Seidlitz's, which was a slight consolation to Friedrich, there came a Letter from the Duchess, not of compliment only; the Letter itself had to be burnt on the spot, being, as would seem, dangerous for the High Lady, who was much a friend of Friedrich's. Their Correspondence, very polite and graceful, but for most part gone to the unintelligible state, and become vacant and spectral, figures considerably in the Books, and was, no doubt, a considerable fact to Friedrich. His Answer on this occasion may be given, since we have it,—lest there should not elsewhere be opportunity for a second specimen.

Friedrich to the Grand-Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha.

“KIRSCHLEBEN, NEAR ERFURT, 20th September, 1757.

“MADAM,—Nothing could happen more glorious to my troops than that of fighting, Madam, under your eyes and for your defence. I wish their help could be useful to you; but I foresee the reverse. If I were obstinately to insist on maintaining the post of Gotha with Infantry, I should ruin your City for you, Madam, by attracting thither and fixing there the theatre of the War; whereas, by the present course, you will only have to suffer little rubs (*passades*), which will not last long.

“A thousand thanks that you could, in a day like yesterday, find the moment to think of your Friends, and to employ your-

¹ *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 640; *Westphalen*, ii. 37; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 147.

self for them. [Seidlitz's attack was brisk, quite sudden, with an effect like Harlequin's sword in Pantomimes; and Gotha in every corner, especially in the Schloss below and above stairs, — dinner cooked for A, and eaten by B, in that manner, — must have been the most agitated of little Cities.] I will neglect nothing of what you have the goodness to tell me; I shall profit by these notices. Heaven grant it might be for the deliverance and the security of Germany!

"The most signal mark of obedience I can give you consists unquestionably in doing your bidding with this Letter. [Burn it, so soon as read.] I should have kept it as a monument of your generosity and courage: but, Madam, since you dispose of it otherwise, your orders shall be executed; persuaded that if one cannot serve one's friends, one must at least avoid hurting them; that one may be less circumspect for one's own interest, but that one must be prudent and even timid for theirs. I am, with the highest esteem and the most perfect consideration, Madam, your Highness's most faithful and affectionate Cousin, — F." ¹

From Erfurt, on the night of his arrival, finding the Dauphiness in such humor, Friedrich had ordered Ferdinand of Brunswick with his Division and Prince Moritz with his, both of whom were still at Naumburg, to go on different errands, — Ferdinand out Halberstadt-Magdeburg way, whither Richelieu, vulture-like, if not eagle-like, is on wing; Moritz to Torgau, to secure our magazine and be on the outlook there. Both of them marched on the morrow (November 14th): and are sending him news, — seldom comfortable news; mainly that, in spite of all one can do (and it is not little on Ferdinand's part, the Richelieu vultures, 80,000 of them, floating onward, leagues broad, are not to be kept out of Halberstadt, well if out of Magdeburg itself; — and that, in short, the general conflagration, in those parts too, is progressive.² Moritz,

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 167.

² In Orlich's *Fürst Moritz*, pp. 71-89; and in *Westphalen*, ii. 23-143 (about Ferdinand): interesting Documentary details, Autographs of Friedrich, &c., in regard to both these Expeditions.

peaceable for some weeks in Torgau Country, was to have an eye on Brandenburg withal, on Berlin itself; and before long Moritz will see something noticeable there!

From Preussen, Friedrich hears of mere ravagings and horrid cruelties, Cossack-Calmuck atrocities, which make human nature shudder:¹ "Fight those monsters; go into them, at all hazards!" he writes to Lehwald peremptorily. Lehwald, 25,000 against 80,000, does so; draws up, in front of Wehlau, not far east of Königsberg, among woody swamps, *August 30th*, at a Hamlet called *Gross-Jägersdorf*, with his best skill; fights well, though not without mistakes; and is beaten by cannon and numbers.² Preussen now lies at Apraxin's discretion. This bit of news too is on the road for Erfurt Country. Such a six weeks for the swift man, obliged to stand spell-bound,—idle posterity never will conceive it; and description is useless.

Let us add here, that Apraxin did not advance on Königsberg, or farther into Preussen at all; but, after some loitering, turned, to everybody's surprise, and wended slowly home. "Could get no provision," said Apraxin for himself. "Thought the Czarina was dying," said the world; "and that Peter her successor would take it well!" Plodded slowly home, for certain; Lehwald following him, not too close, till over the border. Nothing left of Apraxin, and his huge Expedition, but Memel alone; Memel, and a great many graves and ruins. So that Lehwald could be recalled, to attend on the Swedes, before Winter came. And Friedrich's worst forebodings did not take effect in this case;—nor in some others, as we shall see!

Lamentation-Psalms of Friedrich.

Meanwhile, is it not remarkable that Friedrich wrote more Verses, this Autumn, than almost in any other three months of his life? Singular, yes; though perhaps not inexplicable. And if readers could fairly understand that fact, instead of

¹ In *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 427-437, the hideous details.

² Tempelhof, i. 299; Retzow, i. 212; &c. &c. ("Russians lost about 9,000," by their own tale 5,000; "the Prussians 3,000" and the Field).

running away with the shell of it, and leaving the essence, it would throw a great light on Friedrich. He is not a brooding inarticulate man, then; but a bright-glancing, articulate; not to be struck dumb by the face of Death itself. Flashes clear-eyed into the physiognomy of Death, and Ruin, and the Abysmal Horrors opening; and has a sharp word to say to them. The explanation of his large cargo of Verses this Autumn is, That always, alternating with such fiery velocity, he had intolerable periods of waiting till things were ready. And took to verses, by way of expectorating himself, and keeping down his devils. Not a bad plan, in the circumstances, — especially if you have so wonderful a turn for expectoration by speech. “All bad as Poetry, those Verses?” asks the reader. Well, some of them are not of first-rate goodness. Should have been burnt; or the time marked which they took up, and whether it was good time wasted (which I suppose it almost never was), or bad time skilfully got over. Time, that is the great point; and the heart-truth of them, or mere lip-truth, another. We must give some specimens, at any rate.

Especially that notable Specimen from the Zittau Countries: the “Epistle to Wilhelmina (*Epître à ma Sœur*¹);” which is the key-note, as it were; the fountain-head of much other verse, and of much prose withal, and Correspondencing not with Wilhelmina alone, of which also some taste must be given. Primary *Epître*; written, I perceive, in that interval of waiting for Keith and the magazines, — though the final date is “Bernstadt, August 24th.” Concerning which, Smelfungus takes, over-hastily, the liberty to say: “Strange, is it not, to be on the point of fighting for one’s existence; overwhelmed with so many businesses; and disposed to go into verse in addition! *Conceive* that form of mind; it would illuminate something of Friedrich’s character: I cannot yet rightly understand such an aspect of structure, and know not what to say of it, except ‘Strange!’” —

Understand it or not, we do gather by means of it some indisputable glimpses, nearly all the direct insight allowed

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xii. 36–42.

us out of any source, into Friedrich's inner man; what his thoughts were, what his humor was in that unique crisis; and to readers in quest of that, these Pieces, fallen obsolete and frosty to all other kinds of readers, are well worth perusing, and again perusing. Most veracious Documents, we can observe; nothing could be truer; Confessions they are, in the most emphatic sense; no truer ever made to a Priest in the name of the Most High. Like a soliloquy of Night-Thoughts, accidentally becoming audible to us. Mahomet, I find, wrote the Koran in this manner. From these poor Poems, which are voices *De Profundis*, there might, by proper care and selection, be constructed a Friedrich's Koran; and, with commentary and elucidation, it would be pleasant to read. The Koran of Friedrich, or the Lamentation-Psalms of Friedrich! But it would need an Editor, — other than Dryasdust! Mahomet's Koran, treated by the Arab Dryasdust (merely turning up the bottom of that Box of Shoulder-blades, and printing them), has become dreadfully tough reading, on this side of the Globe; and has given rise to the impossiblest notions about Mahomet! Indisputable it is, Heroes, in their affliction, Mahomet and David, have solaced themselves by snatches of Psalms, by Suras, bursts of Utterance rising into Song; — and if Friedrich, on far other conditions, did the like, what has History to say of blame to him?

Wilhelmina comes out very strong, in this season of trouble; almost the last we see of our excellent Wilhelmina. Like a lioness; like a shrill mother when her children are in peril. A noble sisterly affection is in Wilhelmina; shrill Pythian vehemence trying the impossible. That a Brother, and such a Brother, the most heroic now breathing, brave and true, and the soul of honor in all things, should have the whole world rise round him, like a delirious Sorcerer's-Sabbath, intent to hurl the mountains on him, — seems such a horror and a madness to Wilhelmina. Like the brood-hen flying in the face of wild dogs, and packs of hounds in full trail! Most Christian Pompadour Kings, enraged Czarinas, implacable Empress-Queens; a whole world in armed delirium rushes on, regardless

13th Sept.—10th Oct. 1757.

of Wilhelmina. Never mind, my noble one; your Brother will perhaps manage to come up with this leviathan or that, among the heap of them, at a good time, and smite into the fifth rib of him. Your Brother does not the least shape towards giving in; thank the Heavens, he will stand to himself at least; his own poor strength will all be on his own side.

Wilhelmina's hopes of a Peace with France; mission of her Mirabeau, missions and schemes not a few, we have heard of on Wilhelmina's part with this view; but the notablest is still to mention: that of stirring up, by Voltaire's means, an important-looking Cardinal de Tencin to labor in the business. Eminency Tencin lives in Lyon, known to the Princess on her Italian Tour; — shy of asking Voltaire to dinner on that fine occasion; — but, except Officially, is not otherwise than well-affected to Voltaire. Was once Chief Minister of France, and would fain again be; does not like these Bernis novelties and Austrian Alliances, had he now any power to upset them. Let him correspond with Most Christian Majesty, at least; plead for a Peace with Prussia, Prussia being so ready that way. Eminency Tencin, on Voltaire's suggestion, did so, perhaps is even now doing so; till ordered to hold *his* peace on such subjects. This is certain and well known; but nothing else is known, or to us knowable, about it; Voltaire, in vague form, being our one authority, through whom it is vain to hunt, and again hunt.¹ The Dates, much more the features and circumstances, all lie buried from us, and — till perhaps the *Lamentation-Psalms* are well edited — must continue lying. As a fact certain, but undeniably vague.

Voltaire's procedure, one can gather, is polite, but two-faced; not sublime on this occasion. In fact, is intended to serve himself. To the high Princess he writes devotionally, ready to obey in all things; and then to his Eminency Cardinal Tencin, it rather seems as if the tone were: "Pooh! yes, your Eminency; such are the poor Lady's notions. But does your Eminency take notice how high my connections are; what service a poor obscure creature might perhaps do the State

¹ *Œuvres (Mémoires)*, ii. 92, 93; *ib.* i. 143: Preuss, ii. 84.

some day?" Friedrich himself is, in these ways, brought into correspondence with Voltaire again; and occasionally writes to him in this War, and ever afterwards: Voltaire responds with fine sympathy, always prettily, in the enthusiasm of the moment;—and at other times he writes a good deal about Friedrich, oftenest in rather a mischievous dialect. "The traitor!" exclaim some Prussian writers, not many or important, in our time. In fact, there is a considerable touch of grinning malice (as of Monkey *versus* Cat, who had once burnt *his* paw, instead of getting his own burnt), in those utterances of Voltaire; some of which the reader will grin over too, without much tragic feeling,—the rather as they did our *Felis Leo* no manner of ill, and show our incomparable *Singe* with a sparkle of the *Tigre* in him; theoretic sparkle merely and for moments, which makes him all the more entertaining and interesting at the domestic hearth.

Of Friedrich's Lamentation-Psalms we propose to give the First and the Last: these, with certain Prose Pieces, intermediate and connecting, may perhaps be made intelligible to readers, and throw some light on these tragic weeks of the King's History:—

1°. *Epître à ma Sœur* (First of the Lamentation-Psalms).—This is the famed "Epistle to Wilhelmina," already spoken of; which the King despatched from Bernstadt "August 24th," just while quitting those parts, on the Erfurt Errand;—though written before, in the tedium of waiting for Keith. The Piece is long, vehement, altogether sincere; lyrically sings aloud, or declaims in rhyme, what one's indignant thought really is on the surrounding woes and atrocities. We faithfully abridge, and condense into our briefest Prose;—readers can add water and the jingle of French rhymes *ad libitum*. It starts thus:—

"O sweet and dear hope of my remaining days; O Sister, whose friendship, so fertile in resources, shares all my sorrows, and with a helpful arm assists me in the gulf! It is in vain that the Destinies have overwhelmed me with disasters: **if the crowd of Kings have sworn my ruin; if the Earth have**

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opened to swallow me, — you still love me, noble and affectionate Sister: loved by you, what is there of misfortune? [Branches off into some survey of it, nevertheless.]

“Huge continents of thunder-cloud, plots thickening against me [in those Menzel Documents], I watched with terror; the sky getting blacker, no covert for me visible: on a sudden, from the depths of Hell, starts forth Discord [with capital letter], and the tempest broke.

*Ce fut dans ton Sénat, O fougueuse Angleterre !
Où ce monstre inhumain fit éclater la guerre :*

It was from thy Senate, stormful England, that she first launched out War. In remote climates first; in America, far away; — between France and thee. Old Ocean shook with it; Neptune, in the depths of his caves (*ses grottes profondes*), saw the English subjecting his waves (*ses ondes*): the wild Iroquois, prize of these crimes (*forfaits*), bursts out; detesting the tyrants who disturb his Forests,” — and scalping Braddock’s people, and the like.

“Discord, charmed to see such an America, and feeble mortals crossing the Ocean to exterminate one another, addresses the European Kings: ‘How long will you be slaves to what are called laws? Is it for you to bend under worn-out notions of justice, right? Mars is the one God: Might is Right. A King’s business is to do something famous in this world.’

“O daughter of the Cæsars,” Maria Theresa, “how, at these words, ambition, burning in thy soul, breaks out uncontrollable! Probity, honor, treaties, duty: feeble considerations these, to a heart letting loose its flamy passions; determining to rob the generous Germans of their liberties; to degrade thy equals; to extinguish ‘Schism’ (so called), and set up despotism on the wrecks of all.”

“Huge project” — “*fier Triumvirat*,” — what not: “From Roussillon and the sunny Pyrenees to frozen Russia, all arm for Austria, and march at her bidding. They concert my downfall, trample on my rights.

“The Daughter of the Cæsars. proudly certain of victory, — it is the way of the Great, whose commonplace virtue, pusillani-

mous in reverses, overbearing in success, cannot bridle their cupidity, — designates to the Triumvirate what Kings are to be proscribed [Britannic George and me, Reich busy on us both even now], and those ungrateful tyrants, by united crime, immolate to each other, without remorse, their dearest allies." For instance: —

*"O jour digne d'oubli ! Quelle atroce imprudence !
Thérèse, c'est l'Anglais que tu vends à la France :*

Theresa ! it is England thou art selling to France ;" — Yes, a thing worth noting. "Thy generous support in thy first adversities ; thy one friend then, when a world had risen to devour thee. Thou reignest now : — but it was England alone that saved thee anything to reign over !

*Tu règues, mais lui seul a sauvé tes états :
Les bienfaits chez les rois ne font que des ingrats.*

"And thou, lazy Monarch," — stupid Louis, let us omit him : — "Pompadour, selling her lover to the highest bidder, makes France, in our day, Austria's slave !" We omit Kolin Battle, too, spoken of with a proud modesty (Prag is not spoken of at all) ; and how the neighboring ravenous Powers, on-lookers hitherto, have opened their throats with one accord to swallow Prussia, thinking its downfall certain : "Poor mercenary Sweden, once so famous under its soldier Kings, now debased by a venal Senate ;" — Sweden, "what say I ? my own kindred [foolish Anspach and others], driven by perverse motives, join in the plot of horrors, and become satellites of the prospering Triumvirs.

"And thou, loved People [my own Prussians], whose happiness is my charge [notable how often he repeats this] it is thy lamentable destiny, it is the danger which hangs over thee, that pierces my soul. The pomps of my rank I could resign without regret. But to rescue thee, in this black crisis, I will spend my heart's blood. Whose is that blood but thine ? With joy will I rally my warriors to avenge thy affront ; defy death at the foot of the ramparts [of Daun and his Eckartsberg, ahead yonder], and either conquer, or be buried under thy ruins." Very well ; but ah, —

“Preparing with such purpose, ye Heavens, what mournful cries are those that reach us: ‘Death has laid low thy Mother!’ — Hah, that was the last stroke, then, which angry Fate had reserved for me. — O Mother, Death flies my misfortunes, and spreads his livid horrors over thee! [Very tender, very sad, what he says of his Mother; but must be omitted and imagined. General finale is:]

“Thus Destiny with a deluge of torments fills the poisoned remnant of my days. The present is hideous to me, the future unknown: what, you say I am the creature of a *Beneficent Being*? —

*Quoi! serais-je formé par un Dieu bienfaisant?
Ah! s’il était si bon, tendre pour son ouvrage” —*

— Husht, my little Titan!

“And now, ye promoters of sacred lies, go on leading cowards by the nose, in the dark windings of your labyrinth: — to me the enchantment is ended, the charm disappears. I see that all men are but the sport of Destiny. And that, if there do exist some Gloomy and Inexorable Being, who allows a despised herd of creatures to go on multiplying here, he values them as nothing; looks down on a Phalaris crowned, on a Socrates in chains; on our virtues, our misdeeds, on the horrors of war, and all the cruel plagues which ravage Earth, as a thing indifferent to him. Wherefore, my sole refuge and only haven, loved Sister, is in the arms of Death: —

*Ainsi mon seul asile et mon unique port
Se trouve, chère sœur, dans les bras de la mort.”¹*

2°. *Wilhelmina to Voltaire, with something of Answer* (First of certain intercalary Prose Pieces). — Wilhelmina has been writing to Voltaire before, and getting consolations since Kolin; but her Letters are lost, till this the earliest that is left us: —

Baireuth, 19th August, 1757 (To Voltaire). — “One first knows one’s friends when misfortunes arrive. The Letter you have written does honor to your way of thinking. I cannot tell you how much I am sensible to what you have done [set

¹ *Œuvres*, xii. 36-42; is sent off to Wilhelmina 24th August.

Cardinal Tencin astir, with result we will hope]. The King, my Brother, is as much so as I. You will find a Note here, which he bids me transmit to you [Note lost]. That great man is still the same. He supports his misfortunes with a courage and a firmness worthy of him. He could not get the Note transcribed. It began by verses. Instead of throwing sand on it, he took the ink-bottle; that is the reason why it is cut in two."

—This Note, we say, is lost to us;—all but accidentally thus: Voltaire, 12th September, writes twice to friends. Writing to his D'Argentals, he says: "The affairs of this King [Friedrich] go from bad to worse. I know not if I told you of the Letter he wrote to me about three weeks ago [say August 17th–18th: this same Note through Wilhelmina, evidently]: 'I have learned,' says he, 'that you had interested yourself in my successes and misfortunes. There remains to me nothing but to sell my life dear,' &c. His Sister writes me one much more lamentable;" the one we are now reading:—

"I am in a frightful state; and will not survive the destruction of my House and Family. That is the one consolation that remains to me. You will have fine subjects for making Tragedies of. O times! O manners! You will, by the illusory representation, perhaps draw tears; while all contemplate with dry eyes the reality of these miseries: the downfall of a whole House, against which, if the truth were known, there is no solid complaint. I cannot write farther of it: my soul is so troubled that I know not what I am doing. But whatever happen, be persuaded that I am more than ever your friend, — WILHELMINA." ¹

Friedrich, while Wilhelmina writes so, is at the foot of the Eckartsberg, eagerly manœuvring with the Austrians, in hopes of getting battle out of them, — which he cannot. Friedrich, while he wrote that Note to Voltaire, and instead of sand-box shook the ink-bottle over it, was just going out on that errand.

Voltaire, 12th September (to a Lady whose Son is in the D'Estrées wars).² — "Here are mighty revolutions, Madame;

¹ In *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxvii. 30.

² *Ib.* lxxii. 55, 56.

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and we are not at the end yet. They say there have 18,000 Hanoverians been disposed of at Stade [Convention of Kloster-Zeven]. That is no small matter. I can hope M. Richelieu [who is "*mon héros*," when I write to himself] will adorn his head with the laurels they have stuck in his pocket. I wish Monsieur your Son abundance of honor and glory without wounds, and to you, Madame, unalterable health. The King of Prussia has written me a very touching Letter [one line of which we have read]; but I have always Madame Denis's adventure on my heart," at Frankfurt yonder. "If I were well, I would take a run to Frankfurt myself on the business," — now that Soubise's reserves are in those parts, and could give Freytag and Schmidt such a dusting for me, if they liked! Shall I write to Collini on it? Does write, and again write, the second year hence, as still better chances rise.¹

3°. *Wilhelmina to Voltaire again, with Answer* (Second of the Prose Pieces). — Not a very zealous friend of Friedrich's, after all, this Voltaire! Poor Wilhelmina, terrified by that *Epître* of her Brother's, and his fixed purpose of seeking Death, has, in her despair (though her Letter is lost), been urging Voltaire to write dissuading him; — as Voltaire does. Of which presently. Her Letter to Voltaire on this thrice-important subject is lost. But in the very hours while Voltaire sat writing what we have just read, "always with Madame Denis's adventure on my heart," Wilhelmina, at Baireuth, is again writing to him as follows: —

Baireuth, 12th September, 1757 (To Voltaire). — "Your Letter has sensibly touched me; that which you addressed to me for the King [both Letters lost to us] has produced the same effect on him. I hope you will be satisfied with his Answer as to what concerns yourself; but you will be as little so as I am with the resolutions he has formed. I had flattered myself that your reflections would make some impression on his mind. You will see the contrary by the Letter adjoined.

"To me there remains nothing but to follow his destiny if it is unfortunate. I have never piqued myself on being a

¹ Collini, pp. 208-211 ("January-May, 1759").

philosopher ; though I have made my efforts to become so. The small progress I made did teach me to despise grandeurs and riches : but I could never find in philosophy any cure for the wounds of the heart, except that of getting done with our miseries by ceasing to live. The state I am in is worse than death. I see the greatest man of his age, my Brother, my friend, reduced to the frightfullest extremity. I see my whole Family exposed to dangers and perhaps destruction ; my native Country torn by pitiless enemies ; the Country where I am [Reichs Army, Anspach, what not] menaced by perhaps similar misfortune. Would to Heaven I were alone loaded with all the miseries I have described to you ! I would suffer them, and with firmness.

“ Pardon these details. You invite me, by the part you take in what regards me, to open my heart to you. Alas, hope is well-nigh banished from it. Fortune, when she changes, is as constant in her persecutions as in her favors. History is full of those examples : — but I have found none equal to the one we now see ; nor any War as inhuman and as cruel among civilized nations. You would sigh if you knew the sad situation of Germany and Preussen. The cruelties which the Russians commit in that latter Country make nature shudder.¹ How happy you in your Hermitage ; where you repose on your laurels, and can philosophize with a calm mind on the deliriums of men ! I wish you all the happiness imaginable. If Fortune ever favor us again, count on all my gratitude. I will never forget the marks of attachment which you have given ; my sensibility is your warrant ; I am never half-and-half a friend, and I shall always be wholly so of Brother Voltaire. — WILHELMINA.

“ Many compliments to Madame Denis. Continue, I pray you, to write to the King.”²

Voltaire to Wilhelmina (Day uncertain : *The Délices*, September, 1757). — “ Madam, my heart is touched more than ever by the goodness and the confidence your Royal Highness deigns to show me. How can I be but melted by emotion !

¹ Details, horrible but authentic, in *Helden-Geschichte*, already cited.

² In *Voltaire*, ii. 197-199 ; lxxvii. 57.

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I see that it is solely your nobleness of soul that renders you unhappy. I feel myself born to be attached with idolatry to superior and sympathetic minds, who think like you.

“You know how much I have always, essentially and at heart, been attached to the King your Brother. The more my old age is tranquil, and come to renounce everything, and make my retreat here a home and country, the more am I devoted to that Philosopher-King. I write nothing to him but what I think from the bottom of my heart, nothing that I do not think most true; and if my Letter [dissuasive of seeking Death; wait, reader] appears to your Royal Highness to be suitable, I beg you to protect it with him, as you have done the foregoing.”¹

4°. *Friedrich to Wilhelmina, and, by anticipation, her Answer* (Third of the Prose Pieces). — “*Kirschleben, near Erfurt, 17th September, 1757.* — My dearest Sister, I find no other consolation but in your precious Letters. May Heaven reward so much virtue and such heroic sentiments!

“Since I wrote last to you, my misfortunes have but gone on accumulating. It seems as though Destiny would discharge all its wrath and fury upon the poor Country which I had to rule over. The Swedes have entered Pommern. The French, after having concluded a Neutrality humiliating to the King of England and themselves [Kloster-Zeven, which we know], are in full march upon Halberstadt and Magdeburg. From Preussen I am in daily expectation of hearing of a battle having been fought: the proportion of combatants being 25,000 against 80,000 [was fought, Gross-Jägersdorf, 30th August, and lost accordingly]. The Austrians have marched into Silesia, whither the Prince of Bevern follows them. I have advanced this way to fall upon the corps of the allied Army; which has run off, and intrenched itself, behind Eise-naeh, amongst hills, whither to follow, still more to attack them, all rules of war forbid. The moment I retire towards Saxony, this whole swarm will be upon my heels. Happen what may, I am determined, at all risks, to fall upon whatever

¹ In *Voltaire*, lxxvii. 37, 39.

corps of the enemy approaches me nearest. I shall even bless Heaven for its mercy, if it grant me the favor to die sword in hand.

“Should this hope fail me, you will allow that it would be too hard to crawl at the feet of a company of traitors, to whom successful crimes have given the advantage to prescribe the law to me. How, my dear, my incomparable Sister, how could I repress feelings of vengeance and of resentment against all my neighbors, of whom there is not one who did not accelerate my downfall, and will not share in our spoils? How can a Prince survive his State, the glory of his Country, his own reputation? A Bavarian Elector, in his nouage [Son of the late poor Kaiser, and left shipwrecked in his seventeenth year], or rather in a sort of subjection to his Ministers, and dull to the biddings of honor, may give himself up as a slave to the imperious domination of the House of Austria, and kiss the hand which oppressed his Father: I pardon it to his youth and his ineptitude. But is that the example for me to follow? No, dear Sister, you think too nobly to give me such mean (*lâche*) advice. Is Liberty, that precious prerogative, to be less dear to a Sovereign in the eighteenth century than it was to Roman Patricians of old? And where is it said, that Brutus and Cato should carry magnanimity farther than Princes and Kings? Firmness consists in resisting misfortune: but only cowards submit to the yoke, bear patiently their chains, and support oppression tranquilly. Never, my dear Sister, could I resolve upon such ignominy. . . .

“If I had followed only my own inclinations, I should have ended it (*je me serais dépêché*) at once, after that unfortunate Battle which I lost. But I felt that this would be weakness, and that it behooved me to repair the evil which had happened. My attachment to the State awoke; I said to myself, It is not in seasons of prosperity that it is rare to find defenders, but in adversity. I made it a point of honor with myself to redress all that had got out of square; in which I was not unsuccessful; not even in the Lausitz [after those Zittau disasters] last of all. But no sooner had I hastened this way to face new enemies, than Winterfeld was beaten and killed near Görlitz,

than the French entered the heart of my States, than the Swedes blockaded Stettin. Now there is nothing effective left for me to do: there are too many enemies. Were I even to succeed in beating two armies, the third would crush me. The enclosed Note [in cipher] will show you what I am still about to try: it is the last attempt.

“The gratitude, the tender affection, which I feel towards you, that friendship, true as the hills, constrains me to deal openly with you. No, my divine Sister, I shall conceal nothing from you that I intend to do; all my thoughts, all my resolutions shall be open and known to you in time. I will precipitate nothing: but also it will be impossible for me to change my sentiments. . . .

“As for you, my incomparable Sister, I have not the heart to turn you from your resolves. We think alike, and I cannot condemn in you the sentiments which I daily entertain (*éprouve*). Life has been given to us as a benefit: when it ceases to be such”—! “I have nobody left in this world, to attach me to it, but you. My friends, the relations I loved most, are in the grave; in short, I have lost everything. If you take the resolution which I have taken, we end together our misfortunes and our unhappiness; and it will be the turn of them who remain in this world, to provide for the concerns falling to their charge, and to bear the weight which has lain on us so long. These, my adorable Sister, are sad reflections, but suitable to my present condition.

“The day before yesterday I was at Gotha [yes, see above;—and to-morrow, if I knew it, Seidlitz with pictorial effects will be there]. . . .

“But it is time to end this long, dreary Letter; which treats almost of nothing but my own affairs. I have had some leisure, and have used it to open on you a heart filled with admiration and gratitude towards you. Yes, my adorable Sister, if Providence troubled itself about human affairs, you ought to be the happiest person in the Universe. Your not being such, confirms me in the sentiments expressed at the end of my *Epître*. In conclusion, believe that I adore you, and that I would give my life a thousand times to serve you. These are

the sentiments which will animate me to the last breath of my life ; being, my beloved Sister, ever " — Your — F.¹

Wilhelmina's Answer, — by anticipation, as we said : written "15th September," while Friedrich was dining at Gotha, in quest of Soubise.

"*Baireuth, 15th September, 1757.* My dearest Brother, your Letter and the one you wrote to Voltaire, my dear Brother, have almost killed me. What fatal resolutions, great God ! Ah, my dear Brother, you say you love me ; and you drive a dagger into my heart. Your *Epître*, which I did receive, made me shed rivers of tears. I am now ashamed of such weakness. My misfortune would be so great " in the issue there alluded to, "that I should find worthier resources than tears. Your lot shall be mine : I will not survive either your misfortunes or those of the House I belong to. You may calculate that such is my firm resolution.

"But, after this avowal, allow me to entreat you to look back at what was the pitiable state of your Enemy when you lay before Prag ! It is the sudden whirl of Fortune for both parties. The like can occur again, when one is least expecting it. Cæsar was the slave of Pirates ; and he became the master of the world. A great genius like yours finds resources even when all is lost ; and it is impossible this frenzy can continue. My heart bleeds to think of the poor souls in Preussen [Apraxin and his Christian Cossacks there, — who, it is noted, far excel the Calmuck worshippers of the Dalai-Lama]. What horrid barbarity, the detail of cruelties that go on there ! I feel all that you feel on it, my dear Brother. I know your heart, and your sensibility for your subjects.

"I suffer a thousand times more than I can tell you ; nevertheless hope does not abandon me. I received your Letter of the 14th by W. [who W. is, no mortal knows]. What kindness to think of me, who have nothing to give you but a useless affection, which is so richly repaid by yours ! I am obliged to finish ; but I shall never cease to be, with the most profound respect (*très-profond respect*," — that, and something still better, if my poor pen were not embarrassed), "your" —

WILHELMINA.

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5°. *Friedrich's Response to the Dissuasives of Voltaire* (Last of the Lamentation-Psalms: "Buttstädt, October 9th"). — Voltaire's Dissuasive Letter is a poor Piece;¹ not worth giving here. Remarkable only by Friedrich's quiet reception of it; which readers shall now see, as *Finis* to those Lamentation-Psalms. There is another of them, widely known, which we will omit: the *Epître to D'Argens*;² passionate enough, wandering wildly over human life, and sincere almost to shrillness, in parts; which Voltaire has also got hold of. Omissible here; the fixity of purpose being plain otherwise to Voltaire and us. Voltaire's counter-arguments are weak, or worse: "That Roman death is not now expected of the Philosopher; that your Majesty will, in the worst event, still have considerable Dominions left, all that your Great-Grandfather had; still plenty of resources; that, in Paris Society, an estimable minority even now thinks highly of you; that in Paris itself your Majesty [does not say expressly, as dethroned and going on your travels] would have resources!" To which beautiful considerations Friedrich answers, not with fire and brimstone, as one might have dreaded, but in this quiet manner (*Réponse au Sieur Voltaire*): —

"Je suis homme, il suffit, et né pour la souffrance;
Aux rigueurs du destin j'oppose ma constance."³

But with these sentiments, I am far from condemning Cato and Otho. The latter had no fine moment in his life, except that of his death. [Breaks off into Verse:]

"Croyez que si j'étais Voltaire,
Et particulier comme lui,
Me contentant du nécessaire,
Je verrais voltiger la fortune légère," — Or,

to wring the water and the jingle out of it, and give the substance in Prose: —

"Yes, if I were Voltaire and a private man, I could with

¹ *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxvii. 80-83 (*Les Délices*, early in September, 1757: no date given).

² In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xii. 50-56 ("Erfurt, 23d September, 1757").

³ "I am a man, and therefore born to suffer; to destiny's rigors my steadfastness must correspond." — Quotation from I know not whom.

much composure leave Fortune to her whirlings and her plungings; to me, contented with the needful, her mad caprices and sudden topsy-turvyings would be amusing rather than tremendous.

"I know the ennui attending on honors, the burdensome duties, the jargon of grinning flatterers, those pitiabilities of every kind, those details of littleness, with which you have to occupy yourself if set on high on the stage of things. Foolish glory has no charm for me, though a Poet and King: when once Atropos has ended me forever, what will the uncertain honor of living in the Temple of Memory avail? One moment of practical happiness is worth a thousand years of imaginary in such Temple. — Is the lot of high people so very sweet, then? Pleasure, gentle ease, true and hearty mirth, have always fled from the great and their peculiar pomps and labors.

"No, it is not fickle Fortune that has ever caused my sorrows; let her smile her blandest, let her frown her fiercest on me, I should sleep every night, refusing her the least worship. But our respective conditions are our law; we are bound and commanded to shape our temper to the employment we have undertaken. Voltaire in his hermitage, in a Country where is honesty and safety, can devote himself in peace to the life of the Philosopher, as Plato has described it. But as to me, threatened with shipwreck, I must consider how, looking the tempest in the face, I can think, can live and can die as a King: —

*Pour moi, menacé du naufrage,
Je dois, en affrontant l'orage,
Penser, vivre et mourir en roi."*¹

This is of October 9th; this ends, worthily, the Lamentation-Psalms; work having now turned up, which is a favorable change. Friedrich's notion of suicide, we perceive, is by no means that of puking up one's existence, in the weak sick way of *felo de se*; but, far different, that of dying, if he needs must, as seems too likely, in uttermost spasm of battle for

¹ *Œuvres*, xxiii. 14.

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self and rights to the last. From which latter notion nobody can turn him. A valiantly definite, lucid and shiningly practical soul, — with such a power of always expectorating himself into clearness again. If he do frankly wager his life in that manner, beware, ye Soubises, Karls and flaccid trivial persons, of the stroke that may chance to lie in him! —

III. *Rumor of an Inroad on Berlin suddenly sets Friedrich on March thither: Inroad takes Effect, — with important Results, chiefly in a left-hand Form.*

October 11th, express arrived, important express from General Finck (who is in Dresden, convalescent from Kolin, and is even Commandant there, of anything there is to command), “That the considerable Austrian Brigade or Outpost, which was left at Stolpen when the others went for Silesia, is all on march for Berlin.” Here is news! “The whole 15,000 of them,” report adds; — though it proved to be only a Detachment, picked Tolpatches mostly, and of nothing like that strength; shot off, under a swift General Haddick, on this errand. Between them and Berlin is not a vestige of force; and Berlin itself has nothing but palisades, and perhaps a poor 4,000 of garrison. “March instantly, you Moritz, who lie nearest; cross Elbe at Torgau; I follow instantly!” orders Friedrich;¹ — and that same night is on march, or has cavalry pushed ahead for reinforcement of Moritz.

Friedrich, not doubting but there would be captaincy and scheme among his Enemies, considered that the Swedes, and perhaps the Richelieu French, were in concert with this Austrian movement, — from east, from north, from west, three Invasions coming on the core of his Dominions; — and that here at last was work ahead, and plenty of it! That was Friedrich’s opinion, and most other people’s, when the Austrian inroad was first heard of: “mere triple ruin coming to

¹ His Message to Moritz, *Orlich*, p. 73: Rösenbeck, p. 322 (dubious, or wrong).

this King," as the Gazetteers judged; — great alarm prevailing among the King's friends; in Berlin, very great. Friedrich, glad, at any rate, to have done with that dismal lingering at Buttelstädt, hastens to arrange himself for the new contingencies; to post his Keiths, his Ferdinands, with their handfuls of force, to best advantage; and push ahead after Moritz, by Leipzig, Torgau, Berlin-wards, with all his might. At Leipzig, in such press of business and interest, — judge by the following phenomenon, what a clear-going soul this is, and how completely on a level with whatever it may be that he is marching towards: —

"*Leipzig, 15th October, 1757* (Interview with Gottsched). — At 11 this morning, Majesty came marching into Leipzig; multitudes of things to settle there; things ready, things not yet ready, in view of the great events ahead. Seeing that he would have time after dinner, he at once sent for Professor Gottsched, a gigantic gentleman, Reigning King of German Literature for the time being, to come to him at 3 P.M. Reigning King at that time; since gone wholly to the Dustbins, — 'Popular Delusion,' as old Samuel defines it, having since awakened to itself, with scornful hahas upon its poor Gottsched, and rushed into other roads worse and better; its poor Gottsched become a name now signifying Pedantry, Stupidity, learned Inanity and the Worship of Colored Water, to every German mind.

"At 3 precise, the portly old gentleman (towards sixty now, huge of stature, with a shrieky voice, and speaks uncommonly fast) bowed himself in; and a Colloquy ensued, on Literature and so forth, of the kind we may conceive. Colloquy which had great fame in the world; Gottsched himself having — such the inaccuracy of rumor and Dutch Newspapers, on the matter — published authentic Report of it;¹ now one of the dullest bits of reading, and worth no man's bit of time. Colloquy which lasted three hours, with the greatest vivacity

¹ Next Year, in a principal Leipzig Magazine, with name signed: given in *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 728-739 (with multifarious commentaries and flourishings, denoting an attentive world). Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, iii. 286-290.

on both sides; King impugning, for one principal thing, the roughness of German speech; Gottsched, in swift torrents (far too copious in such company), ready to defend. ‘Those consonants of ours,’ said the King, ‘they afflict one’s ear: what Names we have; all in mere *k*’s and *p*’s: *Knap*—, *Knip*—, *Klop*—, *Krotz*—, *Krok*—;—your own Name, for example!’” — Yes, his own Name, unmusical Gottsched, and signifying God’s-Damage (God’s-*skaith*) withal. “Husht, don’t take a Holy Name in vain; call the man *Sched* (‘Damage’ by itself), can’t we!” said a wit once.¹—“‘Five consonants together, *ttsch*, *ttsch*, what a tone!’ continued the King. ‘Hear, in contrast, the music of this Stanza of Rousseau’s [Repeats a stanza]. Who could express that in German with such melody?’ And so on; branching through a great many provinces; King’s knowledge of all Literature, new and ancient, ‘perfectly astonishing to me;’ and I myself, the swift-speaking Gottsched, rather copious than otherwise. Catastrophe, and summary of the whole, was: Gottsched undertook to translate the Rousseau Stanza into German of moderate softness; and by the aid of water did so, that very night;² sent it next day, and had ‘within an hour’ a gracious Royal Answer in verse; calling one, incidentally, ‘Saxon Swan, *Cygne Saxon*,’ though one is such a Goose! ‘Majesty to march at 7 to-morrow morning,’ said a Post-script, — no Interviewing more, at present.

“About ten days after [not to let this thing interrupt us again], Friedrich, on his return to Leipzig, had another Interview with Gottsched; of only one hour, this time; — but with many topics: Reading of some Gottsched Ode (*Ode*, very tedious, frothy, watery, of *Thanks* to Majesty for such goodness to the Saxon Swan; reading, too, of ‘some of Madam Gottsched’s Pieces’). Majesty confessed afterwards, Every hour from the very first had lowered his opinion of the Saxon Swan, till at length Goosehood became too apparent. Friedrich sent him a gold snuffbox by and by, but had no farther dialoguing.

¹ Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, iii. 287. ² Copied duly in *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 726

"A saying of Excellency Mitchell's to Gottsched — for Gottsched, on that second Leipzig opportunity, went swashing about among the King's Suite as well — is still remembered. They were talking of Shakspeare: 'Genial, if you will,' said Gottsched, 'but the Laws of Aristotle; Five Acts, unities strict!' — 'Aristotle? What is to hinder a man from making his Tragedy in Ten acts, if it suit him better?' 'Impossible, your Excellency!' — 'Pooh,' said his Excellency; 'suppose Aristotle, and general Fashion too, had ordered that the clothes of every man were to be cut from five ells of cloth: how would the Herr Professor like [with these huge limbs of his] if he found there were no breeches for him, on Aristotle's account?' Adieu to Gottsched; most voluminous of men; — who wrote a Grammar of the German Language, which, they say, did good. I remember always his poor Wife with some pathos; who was a fine, graceful, loyal creature, of ten times his intelligence; and did no end of writing and translating and compiling (Addison's *Cato*, Addison's *Spectator*, thousands of things from all languages), on order of her Gottsched, till life itself sank in such enterprises; never doubting, tragically faithful soul, but her Gottsched was an authentic Seneschal of Phœbus and the Nine."¹ —

Monday, 17th, at seven, his Majesty pushed off accordingly; cheery he in the prospect of work, whatever his friends in the distance be. Here, from Eilenburg, his first stage Torgau-way, are a Pair of Letters in notable contrast.

Wilhelmina to the King (on rumor of Haddick, sworn into a Triple Invasion, Austrian, Swedish, French).

BAIREUTH, "15th October, 1757.

"MY DEAREST BROTHER, — Death and a thousand torments could not equal the frightful state I am in. There run reports that make me shudder. Some say you are wounded; others,

¹ Her *Letters*, collected by a surviving Lady-Friend, "*Briefe der Frau Luise Adalgunde Viktorie Gottsched, born Kulmus* (Dresden, 1771–1772, 3 vols. 8vo)," are, I should suppose, the only Gottsched Piece which anybody would now think of reading.

dangerously ill. In vain have I tormented myself to have news of you; I can get none. Oh, my dear Brother, come what may, I will not survive you. If I am to continue in this frightful uncertainty, I cannot stand it; I shall sink under it, and then I shall be happy. I have been on the point of sending you a courier; but [environed as we are] I durst not. In the name of God, bid somebody write me one word.

“I know not what I have written; my heart is torn in pieces; I feel that by dint of disquietude and alarms I am losing my wits. Oh, my dear, adorable Brother, have pity on me. Heaven grant I be mistaken, and that you may scold me; but the least thing that concerns you pierces me to the heart, and alarms my affection too much. Might I die a thousand times, provided you lived and were happy!

“I can say no more. Grief chokes me; and I can only repeat that your fate shall be mine; being, my dear Brother, your

“WILHELMINA.”

What a shrill penetrating tone, like the wildly weeping voice of Rachel; tragical, painful, gone quite to falsetto and above pitch; but with a melody in its dissonance like the singing of the stars. My poor shrill Wilhelmina! —

King to Wilhelmina (has not yet received the Above).

“EILENBURG, 17th October, 1757.

“MY DEAREST SISTER, — What is the good of philosophy unless one employ it in the disagreeable moments of life? It is then, my dear Sister, that courage and firmness avail us.

“I am now in motion; and having once got into that, you may calculate I shall not think of sitting down again, except under improved omens. If outrage irritates even cowards what will it do to hearts that have courage?

“I foresee I shall not be able to write again for perhaps six weeks: which fails not to be a sorrow to me: but I entreat you to be calm during these turbulent affairs, and to wait with patience the month of December; paying no regard to the Nürnberg Newspapers nor to those of the Reich, which are totally Austrian.

"I am tired as a dog (*comme un chien*). I embrace you with my whole heart; being with the most perfect affection (*tendresse*), my dearest Sister, your" — FRIEDRICH.

. . . (*at some other hour, same place and day.*) "‘No possibility of Peace,’ say your accounts [Letter lost]; ‘the French won’t hear my name mentioned.’ Well; from me they shall not farther. The way will be, to speak to them by action, so that they may repent their impertinences and pride.”¹

The Haddick affair, after all the rumor about it, proved to be a very small matter. No Swede or Richelieu had dreamt of co-operating; Haddick, in the end, was scarce 4,000 with four cannon; General Rochow, Commandant of Berlin, with his small garrison, had not Haddick skilfully slidden through woods, and been so magnified by rumor, might have marched out, and beaten a couple of Haddicks. As it was, Haddick skilfully emerging, at the Silesian Gate of Berlin, 16th October, about eleven in the morning, demanded ransom of 300,000 thalers (£45,000); was refused; began shooting on the poor palisades, on the poor drawbridge there; "~~at~~ the third shot brought down the drawbridge;" rushed into the suburb; and was not to be pushed out again by the weak party Rochow sent to try it. Rochow, ignorant of Haddick's force, marched off thereupon for Spandau with the Royal Family and effects; leaving Haddick master of the suburb, and Berlin to make its own bargain with him. Haddick, his Croats not to be quite kept from mischief, remained master of the suburb, minatory upon Berlin, for twelve hours or more: and after a good deal of bargaining,—ransom of £45,000, of £90,000, finally of £27,000 and "two dozen pair of gloves to the Empress Queen,"—made off about five in the morning; wind of Moritz's advance adding wings to the speed of Haddick.²

Moritz did arrive next evening (18th); but with his tired troops there was no catching of Haddick, now three marches ahead. Royal Family and effects returned from Spandau the

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. i. 308, 309, 310.

² *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 715–723 (Haddick's own Account, and the Berlin one).

day following; but in a day or two more, removed to Magdeburg till the Capital were safe from such affronts. Much grumbling against Rochow. "What could I do? How could I know?" answered Rochow, whose eyesight indeed had been none of the best. Berlin smarts to the length of £27,000 and an alarm; but asserts (not quite mythically, thinks Retzow), that "the two dozen pair of gloves were all gloves for the left hand," — Berlin having wit, and a touch of *absinthe* in it, capable of such things! Friedrich heard the news at Annaburg, a march beyond Torgau; and there paused, again uncertain, for about a week coming; after which, he discovered that Leipzig would be the place; and returned thither, appointing a general rendezvous and concentration there.

Scene at Regensburg in the Interim.

Just while Haddick was sliding swiftly through the woods, Berlin now nigh, there occurred a thing at Regensburg; tragic thing, but ending in farce, — Finale of *Reichs-Acht*, in short; — about which all Regensburg was loud, wailing or haha-ing according to humor; while Berlin was paying its ransom and left-hand gloves. One moment's pause upon this, though our haste is great.

"Reichs Diet had got its Ban of the Reich ready for Friedrich; *Citatio* (solemn Summons) and all else complete; nothing now wanted but to serve *Citatio* on him, or 'insinuate' it into him, as their phrase is; — which latter essential point occasions some shaking of wigs. Dangerous, serving *Citatio* in that quarter: and by what art try to smuggle it into the hands of such a one? 'Insinuate it here into his, Plottho's, hand; that is the method, and that will suffice!' say the wigs, and choose an unfortunate Reichs Notary, Dr. Aprill, to do it; who, in ponderous Chancery-style, gives the following affecting report, — wonderful, but intelligible (when abridged): —

"*Citatio*" to come and receive your Ban, — a very solemn sounding Document, commencing (or perhaps it is Aprill himself that so commences, no matter which), "In the Name of

the Most High God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Amen,' — was given, Wednesday, 12th October, in the Year after Christ our dear Lord and Saviour's Birth, 1757 Years, 'To me Georgius Mathias Josephus Aprill, sworn Kaiserlich Notarius Publicus ; In my Lodging, first-floor fronting south, in Jacob Virnrohr the Innkeeper's House here at Regensburg, called the Red-Star," for insinuation into Plotho :

With which solemn Piece, Aprill proceeded next day, Thursday, half-past 2 P.M., to Plotho's dwelling-place, described with equal irrefragability ; and, continues Aprill, "did there, by a servant of the Herr Ambassador von Plotho's, announce myself ; adding that I had something to say to his Excellency, if he would please to admit me. To which the Herr Ambassador by the same servant sent answer, that he was ill with a cold, and that I might speak to his Secretarius what I had to say. But, as I replied that my message was to his Excellenz in person, the same servant came back with intimation that I might call again to-morrow at noon."

To-morrow, at the stroke of noon, Friday, 14th October, Aprill punctually appears again, with recapitulation of the pledge given him yesterday ; and is informed that he can walk up-stairs. "I proceeded thereupon, the servant going before, up one pair of stairs, or with the appurtenances (*Gezeugen*) rather more than one pair, into the Herr Ambassador Freiherr von Plotho's Anteroom ; who, just as we were entering, stepped in himself, through a side-door ; in his dressing-gown, and with the words, 'Speak now what you have to say.'

"I thereupon slipped into his hand *Citatio Fiscalis*, and said " — said at first nothing, Plotho avers ; merely mumbled, looked like some poor caitiff, come with Law-papers on a trifling Suit we happen to have in the Courts here ; — and only by degrees said (let us abridge ; *Scene*, Aprill and Plotho, Anteroom in Regensburg, first-floor and rather higher) : —

Aprill. " 'I have to give your Excellenz this Writing, — [which privately, could your Excellenz guess it, is] *Citatio Fiscalis* from the Reichstag, summoning his Majesty to show cause why Ban of the Reich should not pass upon him !' His Excellenz at first took the *Citatio* and adjuncts from me ; and

looking into them to see what they were, his Excellenz's face began to color, and soon after to color a little more; and on his looking attentively at *Citatio Fiscalis*, he broke into violent anger and rage, so that he could not stand still any longer; but with burning face, and both arms held aloft, rushed close to me. *Citatio* and adjuncts in his right hand, and broke out in this form:—

Plotho. “‘What; insinuate (*insinuiieren*), you scoundrel!’

Aprill. “‘It is my Notarial Office; I must do it.’ In spite of which the Freiherr von Plotho fell on me with all rage; grasped me by the front of the cloak, and said:—

Plotho. “‘Take it back, wilt thou!’ And as I resisted doing so, he stuck it in upon me, and shoved it down with all violence between my coat and waistcoat; and, still holding me by the cloak, called to the two servants who had been there, ‘Fling him down stairs!’—which they, being discreet fellows, and in no flurry, did not quite, nor needed quite to do (‘Must, sir, you see, unless!’), and so forced me out of the house; Excellenz Plotho retiring through his Anteroom, and his Body-servant, who at first had been on the stairs, likewise disappearing as I got under way,”—and have to report, in such manner, to the Universe and Reichs Diet, with tears in my eyes.¹

What became of Reichs Ban after this, ask not. It fell dead by Friedrich's victories now at hand; rose again into life on Friedrich's misfortunes (August, 1758), threatening to include George Second in it; upon which the *Corpus Evangelicorum* made some counter-mumblement;—and, I have heard, the French privately advised: “Better drop it; these two Kings are capable of walking out of you, and dangerously kicking the table over as they go!”—Whereby it again fell dead, positively for the last time, and, in short, is worth no mention or remembrance more.

Corpus Evangelicorum had always been against Reichs Ban: a few Dissentients, or Half-Dissentients excepted,—as Mecklenburg wholly and with a will; foolish Anspach wholly; and the Anhalts haggling some dissent, and retracting it (why, I

¹ Preuss, ii. 397-401; in *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 745-749, Plotho's Account.

never knew); — for which Mecklenburg and the Anhalts, lying within clutch of one, had to repent bitterly in the years coming! Enough of all that.

The Haddick invasion, which had got its gloves, left-hand or not, and part of its road-expenses, brought another consequence much more important on the *per-contra* side. The triumphing, *te-deum*-ing and jubilation over it, — “His Metropolis captured; Royal Family in flight!” — raised the Dauphiness Army, and especially Versailles, into such enthusiasm, that Dauphiness came bodily out (on order from Versailles); spread over the Country, plundering and insulting beyond example; got herself reinforced by a 15,000 from the Richelieu Army; crossed the Saale; determined on taking Leipzig, beating Friedrich, and I know not what. Keith, in Leipzig with a small Party, had summons from Soubise’s vanguard (October 24th): Keith answered, He would burn the suburbs; — upon which, said vanguard, hearing of Friedrich’s advent withal, took itself rapidly away. And Soubise and it would fain have recrossed Saale, I have understood, had not Versailles been peremptory.

In a word, Friedrich arrived at Leipzig October 26th; Ferdinand, Moritz and all the others coming or already come: and there is something great just at hand. Friedrich’s stay in Leipzig was only four days. Cheering prospect of work now ahead here; — add to this, assurance from Preussen that Apraxin is fairly going home, and Lehwald coming to look after the Swedes. Were it not that there is bad news from Silesia, things generally are beginning to look up.

Of the hour spent on Gottsched, in these four days, we expressly take no notice farther; but there was another visit much less conspicuous, and infinitely more important: that of a certain Hanoverian Graf von Schulenburg, not in red or with plumes, like a Major-General as he was, but “in the black suit of a Country Parson,” — coming, in that unnoticeable guise, to inform Friedrich officially, “That the Hanoverians and Majesty of England have resolved to renounce the Convention of Kloster-Zeven; to bring their poor Stade Army into the

field again; and do now request him, King Friedrich, to grant them Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick to be General of the same.”¹

Here is an unnoticeable message, of very high moment indeed. To which Friedrich, already prepared, gives his cheerful consent; nominations and practicalities to follow, the instant these present hurries are over. Who it was that had prepared all this, whose suggestion it first was, Friedrich’s, Mitchell’s, George’s, Pitt’s, I do not know, — I cannot help suspecting Pitt; Pitt and Friedrich together. And certainly of all living men, Ferdinand — related to the English and Prussian royalties, a soldier of approved excellence, and likewise a noble-minded, prudent, patient and invincibly valiant and steadfast man — was, beyond comparison, the fittest for this office. Pitt is now fairly in power; and perceives, — such Pitt’s originality of view, — that an Army *with* a Captain to it may differ beautifully from one without. And in fact we may take this as the first twitch at the reins, on Pitt’s part; whose delicate strong hand, all England running to it with one heart, will be felt at the ends of the earth before many months go. To the great and unexpected joy of Friedrich, for one. “England has taken long to produce a great man,” he said to Mitchell; “but here is one at last!”

¹ Mauvillon, i. 256; Westphalen, i. 315: indistinct both, and with slight variations. Mitchell Papers (in British Museum), likewise indistinct: Additional MSS. 6815, pp. 96 and 108 (“Lord Holderness to Mitchell,” doubtless on Pitt’s instigation, “10th October, 1757,” is the *beginning* of it, — two days before Royal Highness got home from Stade); see *ib.* 6806, pp. 241–252.

HISTORY OF
FRIEDRICH II. OF PRUSSIA,

CALLED

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

IN TWENTY-ONE BOOKS.

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FREDERICK THE GREAT.

BOOK XVIII.

(CONTINUED.)

SEVEN-YEARS WAR RISES TO A HEIGHT.

1757-1759.

CHAPTER VIII.

BATTLE OF ROSSBACH.

FRIEDRICH left Leipzig Sunday, October 30th; encamped, that night, on the famous Field of Lützen, with the vanguard, he (as usual, and Mayer with him, who did some brisk smiting home of what French there were); Keith and Duke Ferdinand following, with main body and rear.

Movements on the Soubise-Hildburghausen part are all retrograde again; — can Dauphiness Bellona do nothing, then, except shuttle forwards and then backwards according to Friedrich's absence or presence? The Soubise-Hildburghausen Army does immediately withdraw on this occasion, as on the former; and makes for the safe side of the Saale again, rapidly retreating before Friedrich, who is not above one to two of them, — more like one to three, now that Broglie's Detachment is come to hand. Broglie got to Merseburg October 26th, — guess 15,000 strong; — considerably out of repair, and glad to have done with such a march, and be within reach of Soubise. This is the Second Son of our old Blustering Friend; a man who came to some mark, and to a great deal of trouble, in this

War; and ended, readers know how, at the Siege of the Bastille thirty-two years afterwards!

So soon as rested, Broglio, by order, moves leftwards to Halle, to guard Saale Bridge there; Soubise himself edging after him to Merseburg, on a similar errand; and leaving Hildburghausen to take charge of Weissenfels and the Third Saale Bridge. That is Dauphiness's posture while Friedrich encamps at Lützen:—let impatient human nature fix these three places for itself, and hasten to the catastrophe of wretched Dauphiness. Soubise, it ought to be remembered, is not in the highest spirits; but his Officers in over-high, "Doing this *petit Marquis de Brandebourg* the honor to have a kind of War with him (*de lui faire une espèce de guerre*)," as they term it. Being puffed up with general vanity, and the newspaper rumor about Haddick's feat, — which, like the gloves it got, is going all to left-hand in this way. Hildburghausen and the others overrule Soubise; and indeed there is no remedy; "Provision almost out;—how retreat to our magazines and our fastnesses, with Friedrich once across Saale, and sticking to the skirts of us?" Here, from eye-witnesses where possible, are the successive steps of Dauphiness towards her doom, which is famous in the world ever since.

"Monday, 31st October, 1757," as the Town-Syndic of Weissenfels records, "about eight in the morning," the King of Prussia, with his whole Army (or what seemed to us the whole, though it was but a half; Keith with the other half being within reach to northward, marching Merseburg way), "came before this Town." Has been here before; as Keith has, as Soubise and others have: a town much agitated lately by transit of troops. It was from the eastern, or high landward side, where the so-called Castle is, that Friedrich came: Castle built originally on some "White Crag (*Weisse Fels*" not now conspicuous), from which the town and whilom Duchy take their name.

"We have often heard of Weissenfels, while the poor old drunken Duke lived, who used to be a Suitor of Wilhelmina's,

¹ Müller, *Schlacht bei Rossbach* ("a Centenary Piece," Berlin, 1857, — containing several curious Extracts), p. 44; *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 643, 651-668.

liable to hard usage; and have marched through it, with the Salzburgers, in peaceable times. A solid pleasant-enough little plaée (6,000 souls or so); lies leant against high ground (White Crag, or whatever it once was) on the eastern or right bank of the Saale; a Town in part flat, in part very steep; the streets of it, or main street and secondaries, running off level enough from the River and Bridge; rising by slow degrees, but at last rapidly against the high ground or cliffs, just mentioned; a stiff acclivity of streets, till crowned by the so-called Castle, the 'Augustus Burg' in those days, the 'Friedrich-Wilhelm Barraek' in ours. It was on this crown of the cliffs that his Prussian Majesty appeared.

"Saale is of good breadth here; has done perhaps two hundred miles, since he started, in the Fichtelgebirge (*Pine Mountains*), on his long course Elbe-ward; received, only ten miles ago, his last big branch, the wide-wandering Unstrut, coming in with much drainage from the northern parts:—in breadth, Saale may be compared to Thames, to Tay or Beaulieu; his depth not fordable, though nothing like so deep as Thames's; main cargo visible is rafts of timber: banks green, definite, scant of wood; river of rather dark complexion, mainly noiseless, but of useful pleasant qualities otherwise."

From this Castle or landward side come Friedrich and his Prussians, on Monday morning about eight. "The garrison, some 4,000 Reichs folk and a French Battalion or two, shut the Gates, and assembled in the Market-place,"—a big square, close at the foot of the Heights; "on the other hand, from the top of the Heights [*Klammerk* the particular spot], the Prussians cannonaded Town and Gates; to speedy bursting open of the same; and rushed in over the walls of the Castle-court, and by other openings into the Town: so that the garrison above said had to quit, and roll with all speed across the Saale Bridge, and set the same on fire behind them." This was their remedy for all the Three Bridges, when attacked; but it succeeded nowhere so well as here.

"The fire was of extreme rapidity; prepared beforehand: " Bridge all of dry wood coated with pitch;—" fire reinforced too, in view of such event, by all the suet, lard and oleagi-

nous matter the Garrison could find in Weissenfels; some hundredweights of tallow-dips, for one item, going up on this occasion." Bridge, "worth 100,000 thalers," is instantly ablaze: some 400 finding the bridge so flamy, and the Prussians at their skirts, were obliged to surrender; — Feldmarschall Hildburghausen, sleeping about two miles off, gets himself awakened in this unpleasant manner. Flying garrison halt on the other side of the River, where the rest of their Army is; plant cannon there against quenching of the Bridge; and so keep firing, answered by the Prussians, with much noise and no great mischief, till 3 P.M., when the Bridge is quite gone (Toll-keeper's Lodge and all), and the enterprise of crossing there had plainly become impossible.

Friedrich quickly, about a mile farther down the River, has picked out another crossing-place, in the interim, and founded some new adequate plank or raft bridge there; which, by diligence all night, will be crossable to-morrow. So that, except for amusing the enemy, the cannonading may cease at Weissenfels. A certain Duc de Crillon, in command at this Weissenfels Bridge-burning and cannonade, has a chivalrous Anecdote (amounting nearly to zero when well examined) about saving or sparing Friedrich's life on this interesting occasion: How, being now on the safe side of the River, he Crillon with his staff taking some refection of breakfast after the furious flurry there had been; there came to him one of his Artillery Captains, stationed in an Island in the River, asking, "Shall I shoot the King of Prussia, Monseigneur? He is down reconnoitring his end of the Bridge: sha'n't I, then?" To whom Crillon gives a glass of wine and smilingly magnanimous answer to a negative effect.¹ Concerning which, one has to remark, Not only, *first*, that the Artillery Captain's power of seeing Friedrich (which is itself uncertain) would indeed mean the power of aiming at him, but differs immensely from that of hitting him with shot; so that this "Shall I kill the King?" was mainly thrasonic wind from Captain Bertin. But *secondly*, that there is no "Island" in the River there-

¹ "*Mémoires militaires de Louis &c. Duc de Crillon* (Paris, 1791), p. 166;" — as cited by Preuss, ii. 88.

abouts, for Captain Bertin to fire from! So that probably the whole story is wind or little more: dreamlike, or at best some idle thrasonic-theoretic question, on the part of Bertin; proper answer thereto (consisting mainly in a glass of wine) from Monseigneur:—all which, on retrospection, Mouseigneur feels, or would fain feel, to have been not theoretic-thrasonic but practical, and of a rather godlike nature. Zero mainly, as we said; Friedrich thanks you for zero, Monseigneur.

“The Prussians were billeted in the Town that night,” says our Syndic; “and in many a house there came to be twenty men, and even thirty and above it, lodged. All was quiet through the night; the French and the Reichs folk were drawn back upon the higher grounds, about Burgwerben and on to Tagwerben; and we saw their watch-fires burning.” Friedrich’s Bridge meanwhile, unmolested by the enemy, is getting ready.

Keith, looking across to Merseburg on the morrow morning (Tuesday, Nov. 1st), whither he had marched direct with the other Half of the Army, finds Merseburg Bridge destroyed, or broken; and Soubise with batteries on the farther side, intending to dispute the passage. Keith despatches Duke Ferdinand to Halle, another twelve miles down, who finds Halle Bridge destroyed in like manner, and Broglie intending to dispute; which, however, on second thoughts, neither of them did. Friedrich’s new Bridge at Herren-Mühle (*Lordships’ Mill*) is of course an important point to them; Friedrich’s passage now past dispute! “Let us fall back,” say they, “and rank ourselves a little; we are 50 or 60,000 strong; ill off for provisions; but well able to retreat; and have permission to fight on this side of the River.”

The combined Army, “Dauphiness,” or whatever we are to call it, does on Wednesday morning (November 2d) gather in its cannon and outskirts, and give up the Saale question; retire landwards to the higher grounds some miles; and diligently get itself united, and into order of battle better or worse, near the Village of Mückeln (which means Kirk *Michael*, and is still written “*Sanct Michel*” by some on this occasion). There Dauphiness takes post, leaning on the heights, not in a very

scientific way; leaving Keith and Ferdinand to rebuild their Bridges unmolested, and all Prussians to come across at discretion. Which they have diligently done (2d–3d November), by their respective Bridges; and on Thursday afternoon are all across, encamped at Bedra, in close neighborhood to Mùcheln; which Friedrich has been out reconnoitring and finds that he can attack next morning very early.

Next morning, accordingly, “by 2 o’clock, with a bright moon shining,” Friedrich is on horseback, his Army following. But on examining by moonlight, the enemy have shifted their position; turned on their axis, more or less, into new wood-patches, new batteries and bogs; which has greatly mended their affair. No good attacking them so, thinks Friedrich; and returns to his Camp; slightly cannonaded, one wing of him, from some battery of the enemy; and immoderately crowed over by them: “Dare not, you see! Tried, and was defeated!” cry their newspapers and they,—for one day. Friedrich lodges again in Bedra this night, others say in Rossbach; shifts his own Camp a little; left wing of it now at Rossbach (*Horse-Brook*, or *Beck*, soon to be a world-famous Hamlet): the effects of hunger on the Dauphiness, so far from her supplies, will, he calculates, be stronger than on him, and will bring her to better terms shortly. Dauphiness needs bread; one may have fine clipping at the skirts of her, if she try retreat. That Dauphiness would play the prank she did next morning, Friedrich had not ventured to calculate.

Catastrophe of Dauphiness (Saturday, 5th November, 1757).

Meandering Saale is on one of his big turns, as he passes Weissenfels; turning, pretty rapidly here, from southeastward, which he was a dozen miles ago, round to northeastward again or northward altogether, which he gets to be at Merseburg, a dozen farther down. Right across from Weissenfels, lapped in this crook of the Saale, or washed by it on south side and on east, rises, with extreme laziness, a dull circular lump of country, six or eight miles in diameter; with Rossbach and half a

dozen other scraggy sleepy Hamlets scattered on it; — which, till the morning of Saturday, 5th November, 1757, had not been notable to any visitor. The topmost point or points, for there are two (not discoverable except by tradition and guess), the country people do call Hills, *Janus-Hügel*, *Pöken-Hügel*, — Hill sensible to wagon-horses in those bad loose tracks of sandy mud, but unimpressive on the Tourist, who has to admit that there seldom was so flat a Hill. Rising, let us guess, forty yards in the three or four miles it has had. Might be called a perceptibly pot-bellied plain, with more propriety; flat country, slightly puffed up; — in shape not steeper than the mould of an immense tea-saucer would be. Tea-saucer 6 miles in diameter, 100 feet in depth, and of irregular contour, which indeed will sufficiently represent it to the reader's mind.

Saale, at four or five miles distance, bounds this scraggy lump on the east and on the south. Westward and northward, springing about Mueheln on each hand, and setting off to right and to left Saale-ward, are what we take to be two brooks; at least are two hollows: and behind these, the country rises higher; undulating still on lazy terms, but now painted azure by the distance, not unpleasant to behold, with its litter all lapped out of sight, and its poor brooks tinkling forward (as we judge) into the Saale, Merseburg way, or reverse-wise into the Unstrut, the last big branch of Saale. Southward from our Janus Height, eight or nine miles off, may be seen some vestige of Freiburg; steeple or gilt weatherecock faintly visible, on the Unstrut yonder; — which I take to be Soubise's bread-basket at present. And farther off, and opposite the *mouth* of the Unstrut, well across the Saale, lies another namable Town (visible in clear weather, as a smoke-cloud at certain hours, about meal-time, when the kettles are on boil), the Town of Naumburg, — one of several German Naumburgs, — the Naumburg of Gustaf Adolf; where his slain body lay, on the night of Lützen Battle, with his poor Queen and others weeping over it. Naumburg is on the other side of Saale, not of importance to Soubise in such posture.

This is the circular block or lump of country, on the north or northwest side of which Friedrich now lies, and which will

become, he little thinks how memorable on the morrow. Over the heights, immediately eastward of Friedrich, there is a kind of hollow, or scooped-out place; shallow valley of some extent, which deserves notice against to-morrow: but in general the ground is lazily spherical, and without noticeable hollows or valleys when fairly away from the River. A dull blunt lump of country; made of sand and mud,—may have been grassy once, with broom on it, in the pastoral times; is now under poor plough-husbandry, arable or scratchable in all parts, and looks rather miserable in winter-time. No vestige of hedge on it, of shrub or bush; one tree, ugly but big, which may have been alive in Friedrich's time, stands not far from Rossbach Hamlet; one, and no more, discoverable in these areas.

Various Hamlets lie sprinkled about: very sleepy, rusty, irregular little places; huts and cattle-stalls huddled down, as if shaken from a bag; much straw, thick thatch and crumbly mud-brick; but looking warm and peaceable, for the Four-footed and the Two-footed; which latter, if you speak to them, are solid reasonable people, with energetic German eyes and hearts, though so ill-lodged. These Hamlets, needing shelter and spring-water, stand generally in some slight hollow, if well up the Height, as Rossbach is; sometimes, if near the bottom, they are nestled in a sudden dell or gash,—work of the primeval rains, accumulating from above, and ploughing out their way. The rains, we can see, have been busy; but there is seldom the least stream visible, bottom being too sandy and porous. On the western slope, there is in our time a kind of coal, or coal-dust, dug up; in the way of quarrying, not of mining; and one or two big chasms of this sort are confusedly busy: the natives mix this valuable coal-dust with water, mould it into bricks, and so use as fuel: one of the features of these hamlets is the strange black bricks, standing on edge about the cottage-doors, to drip, and dry in the sun. For this or for other reasons, the westward slope appears to be the best; and has a major share of hamlets on it: Rossbach is high up, and looks over upon Mùcheln, and its dim belfry and appurtenances, which lie safe across the hollow, perhaps two miles off,—safe from Friedrich, if there were

eatables and lodging to be had in such a place. Friedrich's left wing is in Rossbach. Bedra where Friedrich's right wing is; Branderode where the Soubise right is; then Gröst, Sehevenroda, Zeuchfeld, Pettstädt, Lunstädt, — especially Reichartswerben, where Soubise's right will come to be: these the reader may take note of in his Map. Several of them lie in ashes just then; plundered, replundered, and at last set fire to; so busy have Soubise's hungry people been, of late, in the Country they came to "deliver." The Freiburg road, the Naumburg road, both towards Merseburg, cross this Height; straight like the string, Saale by Weissenfels being the bow.

The *Herrenhaus* (Squire's Mansion) still stands in Rossbach, with the littery Hamlet at its flank: a high, pavilion-roofed, and though dilapidated, pretentious kind of House; some kind of court round it, some kind of hedge or screen of brushwood and brick-wall: terribly in need of the besom, it and its environment throughout. King, I suppose, did lodge there overnight: certain it is the Squire was absent; and the Squire's Man, three days afterwards, reported to him as follows: . . . "Saturday, the 5th, about 8 A.M., his Majesty mounted to the roof of the *Herrenhaus* here, some tiles having been removed [for that end, or by accident, is not said], and saw how the French and Reichs Army were getting in movement" — wriggling out of their Camp leftwards, evidently aiming towards Gröst. "In about an hour, near half their Army was through Gröst, and had turned southward, rather southeastward, from Gröst, out in the Rossbach and Almsdorf region, and proceeding still towards Pettstädt," — towards Sehevenroda more precisely, not towards Pettstädt yet. "His Majesty looked always through the perspective: and to me was the grace done to be ever at his side, and to name for him the roads the French and Reichs Army was marching."¹

The King had heard of this phenomenon hours before, and had sent out Hussars and scouts upon it; but now sees it with his eyes: — "Going for Freiburg, and their bread-cupboard," thinks the King; who does not as yet make much of the

¹ Müller, p. 50; Rödenbeck, p. 326.

movement; but will watch it well, and calculates to have a stroke at the rear end of it, in due season. With which view, the cavalry, Seidlitz and Mayer, are ordered to saddle; foot regiments, and all else, to be in readiness. This French-Reichs Dauphiness is not rapid in her field-exercise; and has a great deal of wriggling and unwinding before she can fairly pick herself out, and get forward towards Schevenroda on the Freiburg road. In three or in two parallel columns, artillery between them, horse ahead, horse arrear; haggling along there; — making for their bread-baskets, thinks the King. A body of French, horse chiefly, under St. Germain, come out, in the Schortau-Almsdorf part, with some salvoing and prancing, as if intending to attack about Rossbach, where our left wing is: but his Majesty sees it to be a pretence merely; and St. Germain, motionless, and doing nothing but cannonade a little, seems to agree that it is so. Dauphiness continues her slow movements; King, in this Squire's Mansion of Rossbach, sits down to dinner, dinner with Officers at the usual hour of noon, — little dreaming what the Dauphiness has in her head.

Truth is, the Dauphiness is in exultant spirits, this morning; intending great things against a certain "little Marquis of Brandenburg," to whom one does so much honor. Generals looking down yesterday on the King of Prussia's Camp, able to count every man in it (and half the men being invisible, owing to bends of the ground), counted him to 10,000 or so; and had said, "Pshaw, are not we above 50,000; let us end it! Take him on his left. Round yonder, till we get upon his left, and even upon his rear withal, St. Germain co-operating on the other side of him: on left, on rear, on front, at the same moment, is not that a sure game?" A very ticklish game, answers surly sagacious Lloyd: "No general will permit himself to be taken in flank with his eyes open; and the King of Prussia is the unlikeliest you could try it with!"

Trying it meanwhile they are; marching along by the low grounds here, intending to sweep gradually leftwards towards Janus-Hill quarter; there to sweep home upon him, coil him

up, left and rear and front, in their boa-constrictor folds, and end his trifle of an Army and him. "Why not, if we do our duty at all, annihilate his trifle of an Army; take himself prisoner, and so end it?" Report says, Soubise had really, in some moment of enthusiasm lately, warned the Versailles populations to expect such a thing; and that the Duchess of Orleans, forgetful of poor King Louis's presence, had in *her* enthusiasm, exclaimed: "*Tant Mieux*, I shall at last see a King, then!" But perhaps it is a mere French epigram, such as the winds often generate there, and put down for fact.—Friedrich's retreat to Weissenfels is cut off for Friedrich: an Austrian party has been at the Herren-Mühle Bridge this morning, has torn it up and pitched it into the river; planks far on to Merseburg by this time. And, in fact, unless Friedrich be nimble — But that he usually is.

Friedrich's dinner had gone on with deliberation for about two hours, Friedrich's intentions not yet known to any, but everybody, great and small, waiting eagerly for them, like greyhounds on the slip,—when Adjutant Gaudi, who had been on the House-top the while, rushes into the Dining-room faster than he ought, and, with some tremor in his voice and eyes, reports hastily: "At Schevenroda, at Pettstädt yonder! Enemy has turned to left. Clearly for the left."—"Well, and if he do? No flurry needed, Captain!" answered Friedrich,—(*not* in these precise words; but rebuking Gaudi, with a look not of laughter wholly, and with a certain question, as to the state of Gaudi's stomachic part, which is still known in traditionary circles, but is not mentionable here);—and went, with due gravity, himself to the roof, with his Officers. "To the left, sure enough; meaning to attack us there:" the thing Friedrich had despaired of is voluntarily coming, then;—and it is a thing of stern qualities withal; a wager of life, with glorious possibilities behind.

Friedrich earnestly surveys the phenomenon for some minutes; in some minutes, Friedrich sees his way through it, at least into it, and how he will do it. Off, eastward; march! Swift are his orders; almost still swifter the fulfilment of them. Prussian Army is a nimble article in comparison with

Dauphiness! In half an hour's time, all is packed and to the road; and, except Mayer and certain Free-Corps or Light-Horse, to amuse St. Germain and his Almsdorf people, there is not a Prussian visible in these localities to French eyes. "At half-past two," says the Squire's Man, — or let us take him a sentence earlier, to lose nothing of such a Document: "At noon his Majesty took dinner; sat till about two o'clock; then again went to the roof; and perceived that the Enemy's Army at Pettstädt were turning about the little Wood there northeastward, as if for Lunstädt [into the Lunstädt road]; — such cannonading too," from those Almsdorf people, "that the balls flew over our heads," — or I tremulously thought so. "At half-past two, the word was given, March! And good speed they made about it, in this Herrenhaus, and out of doors too, striking their tents, and cording up and trimly shouldering everything with incredible brevity," as if machinery were doing it; "and at three, on the Prussian part, all was packed and out into the court for being carried off; and, in fact, the Prussian Army was on march at three." Seidlitz, with all his Horse, vanishing round the corner of the Height; speeding along, invisible on his northern slope there, straight for the Janus-Pölzen Hill part; the Infantry following, double-quick; — well knowing, each, what he has got to do.

But at this interesting point, the Editors — small thanks to them, authentic but thrice-stupid mortals — cut short our Eye-witness, not so much as telling us his name, some of them not even his date or whereabouts; and so the curtain tumbles down (as if its string had been cut, or suddenly eaten by unwise animals), and we are left to gray hubbub, and our own resources at second-hand. Except only that a French Officer — one of those cannonading from Almsdorf, no doubt — declares that "it was like a change of scene in the Opera (*décoration d'Opéra*)," ¹ so very rapid; and that "they all rolled off eastward at quick time." At extremely quick time;

¹ Letter in *Müller*, p. 60. In *Westphalen* (ii. 128-133) is a much superior French Letter, intercepted somewhere, and fallen to Duke Ferdinand; well worth reading, on Rossbach and the previous Affairs.

— and soon, in the slight hollow behind Janus Hügel, vanished from sight of these Almsdorf French, and of the Soubise-Hildburghausen Army in general. Which latter is agreeably surprised at the phenomenon; and draws a highly flattering conclusion from it. “Gone, then; off at double-quick for Merseburg; aha!” think the Soubise-Hildburghausen people: “Double-quick you too, my pretty men, lest they do whisk away, and we never get a stroke at them!” —

Seidlitz meanwhile, with his cavalry (thirty-eight squadrons, about 4,000 horse), is rapidly doing the order he has had. Seidlitz at a sharp military trot, and the infantry at double-quick to keep up near him, which they cannot quite do, are, as we have said, making right across for the Pölzen-Hill and Janus-Hill quarter; their route the string, French route the bow; and are invisible to the French, owing to the heights between. Seidlitz, when he gets to the proper point eastward, will wheel about, front to southward, and be our left wing; infantry, as centre and right, will appear in like manner; and — we shall see!

The exultant Dauphiness, or Soubise-Hildburghausen Army (let us call it, for brevity's sake, Dauphiness or French, which it mainly was), on that rapid disappearance of the Prussians, never doubted but the Prussians were off on flight for Merseburg, to get across by the Bridge there. Whereat Dauphiness, doubly exultant, mended her own pace, cavalry at a sharp trot, infantry double-quick, but unable to keep up, — for the purpose of capturing or intercepting the runaway Prussians. Speed, my friends, — if you would do a stroke upon Friedrich, and show the Versailles people a King at last! Thus they, hurrying on, in two parallel columns, — infantry, long floods of it, coming double-quick but somewhat fallen behind; cavalry 7,000 or so, as vanguard, — faster and faster; sweeping forward on their southern side of the Janus-and-Pölzen slope, and now rather climbing the same.

Seidlitz has his hussar pickets on the top, to keep him informed as to their motions, and how far they are got. Seidlitz, invisible on the south slope of the Polzen Hügel, finds about half-past three P.M. that he is now fairly ahead of

Dauphiness; Seidlitz halts, wheels, comes to the top, "Got the flank of them, sure enough!" — and without waiting signal or farther orders, every instant being precious, rapidly forms himself; and plunges down on these poor people. "Compact as a wall, and with an incredible velocity (*d'une vitesse incroyable*)," says one of them. Figure the astonishment of Dauphiness; of poor Broglio, who commands the horse here. Taken in flank, instead of taking other people; intercepted, not in the least needing to intercept! Has no time to form, though he tried what he could. Only the two Austrian regiments got completely formed; the rest very incompletely; and Seidlitz, in the blaze of rapid steel, is in upon them. The two Austrian regiments, and two French that are named, made what debate was feasible; — courage nowise wanting, in such sad want of captaincy; nay Soubise in person galloped into it, if that could have helped. But from the first, the matter was hopeless; Seidlitz slashing it at such a rate, and plunging through it and again through it, thrice, some say four times: so that, in the space of half an hour, this luckless cavalry was all tumbling off the ground; plunging down-hill, in full flight, across its own infantry or whatever obstacle, Seidlitz on the hips of it; and galloping madly over the horizon, towards Freiburg as it proved; and was not again heard of that day.

In about half an hour that bit of work was over; and Seidlitz, with his ranks trimmed again, had drawn himself southward a little, into the Hollow of Tageswerben, there to wait impending phenomena. For Friedrich with the Infantry is now emerging over Janus Hill, in a highly thunderous manner, — eighteen pieces of artillery going, and "four big guns taken from the walls of Leipzig;" and there will be events anon. It is said, Hildburghausen, at the first glimpse of Friedrich over the hill-top, whispered to Soubise, "We are lost, Royal Highness!" — "Courage!" Soubise would answer; and both, let us hope, did their utmost in this extremely bad predicament they had got into.

Friedrich's artillery goes at a murderous rate; had come in view, over the hill-top, before Seidlitz ended, — "nothing

but the muzzles of it visible" (and the fire-torrents from it) to us poor French below. Friedrich's lines; or rather his one line, mere tip of his left wing, — only seven battalions in it, five of them under Keith from the second or reserve line; whole centre and right wing standing "refused" in oblique rank, invisible, *behind* the Hill, — Friedrich's line, we say, the artillery to its right, shoots out in mysterious Prussian rhythm, in echelons, in potences, obliquely down the Janus-Hill side; straight, rigid, regular as iron clock-work; and strides towards us, silent, with the lightning sleeping in it: — Friedrich has got the flank of Dauphiness, and means to keep it. Once and again and a third time, poor Soubise, with his poor regiments much in an imbroglio, here heaped on one another, there with wide gaps, halt being so sudden, — attempts to recover the flank, and pushes out this regiment and the other, rightward, to be even with Friedrich. But sees with despair that it cannot be; that Friedrich with his echelons, potences and mysterious Prussian resources, pulls himself out like the pieces of a prospect-glass, piece after piece, hopelessly fast and seemingly no end to them; and that the flank is lost, and that — Unhappy Generals of Dauphiness, what a phenomenon for them! A terrible Friedrich, not fled to Merseburg at all; but mounted there on the Janus Hill, as on his saddle-horse, with face quite the other way; — and for holster-pistol, has plucked out twenty-two cannon. Clad verily in fire; Chimera-like, *riding* the Janus Hill, in that manner; left leg (or wing) of him spurning us into the abysses, right one ready to help at discretion!

Hildburghausen, I will hope, does his utmost; Soubise, Broglio, for certain do. The French line is in front, next the Prussians: poor Generals of Dauphiness are panting to retrieve themselves. But with regiments jammed in this astonishing way, and got collectively into the lion's throat, what can be done? Steady, rigid as iron clock-work, the Prussian line strides forward; at forty paces' distance delivers its first shock of lightning, bursts into platoon fire; and so continues, steady at the rate of five shots a minute, — hard to endure by poor masses all in a coil. "The artillery tore down whole

ranks of us," says the Württemberg Dragoon; ¹ "the Prussian musketry did terrible execution."

Things began to waver very soon, French reeling back from the Prussian fire, Reichs troops rocking very uneasy, torn by such artillery; when, to crown the matter, Seidlitz, seeing all things rock to the due extent, bursts out of Tageswerben Hollow, terribly compact and furious, upon the rear of them. Which sets all things into inextricable tumble; and the Battle is become a rout and a riding into ruin, no Battle ever more. Lasted twenty-five minutes, this second act of it, or till half-past four: after which, the curtains rapidly descending (Night's curtain, were there no other) cover the remainder; the only stage-direction, *Exeunt Omnes*. Which for a 50 or 60,000, ridden over by Seidlitz Horse, was not quite an easy matter! They left, of killed and wounded, near 3,000; of prisoners, 5,000 (Generals among them 8, Officers 300): in sum, about 8,000; not to mention cannon, 67 or 72; with standards, flags, kettle-drums and meaner baggages *ad libitum* in a manner. The Prussian loss was, 165 killed, 376 wounded; — between a sixteenth and a fifteenth part of theirs: in number the Prussians had been little more than one to three; 22,000 of all arms, — not above half of whom ever came into the fire; Seidlitz and seven battalions doing all the fighting that was needed. St. Germain tried to cover the retreat; but "got broken," he says, — Mayer bursting in on him, — and soon went to slush like the others.

Seldom, almost never, not even at Crecy or Poitiers, was any Army better beaten. And truly, we must say, seldom did any better deserve it, so far as the Chief Parties went. Yes, Messieurs, this is the *petit Marquis de Brandebourg*; you will know this one, when you meet him again! The flight, the French part of it, was towards Freiburg Bridge; in full gallop, long after the chase had ceased; crossing of the Unstrut there, hoarse, many-voiced, all night; burning of the Bridge; found burnt, when Friedrich arrived next morning. He had encamped at Obschütz, short way from the field itself. French Army, Reichs Army, all was gone

¹ His Letter in *Müller*, p. 83.

to staves, to utter chaotic wreck. Hildburghausen went by Naumburg; crossed the Saale there; bent homewards through the Weimar Country; one wild flood of ruin, swift as it could go; at Erfurt "only one regiment was in rank, and marched through with drums beating." His Army, which had been disgustingly unhappy from the first, and was now fallen fluid on these mad terms, flowed all away in different rills, each by the course straightest home; and Hildburghausen arriving at Bamberg, with hardly the ghost or mutilated skeleton of an Army, flung down his truncheon, — "A murrain on your Reichs Armies and regimental chaoscs!" — and went indigantly home. Reichs Army had to begin at the beginning again; and did not reappear on the scene till late next Year, under a new Commander, and with slightly improved conditions.

Dauphiness Proper was in no better case; and would have flowed home in like manner, had not home been so far, and the way unknown. Twelve thousand of them rushed straggling through the Eichsfeld; plundering and harrying, like Cossacks or Calmucks: "Army blown asunder, over a circle of forty miles' radius," writes St. Germain: "had the Enemy pursued us, after I got broken [burst in upon by Mayer and his Free-Corps people] we had been annihilated. Never did Army behave worse; the first cannon-salvo decided our rout and our shame."¹

In two days' time (November 7th), the French had got to Langensalza, fifty-five miles from the Battle-field of Rossbach; plundering, running, *sacre-dieu*-ing; a wild deluge of molten wreck, filling the Eichsfeld with its waste noises, making night hideous and day too; — in the villages Placards were stuck up, appointing Nordhausen and Heiligenstadt for rallying place.²

Soubise rode, with few attendants, all night towards Nordhausen, — eighty miles off, foot of the Brocken Country, where the Richelieu resources are; — Soubise with few attendants,

¹ St. Germain to Verney: different Excerpts of Letters in the two weeks after Rossbach and before (given in Preuss, ii. 97).

² Müller, p. 73.

face set towards the Brocken; himself, it is like, in a somewhat hag-ridden condition.

“The joy of poor Teutschland at large,” says one of my Notes, “and how all Germans, Prussian and Anti-Prussian alike, flung up their caps, with unanimous *Lebe-hoch*, at the news of Rossbach, has often been remarked; and indeed is still almost touching to see. The perhaps bravest Nation in the world, though the least braggart, very certainly *ein tapferes Volk* (as their Goethe calls them); so long insulted, snubbed and trampled on, by a luckier, not a braver:—has not your exultant Dauphiness got a beautiful little dose administered her; and is gone off in foul shrieks, and pangs of the interior,—let no man ask whitherward! ‘*Si un Allemand peut avoir de l’esprit* (Can a German possibly have sharpness of wits)?’ Well, yes, it would seem: here is one German graduate who understands his medicine-chest, and the quality of patients!—Dauphiness got no pity anywhere; plenty of epigrams, and mostly nothing but laughter even in Paris itself. Napoleon long after, who much admires Friedrich, finds that this Victory of Rossbach was inevitable; ‘but what fills me with astonishment and shame,’ adds he, ‘is that it was gained by six battalions and thirty squadrons [seven properly, and thirty-eight] over such a multitude!’¹—It is well known, Napoleon, after Jena, as if Jena had not been enough for him, tore down the first Monument of Rossbach, some poor ashlar Pyramid or Pillar, raised by the neighborhood, with nothing more afflictive inscribed on it than a date; and sent it off in carts for Paris (where no stone of it ever arrived, the Thüringen earmen slinking off, and leaving it scattered in different places over the face of Thüringen in general); so that they had the trouble of a new one lately.”²

From Friedrich the “Army of the Circles,” that is, Dauphiness and Company,—called *Hoopers* or “Coopers” (*Tonneliers*),

¹ Montholon, *Mémoires &c. de Napoléon* (Napoleon’s *Précis des Guerres de Frédéric II.*, vii. 210).

² Rödenbeck, *Beiträge*, i. 299; ib. p. 385, Lithograph of the poor extinct Monument itself.

with a desperate attempt at wit by pun, — get their Adieu in words withal. This is the famed *Congé de l'Armée des Cercles et des Tonneliers*; a short metrical Piece; called by Editors the most profane, most indecent, most &c.; and printed with asterisk veils thrown over the worst passages. Who shall dare, searching and rummaging for insight into Friedrich, and complaining that there is none, to lift any portion of the veil; and say, “Sec — Faugh!” The cynicism, truly, but also the irrepressible honest exultation, has a kind of epic completeness, and fulness of sincerity; and, at bottom, the thing is nothing like so wicked as careless commentators have given out. Dare to look a little: —

“*Adieu, grands écraseurs de rois,*” so it starts: “Adieu, grand crushers of Kings; arrogant wind-bags, Turpin, Broglio, Soubise, — Hildburghausen with the gray beard, foolish still as when your beard was black in the Turk-War time: — brisk journey to you all!” That is the first stanza; unexceptionable, had we room. The second stanza is, — with the veils partially lifted; with probably “*Moïse*” put into the first blank, and into the third something of or belonging to “*César,*” —

“*Je vous ai vu comme . . .
Dans des ronces en certain lieu
Eut l'honneur de voir . . .
Ou comme au gré de sa luxure
Le bon Nicomède à l'écart
Aiguillonnait sa flamme impure
Des . . .*”

Enough to say, the Author, with a wild burst of spiritual enthusiasm, sings the charms of the rearward part of certain men; and what a royal ecstatic felicity there sometimes is in indisputable survey of the same. He rises to the heights of Anti-Biblical profanity, quoting Moses on the Hill of Vision; sinks to the bottomless of human or ultra-human depravity, quoting King Nicomedes's experiences on Cæsar (happily known only to the learned); and, in brief, recognizes that there is, on occasion, considerable beauty in that quarter of the human figure, when it turns on you opportunely. A most cynical profane affair: yet, we must say by way of paren-

thesis, one which gives no countenance to Voltaire's atrocities of rumor about Friedrich himself in this matter; the reverse rather, if well read; being altogether theoretic, scientific; sings with gusto the glow of beauty you find in that unexpected quarter, — while *kicking* it deservedly and with enthusiasm. "To see the" — what shall we call it: seat of honor, in fact, "of your enemy:" has it not an undeniable charm? "I own to you in confidence, O Soubise and Company, this fine laurel I have got, and was so in need of, is nothing more or other than the sight of your" — *four asterisks*. "Oblige me, whenever clandestine Fate brings us together, by showing me that" — always that, if you would give me pleasure when we meet. "And oh," next stanza says, "to think what our glory is founded on," — on view of that unmentionable object, I declare to you! — And through other stanzas, getting smutty enough (though in theory only), which we need not prosecute farther.¹ A certain heartiness and epic greatness of cynicism, life's nakedness grown almost as if innocent again; an immense suppressed insuppressible Haha, on the part of this King. Strange *Te-Deum* indeed. Coming from the very heart, truly, as few of them do; but not, in other points, recommendable at all! — Here, of the night before, is something better: —

To Wilhelmina.

"NEAR WEISSENFELS [OBSCHUTZ, in fact; does not know yet what the Battle will be *called*], 5th November, 1757.

"At last, my dear Sister, I can announce you a bit of good news. You were doubtless aware that the Coopers with their circles had a mind to take Leipzig. I ran up, and drove them beyond Saale. The Duc de Richelieu sent them a reinforcement of twenty battalions and fourteen squadrons [say 15,000 horse and foot]; they then called themselves 63,000 strong. Yesterday I went to reconnoitre them; could not attack them in the post they held. This had rendered them rash. To-day they came out with the intention of attacking me; but I took the start of them (*les ai prévenu*). It was a Battle *en douceur*

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xii. 70-73 (written at Freiburg, 6th November, when his Majesty got thither, and found the Bridge burnt).

(soft to one's wish). Thanks to God I have not a hundred men killed; the only General ill wounded is Me'necke. My Brother Henri and General Seidlitz have slight hurts [gun shots, not so slight, that of Seidlitz] in the arm. We have all the Enemy's cannon, all the . . . I am in full march to drive them over the Unstrut [already driven, your Majesty; bridge burning].

"You, my dear Sister, my good, my divine and affectionate Sister [faithful to the bone, in good truth, poor Wilhelmina], who deign to interest yourself in the fate of a Brother who adores you, deign also to share in my joy. The instant I have time, I will tell you more. I embrace you with my whole heart. Adieu. F." ¹

Ulterior Fate of Dauphiness; flies over the Rhine in bad Fashion: Dauphiness's Ways with the Saxon Populations in her Deliverance-Work.

Friedrich had no more fighting with the French. November 9th, at Merseburg, in all stillness, Duke Ferdinand got his Britannie Commission, his full Powers, from Friedrich and the parties interested; in all stillness made his arrangements, as if for Magdeburg and his Governorship there, — Friedrich hastening off for Silesia the while. Duke Ferdinand did stay six days in Magdeburg, inspecting or pretending to inspect; very pleasant with his Sister and the Royalties that are now there; but at midnight of day sixth shot off silently on wider errand. And, in sum, on Thursday, 24th November, 1757, appeared in Stade, on horseback at morning parade there; intimating, to what joy of the poor Brunswick Grenadiers and others, That he was come to take command; that Kloster-Seven is abolished; that we are not an "Observation Army," rotting here in the parish pound, any longer, but an "Allied Army" (such now our title), intending to strike for ourselves, and get out of pound straightway! —

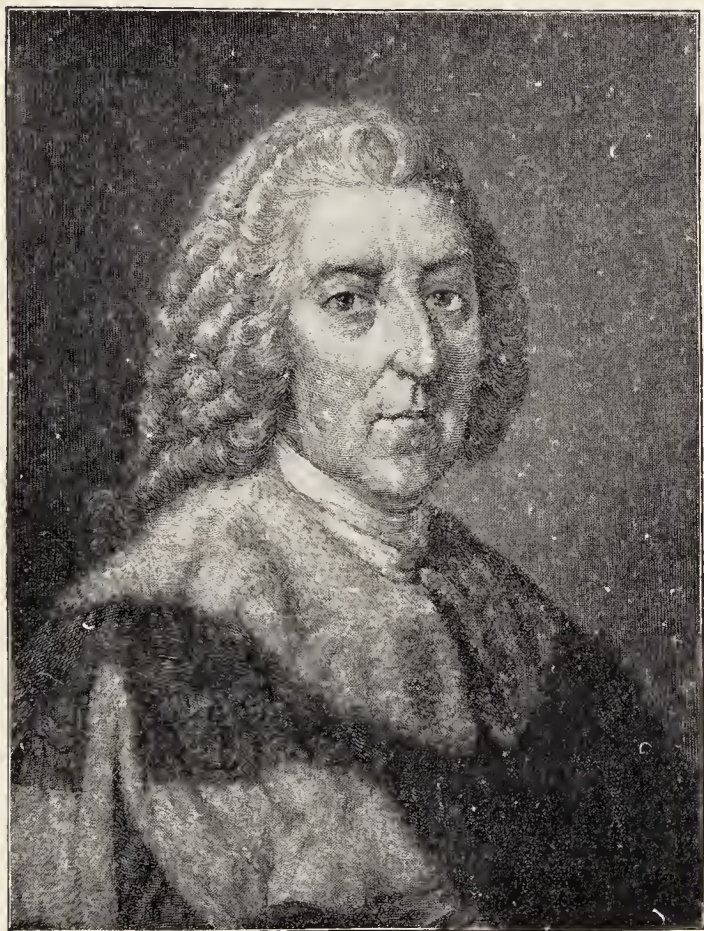
"Thursday, 24th November—Tuesday, 29th. Duke Ferdinand did accordingly pick up the reins of this distracted Affair; and,

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. i. 310.

in a way wonderful to see, shot sanity into every fibre of it; and kept it sane and road-worthy for the Five Years coming. With a silent velocity, an energy, an imperturbable steadfastness and clear insight into cause and effect; which were creditable to the school he came from; and were a very joyful sight to Pitt and others concerned. So that from next Tuesday, 'November 29th, before daylight,' when Ferdinand's batteries began playing upon Harburg (French Fortress nearest to Stade), the reign of the French ceased in those Countries; and an astonished Richelieu and his French, lying scattered over all the West of Germany, in readiness for nothing but plunder, had to fall more or less distracted in their turn; and do a number of astonishing things. To try this and that, of futile more or less frantic nature; be driven from post after post, be driven across the Aller first of all; — Richelieu to go home thereupon, and be succeeded by one still more incompetent.

"*December 13th*, a fortnight after Ferdinand's appearance, Richelieu had got to the safe side of the Aller (burning of Zelle Bridge and Zelle Town there, his last act in Germany); Ferdinand's quarters now wide enough; and vigorous speed of preparation going on for farther chase, were the weather mended. *February 17th*, 1758, Ferdinand was on foot again; Prince de Clermont, the still more incompetent successor of Richelieu, gazing wide-eyed upon him, but doing nothing else: and for the next six weeks there was seen a once triumphant Richelieu-D'Estrées French Army, much in rags, much in disorder, in terror, and here and there almost in despair, — winging their way; like clouds of draggled poultry caught by a mastiff in the corn. Across Weser, across Ems, finally across the Rhine itself, every feather of them, — their long-drawn cackle, of a shrieky type, filling all Nature in those months; the mastiff steadily following.¹ To the astonishment of Pitt

¹ Mauvillon, i. 252-284 ("9th November, 1757-1st April, 1758"); Westphalen, i. 316-503 (abundantly explicit, authentic and even entertaining, — with the ample Correspondences, ib. ii. 147-350); Schaper, *Vie militaire du Maréchal Prince Ferdinand* (2 tomes, 8vo, Magdebourg, 1796, 1799), i. 7-100 (a careful Book; of an official exactitude, like Westphalen's, — and appears to be left incomplete like his)



WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.
After the painting by Richard Brompton at Chevening.

and mankind. Can this be the same Army that Royal Highness led to the Sea and the Parish Pound? The same identically, wasted to about two-thirds by Royal Highness; not a drum in it changed otherwise, only One Man different, — and he is the important one!

“Pitt, when the news of Rossbach came, awakening the bonfires and steeple-bells of England to such a pitch, had resolved on an emphatic measure: that of sending English Troops to reinforce our Allied Army, and its new General; — such an Ally as that Rossbach one being rare in the eyes of Pitt. ‘Postpone the meeting of Parliament, yet a few days, your Majesty,’ said Pitt, ‘till I get the estimates ready!’¹ To which Majesty assented, and all England with him: ‘England’s own Cause,’ thinks Pitt, with confidence: ‘our way of Conquering America, — and, in the circumstances, our one way!’ English did land, accordingly; first instalment of them, a 12,000 (in August next), increased gradually to 20,000; with no end of furnishings to them and everybody; with results again satisfactory to Pitt; and very famous in the England that then was, dim as they are now grown.”

The effect of all which was, that Pitt, with his Ferdinands and reinforcements, found work for the French ever onwards from Rossbach; French also turning as if exclusively upon perfidious Albion: and the thing became, in Teutschland, as elsewhere, a duel of life and death between these natural enemies, — Teutschland the centre of it, — Teutschland and the accessible French Sea-Towns, — but the circumference of it going round from Manilla and Madras to Havana and Quebee again. Wide-spread furious duel; prize, America and life. By land and sea; handsomely done by Pitt on both elements. Land part, we say, was always mainly in Germany, under Ferdinand, — in Hessen and the Westphalian Countries, as far west as Minden, as far east as Frankfurt-on-Mayn, generally well north of Rhine, well south of Elbe: that was, for five years coming, the cockpit or place of deadly fence between France and England. Friedrich’s arena lies eastward of that, occasionally playing into it a little, and played into by it and

¹ Thackeray, i. 310.

always in lively sympathy and consultation with it: but, except the French subsidizings, diplomatizings and great diligence against him in foreign Courts, Friedrich is, in practical respects, free of the French; and ever after Rossbach, Ferdinand and the English keep them in full work, — growing yearly too full. A heavy Business for England and Ferdinand; which is happily kept extraneous to Friedrich thenceforth; to him and us; which is not on the stage of his affairs and ours, but is to be conceived always as vigorously proceeding alongside of it, close beyond the scenes, and liable at any time to make tragic entry on him again: — of which we shall have to notice the louder occurrences and cardinal phases, but, for the future, nothing more.

Soubise, who had crept into the skirts of the Riehlieu Army in Hanover or Hessen Country, had of course to take wing in that general flight before the mastiff. Soubise did not cross the Rhine with it; Soubise made off eastward;¹ — found new roost in Hanau-Frankfurt Country; and had thoughts of joining the Austrians in Bohemia next Campaign; but got new order, — such the pinches of a winged Clermont with a mastiff Ferdinand at his poor draggled tail; — and came back to the Ferdinand scene, to help there; and never saw Friedrich again. Both Broglie and he had a good deal of fighting (mostly beating) from Ferdinand; and a great deal of trouble and sorrow in the course of this War; but after Rossbach it is not Friedrich or we, it is Ferdinand and the Destinies that have to do with them. Poor Soubise, except that he was the creature of Generalissima Pompadour, which had something radically absurd in it, did not deserve all the laughter he got: a man of some ehalry, some qualities. As for Broglie, I remember always, not without human emotion, the two extreme points of his career as a soldier: Rossbach and the Fall of the Bastille. He was towards forty, when Friedrich bestrode the Janus Hill in that fiery manner; he was turned of seventy when, from the pavements of Paris, the Chimera of Democracy rose on him, in fire of a still more horrible description.

¹ Westphalen, i. 501 (“end of March 1758”)

Dauphiness-Bellona, in her special and in her widest sense, has made exit, then. Gone, like clouds of draggled poultry home across the Rhine. She was the most marauding Army lately seen, also the most gasconading, and had the least capacity for fighting: three worse qualities no army could have. How she fought, we have seen sufficiently. Before taking leave of her forever, readers, as she is a paragon in her kind, would perhaps take a glance or two at her marauding qualities, — by a good opportunity that offers. Plotho at Regensburg, that a supreme Reichs Diet may know what a “deliverance of Saxony” this has been, submits one day the following irrefragable Documents, “which have happened,” not without good industry of my own, “to fall into my [Plotho’s] hands.” They are Documents partly of epistolary, partly of a Petitionary form, presented to Polish Majesty, out of that Saxon Country; and have an *affidavit* quality about them, one and all.

1°. *Big Dauphiness* (that is, D’Estrées) *in the Wesel Countries, at an early Stage, — while still endeavoring what she could to behave well, hanging 1,000 marauders and the like* (A private Letter): —

“*County Mark, 20th June, 1757.* The French troops are going on here in a way to utterly ruin us. Schmidt, their President of Justice, whom they set up in Cleve, has got orders to change all the Magistracies of the Country [Protestant by nature], so as that half the members shall be Catholic. Bielefeld was openly plundered by the French for three hours long. You cannot by possibility represent to yourself what the actual state of misery in these Countries is. A *scheffel* of rye costs three thalers sixteen groschen [who knows how many times its natural price!]. And now we are to be forced to eat the spoiled meal those French troops brought with them; which is gone to such a state no animal would have it. This poisoned meal we are to buy from them, ready money, at the price they fix; and that famine may induce us, they are about to stop the mills, and forcibly take away what little bread-corn we have left. God have pity on us, and deliver us soon!

Next week we are to have a transit of 6,000 Pfalzers [Kur-Pfalz, foolish idle fellow, and Kur-Baiern too, are both in subsidy of France, as usual; 6,000 Pfalzers just due here]; these, I suppose, will sweep us clean bare.”¹

Wesel Fortress, Gate of the Rhine, could not be defended by Friedrich: and the Hanover Incapables, and England still all in St. Vitus, would not hear of undertaking it; left it wide open for the French; never could recover it, or get the Rhine-Gate barred again, during the whole War. One hopes they repented; — but perhaps it was only Pitt and Duke Ferdinand that did so, instead! The Wesel Countries were at once occupied by the French; “a conquest of her Imperial Majesty’s;” continued to be administered in Imperial Majesty’s name, — and are thriving as above.

2°. *Dauphiness Proper* (that is, Soubise) *in Thüringen, at a late Stage: —*

“*Letter from Freiburg, shortly after Rossbach.* — It was on the 23d October, a Sunday, that we of Freiburg had our first billeting of French; a body of Cavalry from different regiments [going to take Leipzig, take Torgau, what not]: and from that day Freiburg never emptied of French, who kept marching through it in extraordinary quantities. The marching lasted fourteen days, namely, till the 6th November [day after Rossbach; when they burnt our poor Bridge, and marched for the last time]; and often the billeting was so heavy, that in a single house there were forty or fifty men. Who at all times had to be lodged and dieted gratis; nay many householders, over and above the ordinary meal, were obliged to give them money too; and many poor people, who can scarcely get their own bit of bread, had to run and bring at once their sixteen or eighteen groshen [pence] worth of wine, not to speak of coffee and sugar. And a great increase of the mischief it was always, that the soldiers and common people did not understand one another’s language.” — Heavy billeting; but what was that? . . . “Vast, nearly impossible, quantities of forage and provision,” were wrung from us, as from all the

¹ *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 399.

other Towns and Villages about, "under continual threatening to burn and raze us from the earth. Often did our French Colonel threaten, 'He would have the cannon opened on Freiburg straightway.' Nay, had it stood by foraging, we might have reckoned ourselves lucky. But our straits increased day by day; and sheer plundering became more and more excessive.

"The robbing and torturing of travellers, the plundering and burning of Saxon Villages . . . Almost all the Towns and Villages hereabouts are so plundered out, that many a one now has nothing but what he carries on his body. Plundering was universal: and no sooner was one party away, than another came, and still another; and often the same house was three or four times plundered. Branderode, a Village two leagues from this [stands on the Field of Rossbach, if we look], is so ruined out, that nobody almost has anything left: Chief Inspector Baron von Bose's Schloss there, with its splendid appointments, they ruined utterly; took all money, victuals, valuables, furniture, clothes, linen and beds, all they could carry; what could not be carried away, they cut, hewed and smashed to pieces; broke the wine-casks; and even tore up the documents and letters they found lying in the place. Branderode Dorf was twice set fire to by them; and was, at last, with Zeuchfeld, which is an Amtsdorf, — after both had been plundered, — reduced to ashes. The Churches of Branderode and Zeuchfeld, with several other Churches, were plundered; the altars broken, the altar-cloths and other vestures cut to pieces, and the sacred vessels and cups carried away, — except [for we have a notarial exactness, and will exaggerate nothing] that in the case of Branderode they sent the cup back. Of the pollution of the altars, and of the blasphemous songs these people sang in the churches, one cannot think without horror.

"And it was merely our pretended Allies and Protectors that have desecrated our divine service, utterly wasted our Country, reduced the inhabitants to want and desperation, and, in short, have so behaved that you would not know this region again. Truly these troops have realized for us most of the infamies we heard reported of the Cossacks, and their ravagings in Preussen lately.

"It is one of their smallest doings that they robbed a Saxon Clergyman [name and circumstances can be given if required], three times over, on the public Highway; shot at him, tied him to a horse's tail and dragged him along with them; so that he is now lying ill, in danger of his life. On the whole, it is our beloved Pastors, Clergymen most of all, that have been plundered of everything they had.

"Balgart and Zschieplitz, both Villages half a league from this, have likewise been heavily plundered; they have even left the Parson nothing but what he wore on his back. Gröst," another Rossbach place, "which belongs to the Kammerjunker Heldorf, has likewise" . . . *Ohe, satis!* — "All this happened between the 23d and 31st October; consequently before the Battle. . . . In many Villages you see the trees and fields sprinkled with feathers from the beds that have been slit up.

"In several Villages belonging to the Royal Electoral Privy Councillor von Brühl [who is properly the fountain of all this and of much other misery to us, if we knew it!], the plundering likewise had begun; and a quantity of about a hundred swine [so ho!] had been cut in pieces: but in the midst of their work, the Allies heard that these were Brühl estates, and ceased their havoc of them. These accordingly are the only lands in all this region whose fate has been tolerable.

"The appellation, every moment renewed, of 'Heretic!' was the courteous address from these people to our fellow-Christians; 'heretic dogs (*ketzerische Hunde*)' was a *Prädicat* always in their mouth.

"In Weischütz," a mile or two from us, up the Unstrut, "a French Colonel who wanted to ride out upon the works, made the there Pastor, Magister Schren, stoop down by way of horse-block, and mounted into the saddle from his back. [Messieurs, you will kindle the wrath of mankind some day, and get a terrible plucking, with those high ways of yours!]

"Churches are all smashed; obscene songs were sung, in form of litany, from the pulpits and altars; what was done with the communion-vessels, when they were not worth stealing," — is hideous to the religious sense, and shall not be mentioned in human speech.

3°. *The Broglie Reinforcement coming across to join Soubise, and perform at Rossbach* (Humble Petition from the Magistrates of Sangerhausen, To the King of Poland's Majesty):—

Sangerhausen, 23d October, 1757.—“Scarcely had we, with profound submission (*allerunterthänigst*), under date of the 13th current, represented to your Royal Majesty and Electoral Translucency how heavily we were pressed down by the forage requisitions and transits of troops, and the consequent expenditure in food, drinking, in oats and hay, which no one pays,—when directly thereafter, on the 14th of October, a new French party, of the Fischer Corps,”—Fischer is a mighty Hussar, scarcely inferior to Turpin; and stands in astonishing authority with Richelieu, and an Army whose object is plunder,¹—“new party of the Fischer Corps, of some sixty men and horse, arrived in the Town; demanded meat, drink, oats and hay, and all things necessary; which they received from us;—and not only paid not one farthing for all this, but furthermore some of them, instead of thanks to their Landlord, Rossold, forcibly broke up his press, drank his brandy, and carried off a *Toute* (gather-all) with money in it. From a Tanner, Lindauer by name, they bargained for a buckskin; and having taken, would not pay it. In the *Raths-keller* (Town Public-house) they drank much wine, and gave nothing for it: nay on marching off,—because no mounted guide (*reitender Bote*) was at hand, and though they had before expressly said none such would be needed,—they rushed about like distracted persons (*wie rasende Leute*) in the market-place and in the streets; beat the people, tumbled them about, and lugged them along, in a violent manner; using abusive language to a frightful extent, and threatening every misfortune.

“Hardly were we rid of this confusion and astonishment, when, on October 21st, a whole swarm of horses, men, women, children and wagons, which likewise all belonged to the Fischer Corps, and were commanded by First-Lieutenant Schmidt,

¹ Ferdinand's Correspondents, *scæpius* (*Westphalen*, i. 40-127); &c. &c.

came into our Town. This troop consisted of 80 men, part infantry, part cavalry; with some 80 work-horses, 10 baggage-wagons, and about 100 persons, women, sick people and the like. They stayed the whole night here; made meat, drink, corn, hay and whatever they needed be brought them; and went off next day without paying anything.

“Our Inns were now almost quite exhausted of forage in corn or hay; and we knew not how we were to pay what had been spent, — when the thirty French Light Cavalry, of whom we, with profound submission, on the 13th *hujus* gave your Royal Majesty and Electoral Translucency account, renewed their visit upon us; came, under the command of Rittmeister de Mocu, on the 22d of October [while the baggage-wagons, work-horses, women, sick, and so forth, were hardly gone], towards evening, into the Town; consumed in meat and drink, oats and hay, and the like, what they could lay hold of; and next morning early marched away, paying, as their custom is, nothing.

“Not enough that, — besides the great forage-contribution (*Lieferung*), which we already, with profound submission, notified to your Royal Majesty and Electoral Translucency as having been laid upon us; and that, by order of the Duc de Broglio, a new requisition is now laid on us, and we have had to engage for sixty-four more sacks of wheat, and thirty-two of rye (as is noted under head A, in the enclosed copy), — there has farther come on us, on the part of the Reichs Army, from Kreis-Commissarius Heldorf [whose Schloss of Gröst, we perceive, they have since burnt, by way of thanks to him¹], the simultaneous Order for instant delivery of Forage (as under head B, here enclosed)! Thus are we, at the appointed places, all at once to furnish such quantities, more than we can raise; and know not when or where we shall, either for what has been already furnished, or for what is still to be, receive one penny of money: nay, over and above, we are to sustain the many marchings of troops, and provide to the same what meat, drink, oats, hay and so on, they require, without the least return of payment!

“So unendurable, and, taken all together, so hard (*sic*)

¹ Suprà, No. 2.

begins the conduct of these troops, that profess being come as friends and helpers, to appear to us. And Heaven alone knows how long, under a continuance of such things, the subjects (whom the Hail-storm of last year had at any rate impoverished) shall be able to support the same. We would, were a reasonable delivery of forage laid upon us even at a low price, and the board and billet of the marching troops paid to us even in part, lay out our whole strength in helping to bear the burdens of the Fatherland; but if such things go on, which will soon leave us only bare life and empty huts, we can look forward to nothing but our ruin and destruction. But, as it is not your Royal Majesty's and Electoral Translucency's most gracious will that we, your Most Supreme Self's most faithful subjects, should entirely perish, therefore we repeat our former most submissive prayer once again with hot (*sic*) sorrow of mind to Highest-the-Same; and sob most submissively for that help which your Most Supreme Self, through most gracious mediation with the Duc de Richelieu, with the Reichs Army or wherever else, might perhaps most graciously procure for us. Who, in deepest longing thitherwards, with the most deepest devotion, remain — " ¹ (*Names*, unfortunately, not given).

How many Saxons and Germans generally — alas, how many men universally — cry towards celestial luminaries of the governing kind with the most deepest devotion, in their extreme need, under their unsufferable injuries; and are truly like dogs in the backyard barking at the Moon. The Moon won't come down to them, and be eaten as green cheese; the Moon can't!

4°. *Dauphiness after Rossbach.* "Excise-Inspector Neitsche, at Bebra, near Weissenfels [Bebra is well ahead from Freiburg and the burnt Bridge, and a good twenty-five miles west of Weissenfels], writes To the King of Poland's Majesty, 9th November, 1757: —

"May it please your Royal Majesty and Electoral Translucency, out of your highest grace, to take knowledge, from the accompanying Registers *sub signo Martis* [sign unknown to

¹ *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 688–691.

readers here], of the things which, in the name of this Township of Bebra, the Bürgermeister Johann Adam, with the Raths and others concerned, have laid before the Exeise-Inspection here. As follows:—

“It will be already well known to the Exeise-Inspection that on the 7th of November (*a. c.*) of the current year [day before yesterday, in fact!], the French Army so handled this place as to have not only taken from the inhabitants, by open force, all bread and articles of food, but likewise all clothes, beds, linens (*Wäsche*), and other portable goods; that it has broken, split to pieces, and emptied out, all chests, boxes, presses, drawers; has shot dead, in the backyards and on the thatch-roofs, all manner of feathered-stock, as hens, geese, pigeons; also carried forth with it all swine, cow, sheep and horse cattle; laid violent hands on the inhabitants, elapped guns, swords, pistols to their breast, and threatened to kill them unless they showed and brought out whatever goods they had; or else has hunted them wholly out of their houses, shooting at them, cutting, sticking and at last driving them away, thereby to have the freer room to rob and plunder: flung out hay and other harvest-stock from the barns into the mud and dung, and had it trampled to ruin under the horses’ feet; nay, in fact, has dealt with this place in so unpermitted a way as even to the most hard-hearted man must seem compassionate.” — Poor fellows: *cetera desunt*; but that is enough! What can a Polish Majesty and Electoral Transluceney do? Here too is a sorrowful howling to the Moon.¹

. . . “For a hundred miles round,” writes St. Germain, “the Country is plundered and harried as if fire from Heaven had fallen on it; scarcely have our plunderers and marauders left the houses standing. . . . I lead a band of robbers, of assassins, fit for breaking on the wheel; they would turn tail at the first gunshot, and are always ready to mutiny. If the Government (*la Cour*,” with its Pompadour presiding, very unlikely for such an enterprise!) “cannot lay the knife to the root of all this, we may give up the notion of War.”² . . .

¹ *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 692.

² St. Germain, after Rossbach and before (in Preuss, *ubi supra*)

Such a pitch have French Armies sunk to. When was there seen such a Bellona as Dauphiness before? Nay, in fact, she is the same devil-serving Army that Maréchal de Saxe commanded with such triumph, — Maréchal de Saxe in better luck for opponents; Army then in a younger stage of its development. Foaming then as sweet must, as new wine, in the hands of a skilful vintner, poisonous but brisk; not run, as now, to the vinegar state, intolerable to all mortals. She can now announce from her camp-theatres the reverse of the Roucoux program, "To-morrow, Messieurs, you are going to fight; our Manager foresees" — you will be beaten; and we cannot say what or where the next Piece will be! Impious, licentious, high-flaring efflorescence of all the Vices is not to be redeemed by the one Quasi-Virtue of readiness to be shot; — sweet of that kind, and sour of this, are the same substance, if you only wait. How kind was the Devil to his Saxe; and flew away with him in rose-pink, while it was still time!

CHAPTER IX.

FRIEDRICH MARCHES FOR SILESIA.

THE fame of Friedrich is high enough again in the Gazetteer world; all people, and the French themselves, laughing at their grandiloquent Dauphiness-Bellona, and writing epigrams on Soubise. But Friedrich's difficulties are still enormous. One enemy coming with open mouth, you plunge in upon, and ruin, on this hand; and it only gives you room to attempt upon another bigger one on that. Soubise he has finished handsomely, for this season; but now he must try conclusions with Prince Karl. Quick, towards Silesia, after this glorious Victory which the Gazetteers are celebrating.

The news out of Silesia are ominously doubtful, bad at the best. Duke Bevern, once Winterfeld was gone, had, as we observed, felt himself free to act; unchecked, but also unsupported, by counsel of the due heroism; and had acted

unwisely. Made direct for Silesia, namely, where are meal-magazines and strong places. Prince Karl, they say, was also unwise; took no thought beforehand, or he might have gained marches, disputed rivers, Bober, Queiss, with Bevern, and as good as hindered him from ever getting to Silesia. So say critics, Retzow and others; perhaps looking too fixedly on one side of the question. Certain it is, Bevern marched in peace to Silesia; found it by no means the better place it had promised to be.

Prince Karl—Daun there as second, but Karl now the dominant hand—was on the heels of Bevern, march after march. Prince Karl cut athwart him by one cunning march, in Liegnitz Country; barring him from Schweidnitz, the chief stronghold of Silesia, and to appearance from Breslau, the chief city, too. Bevern, who did not want for soldiership, when reduced to his shifts, now made a beautiful manœuvre, say the critics; struck out leftwards, namely, and crossed the Oder, as if making for Glogau, quite beyond Prince Karl's sphere of possibility,—but turned to right, not to left, when across, and got in upon Breslau from the other or east side of the River. Cunning manœuvre, if you will, and followed by cunning manœuvres: but the result is, Prince Karl has got Schweidnitz to rear, stands between Breslau and it; can besiege Schweidnitz when he likes, and no relief to it possible that will not cost a battle. A battle, thinks Friedrich, is what Bevern ought to have tried at first; a well-fought battle might have settled everything, and there was no other good likelihood in such an expedition: but now, by detaching reinforcements to this garrison and that, he has weakened himself beyond right power of fighting.¹ Schweidnitz is liable to siege; Breslau, with its poor walls and multitudinous population, can stand no siege worth mentioning; the Silesian strong places, not to speak of meal-magazines, are like to go a bad road. Quite dominant, this Prince Karl; placarding and proclaiming in all places, according to the new "Imperial Patent,"² That

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 141, 159.

² In *Helden-Geschichte* (iv. 832, 833), Copy of it: "Absolved from all prior Treaties by Prussian Majesty's attack on us, We" &c. &c. ("21st Sept. 1757").

Silesia is her Imperial Majesty's again! Which seems to be fast becoming the fact; — unless contradicted better. Quick!

Bevern has now, October 1st, no manœuvre left but to draw out of Breslau; post himself on the southern side of it, in a safe angle there, marshy Lohe in front, broad Oder to rear, Breslau at his right-hand with bread; and there intrenching himself by the best methods, wait slowly, in a sitting posture, events which are extensively on the gallop at present. One fancies, Had Winterfeld been still there! It is as brave an Army, 30,000, or more, as ever wore steel. Surely something could have been done with it; — something better than sit watching the events on full gallop all round! Bevern was a loyal, considerably skilful and valiant man; in the Battle of Lobositz, and elsewhere, we have seen him brave as a lion but perhaps in the other kind of bravery wanted here, he — Well, his case was horribly difficult; full of intricacy. And he sat, no doubt in a very wretched state, consulting the oracles, with events (which are themselves oracular) going at such a pace.

Schweidnitz was besieged October 26th. Nadasti, with 20,000, was set to do it; Prince Karl, with 60,000, ready to protect him; Prince Bevern asking the oracles: — what a bit of news for Friedrich; breaking suddenly the effulgency of Rossbach with a bar of ominous black! Friedrich, still in the thick of pure Saxon business, makes instant arrangement for Silesia as well: Prince Henri, with such and such corps, to maintain the Saale, and guard Saxony; Marshal Keith, with such and such, to step over into Bohemia, and raise contributions at least, and tread on the tail of the big Silesian snake: all this Friedrich settles within a week; takes certain corps of his own, effective about 13,000; and on November 13th marches from Leipzig. Round by Torgau, by Mühlberg, Grossenhayn; by Bautzen, Weissenberg, across the Queiss, across the Bober; and so, with long marches, strides continually forward, all hearts willing, and all limbs, though in this sad winter weather, towards relief of Schweidnitz.

At Grossenhayn, fifth day of the march, Friedrich learns that Schweidnitz is gone. November 12th–14th, Schweidnitz went by capitulation; contrary to everybody's hope or fear;

certainly a very short defence for such a fortress. Fault of the Commandant, was everybody's first thought. Not probably the best of Commandants, said others gradually; but his garrison had Saxons in it; — one day "180 of them in a lump threw down their arms, in the trenches, and went over to the Enemy." Owing to whatsoever, the place is gone. Such towers, such curtains, star-ramparts; such an opulence of cannons, stores, munitions, a £30,000 of hard cash, one item. All is gone, after a fortnight's siege. What a piece of news, as heard by Friedrich, coming at his utmost towards the scene itself! As seen by Bevern, too, in his questioning mood, it was an event of very oracular nature.

On Monday, 14th, Schweidnitz fell; Karl, with Nadasti reunited to him, was now 80,000 odd; and lost no time. On Tuesday next, *November 22d, 1757*, "at three in the morning," long hours before daybreak, Karl, with his 60,000, all learnedly arranged, comes rolling over upon hapless Bevern: with no end of cannonading and storm of war: *Battle of Breslau*, they call it; ruinous to Bevern. Of which we shall attempt no description: except to say, that Karl had five bridges on the Lohe, came across the Lohe by five Bridges; and that Bevern stood to his arms, steady as the rocks, to prevent his getting over, and to entertain him when over; that there were five principal attacks, renewed and re-renewed as long as needful, with torrents of shot, of death and tumult; over six or eight miles of country, for the space of fifteen hours. Battle comparable only to Malplaquet, said the Austrians; such a hurricane of artillery, strongly intrenched enemy and loud doomsday of war. Did not end till nine at night; Austrians victorious, more or less, in four of their attacks or separate enterprises: that is to say, masters of the Lohe, and of the outmost Prussian villages and posts in front of the Prussian centre and right wing; victorious in that northern part; — but plainly unvictorious in the southeast or Prussian left wing, — farthest off from Breslau, and under Ziethen's command, — where they were driven across the Lohe again, and lost prisoners and cannons, or a cannon.¹

¹ In Seyfarth, Three Accounts; *Beylagen*, ii. 198, 221, 234 et seq.

14th-22d Nov. 1757.

Some of Bevern's people, grounding on this latter circumstance, and that they still held the Battle-field, or most part of it, wrote themselves victorious;—though in a dim brief manner, as if conscious of the contrary. Which indeed was the fact. At the council of war, which he summoned that evening, there were proposals of night-attack, and other fierce measures; but Bevern, rejecting the plan for a night attack on the Austrian camp as too dubious, did, in the dark hours, through the silent streets of Breslau, withdraw himself across the Oder, instead; leaving 80 cannon, and 8,000 killed and wounded; an evidently beaten man and Army. And indeed did straightway disappear personally altogether, as no longer equal to events. Rode out, namely, to reconnoitre in the gray of his second sad morning, on this new Bank of the Oder; saw little except gray mist; but rode into a Croat outpost, only one poor groom attending him; and was there made prisoner:—intentionally, thought mankind; intentionally, thinks Friedrich, who was very angry with the poor man.¹

The poor man was carried to Vienna, if readers care to know; but being a near Cousin there (second-cousin, no less, to the late Empress-Mother), was by the high now-reigning Empress-Queen received in a charmingly gracious manner, and sent home again without ransom. "To Stettin!" beckoned Friedrich sternly from the distance, and would not see him at all: "To Stettin, I say, your official post in time of peace! Command me the invalid Garrison there; you are fit for nothing better!"—I will add one other thing, which unhappily will seem strange to readers: that there came no whisper of complaint from Bevern; mere silence, and loyal industry with his poor means, from Bevern; and that he proved heroically useful in Stettin two years hence, against the Swedes, against the Russians in the Siege-of-Colberg time; and gained Friedrich's favor again, with other good results. Which I observe was a common method with Prussian Generals and soldiers, when, unjustly or justly, they fell into trouble of this kind;

¹ Preuss, ii. 102. More exact in Kutzen, *Der Tag von Leuthen* (Breslau, 1857,—an excellent exact little Compilation, from manifold sources well studied), pp. 166-169, date "24th November."

and a much better one than that of complaining in the Newspapers, and demanding Commissions of Inquiry, presided over by Chaos and the Fourth-Estate, now is.

Bevern being with the Croats, the Prussian Army falls to General Kyau, as next in rank; who (directly in the teeth of fierce orders that are speeding hither for Bevern and him) marches away, leaving Breslau to its fate; and making towards Glogau, as the one sure point in this wreck of things. And Prince Karl, that same day, goes upon Breslau; which is in no case to resist and be bombarded: so that poor old General Lestwitz, the Prussian Commandant, — always thought to be a valiant old gentleman, but who had been wounded in the late Action, and was blamably discouraged, — took the terms offered, and surrendered without firing a gun. Garrison and he to march out, in “Free Withdrawal;” these are the terms: Garrison was 4,000 and odd, mostly Silesian recruits; but there marched hardly 500 out with poor Lestwitz; the Silesian recruits — persuaded by conceivable methods, that they were to be prisoners of war, and that, in short, Austria was now come to be King again, and might make inquiry into men’s conduct — found it safer to take service with Austria, to vanish into holes in Breslau or where they could; and, for instance, one regiment (or battalion, let us hide the name of it), on marching through the Gate, consisted only of nine chief officers and four men.¹

There were lost 98 pieces of cannon; endless magazines and stores of war. A Breslau scandalously gone; — a Breslau preaching day after next (27th, which was Sunday), in certain of its churches, especially Cardinal Schaffgotsch in the Dom Insel doing it, Thanksgiving Sermons, as per order, with unction real or official, “That our ancient sovereigns are restored to us:” which Sermons — except in the Schaffgotsch case. Prince Karl and the high Catholic world all there in gala — were “sparsely attended,” say my authors. The Austrians are at the top of their pride; and consider full surely that Silesia is

¹ Müller, *Schlacht bei Leuthen* (Berlin, 1857, — professedly a mere abridgment and shadow of *Kutzen*: unindexed like it), p. 12 (with name and particulars).

theirs, though Friedrich were here twice over. "What is Friedrich? We beat him at Kolin. His Prussians at Zittau, at Moys, at Breslau in the new Malplaquet, were we beaten by them? Hnh!" — and snort (in the Austrian mess-rooms), and snap their fingers at Friedrich and his coming.

It was at Görlitz (scene of poor Winterfeld's death) that Friedrich, "on November 23d, the tenth day of his march," first got rumor of the Breslau Malplaquet: "endless cannonading heard thereabouts all yesterday!" said rumor from the east, — more and more steadily, as Friedrich hastened forward; — and that it was "a victory for Bevern." Till, at Naumburg on the Queiss, he gets the actual tidings: Bevern gone to the Croats, Breslau going, Kyau marching vague; and what kind of victory it was.

Ever from Grossenhayn onwards there had been message on message, more and more rigorous, precise and indignant, "Do this, do that; your Dilection shall answer it with your head!" — not one message of which reached his Dilection, till Dilection and Fate (such the gallop of events) had done the contrary: and now Dilection and his head have made a finish of it. "No," answers Friedrich to himself; "not till we are all finished!" — and pushes on, he too, like a kind of Fate. "What does or can he mean, then?" say the Austrians, with scornful astonishment, and think his head must be turning: "Will he beat us out of Silesia with his Potsdam Guard-Parade, then?" "*Potsdamsche Wacht-Parade*:" — so they denominate his small Army; and are very mirthful in their mess-rooms. "I will attack them, if they stood on the Zobtenberg, if they stood on the steeples of Breslau!" said Friedrich; and tramped diligently forward. Day after day, as the real tidings arrive, his outlook in Silesia is becoming darker and darker: a sternly dark march this altogether. Prince Karl has thrown a garrison into Liegnitz on Friedrich's road; Prince Karl lies encamped with Breslau at his back; has above 80,000 when fully gathered; and reigns supreme in those parts. Darker march there seldom was: all black save a light that burns in one heart, refusing to be quenched till death.

Friedrich sends orders that Kyau shall be put in arrest; that Ziethen shall be general of the Bevern wreck, shall bring it round by Glogau, and rendezvous with Friedrich at a place and day, — Parchwitz, 2d of December coming; — and be steady, my old Ziethen. Friedrich brushes past the Liegnitz Garrison, leaves Liegnitz and it a trifle to the right; arrives at Parchwitz November 28th; and there rests, or at least his weary troops do, till Ziethen come up; the King not very restful, with so many things to prearrange; a life or death crisis now nigh. Well, it is but death; and death has been fronted before now! We who are after the event, on the safe sunny side of it, can form small image of the horrors and the inward dubieties to him who is passing through it; — and how Hope is needed to shine heroically eternal in some hearts. Fire of Hope, that does not issue in mere blazings, mad audacities and chaotic despair, but advances with its eyes open, measuredly, counting its steps, to the wrestling-place, — this is a godlike thing; much available to mankind in all the battles they have; battles with steel, or of whatever sort.

Friedrich, at Parchwitz, assembled his Captains, and spoke to them; it was the night after Ziethen came in, night of December 3d, 1757; and Ziethen, no doubt, was there: for it is an authentic meeting, this at Parchwitz, and the words were taken down.

Friedrich's Speech to his Generals (Parchwitz, 3d December, 1757).¹

“It is not unknown to you, *meine Herren*, what disasters have befallen here, while we were busy with the French and Reichs Army. Schweidnitz is gone; Duke of Bevern beaten; Breslau gone, and all our war-stores there; good part of Silesia gone: and, in fact, my embarrassments would be at the insuperable pitch, had not I boundless trust in you, and your qualities, which have been so often manifested, as soldiers and sons of your Country. Hardly one among you but has distinguished himself by some nobly memorable action: all these

¹ From *Retzow*, i. 240-242 (slightly abridged).

services to the State and me I know well, and will never forget.

"I flatter myself, therefore, that in this case too nothing will be wanting which the State has a right to expect of your valor. The hour is at hand. I should think I had done nothing, if I left the Austrians in possession of Silesia. Let me apprise you, then: I intend, in spite of the Rules of Art, to attack Princee Karl's Army, which is nearly thrice our strength, wherever I find it. The question is not of his numbers, or the strength of his position: all this, by courage, by the skill of our methods, we will try to make good. This step I must risk, or everything is lost. We must beat the enemy, or perish all of us before his batteries. So I read the case; so I will act in it.

"Make this my determination known to all Officers of the Army; prepare the men for what work is now to ensue, and say that I hold myself entitled to demand exact fulfilment of orders. For you, when I reflect that you are Prussians, can I think that you will act unworthily? But if there should be one or another who dreads to share all dangers with me, he," — continued his Majesty, with an interrogative look, and then pausing for answer, — "can have his Discharge this evening, and shall not suffer the least reproach from me." — Modest strong bass murmur; meaning "No, by the Eternal!" if you looked into the eyes and faces of the group. Never will Retzow Junior forget that scene, and how effulgently eloquent the veteran physiognomies were.

"Hah, I knew it," said the King, with his most radiant smile, "none of you would desert me! I depend on your help, then; and on victory as sure." — The speech winds up with a specific passage: "The Cavalry regiment that does not on the instant, on order given, dash full plunge into the enemy, I will, directly after the Battle, unhorse, and make it a Garrison regiment. The Infantry battalion which, meet with what it may, shows the least sign of hesitating, loses its colors and its sabres, and I cut the trimmings from its uniform! Now good-night, Gentlemen: shortly we have either beaten the Enemy, or we never see one another again."

An excellent temper in this Army; a rough vein of heroism in it, steady to the death; — and plenty of hope in it too, hope in Vater Fritz. “Never mind,” the soldiers used to say, in John Duke of Marlborough’s time, “Corporal John will get us through it!” — That same evening Friedrich rode into the Camp, where the regiments he had were now all gathered, out of their cantonments, to march on the morrow. First regiment he came upon was the Life-Guard Cuirassiers: the men, in their accustomed way, gave him good-evening, which he cheerily returned. Some of the more veteran sort asked, ruggedly confidential, as well as loyal: “What is thy news, then, so late?” “Good news, children (*Kinder*): to-morrow you will beat the Austrians tightly!” “That we will, by —!” answered they. — “But think only where they stand yonder, and how they have intrenched themselves?” said Friedrich. “And if they had the Devil in front and all round them, we will knock them out; only thou lead us on!” — “Well, I will see what you can do: now lay you down, and sleep sound; and good sleep to you!” “Good-night, Fritz!” answer all;¹ as Fritz ambles on to the next regiment, to which, as to every one, he will have some word.

Was it the famous Pommern regiment, this that he next spoke to, — who answered Loudon’s summons to them once (as shall be noticed by and by) in a way ineffable, though unforgettable? Manteuffel of Foot; yes, no other!² They have their own opinion of their capacities against an enemy, and do not want for a good conceit of themselves. “Well, children, how think you it will be to-morrow? They are twice as strong as we.” “Never thou mind that; there are no Pommerners among them; thou knowest what the Pommerners can do!” — *Friedrich*: “Yea, truly, that do I; otherwise I durst not risk the battle. Now good sleep to you! to-morrow, then, we shall either have beaten the Enemy or else be all dead.” “Yea,” answered the whole regiment; “dead, or else the Enemy beaten:” and so went to deep sleep, preface to a deeper for many of them, — as beseems brave

¹ Müller, p. 21 (from *Kaltenborn*, of whom *infra*); Preuss, &c. &c.

² Archenholtz, ii. 61; and Kutzen, p. 35.

men. In this world it much beseems the brave man, uncertain about so many things, to be certain of himself for one thing.

These snatches of Camp Dialogue, much more the Speech preserved to us by Retzow Junior, appear to be true; though as to the dates, the circumstances, there has been debating.¹ Other Anecdotes, dubious or more, still float about in quantity;—of which let us give only one; that of the Deserter (which has merit as a myth). “What made thee desert, then?” “Hm, alas, your Majesty, we were got so down in the world, and had such a time of it!” — “Well, try it one day more; and if we cannot mend matters, thou and I will both desert.”

A learned Doctor, one of the most recent on these matters, is astonished why the Histories of Friedrich should be such dreary reading, and Friedrich himself so prosaic, barren an object; and lays the blame upon the Age, insensible to real greatness; led away by clap-trap Napoleonisms, regardless of expense. Upon which Smelfungus takes him up, with a twitch:—

“To my sad mind, Herr Doctor, it seems ascribable rather to the Dryasdust of these Ages, especially to the Prussian Dryasdust, sitting comfortable in his Academies, waving sublimely his long ears as he tramples human Heroisms into unintelligible pipe-clay and dreary continents of sand and cinders, with the Doctors all applauding.

“Had the sacred Poet, or man of real Human Genius, been at his work, for the thousand years last past, instead of idly fiddling far away from his work,—which surely is definable as being very mainly, That of *interpreting* human Heroisms; of painfully extricating, and extorting from the circumambient chaos of muddy babble, rumor and mendacity, some not inconceivable human and divine Image of them, more and more clear, complete and credible for mankind (poor mankind dumbly looking up to him for guidance, as to what it shall think of God and of Men in this Scene of Things),—I calculate, we should by this time have had a different Friedrich

¹ Kutzen, pp. 175–181.

of it; O Heavens, a different world of it, in so many respects!

"My esteemed Herr Doctor, it is too painful a subject. Godlike fabulous Achilles, and the old Greek Kings of men, one perceives, after study, to be dim enough Grazier Sovereigns, 'living among infinite dung,' till their sacred Poet extricated them. And our *unsacred* all-deseccrating Dryasdust, — Herr Doctor, I must say, it fills me with despair! Authentie human Heroisms, not fabulous a whit, but true to the bone, and by all appearance very much nobler than those of godlike Achilles and pious Æneas ever could have been, — left in this manner, trodden under foot of man and beast; man and beast alike insensible that there is anything but common mud under foot, and grateful to anybody that will assure them there is nothing. Oh, Doctor, oh, Doctor! And the results of it — You need not go exclusively 'to France' to look at them. They are too visible in the so-called 'Social Hierarchies,' and sublime gilt Doggeries, sacred and secular, of all Modern Countries! Let us be silent, my friend." —

"Prussian Dryasdust," he says elsewhere, "does make a terrible job of it; especially when he attempts to weep through his pipe-clay, or rise with his long ears into the moral sublime. As to the German People, I find that they dimly have not wanted sensibility to Friedrich; that their multitudes of Aneecdotes, still circulating among them in print and *vivâ voce*, are proof of this. Thereby they have at least made a *Myth* of Friedrich's History, and given some rhythm, life and cheerful human substantiality to his work and him. Accept these Aneecdotes as the Epic *they* could not write of him, but were longing to hear from somebody who could. Who has not yet appeared among mankind, nor will for some time. Alas, my friend, on piercing through the bewildering nimbus of babble, malignity, mendacity, which veils seven-fold the Face of Friedrich from us, and getting to see some glimpses of the Face itself, one is sorrowfully struck dumb once more. What a suicidal set of creatures; commanding as with one voice, That there shall be no Heroism more among them; that all shall be Doggery and Common-

place henceforth. ‘*Ach, mein lieber Sulzer*, you don’t know that damned brood!’—Well, well. ‘Solomon’s Temple,’ the Moslem say, ‘had to be built under the chirping of ten thousand Sparrows.’ Ten thousand of them; committee of the whole house, unanimously of the opposite view;—and could not quite hinder it. That too is something!”—

More to our immediate purpose is this other thing: That the Austrians have been in Council of War; and, on deliberation, have decided to come out of their defences; to quit their strong Camp, which lies so eligibly, ahead of Breslau and arcar of Lissa and of Schweidnitz Water yonder; to cross Schweidnitz Water, leave Lissa behind them; and meet this offensively aggressive Friedrich in pitched fight. Several had voted, No, why stir?—Daun especially, and others with emphasis. “No need of fighting at all,” said Daun: “we can defend Schweidnitz Water; ruin him before he ever get across.” “Defend? Be assaulted by an Army like his?” urges Lucchesi, the other Chief General: “It is totally unworthy of us! We have gained the game; all the honors ours; let us have done with it. Give him battle, since he fortunately wishes it; we finish him, and gloriously finish the War too!” So argued Lucchesi, with vivacity, persistency,—to his own ill luck, but evidently with approval from Prince Karl. Everybody sees, this is the way to Prince Karl’s favor at present. “Have not I reconquered Silesia?” thinks Prince Karl to himself; and beams applause on the high course, not the low prudent one.¹ In a word, the Austrians decide on stepping out to meet Friedrich in open battle: it was the first time they ever did so; and it was likewise the last.

Sunday, December 4th, at four in the morning, Friedrich has marched from Parchwitz, straight towards the Austrian Camp; ² he hears, one can fancy with what pleasure, that the Austrians are advancing towards him, and will not need to be forced in their strong position. His march is in four columns, Friedrich in the vanguard; quarters to be Neumarkt, a little Town about fourteen miles off. Within some miles of

¹ Kutzen, pp. 45–48.

² Müller, p. 26

Neumarkt, early in the afternoon, he learns that there are a thousand Croats in the place, the Austrian Bakery at work there, and engineer people marking out an Austrian Camp. "On the Height beyond Neumarkt, that will be?" thinks Friedrich; for he knows this ground, having often done reviews here; to Breslau all the way on both hands, not a rood of it but is familiar to him. Which was a singular advantage, say the critics; and a point the Austrian Council of War should have taken more thought of.

Friedrich, before entering Neumarkt, sends a regiment to ride quietly round it on both sides, and to seize that Height he knows of. Height once seized, or ready for seizing, he bursts the barrier of Neumarkt; dashes in upon the thousand Croats; flings out the Croats in extreme hurry, musketry and sabre acting on them; they find their Height beset, their retreat cut off, and that they must vanish. Of the 1,000 Croats, "569 were taken prisoners, and 120 slain," in this unexpected sweeping out of Neumarkt. Better still, in Neumarkt is found the Austrian Bakery, set up and in full work;—delivers you 80,000 bread-rations hot-and-hot, which little expected to go such a road. On the Height, the Austrian stakes and engineer-tools were found sticking in the ground; so hasty had the flight been.

How Prince Karl came to expose his Bakery, his staff of life so far ahead of him? Prince Karl, it is clear, was a little puffed up with high thoughts at this time. The capture of Schweidnitz, the late "Malplaquet" (poorish Anti-Bevern Malplaquet), capture of Breslau, and the low and lost condition of Friedrich's Silesian affairs, had more or less turned everybody's head,—everybody's except Feldmarschall Daun's alone:—and witty mess-tables, we already said, were in the daily habit of mocking at Friedrich's march towards them with aggressive views, and called his insignificant little Army the "Potsdam Guard-Parade."¹ That was the common triumphant humor; naturally shared in by Prince Karl; the ready way to flatter him being to sing in that tune. Nobody otherwise can explain, and nobody in any wise can

¹ Cogniazzo, ii. 417-422.

justify, Prince Karl's ignorance of Friedrich's advance, his almost voluntary losing of his staff-of-life in that manner.

Prince Karl's soldiers have each (in the cold form) three days' provision in their haversacks: they have come across the Weistritz River (more commonly called Schweidnitz Water), which was also the height of contemptuous imprudence; and lie encamped, this night, — in long line, not ill-chosen (once the River is behind), — perpendicular to Friedrich's march, some ten miles ahead of him. Since crossing, they had learned with surprise, How their Bakery and Croats had been snapt up; that Friedrich was not at a distance, but near; — and that arrangements could not be made too soon! Their position intersects the Great Road at right angles, as we hint; and has villages, swamps, woody knolls; especially, on each wing, good defences. Their right wing leans on Nypern and its impassable peat-bogs, a Village two or three miles north from the Great Road; their centre is close behind another Village called Leuthen, about as far south from it: length of their bivouac is about five miles; which will become six or so, had Nadasti once taken post, who is to form the left wing, and go down as far as Sagschütz, southward of Leuthen. Seven battalions are in this Village of Leuthen, eight in Nypern, all the Villages secured; woods, scraggy abatis, redoubts, not forgotten: their cannon are numerous, though of light calibre. Friedrich has at least 71 heavy pieces; and 10 of them are formidably heavy, — brought from the walls of Glogau, with terrible labor to Ziethen; but with excellent effect, on this occasion and henceforth. They got the name of "Boomers, Bellowers (*Die Brummer*)," those Ten. Friedrich was in great straits about artillery; and Retzow Senior recommended this hauling up of the Ten Bellowers, which became celebrated in the years coming. And now we are on the Battle-ground, and must look into the Battle itself, if we can.

CHAPTER X.

BATTLE OF LEUTHEN.

FROM Neumarkt, on Monday, long before day, the Prussians, all but a small party left there to guard the Bakery and Army Properties, are out again; in four columns; towards what may lie ahead. Friedrich, as usual in such cases, for obvious reasons, rides with the vanguard. To Borne, the first Village on the Highway, is some seven or eight miles. The air is damp, the dim incipiences of dawn struggling among haze; a little way on this side Borne, we come on ranks of cavalry drawn across the Highway, stretching right and left into the dim void: Austrian Army this, then? Push up to it; see what it is, at least.

It proves to be poor General Nostitz, with his three Saxon regiments of dragoons, famous since Kolin-day, and a couple of Hussar regiments, standing here as outpost;—who ought to have been more alert; but they could not see through the dark, and so, instead of catching, are caught. The Prussians fall upon them, front and flank, tumble them into immediate wreck; drive the whole outpost at full gallop home, through Borne, upon Nypern and the right wing,—without news except of this symbolical sort. Saxon regiments are quite ruined, “540 of them prisoners” (poor Nostitz himself not prisoner, but wounded to death¹); and the ground clear in this quarter.

Friedrich, on the farther side of Borne, calls halt, till the main body arrive; rides forward, himself and staff, to the highest of a range or suite of knolls, some furlongs ahead; sees there in full view, far and wide, the Austrians drawn up before him. From Nypern to Sagschütz yonder; miles in length; and so distinct, while the light mended and the hazes

¹ Died in Breslau, the twelfth day after (Seyfarth, ii. 362).

faded, "that you could have counted them [through your glasses], man by man." A highly interesting sight to Friedrich; who continues there in the profoundest study, and calls up some horse regiments of the vanguard to maintain this Height and the range of Heights running south from it. And there, I think, the King is mainly to be found, looking now at the Austrians, now at his own people, for some three hours to come. His plan of Battle is soon clear to him: Nypern, with its bogs and scrags, on the Austrian right wing, is tortuous impossible ground, as he well remembers, no good prospect for us there: better ground for us on their left yonder, at Leuthen, even at Sagschütz farther south, whither they are stretching themselves. Attempt their left wing; try our "Oblique Order" upon that, with all the skill that is in us; perhaps we can do it rightly this time, and prosper accordingly! That is Friedrich's plan of action. The four columns once got to Borne shall fall into two; turn to the right, and go southward, ever southward:—they are to become our two Lines of Battle, were they once got to the right point southward. Well opposite Sagschütz, that will be the point for facing to left, and marching up,—in "Oblique Order," with the utmost faculty they have!

"The Oblique Order, *Schräge Stellung*," let the hasty reader pause to understand, "is an old plan practised by Epaminondas, and revived by Friedrich,—who has tried it in almost all his Battles more or less, from Hohenfriedberg forward to Prag, Kolin, Rossbach; but never could, in all points, get it rightly done till now, at Leuthen, in the highest time of need. "It is a particular manœuvre," says Archenholtz, rather sergeant-wise, "which indeed other troops are now [1793] in the habit of imitating; but which, up to this present time, none but Prussian troops can execute with the precision and velocity indispensable to it. You divide your line into many pieces; you can push these forward stairwise, so that they shall halt close to one another," obliquely, to either hand; and so, on a minimum of ground, bring your mass of men to the required point at the required angle. Friedrich invented this mode of getting into position; by its close ranking, by its depth, and the

manner of movement used, it had some resemblance to the "Macedonian Phalanx," — chiefly in the latter point, I should guess; for when arrived at its place, it is no deeper than common. "Forming itself in this way, a mass of troops takes up in proportion very little ground; and it shows in the distance, by reason of the mixed uniforms and standards, a totally chaotic mass of men heaped on one another," going in rapid mazes this way and that. "But it needs only that the Commander lift his finger; instantly this living coil of knotted intricacies develops itself in perfect order, and with a speed like that of mountain rivers when the ice breaks," — is upon its Enemy.¹

"Your Enemy is ranked as here, in long line, three or two to one. You march towards him, but keep him uncertain as to how you will attack; then do on a sudden march up, not parallel to him, but oblique, at an angle of 45°, — swift, vehement, in overpowering numbers, on the wing you have chosen. Roll that wing together, ruined, in upon its own line, you may roll the whole five miles of line into disorder and ruin, and always be in overpowering number at the point of dispute. Provided, only, you are swift enough about it, sharp enough! But extraordinary swiftness, sharpness, precision is the indispensable condition; — by no means try it otherwise; none but Prussians, drilled by an Old Dessauer, capable of doing it. This is the *Schräge Ordnung*, about which there has been such commentating and controversying among military people: whether Friedrich invented it, whether Cæsar did it, how Epaminondas, how Alexander at Arbela; how" — Which shall not in the least concern us on this occasion.

The four columns rustled themselves into two, and turned southward on the two sides of Borne; — southward henceforth, for about two hours; as if straight towards the Magic Mountain, the Zobtenberg, far off, which is conspicuous over all that region. Their steadiness, their swiftness and exactitude were unsurpassable. "It was a beautiful sight," says Tempelhof, an eye-witness: "The heads of the columns were constantly on the same level, and at the distance necessary for forming; all flowed on exact, as if in a review. And you

¹ Archenholtz, i. 209.

could read in the eyes of our brave troops the noble temper they were in.”¹ I know not at what point of their course, or for how long, but it was from the column nearest him, which is to be first line, that the King heard, borne on the winds amid their field-music, as they marched there, the sound of Psalms, — many-voiced melody of a Church Hymn, well known to him; which had broken out, band accompanying, among those otherwise silent men. The fact is very certain, very strange to me: details not very precise, except that here, as specimen, is a verse of their Hymn: —

“ Grant that with zeal and skill, this day, I do
What me to do behooves, what thou command’st me to;
Grant that I do it sharp, at point of moment fit,
And when I do it, grant me good success in it.”

*“ Gieb dass ich thu’ mit Fleiss was mir zu thun gebühret,
Wozu mich dein Befehl in meinem Stande führet,
Gieb dass ich’s thue bald, zu der Zeit da ich’s soll;
Und wenn ich’s thu’, so gieb dass es gerathe wohl.”*²

One has heard the voice of waters, one has paused in the mountains at the voice of far-off Covenanter psalms; but a voice like this, breaking the commanded silences, one has not heard. “Shall we order that to cease, your Majesty?” “By no means,” said the King; whose hard heart seems to have been touched by it, as might well be. Indeed there is in him, in those grim days, a tone as of trust in the Eternal, as of real religious piety and faith, scarcely noticeable elsewhere in his History. His religion, and he had in withered forms a good deal of it, if we will look well, being almost always in a strictly voiceless state, — nay, ultra-voiceless, or voiced the wrong way, as is too well known. “By no means!” answered he: and a moment after, said to some one, Ziethen probably: “With men like these, don’t you think I shall have victory this day!”

The loss of their Saxon Forepost proved more important to

¹ Tempelhof, i. 288, 287.

² “*Hymn-Book* of Porst” (Prussian Sternhold-and-Hopkins), “p. 689:” cited in Preuss, ii. 107.

the Austrians than it seemed; — not computable in prisoners, or killed and wounded. The Height named Scheuberg, — “Borne Rise” (so we might call it, which has got its Pillar of memorial since, with gilt Victory atop¹); — where Friedrich now is and where the Austrians are not, is at once a screen and a point of vision to Friedrich. By loss of their Nostitz Forepost, they had lost view of Friedrich, and never could recover view of him; could not for hours learn distinctly what he was about; and when he did come in sight again, it was in a most unexpected place! On the farther side of Borne, edge of the big expanse of open country there, Friedrich has halted; ridden with his adjutants to the top of “the Scheuberg (Shy-hill),” as the Books call it, though it is more properly a blunt Knoll or “Rise,” — the nearest of a Chain of Knolls, or swells in the ground, which runs from north to south on that part.

Except the Zobtenberg, rising blue and massive, on the southern horizon (famous mythologic Mountain, reminding you of an *Arthur's Seat* in shape too, only bigger and solitary), this Country, for many miles round, has nothing that could be called a Hill; it is definable as a bare wide-waving champaign, with slight bumps on it, or slow heavings and sinkings. Country mostly under culture, though it is of sandy quality; one or two sluggish brooks in it; and reedy meres or mires, drained in our day. It is dotted with Hamlets of the usual kind; and has patches of scraggy fir. Your horizon, even where bare, is limited, owing to the wavy heavings of the ground; windmills and church-belfries are your only resource, and even these, from about Leuthen and the Austrian position, leave the Borne quarter mostly invisible to you. Leuthen Belfry, the same which may have stood a hundred years before this Battle, ends in a small tile-roof, open only at the gables: — “Leuthen Belfry,” says a recent Tourist, “is of small resource for a view. To south you can see some distance, Sagschütz, Lobetintz and other Hamlets, amid scraggy fir-patches, and meadows, once miry pools; but to north you are soon shut in by a swell or slow rise, with two

¹ Not till 1854 (Kutzen, pp. 194, 195).

windmills upon it [important to readers at present]; and to eastward [Breslau side and Lissa side], or to westward [Friedrich's side], one has no view, except of the old warped rafters and their old mouldy tiles within few inches; or, if by audacious efforts at each end, to the risk of your neck, you get a transient peep, it is stopt, far short of Borne, by the slow irregular heavings, with or without fir about them."¹

In short, Friedrich keeps possession of that Borne ridge of Knolls, escorted by Cavalry in good numbers; twinkling about in an enigmatic way:—"Prussian right wing yonder," think the Austrians; "whitherward, or what can they mean?"—and keeps his own columns and the Austrian lines in view; himself and his movements invisible, or worse, to the Austrian Generals from any spy-glass or conjecture they can employ.

The Austrian Generals are in windmills, on church-belfries, here, there; diligently scanning the abstruse phenomenon, of which so little can be seen. Daun, who had always been against this adventure, thinks it probable the vanished Prussians are retiring southward: for Bohemia and our Magazines probably. "These good people are smuggling off (*Die guten Leute paschen ab*)," said he: "let them go in peace."² Daun, that morning, in his reconnoitrings, had asked of a peasant, "What is that, then?" (meaning the top of a Village-steeple in the distance, but thought by the peasant to be meaning something nearer hand). "That is the Hill our King chases the Austrians over, when he is reviewing here!" Which Daun reported at head-quarters with a grin.³

Lucchesi, on the other hand, scanning those Borne Hills, and the cavalry of Friedrich's escort twinkling hither and thither on them, becomes convinced to a moral certainty, That yonder is the Prussian Vanguard, probable extremity of left wing; and that he, Lucchesi, here at Nypern, is to be attacked. "Attacked, you?" said one Montazet, French Agent or Emissary here: "unless they were snipes, it is impossible!" But Lucchesi saw it too well.

¹ Tourist's Note, *penes me*.

² Müller, p. 36.

³ Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, iv. 34.

He sends to say that such is the evident fact, and that he, Lucchesi, is not equal to it, but must have large reinforcement of Horse to his right wing. "Tush!" answer Prince Karl and Daun; and return only argument, verbal consolation, to distressed Lucchesi. Lucchesi sends a second message, more passionately pressing, to the like effect; also with the like return. Upon which he sends a third message, quite passionate: "If Cavalry do not come, I will not be responsible for the issue!" And now Daun does collect the required reinforcement; "all the reserve of Horse, and a great many from the left wing;" — and, Daun himself heading them, goes off at a swift trot; to look into Lucchesi and his distresses, three or four miles to right, five or six from where the danger lies. Now is Friedrich's golden moment.

Wending always south, on their western or invisible side of those Knolls, Friedrich's people have got to about the level, or *latitude* as we might call it, of Nadasti's left. To Radaxdorf, namely, to Lobetintz, or still farther south, and perhaps a mile to west of Nadasti. Friedrich has mounted to Lobetintz Windmill, and judges that the time is come. Daun and Cavalry once got to support their right wing, and our south latitude being now sufficient, Friedrich, swift as Prussian manœuvring can do it, falls with all his strength upon their left wing. Forms in oblique order, — horse, foot, artillery, all perfect in their paces; and comes streaming over the Knolls at Sagschütz, suddenly like a fire-deluge on Nadasti, who had charge there, and was expecting no such adventure! How Friedrich did the forming in oblique order was at that time a mystery known only to Friedrich and his Prussians: but soldiers of all countries, gathering the secret from him, now understand it, and can learnedly explain it to such as are curious. Will readers take a touch more of the *Drill-Sergeant*?

"You go stairwise (*en échelon*)," says he: "first battalion starts, second stands immovable till the first have done fifty steps; at the fifty-first, second battalion also steps along, third waiting for *its* fifty-first step. First battalion [rightmost battalion or leftmost, as the case may be; rightmost in this Leuthen case] doing fifty steps before the next stirs, and

each battalion in suecession punctually doing the same:” march along on these terms,—or halt at either end, while you advance at the other,—it is evident you will swing yourself out of the parallel position into any degree of obliquity. And furthermore, merely by halting and facing half round at the due intervals, you shove yourself to right or to left as required (always to right in this Leuthen case): and so—provided you *can* march as a pair of compasses would—you will, in the given number of minutes, impinge upon your Enemy’s extremity at the required angle, and overlap him to the required length: whereupon, At him, in flank, in front, and rear, and see if he can stand it! “A beautiful manœuvre,” says Captain Archenholtz; “devised by Friedrich,” by Friedrich inheriting Epaminondas and the Old Dessauer; “and which perhaps only Friedrich’s men, to this day, could do with the requisite perfection.”

Nadasti, a skilful War-Captain, especially with Horse, was beautifully posted about Sagschütz; his extreme left folded up *en potence* there (elbow of it at Sagschütz, forearm of it running to Gohlau eastward); *potence* ending in firwood Knolls with Croat musketeers, in ditches, ponds, difficult ground, especially towards Gohlau. He has a strong battery, 14 pieees, on the Height to rear of him, at the angle or elbow of his *potence*; strong abatis, well manned in front to rightwards: upon this, and upon the Croats in the firwood, the Prussians intend their attack. General Wedell is there, Prince Moritz as chief, with six battalions, and their batteries, battery of 10 Brummers and another; Ziethen also and Horse: coming on, in swift fire-flood, and at an angle of forty-five degrees. Most unexpected, strange to behold! From south-west yonder; about one o’clock of the day.

Nadasti, though astonished at the Prussian fire-deluge, stands to his arms; makes, in front, vigorous defence; and even takes, in some sort, the initiative,—that is, dashes out his Cavalry on Ziethen, before Ziethen has charged. Ziethen’s Horse, who are rightmost of the Prussians, and are bare to the right,—ground offering no bush, no brook there (though

Ziethen, foreseeing such defect, has a clump of infantry near by to mend it), — reel back under this first shock, coming down hill upon them; and would have fared badly, had not the clump of infantry instantly opened fire on the Nadasti visitors, and poured it in such floods upon them, that they, in their turn, had to reel back. Back they, well out of range; — and leave Ziethen free for a counter-attack shortly, on easier terms, which was successful to him. For, during that first tussle of his, the Prussian Infantry, to left of Ziethen, has attacked the Sagschütz Firwood; clears that of Croats; attacks Nadasti's line, breaks it, their Brummer battery potently assisting, and the rage of Wedell and everybody being extreme. So that, in spite of the fine ground, Nadasti is in a bad way, on the extreme left or outmost point of his *potence*, or tactical *knee*. Round the knee-pan or angle of his *potence*, where is the abatis, he fares still worse. Abatis, beswept by those ten Brummers and other Batteries, till bullet and bayonet can act on it, speedily gives way. "They were mere Würtembergers, these; and could not stand!" cried the Austrians apologetically, at a great rate, afterwards; as if anybody could well have stood.

Indisputably the Würtembergers and the abatis are gone; and the Brandenburgers, storming after them, storm Nadasti's interior battery of 14 pieces; and Nadasti's affairs are rapidly getting desperate in this quarter. Figure Prince Karl's scouts, galloping madly to recall that Daun Cavalry! Austrian Battalions, plenty of them, rush down to help Nadasti; but they are met by the crowding fugitives, the chasing Prussians; are themselves thrown into disorder, and can do no good whatever. They arrive on the ground flurried, blown; have not the least time to take breath and order: the fewest of them ever got fairly ranked, none of them ever stood above one push: all goes rolling wildly back upon the centre about Leuthen. Chaos come on us; — and all for mere lack of time: could Nadasti but once stretch out one minute into twenty! But he cannot. Nadasti does not himself lose head; skilfully covers the retreat, trying to rally once and again. Not for the first few furlongs, till the ditches, till the firwood, quagmires are all done, could Ziethen, now on the open ground, fairly

hew in; "take whole battalions prisoners;" drive the crowd in an altogether stormy manner; and wholly confound the matter in this part.

Prince Karl, his messengers flying madly, has struggled as man seldom did to put himself in some posture about Leuthen, to get up some defences there. Leuthen itself, the churchyard of it especially, is on the defensive. Men are bringing cannon to the windmills, to the swelling ground on the north side of Leuthen; they dig ditches, build batteries, — could they but make Time halt, and Friedrich with him, for one quarter of an hour. But they cannot. By the extreme of diligence, the Austrians have in some measure swung themselves into a new position, or imperfect Line round Leuthen as a centre, — Lucchesi, voluntarily or by order, swinging southwards on the one hand; Nadasti swinging northwards by compulsion; — new Line at an angle say of 75° to the old one. And here, for an hour more, there was stiff fighting, the stiffest of the day; — of which, take one direct glimpse, from the Austrian side, furnished by a Young Gentleman famous afterwards: —

Leuthen, let us premise, is a long Hamlet of the usual literary sort; with two rows, in some parts three, of farm-houses, barns, cattle-stalls; with Church, or even with two Churches, a Protestant and a Catholic; goes from east to west above a mile in length. With the wrecks of Nadasti tumbling into it pell-mell from the southeast, and Lucchesi desperately endeavoring to swing round from the northwest, not quite incoherently, and the Prussian fire-storm for accompaniment, Leuthen is probably the most chaotic place in the Planet Earth during that hour or so (from half-past two to half-past three) while the agony lasted. At one o'clock Nadasti was attacked; at two he is tumbling in mid-career towards Leuthen: I guess the date of this Excerpt, or testimony by a Notable Eye-witness, may be half-past two; crisis of the agony just about to begin: and before four it was all finished again. Eye-witness is the young Prince de Ligne, now Captain in an Austrian Regiment of Foot; and standing here in this perilous

posture, having been called in as part of the Reserve. He says : —

“Cry had risen for the Reserve,” in which was my regiment, “and that it must come on as fast as possible,” — to Leuthen, west of us yonder. “We ran what we could run. Our Lieutenant-Colonel fell killed almost at the first; beyond this we lost our Major, and indeed all the Officers but three, — three only, and about eleven or twelve of the Volunteer or Cadet kind. We had crossed two successive ditches, which lay in an orchard to left of the first houses in Leuthen; and were beginning to form in front of the Village. But there was no standing of it. Besides a general cannonade such as can hardly be imagined, there was a rain of case-shot upon this Battalion, of which I, as there was no Colonel left, had to take command; and a third Battalion of the Royal Prussian Foot-guards, which had already made several of our regiments pass that kind of muster, gave, at a distance of eighty paces, the liveliest fire on us. It stood as if on the parade-ground, that third Battalion, and waited for us, without stirring.

“The Austrian regiment Andlau, at our right hand, could not get itself formed properly by reason of the houses; it was standing thirty deep, and sometimes its shot hit us on the back. On my left the Austrian regiment Merei ran its ways; and I was glad of that, in comparison. By no method or effort could I get the dragoons of Bathyani, who stood fifty yards in rear of me, to cut in a little, and help me out,” — no good cutting hereabouts, think the dragoons of Bathyani. “My soldiers, who were still tired with running, and had no cannon (these either from necessity or choice they had left behind), were got scattered, fewer in number, and were fighting mainly out of sullenness. More our honor, than the notion of doing good in the affair, prevented us from running off. An Ensign of the regiment Arberg helped me awhile to form, from his and my own fragments, a kind of line; but he was shot down. Two Officers of the Grenadiers brought me what they still had. Some Hungarians, too, were luckily got together. But at last, as, with all helps and the remnants of my own brave Battalion, I had come down to at most 200, I drew back to the Height

where the Windmill is,"¹ — where many have drawn back, and are standing in sheltered places, a hundred deep, say our Books.

Stiff fighting at Leuthen; especially furious till Leuthen Churchyard, a place with high stone walls, was got. Leuthen Village, we observe, was crammed with Austrians spitting fire from every coign of vantage; Church and Churchyard especially are a citadel of death. Cannon playing from the Windmill Heights, too; — moments are inestimable. The Prussian Commander (name charitably hidden) at Leuthen Churchyard seems to hesitate in the murderous fire-deluge: Major Möllendorf, namable from that day forward, growling, "No time this for study," dashes out himself, "*Ein andrer Mann* (Follow me, whoever is a man)!" — smashes in the Church-Gate of the place, nine muskets blazing on him through it; smashes, after a desperate struggle, the Austrians clean out of it, and conquers the citadel.²

The Austrians, on confused terms, made stiff dispute in this second position for about an hour. The Prussian Reserve was ordered up by Friedrich; the Prussian left wing, which had stood "refused," about Radaxdorf, till now: at one time nearly all the Prussians were in fire. Friedrich is here, is there, wherever the press was greatest; "Prince Ferdinand," whom we now and then find named, as a diligent little fellow, and ascertain to be here in this and other Battles of Friedrich's, — "Prince Ferdinand at one time pointed his cannon on the Bush or Fir-Clump of Radaxdorf; — an aide-de-camp came to him with message: 'You are firing on the King; the King is yonder!' At which Ferdinand [his dear little Brother] *erschrack*," or almost fainted with terror.³

Stiff dispute; and had the Austrians possessed the Prussian dexterity in manœuvring, and a Friedrich been among them, — perhaps? But on their own terms, there was from the first little hope in it. "Behind the Windmills they are a hundred

¹ Kutzen p. 103 (from "Prince de Ligne's *Diary*, i. 63, German Translation").

² Müller, p. 42.

³ Kutzen, p. 110.

men deep;" by and by, your Windmills, riddled to pieces, have to be abandoned; the Prussian left wing rushing on with bayonets, will not all of you have to go? Lucchesi, with his abundant Cavalry, seeing this latter movement and the Prussian flank bare in that part, will do a stroke upon them; — and this proved properly the finale of the matter, finale to both Lucchesi and it.

The Prussian flank was to appearance bare in that leftward quarter; but only to appearance: Driesen with the left wing of Horse is in a Hollow hard by; strictly charged by Friedrich to protect said flank, and take nothing else in hand. Driesen lets Lucchesi gallop by, in this career of his; then emerges, ranked, and comes storming in upon Lucchesi's back, — entirely confounding his astonished Cavalry and their career. Astonished Cavalry, bullet-storm on this side of them, edge of sword on that, take wing in all directions (or all except to west and south) quite over the horizon; Lucchesi himself gets killed, — crosses a still wider horizon, poor man. He began the ruin, and he ends it. For now Driesen takes the bared Austrians in flank, in rear; and all goes tumbling here too, and in few minutes is a general deluge rearward towards Saara and Lissa side.

At Saara the Austrians, sun just sinking, made a third attempt to stand; but it was hopelessly faint this time; went all asunder at the first push; and flowed then, torrent-wise, towards all its Bridges over the Schweidnitz Water, towards Breslau by every method. There are four Bridges, Stabelwitz below Lissa; Goldschmieden, Hermannsdorf, above; and the main one at Lissa itself, a standing Bridge on the Highroad (also of wood); and by this the chief torrent flows; Prussian horse pursuing vigorously; Prussian Infantry drawn up at Saara, resting some minutes, after such a day's work.¹

Truly a memorable bit of work; no finer done for a hundred years, or for hundreds of years; and the results of it manifold,

¹ Archenholtz, i. 209; Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 243–252 (by an eye-witness, intelligent succinct Account of the Battle and previous March; ib. 252–272, of the Sieges &c. following); Preuss, ii. 112, &c.; Tempelhof, i. 276.

immediate and remote. About 10,000 Austrians are left on the field, 3,000 of them slain; prisoners already 12,000, in a short time 21,000; flags 51, cannon 116; — “Conquest of Silesia” gone to water; Prince Karl and Austria fallen from their high hopes in one day. The Prussians lost in killed 1,141, in wounded 5,118; 85 had been taken prisoners about Sagschütz and Gohlau, in the first struggle there.¹ There and at Leuthen Village had been the two tough passages; about an hour each; in three hours the Battle was done. “*Meine Herren,*” said Friedrich that night at parole, “after such a spell of work, you deserve rest. This day will bring the renown of your name, and of the Nation’s, to the latest posterity.”

High and low had shone this day; especially these four: Ziethen, Driesen, Retzow, — and above all Moritz of Dessau. Riding up the line, as night fell, Friedrich, in passing Moritz and the right wing, drew bridle for an instant: “I congratulate you on the Victory, Herr Feldmarschall!” cried he cheerily, and with emphasis on the last word. Moritz, still very busy, answered slightly; and Friedrich repeated louder, “Don’t you hear that I congratulate you, Herr *Feldmarschall*!” — a glad sound to Moritz, who ever since Kolin had stood rather in the shadow. “You have helped me, and performed every order, as none ever did before in any battle,” added the grateful King.

Riding up the line, all now grown dusky, Friedrich asks, “Any battalion a mind to follow me to Lissa?” Three battalions volunteering, follow him; three are plenty. At Saara, on the Great Road, things are fallen utterly dark. “Landlord, bring a lantern, and escort.” Landlord of the poor Tavern at Saara escorts obediently; lantern in his right hand, left hand holding by the King’s stirrup-leather, — King (Excellency or General, as the Landlord thinks him) wishing to speak with the man. Will the reader consent to their Dialogue, which is dullish, but singular to have in an authentic form, with Nicolai as voucher?² Like some poor old horse-shoe, ploughed up on the field. Two farthings worth of rusty old iron; now little

¹ Kutzen, pp. 118, 125.

² *Anekdoten*, iii. 231–235.

other than a curve of brown rust: but it galloped at the Battle of Leuthen; that is something! —

King. “Come near; catch me by the stirrup-leather [Landlord with lantern does so]. We are on the Breslau Great Road, that goes through Lissa, are n’t we?”

Landlord. “Yea, Excellenz.”

King. “Who are you?”

*Landlord.** “Your Excellenz, I am the *Krütshmer* [Silesian for Landlord] at Saara.”

King. “You have had a great deal to suffer, I suppose.”

Landlord. “*Ach*, your Excellenz, had not I! For the last eight-and-forty hours, since the Austrians came across Schweidnitz Water, my poor house has been crammed to the door with them, so many servants they have; and such a bullying and tumbling: — they have driven me half mad; and I am clean plundered out.”

King. “I am sorry indeed to hear that! — Were there Generals too in your house? What said they? Tell me, then.”

Landlord. “With pleasure, your Excellenz. Well; yesterday noon, I had Prince Karl in my parlor, and his Adjutants and people all crowding about. Such a questioning and bothering! Hundreds came dashing in, and other hundreds were sent out: in and out they went all night; no sooner was one gone, than ten came. I had to keep a roaring fire in the kitchen all night; so many Officers crowding to it to warm themselves. And they talked and babbled this and that. One would say, That our King was coming on, then, ‘with his Potsdam Guard-Parade.’ Another answers, ‘*Oach*, he dare n’t come! He will run for it; we will let him run.’ But now my delight is, our King has paid them their fooleries so prettily this afternoon!”

King. “When got you rid of your high guests?”

Landlord. “About nine this morning the Prince got to horse; and not long after three, he came past again, with a swarm of Officers; all going full speed for Lissa. So full of bragging when they came; and now they were off, wrong side

foremost! I saw how it was. And ever after him, the flood of them ran, Highroad not broad enough, — an hour and more before it ended. Such a pell-mell, such a welter, cavalry and musketeers all jumbled: our King must have given them a dreadful lathering. That is what they have got by their bragging and their lying, — for, your Excellenz, these people said too, ‘Our King was forsaken by his own Generals, all his first people had gone and left him:’ what I never in this world will believe.”

King (not liking even rumor of that kind). “There you are right; never can such a thing be believed of my Army.”

Landlord (whom this “*my*” has transfixed). “*Mein Gott*, you are our *gnädigster König* (most gracious King) yourself! Pardon, pardon, if, in my stupidity, I have — ”

King. “No, you are an honest man: — probably a Protestant?”

Landlord. “*Joa, joa, Ihr Majestät*, I am of your Majesty’s creed!”

Crack-crack! At this point the Dialogue is cut short by sudden musket-shots from the woody fields to right; crackle of about twelve shots in all; which hurt nothing but some horse’s feet, — had been aimed at the light, and too low. Instantly the light is blown out, and there is a hunting out of Croats; Lissa or environs not evacuated yet, it seems; and the King’s Entrance takes place under volleyings and cannonadings.

King rides directly to the Schloss, which is still a fine handsome house, off the one street of that poor Village, — north side of street; well railed off, and its old ditches and defences now trimmed into flower-plots. The Schloss is full of Austrian Officers, bustling about, intending to quarter, when the King enters. They, and the force they still had in Lissa, could easily have taken him: but how could they know? Friedrich was surprised; but had to put the best face on it.¹ “*Bon soir, Messieurs!*” said he, with a gay tone, stepping in: “Is

¹ In Kutzen (pp. 121, 209 et seq.) explanation of the true circumstances, and source of the mistake.

there still room left, think you ? ” The Austrians, bowing to the dust, make way reverently to the divinity that hedges a King of this sort ; mutely escort him to the best room (such the popular account) ; and for certain make off, they and theirs, towards the Bridge, which lies a little farther east, at the end of the Village.

Weistritz or Schweidnitz Water is a biggish muddy stream in that part ; gushing and eddying ; not voiceless, vexed by mills and their weirs. Some firing there was from Croats in the lower houses of the Village, and they had a cannon at the farther bridge-end ; but they were glad to get away and vanish in the night ; muddy Weistritz singing hoarse adieu to their cannon and them. Prussian grenadiers plunged indignant into the houses ; made short work of the musketries there. In few minutes every Croat and Austrian was across, or silenced otherwise too well ; Prussian cannon now going in the rear of them, and continuing to go, — such had been the order, “ till the powder you have is done.” Fire of musketry and occasional cannon lasts all night, from the Lissa or Prussian side of the River, — “ lest they burn this Bridge, or attempt some mischief.” A thing far from their thoughts, in present circumstances.

The Prussian host at Saara, hearing these noises, took to its arms again ; and marched after the King. Thick darkness ; silence ; tramp, tramp : — a Prussian grenadier broke out, with solemn tenor voice again, into Church-Music ; a known Church-Hymn, of the homely *Te-Deum* kind ; in which five-and-twenty thousand other voices, and all the regimental bands, soon join : —

“ *Nun danket alle Gott
Mit Herzen, Mund und Händen,
Der grosse Dinge thut
An uns und allen Enden.* ” ¹

“ Now thank God, one and all,
With heart, with voice, with hands-a,
Who wonders great hath done
To us and to all lands-a.”

And thus they advance ; melodious, far-sounding, through the hollow Night, once more in a highly remarkable manner. A pious people, of right Teutsch stuff, tender though stout ; and, except perhaps Oliver Cromwell’s handful of Ironsides, prob-

¹ Müller, p. 48.

ably the most perfect soldiers ever seen hitherto. Arriving at the end of Lissa, and finding all safe as it should be there, they make their bivouac, their parallelogram of two lines, miles long across the fields, left wing resting on Lissa, right on Guckerwitz; and — having, I should think, at least tobacco to depend on, with abundant stick-fires, and healthy joyful hearts — pass the night in a thankful, comfortable manner.

Leuthen was the most complete of all Friedrich's victories; two hours more of daylight, as Friedrich himself says, and it would have been the most decisive of this century.¹ As it was, the ruin of this big Army, 80,000 against 30,000,² was as good as total; and a world of Austrian hopes suddenly collapsed; and all their Silesian Apparatus, making sure of Silesia beyond an *if*, was tumbled into wreck, — by this one stroke it had got, smiting the corner-stone of it as if with unexpected lightning. On the morrow after Leuthen, Friedrich laid siege to Breslau; Karl had left a garrison of 17,000 in it, and a stout Captain, one Sprecher, determined on defence: such interests hung on Breslau, such immensities of stores were in it, had there been nothing else. Friedrich, pushing with all his strength, in spite of bad weather and of Sprecher's industrious defence, got it in twelve days.³ Sprecher had posted placards on the gallows and up and down, terrifically proclaiming that any man convicted of mentioning surrender should be instantly hanged: but Friedrich's bombardment was strong, his assaults continual; and the ditches were threatening to freeze. On the seventh day of the siege, a Laboratorium blew up; on the ninth, a Powder-Magazine, carrying a lump of the rampart away with it. Sprecher had to capitulate: Prisoners of War, we 17,000; our cannons, ammunitions (most opulent, including what we took from Bevern lately); these, we and Breslau altogether, alas, it is all yours again.

Liegnitz Garrison, seeing no hope, consented to withdraw

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 167.

² "89,200 was the Austrian strength before the Battle" (deduct the Garrisons of Schweidnitz and Liegnitz): Preuss, ii. 109 (from the *Staff-Officers*).

³ 7th–19th December: *Diarium*, &c. of it in *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 955–961.

on leave.¹ Schweidnitz cannot be besieged till Spring come : except Schweidnitz, Maria Theresa, the high Kaiserinn, has no foot of ground in Silesia, which she thought to be hers again. Gone utterly, Patents and all ; Schweidnitz alone waiting till Spring. To the lively joy of Silesia in general ; to the thrice-lively sorrow and alarm of certain individuals, leading Catholic Ecclesiastics mainly, who had misread the signs of the times in late months ! There is one Schaffgotsch, Archbishop or head-man of them, especially, who is now in a bad way. Never was such royal favor ; never such ingratitude, say the Books at wearisome length. Schaffgotsch was a showy man of quality, nephew of the quondam Austrian Governor, whom Friedrich, across a good deal of Papal and other opposition, got pushed into the Catholic Primacy, and took some pains to make comfortable there, — Order of the Black Eagle, guest at Potsdam, and the like ; — having a kind of fancy for the airy Schaffgotsch, as well as judging him suitable for this Silesian High-Priesthood, with his moderate ideas and quality ways, — which I have heard were a little dissolute withal. To the whole of which Schaffgotsch proved signally traitorous and ingrate ; and had plucked off the Black Eagle (say the Books, nearly breathless over such a sacrilege) on some public occasion, prior to Leuthen, and trampled it under his feet, the unworthy fellow. Schaffgotsch's pathetic Letter to Friedrich, in the new days posterior to Leuthen, and Friedrich's contemptuous inexorable answer, we could give, but do not : why should we ? O King, I know your difficulties, and what epoch it is. But, of a truth, your airy dissolute Schaffgotsch, as a grateful "Archbishop and Grand-Vicar," is almost uglier to me than as a Traitor ungrateful for it ; and shall go to the Devil in his own way ! They would not have him in Austria ; he was not well received at Rome ; happily died before long.² Friedrich was not cruel to Schaffgotsch or the others, contemptuously mild rather ; but he knew henceforth what to expect of them, and slightly changed this and that in his Silesian methods in consequence.

¹ 26th December : *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 1016.

² Preuss, ii. 113, 114 ; Kutzen, pp. 12, 155-160, for the real particulars.

Of Prince Karl let us add a word. On the morrow after Leuthen, Captain Prince de Ligne and old Papa D'Ahremberg could find little or no Army; they stept across to Gräbschen, a village on the safe side of the Lohe, and there found Karl and Daun: "rather silent, both; one of them looking, 'Who would have thought it!' the other, 'Did n't I tell you?'" — and knowing nothing, they either, where the Army was. Army was, in fact, as yet nowhere. "Croat fellows, in this Farmstead of ours," says De Ligne, "had fallen to shooting pigeons." The night had been unusually dark; the Austrian Army had squatted into woods, into office-houses, farm-villages, over a wide space of country; and only as the day rose, began to dribble in. By count, they are still 50,000; but heart-broken, beaten as men seldom were. "What sound is that?" men asked yesterday at Brieg, forty miles off; and nobody could say, except that it was some huge Battle, fateful of Silesia and the world. Breslau had it louder; Breslau was still more anxious. "What is all that?" asked somebody (might be Deblin the Shoemaker, for anything I know) of an Austrian sentry there: "That? That is the Prussians giving us such a beating as we never had." What news for Deblin the Shoemaker, if he is still above ground! —

"Prince Karl, gathering his distracted fragments, put 17,000 into Breslau by way of ample garrison there; and with the rest made off circuitously for Schweidnitz; thence for Lands-hut, and down the Mountains, home to Königsgrätz, — self and Army in the most wrecked condition. Chased by Ziethen; Ziethen 'sticking always to the hocks of them,' as Friedrich eagerly enjoins on him; or sometimes it is, 'sitting on the breeches of them:' for about a fortnight to come.¹ Ziethen took 2,000 prisoners; no end of baggages, of wagons left in the difficult places: wild weather even for Ziethen, still more for Karl, among the Silesian-Bohemian Hill-roads: heavy rains, deep muds, then sudden glass, with cutting snow-blasts: 'An Army not a little dilapidated,' writes Prince Karl, almost with tears in his eyes; 'Army without linens, without clothes; in

¹ Eleven Royal Autographs: in Blumenthal, *Life of De Ziethen* (ii. 94-111), a feeble incorrect Translation of them.

condition truly sad and pitiable ; and has always, so close are the enemy, to encamp, though without tents.’² Did not get to Königsgrätz, and safe shelter, for ten days more. Counted, at Königsgrätz in the Christmas time, 37,000 rank and file, — ‘22,000 of whom are gone to hospital,’ by the Doctor’s report.

“Universal astonishment, indignation, even incredulity, is the humor at Vienna: the high Kaiserinn herself, kept in the dark for some time, becomes dimly aware; and by Kaiser Franz’s own advice she relieves Prince Karl from his military employments, and appoints Daun instead. Prince Karl withdrew to his Government of the Netherlands; and with the aid of generous liquors, and what natural magnanimity he had, spent a noiseless life thenceforth; Sword laid entirely on the shelf; and immortal Glory, as of Alexander and the like, quite making its exit from the scene, convivial or other. ‘The first General in the world,’ so he used to be ten years ago, in Austria, in England, Holland, the thrice-greatest of Generals: but now he has tried Friedrich in Five pitched Battles (Czaslau, Hohenfriedberg, Sohr, then Prag, then Leuthen); — been beaten every time, under every form of circumstance; and now, at Leuthen, the fifth beating is such, no public, however ignorant, can stand it farther. The ignorant public changes its long-eared eulogies into contumeliously horrid shrieks of condemnation; in which one is still farther from joining. ‘That crossing of the Rhine,’ says Friedrich, ‘was a *belle chose*; but flatterers blew him into dangerous self-conceit; besides, he was ill-obeyed, as others of us have been.’² Adieu to him, poor red-faced soul; — and good liquor to him, — at least if he can take it in moderation!”

The astonishment of all men, wise and simple, at this sudden oversetting of the scene of things, and turning of the gazetteer-diplomatic theatre bottom uppermost, was naturally extreme, especially in gazetteer and diplomatic circles; and the admiration, willing or unwilling, of Friedrich, in some most essential points of him, rose to a high pitch. Better soldier, it is clear,

¹ Kutzen, p. 134 (“Prince Karl to the Kaiser, December 14th”).

² “Prince de Ligne, *Mémoires sur Frédéric* (Berlin, 1789), p. 38” (Preuss, ii. 112).

has not been heard of in the modern ages. Heroic constancy, courage superior to fate: several clear features of a hero; — pity he were such a liar withal, and ignorant of common honesty; thought the simple sort, in a bewildered manner, endeavoring to forget the latter features, or think them *not* irreconcilable. Military judges of most various quality, down to this day, pronounce Leuthen to be essentially the finest Battle of the century; and indeed one of the prettiest feats ever done by man in his Fighting Capacity. Napoleon, for instance, who had run over these Battles of Friedrich (apparently somewhat in haste, but always with a word upon them which is worth gathering from such a source), speaks thus of Leuthen: “This Battle is a masterpiece of movements, of manœuvres, and of resolution; enough to immortalize Friedrich, and rank him among the greatest Generals. Manifests, in the highest degree, both his moral qualities and his military.”¹

How the English Walpoles, in Parliament and out of it; how the Prussian Sulzers, D’Argenses, the Gazetteer and vague public, may have spoken and written at that time, when the matter was fresh and on everybody’s tongue, — judge still by two small symptoms which we have to show: —

1°. *A Letter of Friedrich’s to D’Argens* (Dürгой, near Breslau, 19th December, 1757). — “Your friendship seduces you, *mon cher*; I am but a paltry knave (*polisson*) in comparison with ‘Alexander,’ and not worthy to tie the shoe-latchets of ‘Cæsar’! Necessity, who is the mother of industry, has made me act, and have recourse to desperate remedies in evils of a like nature.

“We have got here [this day, by capitulation of Breslau] from fourteen to fifteen thousand prisoners: so that, in all, I have above twenty-three thousand of the Queen’s troops in my hands, fifteen Generals, and above seven hundred Officers. ’T is a plaster on my wounds, but it is far enough from healing them.

¹ Montholon, *Mémoires &c., de Napoléon*, vii. 211. This Napoleon *Summary of Friedrich’s Campaigns*, and these brief Bits of Criticism, are pleasant reading, though the fruit evidently of slight study, and do credit to Napoleon perhaps still more than to Friedrich.

"I am now about marching to the Mountain region, to settle the chain of quarters there ; and if you will come, you will find the roads free and safe. I was sorry at the Abbé's treason," — paltry De Prades, of whom we heard enough already.¹

2°. *A Pottery-Apotheosis of Friedrich.* — "There stands on this mantel-piece," says one of my Correspondents, the amiable Smelfungus, in short, whom readers are acquainted with, "a small China Mug, not of bad shape ; declaring itself, in one obscure corner, to be made at Worcester, 'R. I., Worcester, 1757' (late in the season, I presume, demand being brisk) ; which exhibits, all round it, a diligent Potter's-Apotheosis of Friedrich, hastily got up to meet the general enthusiasm of English mankind. Worth, while it lasts unbroken, a moment's inspection from you in hurrying along.

"Front side, when you take our Mug by the handle for drinking from it, offers a poor well-meant China Portrait, labelled KING OF PRUSSIA : Copy of Friedrich's Portrait by Pesne, twenty years too young for the time, smiling out nobly upon you ; upon whom there descends with rapidity a small Genius (more like a Cupid who had hastily forgotten his bow, and goes headforemost on another errand) to drop a wreath on this deserving head ; — wreath far too small for ever getting on (owing to distance, let us hope), though the artless Painter makes no sign ; and indeed both Genius and wreath, as he gives them, look almost like a big insect, which the King will be apt to treat harshly if he notice it. On the opposite side, again, separated from Friedrich's back by the handle, is an enormous image of Fame, with wings filling half the Mug, with two trumpets going at once (a bass, probably, and a treble), who flies with great ease ; and between her eager face and the unexpectant one of Friedrich (who is 180° off, and knows nothing of it) stands a circular Trophy, or Imbroglío of drums, pikes, muskets, cannons, field-flags and the like ; very slightly tied together, — the knot, if there is one, being hidden by some fantastic bit of scroll or escutcheon, with a Fame and *one* trumpet scratched on it ; — and high out of the Imbroglío rise three standards inscribed with Names,

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 47.

which we perceive are intended to be names of Friedrich's Victories; standards notable at this day, with Names which I will punctually give you.

"Standard first, which flies to the westward or leftward, has 'Reisberg' (no such place on this distracted globe, but meaning Bevern's *Reichenberg*, perhaps), — 'Reisberg,' 'Prague,' 'Collin.' Middle standard curves beautifully round its staff, and gives us to read, 'Welham' (non-extant, too; may mean *Welmina* or Lobositz), 'Rossbach' (very good), 'Breslau' (poor Bevern's, thought a *victory* in Worcester at this time!). Standard third, which flies to eastward or right hand, has 'Neumark' (that is, *Neumarkt* and the Austrian Bread-ovens, 4th December); 'Lissa' (not yet *Leuthen* in English nomenclature); and 'Breslau' again, which means the capture of Breslau *City* this time, and is a real success, 7th–19th December; — giving us the approximate date, Christmas, 1757, to this hasty Mug. A Mug got up for temporary English enthusiasm, and the accidental instruction of posterity. It is of tolerable China; holds a good pint, 'To the Protestant Hero, with all the honors;' — and offers, in little, a curious eyehole into the then England, with its then lights and notions, which is now so deep-hidden from us, under volcanic ashes, French Revolutions, and the wrecks of a Hundred very decadent Years."

CHAPTER XI.

WINTER IN Breslau: THIRD CAMPAIGN OPENS.

FRIEDRICH, during those grand victories, is suffering sadly in health, "*colique depuis huit jours*, neither sleep nor appetite;" "eight months of mere anguishes and agitations do wear one down." He is tired too, he says, of the mere business-talk, coarse and rugged, which has been his allotment lately; longs for some humanly roofed kind of lodging, and a little talk that shall have flavor in it.¹ The troops once all in their

¹ Letters of his to Prince Henri (December 26th, &c.: *Œuvres*, xxvi. 167 169; Stenzel, v. 123).

Winter-quarters, he sits down in Breslau as his own wintering-place: place of relaxation,—of rest, or at least of changed labor,—no man needing it more. There for some three months he had a tolerable time; perhaps, by contrast, almost a delightful. Readers must imagine it; we have no details allowed us, nor any time for them even if we had.

There come various visitors, various gayeties,—King's Birthday (January 24th); quality Balls, "at which Royal Majesty sometimes deigned to show himself." A lively Breslau, in comparison. Sister Amelia paid a beautiful visit of a fortnight or more: Sister Amelia, and along with her, two married Cousins (once Margravines of Schwedt), whose Husbands, little Brother Ferdinand, and Eugen of Würtemberg, are wintering here. The Marquis d'Argens, how exquisitely treated we shall see, is a principal figure; Excellency Mitchell, deep in very important business just now, is another. Reader de Catt (he who once, in a Dutch River-Boat, got into conversation with the snuffy gentleman in black wig) made his new appearance, this Winter,—needed now, since De Prades is off. "Should you have known me again?" asked Friedrich. "Hardly, in that dress; besides, your Majesty looks thinner." "That I can believe, with the cursed life I have been leading!"¹ There came also, day not given, a Captain Guichard ("Major Quintus Icilius" that is to be) with his new Book on the Art Military of the Ancients, *Mémoires Militaires sur les Grecs et les Romains*;² which cannot but be welcome to Friedrich. A solid account of that matter, by the first man who ever understood both War and Greek. Far preferable to Folard's, a man without Greek at all, and with military ideas not a little fantastic here and there. Of Captain Guichard, were his Book once read, and himself a little known, there will be more to say. For the present, fancy him retained as supernumerary:—and in regard to Friedrich's Winter generally, accept the following small hints, small but direct:—

¹ Rödenbeck, i. 285.

² à La Haye, 2 tomes, 4to, 1757 (Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, vi. 134).

Friedrich to D'Argens (three different times).

1°. *On the road to Leuthen* “(Torgau, 15th November 1757). . . . I have been obliged to have the Abbé arrested [De Prades, of whom enough, long since]; he has been playing the spy, and I have many evident proofs of it. That is very infamous and very ungrateful. — I have made a prodigious quantity of verses (*prodigieusement de vers*). If I live, I will show them you in Winter-quarters: if I perish, they are bequeathed to you, and I have ordered that they be put into your hand. . . .

“Adieu, my dear Marquis. I fancy you to be in bed: don't rot there; — and remember you have promised to join me in Winter-quarters;” — on this latter point Friedrich is very urgent, amiably eager; prepared to wrap the poor Marquis in cotton, and carry him and lodge him, like glass with care.¹ For example: —

2°. *While settling the Winter-quarters* (“Striegau, 26th December, 1757:” Siege of Breslau done ten days ago). . . . “What a pleasure to hear you are coming! Your travelling you can do in your own way. I have chosen a party of Light Horse (*Jäger*), who will appear at Berlin to conduct you. You can make short journeys: the first to Frankfurt, the second to Crossen, the third to Grünberg, fourth to Glogau, fifth to Parchwitz, sixth to Breslau. I have directed that horses be ordered for you, that your rooms be warmed everywhere, and good fowls ready on all roads. Your apartment in this House [Royal House in Breslau, which the King has built for himself years ago] is carpeted, hermetically shut. • You shall suffer nothing from draughts or from noise.”² — Lucky Marquis; what a Landlord! Came accordingly; stayed till deep in April, — waiting latterly for weather, I perceive; long after the King himself was off. Thus: —

3°. *Friedrich on the field again for five weeks past* (“Münsterberg, 23d April, 1758”). “Adieu, dear Marquis; I fancy you are now in Berlin again. Go to Charlottenburg whenever and how you like; take care of yourself; and be ready for the

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 43.

² *Ib.* xix. 48.

beginning of October next! — As to me, *mon cher*, I am off to fight windmills and ostriches (*Autruches*), that is, Russians and Austrians (*Autrichiens*). Adieu, *mon cher*.”¹

There circulated in the Newspapers, this Winter, something of what was called a *Letter* from Friedrich to Maria Theresa, formally proposing Peace, after these magnificent successes. And certainly, of all things in the Earth, Friedrich would have best liked Peace, this year, last year, and for the next five years: “Go home, then, good neighbors; don’t break into my house, don’t cut my poor throat, and we will be friends again!” Friedrich, it appears, had actually, finding or making opportunity, sent some polite Letter, of pacific tenor, in his light clever way, to that address; — not without momentary hopes of perhaps getting good from it.² And the Kaiserinn herself, Austria’s high Mother, did, they say, after such a Leuthen coming on the back of such a Rossbach, feel discouraged; but the Pompadour (not France’s Mother, whatever she might be to France) was of far other mind: “Do not speak of it, *ma Reine*! Double or quits, that is our game: can we yield for a little ill-luck? Never!”

France dismisses its D’Argenson, “What Armies are these of his; flying home on us, like draggled poultry, across the Rhine!” — summons the famed Belleisle to be War-Minister, and give things an eagle-quality:³ France engages to pay its subsidies better (France now the general paying party, Austria, Sweden, Russia itself, all looking to France, — would she were as punctual as England used to be!), — in a word, engages to be magnanimous extremely, and will hear of nothing but persistence. “Shall not we reap, then, where there is such a harvest standing white to us?” Kaunitz admits that there never will again be such a chance. — Peace, it is clear enough, will not be got of these people by any Letter, or human device

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 49.

² In *Preuss*, ii. 130 (Friedrich’s Letter mostly given; — bearer a Prince von Lobkowitz, prisoner at Leuthen, now going home on handsome terms) Stenzel, v. 124 (for the *per-contra* feeling).

³ “26th February, 1758” (*Barbier*, iv. 258).

whatever, except simply by uttermost, more or less miraculous fighting for it. Friedrich is profoundly aware of this fact; — is busy completing his Army: 145,000 for the field, this Year, 53,000 the Silesian part, “a good many of them Austrian deserters;”¹ and is closing an important Subsidy Treaty with England, — of which more anon.

And if this is the mood in France and Austria, think what Russia’s will be! The Czarina is not dead of dropsy, as some had expected, but, on the contrary, alive, and fiercer than ever; furious against Apraxin, and determined that Fermor, his successor, shall defy Winter, and begin work at once. She has indignantly dismissed Apraxin (to be tried by Court-Martial, he); dismisses Bestuchef the Chancellor; appoints a new General, Fermor by name; orders Fermor to go and lose not a moment, now in the depth of Winter since it was not done in the crown of Summer, and take possession of East Preussen in her name.

Which Fermor does; 16th January, crosses the border again, 31,000 in all, without opposition except from the frost; plants himself up and down, — only two poor Prussian battalions there; who retire with their effects, especially “with seven wagons of money.” January 22d, Fermor enters Königsberg; publishes no end of proclamations, manifestoes, rescripts, to inform the poor people, trembling at the Cossack atrocities of last Year, “That his august Sovereign Elizabeth of All the Russias has now become Proprietress of East Preussen, which shall be perfectly protected and exquisitely well-governed henceforth; and that all men of official or social position have, accordingly, to come and take the oath to her, with the due alacrity and punctuality, at their peril.”

No man is willing for the operation, most men shudder at it; but who can help them? Surely it was an unblessed operation. Poor souls, one pities them; for at heart they were, and continued, loyal to their own King; thoroughly abhorrent of becoming Russian, as Czarish Majesty has thoroughly resolved they shall. Some few absconded, leaving their property as spoil; the rest swore, with mental reservation,

¹ Stenzel, v. 155.

with shifts, such as they could devise : — for example, some were observed to swear with gloves on ; the right hand, which they held up, was a mere right *first* with a stuffed glove at the end of it, — *so* help me Beelzebub (or whoever is the recording Angel here) !¹ And thus does Preussen, with astonishment, as by the spell of a Czarina Circe, find itself changed suddenly to Russian : and does not recover the old human form till four years hence, — when, again suddenly, as we shall see, the Circe and her wand chance to get broken.

Friedrich could not mend or prevent this bad Business ; but was so disgusted with it, he never set foot in East Preussen again, — never could bear to behold it, after such a transformation into temporary Russian shape. I cannot say he abhorred this constrained Oath as I should have done : on the contrary, in the first spurt of indignation, he not only protested aloud, but made reprisals, — “ Swear *me* those Saxons, then ! ” said he ; and some poor magistrates of towns, and official people, had to make a figure of swearing (if not allegiance altogether, allegiance for the time being), in the same sad fashion, till one’s humor cooled again.² East Preussen, lost in this way, held by its King as before, or more passionately now than ever ; still loved Friedrich, say the Books ; but it is Russia’s for the present, and the mischief is done. East Preussen itself, Circe Czarina cherishing it as her own, had a much peaceabler time : in secret it even sent moneys, recruits, numerous young volunteers to Friedrich ; much more, hopes and prayers. But his disgust with the late transformation by enchantment was inexpiable.

It was May or June, as had been anticipated, before the Russian main Army made its practical appearance in those parts. Fermor had, in the interim, seized Thorn, seized Elbing (“ No offence, magnanimous Polacks, it is only for a time ! ”), — and would fain have had Dantzic too, but Dantzic would n’t. Not till June 16th did the unwieldy mass (on paper 104,000, and in effect, and exclusive of Cossack rabble, about 75,000) get on way ; and begin slowly staggering west-

¹ *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 147–149 ; Preuss, ii. 145, iii. 578, iv. 477, &c.

² Preuss, ii. 163 : Oath given in *Heiaen-Geschichte*, v. 631.

ward. Very slowly, and amid incendiary fire and horrid cruelty, as heretofore ; — and in August coming we shall be sure to hear of it.

Lehwald was just finishing with the Swedes, — had got them all bottled up in Stralsund again, about New-Year's time, when these Russians crossed into Preussen. We said nothing of the Swedish so-called Campaign of last Year ; — and indeed are bound to be nearly silent of that and of all the others. Five Campaigns of them, or at least Four and a half ; such Campaigns as were never made before or since. Of Campaign 1757, the memorable feature is, that of the whole "Swedish Division," as the laughing Newspapers called it, which was "put to flight by five Berlin Postilions ;" — substantially a truth, as follows : —

"Night of September 12th-13th, 1757, the Swedes, 22,000 strong, did at last begin business ; crossed Peene River, the boundary between their Pommern and ours ; and, having nothing but some fractions of Militia to oppose them, soon captured the Redoubts there ; spread over Prussian Pommern, and on into the Uckermark ; diligently raising contributions, to a heavy amount. No less than £90,000 in all for this poor Province ; though, by a strange accident, £60,000 proved to be the actual sum.

"Towards the end of October they had got as much as £60,000 from the northern parts of Uckermark, Prentzlow being their head-quarter during that operation ; and they now sent out a Detachment of 200 grenadiers and 100 dragoons towards Zehdenick, another little Town, some forty miles farther south, there to wring out the remaining sum. The Detachment marched by night, not courting notice ; but people had heard of its coming ; and five Prussian Postilions, — shifty fellows, old hussars it may be, at any rate skilful on the trumpet, and furnished with hussar jackets and an old pistol each, determined to do something for their Country. The Swedish Detachment had not marched many miles, when, — after or before some flourishes of martial trumpeting, — there verily fell on the Swedish flank, out of a clump of dark

wood, five shots, and wounded one man. To the astonishment and panic of the other two hundred and ninety-nine; who made instant retreat, under new shots and trumpet-tones, as if it were from five whole hussar regiments; retreat double-quick, to Prentzlow; alarm waxing by the speed; alarm spreading at Prentzlow itself: so that the whole Division got to its feet, recrossed the Peene; and Uckermark had nothing more to pay, for that bout! This is not a fable, such as go in the Newspapers," adds my Authority, "but an accurate fact:"¹ — probably, in our day, the alone memorable one or that "Swedish War."

"The French," says another of my Notes, "who did the subsidying all round (who paid even the Russian Subsidy, though in Austria's name), had always an idea that the Swedes — 22,000 stout men, this year, 4,000 of them cavalry — might be made to co-operate with the Russians; with them or with somebody; and do something effective in the way of destroying Friedrich. And besides their subsidies and bribings, the French took incredible pains with this view; incessantly contriving, correspondencing, and running to and fro between the parties:² but had not, even from the Russians and Czarish Majesty, much of a result, and from the Swedes had absolutely none at all. By French industry and flagitation, the Swedish Army was generally kept up to about 20,000: the soldiers were expert with their fighting-tools, knew their field-exercise well; had fine artillery, and were stout hardy fellows: but the guidance of them was wonderful. 'They had no field-commissariat,' says one Observer, 'no field-bakery, no magazines, no pontoons, no light troops; and,'

¹ *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 764, 807; *Archenholtz*, i. 160.

² For example: M. le Marquis de Montalembert, *Correspondance avec &c., étant employé par le Roi de France à l'Armée Suédoise, 1757-1761* ("with the Swedish Army," yes, and sometimes with the Russian, — and sometimes on the French Coasts, ardently fortifying against Pitt and his Descents there: — a very intelligent, industrious, observant man; still amusing to read, if one were idler), *à Londres* (evidently Paris), 1777, 3 vols. small 8vo. Then, likewise very intelligent, there is a Montazet, a Mortaigne, a Caulaincourt; a *Campagne des Russes en 1757*; &c. &c., — in short, a great deal of fine faculty employed there in spinning ropes from sand.

among the Higher Officers, 'no subordination.'¹ Were, in short, commanded by nobody in particular. Commanded by Senator Committee-men in Stockholm; and, on the field, by Generals anxious to avoid responsibility; who, instead of acting, held continual Councils of War. The history of their Campaigns, year after year, is, in summary, this:—

"Late in the season (always late, War-Offices at home, and Captaincies here, being in such a state), they emerged from Stralsund, an impregnable place of their own,—where the men, I observe, have had to live on dried fishy substances, instead of natural boiled oatmeal;² and have died extensively in consequence:—they march from Stralsund, a forty or thirty miles, till they reach the Swedish-Pommern boundary, Peene River; a muddy sullen stream, flowing through quagmire meadows, which are miles broad, on each shore: River unfordable everywhere; only to be crossed in four or five places, where paved causeways are. The Swedes, with deliberation, cross Peene; after some time, capture the bits of Redoubts, and the one or two poor Prussian Towns upon it; Anklam Redoubt, *Peene-münde* (Peene-mouth) Redoubt; and rove forward into Prussian Pommern, or over into the Uckermark, for fifty, for a hundred miles; exacting contributions; foraging what they can; making the poor country-people very miserable, and themselves not happy,—their soldiers 'growing yearly more plunderous,' says Archenholtz, 'till at length they got, though much shy of murder, to resemble Cossacks,' in regard to other pleas of the crown.

"There is generally some fractional regiment or two of Prussian force, left under some select General Manteuffel, Colonel Belling; who hangs diligently on the skirts of them, exploding by all opportunities. There have been Country Militias voluntarily got on foot, for the occasion; five or six small regiments of them; officered by Prussian Veterans of the Squirearchy in those parts; who do excellent service. The Governor of Stettin, Bevern, our old Silesian friend,

¹ Archenholtz, i. 158.

² Montalembert, i. 32-37, 335, 394, &c. (that of the demand for Norse porridge, which interested me, I cannot find again).

strikes out now and then, always vigilant, prompt and effective, on a chance offering. This, through Summer, is what opposition can be made: and the Swedes, without magazines, scout-service, or the like military appliances, but willing enough to fight [when they can *see*], and living on their shifts, will rove inward, perhaps 100 miles; say southwestward, say south-eastward [towards Ruppın, which we used to know], — they love to keep Mecklenburg usually on their flank, which is a friendly Country. Small fights befall them, usually beatings; never anything considerable. That is their success through Summer.

“Then, in Autumn, some remnant more of Prussian regulars arrive, disposable now for that service; upon which the Swedes are driven over Peene again (quite sure to be driven, when the River with its quagmires freezes); lose Anklam Redoubt, Peene-münde Redoubt; lose Demmin, Wollin; are followed into Swedish Pommern, oftenest to the gates of Stralsund, and are locked up there, there and in Rügen adjoining, till a new season arrive.” — This year (1757–1758), Lehwald, on turning the key of Stralsund, might have done a fine feat; frost having come suddenly, and welded Rügen to mainland. “What is to hinder you from starving them into surrender?” signifies Friedrich, hastily: “Besiege me Stralsund!” Which Lehwald did; but should have been quicker about it; or the thaw came too soon, and admitted ships with provision again. Upon which Lehwald resigned, to a General Graf von Dohna; and went home, as grown too old: and Dohna kept them bottled there till the usual Russian Advent (deep in June); by which time, what with limited stockfish diet, what with sore labor (breaking of the ice, whenever frost reappeared) and other hardship, more than half of them had died. — “Every new season there was a new General tried; but without the least improvement. There was mockery enough, complaint enough; indignant laughter in Stockholm itself; and the Dalecarlians thought of revolting: but the Senator Committee-men held firm, ballasted by French gold, for four years.

“The Prussian Militias are a fine trait of the matter; about

fifteen regiments in different parts ; — about five in Pommern, which set the example ; which were suddenly raised last Autumn by the *Stände* themselves, drilled in Stettin continually, while the Swedes were under way, and which stood ready for some action, under veterans of the squirearchy, when the Swedes arrived. They were kept up through the War. The *Stände* even raised a little fleet,¹ river fleet and coast fleet, twelve gunboats, with a powerful carronade in each, and effective men and captain ; a great check on plundering and coast mischief, till the Swedes, who are naval, at last made an effort and destroyed them all.”

Friedrich was very sensible of these procedures on the part of his *Stände* ; and perhaps readers are not prepared for such, or for others of the like, which we could produce elsewhere, in a Country without Constitution to speak of. Friedrich raises no new taxes, — except upon himself exclusively, and these to the very blood : — Friedrich gets no Life-and-Fortune Addresses of the vocal or printed sort, but only of the acted. Very much the preferable kind, where possible, to all parties concerned. These poor militias and flotillas one cheerfully puts on record ; cheerfully nothing else, in regard to such a Swedish War ; — nor shall we henceforth insult the human memory by another word upon it that is not indispensable.

Of the English Subsidy.

One of Friedrich’s most important affairs, at present — vitally connected with his Army and its furnishings, which is the all-important, — was his Subsidy Treaty with England. It is the third treaty he has signed with England in regard to this War ; the second in regard to subsidy for it ; and it is the first that takes real practical effect. It had cost difficulty in adjusting, not a little correspondence and management from Mitchell ; for the King is very shy about subsidy, though grim necessity prescribes it as inevitable ; and his pride, and his reflections on the last Subsidy Treaty, “ One Million sterling, Army of Observation, and Fleet in the Baltic,” instead of

¹ Archenholtz, i. 110.

which came Zero and Kloster-Zeven, have made him very sensitive. However, all difficulties are got over; Plenipotentiary Knyphausen, Pitt, Britannic Majesty and everybody striving to be rational and practical; and at London, 11th April, 1758, Subsidy Treaty, admirably brief and to the point, is finished:¹ "That Friedrich shall have Four Million Thalers, that is, £670,000; payable in London to his order, in October, this Year; which sum Friedrich engages to spend wholly in maintenance and increase of his Army for behoof of the common object;—neither party to dream of making the least shadow of peace or truce without the other." Of Baltic Fleet, there is nothing said; nor, in regard to that, was anything done, this year or afterwards; highly important as it would have been to Friedrich, with the Navies so called of both Sweden and Russia doing their worst upon him. "Why not spare me a small English squadron, and blow these away?" Nor was the why ever made clear to him; the private why being, that Czarish Majesty had, last year, intimated to Britannic, "Any such step on your part will annihilate the now old friendship of Russia and England, and be taken as a direct declaration of War!"—which Britannic Majesty, for commercial and miscellaneous reasons, hoped always might be avoided. Be silent, therefore, on that of Baltic Fleet.

In all the spoken or covenanted points the Treaty was accurately kept: £670,000, two-thirds of a million very nearly, will, in punctual promptitude, come to Friedrich's hand, were October here. And in regard to Ferdinand (a point left silent, this too), Friedrich's expectations were exceeded, not the contrary, so long as Pitt endured. This is the Third English-Prussian Treaty of the Seven-Years War, as we said above; and it is the First that took practical effect: this was followed by three others, year after year, of precisely the same tenor, which were likewise practical and punctually kept,—the last of them, "12th December, 1760," had reference to Subsidy for 1761:—and before another came, Pitt was out. So that, in all, Friedrich had Four Sub-

¹ In four short Articles; given in *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 16, 17.

sidies; £670,000 \times 4 = £2,680,000 of English money altogether:—and it is computed by some, there was never as much good fighting otherwise had out of all the £800,000,000 we have funded in that peculiar line of enterprise.¹

Pitt had no difficulty with his Parliament, or with his Public, in regard to this Subsidy; the contrary rather. Seldom, if ever, was England in such a heat of enthusiasm about any Foreign Man as about Friedrich in these months since Rossbach and what had followed. Celebrating this "Protestant Hero," authentic new Champion of Christendom; toasting him, with all the honors, out of its Woreester and other Mugs, very high indeed. Take these Three Clippings from the old Newspapers, omitting all else; and rekindle these, by good inspection and consideration, into feeble symbolic lamps of an old illumination, now fallen so extinct.

No. 1. *Reverend Mr. Whitfield and the Protestant Hero.* "Monday, January 2d," 1758, "was observed as a Day of Thanksgiving, at the Chapel in Tottenham-Court Road [brand-new Chapel, still standing and aeting, though now in a dingier manner], by Mr. Whitfield's people, for the signal Vietories gained by the King of Prussia over his Enemies.²—'Why rage the Heathen; why do the people imagine a vain thing? Sinful beings we, perilously sunk in sin against the Most High:—but they, do they think that, by earthly propping and hoisting, their unblessed Chimera, with his Three Hats, can sweep away the Eternal Stars!'"—In this strain, I suppose: Protestant Hero and Heaven's long-suffering Patiences and Mercies in raising up such a one for a backsliding generation; doubtless with much unction by Mr. Whitfield.

¹ First Treaty, 16th January, 1756 (is in *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 681), "We will oppose by arms any foreign Armament entering Germany;" Second Treaty, 11th January, 1757 (never published till 1802), is in Schöll, iii. 30-32: "one million subsidy, a Fleet &c." (not kept at all); after which,

Third Treaty (the first really issuing in subsidy and performance) is 11th April, 1758 (given in *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 17); Fourth (really second), 7th December, 1758 (Ib. v. 752); Fifth (third), 9th November, 1759; Sixth (fourth), 12th December, 1760. See *Preuss*, ii. 124 n.

² *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxviii. (for 1758), p. 41

No. 2. *King of Prussia's Birthday* (Tuesday, January 24th). "This being the Birthday of the King of Prussia, who then entered into the forty-seventh year of his age, the same was observed with illuminations and other demonstrations of joy ;" — throughout the Cities of London and Westminster, "great rejoicings and illuminations," it appears,¹ — now shining so feebly at a century's distance ! — No. 3 is still more curious ; and has deserved from us a little special inquiring into.

No. 3. *Miss Barbara Wyndham's Subsidy*. "March 13th, 1758," — while Pitt and Knyphausen are busy on the Subsidy Treaty, still not out with it, the Newspapers suddenly announce, —

"Miss Bab. Wyndham, of Salisbury, sister of Henry Wyndham, Esq., of that City, a maiden lady of ample fortune, has ordered her banker to prepare the sum of £1,000 to be immediately remitted, in her own name, as a present to the King of Prussia."² Doubtless to the King of Prussia's surprise, and that of London Society, which would not want for commentaries on such a thing !

Before long, the Subsidy Treaty being now out, and the Wyndham topic new again, London Society reads, in the same Newspaper, a Documentary Piece, calculated to help in its commentaries. There is good likelihood of guess, though no certainty now attainable, that the "English Lady" referred to may be Miss Bab. herself ; — of whose long-vanished biography, and brisk, airy, nomadic ways, we catch hereby a faint shadow, momentary, but conceivable, and sufficient for us : —

*"To the Authors of the London Chronicle."*³

"The following Account, which is a real fact, will serve to show with what punctuality and exactness the King of Prussia attends to the most minute affairs, and how open he is to applications from all persons.

¹ *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxviii. (for 1758), p. 43 ; and vol. xxix. p. 42, for next year's birthday, and p. 81 for another kind of celebration.

² *London Chronicle*, March 14th–16th, 1758 ; *Lloyd's Evening Post* ; &c. &c.

³ *London Chronicle*, of 13th–15th April, 1758.

“An English Lady being possessed of actions [shares] in the Embden Company, and having occasion to raise money on them, repaired to Antwerp [some two years ago, as will be seen], and made application for that purpose to a Director of the Company, established there by the King of Prussia for the managing all affairs relative thereto. This person,” Van Erthorn the name of him, “very willingly entered into treaty with her; but the sum he offered to lend being far short of what the actions would bring, and he also insisting on forfeiture of her right in them, if not redeemed in twelve months, — she broke off with him, and had recourse to some merchants at Antwerp, who were inclinable to treat with her on much more equitable terms. The proceeding necessarily brought the parties before this Director for receiving his sanction, which was essential to the solidity of the agreement; and he, finding he was like to lose the advantage he had flattered himself with, disputed the authenticity of the actions, and thereby threw her into such discredit, as to render all attempts to raise money on them ineffectual. Upon this the Lady wrote a Letter by the common post to his Majesty of Prussia, accompanied with a Memorial complaining of the treatment she had received from the Director; and she likewise enclosed the actions themselves in another letter to a friend at Berlin. By the return of the post, his Majesty condescended to answer her Letter; and the actions were returned authenticated; which so restored her credit, that in a few hours all difficulties were removed relating to the transaction she had in hand; and it is more than probable the Director has felt his Majesty’s resentment for his ill-behavior. — The Lady’s Letter was as follows: —

“ ‘ ANTWERP, 19th February, 1756.

“ ‘ SIR, — Having had the happiness to pay my court to your Majesty during a pretty long residence at Berlin [say in Voltaire’s time; Miss Barbara’s “Embden Company,” I observe, was the first of the two, date 1750; that of 1753 is not hers], and to receive such marks of favor from their Majesties the Queens [a Barbara capable of shining in the Royal soirées at Monbijou, of talking to, or of, your Voltaires and lions, and invest-

ing moneys in the new Embden Company] as I shall ever retain a grateful sense of, — I presume to flatter myself that your Majesty will not be offended at the respectful liberty I have taken in laying before you my complaints against one Van Erthorn, a Director of the Embden China Company, whose bad behavior to me, as set forth in my Memorial, hath forced me to make a very long and expensive stay at this place; and, as the considerable interest I have in that Company may farther subject me to his caprices, I cannot forbear laying my grievances at the foot of your Majesty's throne; most respectfully supplicating your Majesty that you would be graciously pleased to give orders that this Director shall not act towards me for the future as he hath done hitherto.

“ ‘I hope for this favor from your Majesty's sovereign equity; and I shall never cease offering up my ardent prayers for the prosperity of your glorious reign; having the honor to be, with the most respectful zeal, Sir, your Majesty's most humble, most obedient, and most devoted servant, * * *

“ The King of Prussia's Answer.

“ ‘POTSDAM, 26th February, 1756.

“ ‘MADAM, — I received the Letter of the 19th instant, which you thought proper to write to me; and was not a little displeased to hear of the bad behavior of one of the Directors of the Asiatic Company of Embden towards you, of which you were forced to complain. I shall direct your grievances to be examined, and have just now despatched my orders for that purpose to Lenz, my President of the Chamber of East Friesland,' Chief Judge in those parts.¹ ‘You may assure yourself the strictest justice shall be done you that the case will admit. God keep you in his holy protection. FRIEDRICH.’ ”

Whether this refers to Miss Barbara or not, there is no affirming. But the interesting point is, Friedrich did receive and accept Miss Barbara's £1,000. The Prussian account, which calls her “an English *Jungfrau*, *Lady Salisbury*, who

¹ Seyfarth, ii. 139.

Jan.-April, 1758.

actually sent a sum of money,"¹ would not itself be satisfactory: but, by good chance, there is still living, in Salisbury City, a very aged Gentleman, well known for his worth, and intelligence on such matters, who, being inquired of, makes reply at once: That the First Earl of Malmesbury (who was of his acquaintance, and had many anecdotes and reminiscences of Friedrich, all noted down, it was understood, with diplomatic exactitude, but never yet published or become accessible) did, as "I well remember, among other things, mention the King's telling him that he," the King, "had received a Thousand Pounds from Miss Wyndham; with a part of which he had bought the Flute then in his hand."² Which latter circumstance, too, is curious. For, at all times, however straitened Friedrich's Exchequer might be, it was his known habit, during this War, to have always, before the current year ended, the ways and means completely settled and provided for the year coming; so that everything could be at once paid in money (good money or bad, — good still up to this date); — and nothing was observed to fall short, so much as the customary liberality of his gifts to those about him. I infer, therefore: Friedrich had decided to lay out this £1,000 in what he would call luxuries, chiefly gifts, — and, among other things, had said to himself, "I will have a new flute, too!" Probably one of his last; for I understand he had, by this time (Malmesbury's time, 1772), ceased much playing, and ceased altogether not long after.³

James Harris, First Earl of Malmesbury, was Resident at Berlin, 1772: that is all the date we have for the King's saying, "And with part of it I bought this Flute!" Date of Lord Malmesbury's mention of it at Salisbury, we have none,

¹ Preuss, ii. 124, whose reference is merely "*Gentleman's Magazine* for 1758." Both in the *Annual Register* of that Year (i. 86), and in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, pp. 142, 177, the above Paragraph and Letters are copied from the Newspapers, but without the smallest commentary (there or elsewhere), or any mention of a "Lady Salisbury."

² Letter from John Fowler, Esq., "Salisbury, 2d April, 1860," to a Friend of mine (*penes me*): of Barbara's identity, or otherwise, with the Antwerp Embden Lady, Mr. F. can say nothing.

³ Preuss, i. 371-373

—likeliest there might be various dates; a thing mentioned more than once, and not improvable by dating. The Wyndhams still live in the Close of Salisbury; a respected and well-known Family; record of them (none of Barbara there, or elsewhere except here) to be found in the County Histories.¹ I only know farther, Barbara died May, 1765, “aged and wealthy,” and “with the bulk of her fortune endowed a Charity, to be called ‘Wyndham College,’”²—which I hope still flourishes. Enough on this small Wyndham matter; which is nearly altogether English, but in which Friedrich too has his indefeasible property.

Friedrich, as indeed Pitt's People and Others have done, takes the Field uncommonly early: Friedrich goes upon Schweidnitz, as the Preface to whatever his Campaign may be.

While this Subsidy Treaty is getting settled in England, Duke Ferdinand has his French in full cackle of universal flight; and before the signing of it (April 11th), every feather of them is over the Rhine; Duke Ferdinand busy preparing to follow. Glorious news, day after day, coming in, for Pitt, for Miss Barbara and for all English souls, Royal Highness of Cumberland hardly excepted! The “Deseent on Roehefort,” last Autumn, had a good deal disappointed Pitt and England;—an expensively elaborate Expedition, military and naval; which could not “deseend” at all, when it got to the point; but merely went groping about, on the muddy shores of the Charente, holding eouncils of war yonder; “eannonaded the Isle of Aix for two hours;” and returned home without result of any kind, Courts-martial following on it, as too usual. This was an unsuccessful first-stroke for Pitt. Indeed, he never did much succeed in those Descents on the French Coast, though never again so ill as this time. Those are a kind of things that require an exactitude as of clock

¹ Britton's *Beauties of England and Wales*, xv. part ii. p. 118; Hoare's *Salisbury* (mistaken, p. 815); &c.

² *Annual Register* (for 1765), viii. 86.

15th March-16th April, 1758.

work, in all their parts: and Pitt's Generalcies and War-Offices, — we know whether they were of the Prussian type or of the Swedish! A very grievous hindrance to Pitt; — which he will not believe to be quite incurable. Against which he, for his part, stands up, in grim earnest, and with his whole strength; and is now, and at all times, doing what in him lies to abate or remedy it: — successfully, to an unexpected degree, within the next four years. From America, he has decided to recall Lord Loudon, as a eunctatory haggling mortal, the reverse of a General; how very different from his Austrian Cousin!¹ “Abererombie may be better,” hopes he; — was better, still not good. But already in the gloomy imbroglio over yonder, Pitt discerns that one Amherst (the son of people unimportant at the hustings) has military talent: and in this puddle of a Roehfort Futility, he has got his eye on a young Officer named Wolfe, who was Quartermaster of the Expedition; a young man likewise destitute of Parliamentary connection, but who may be worth something. Both of whom will be heard of! In a four years' determined effort of this kind, things do improve: and it was wonderful, to what amount, — out of these chaotic War-Offices little better than the Swedish, and ignorant Generaleies fully worse than the Swedish, — Pitt got heroic successes and work really done.

On Pitt, amid confused clouds, there is bright dawn rising; and Friedrich too, for the last month, in Breslau, has a cheerful prospect on that Western side of his horizon. Here is one of his Postscripts, thrown off in Autograph, which Duke Ferdinand will read with pleasure: “I congratulate you, *mon cher*, with my whole heart! May you *fleur-de-lys* every French

¹ Cousins certainly enough; their Progenitors were Brothers, of that House, about 1568, — when Matthew, the cadet, went “into Livonia,” into foreign Soldiering (Papa having fallen Prisoner “at the Battle of Langside,” 1568, and the Family prospects being low); from this Matthew comes, through a series of Livonian Soldiers, the famed Austrian Loudon. Douglas, *Peerage of Scotland*, p. 425; &c. &c. *Vie de Loudon* (ill-informed on that point and some others) says, the first Livonian Loudon came from Ayrshire, “in the fourteenth century”!

skin of them ; cutting out on their " — what shall we say (*leur imprimant sur le cul*) ! — "the Initials of the Peace of Westphalia, and packing them across the Rhine," tattooed in that latest extremity of fashion !¹

Friedrich, grounding partly on those Rhine aspects, has his own scheme laid for Campaign 1758. It is the old scheme tried twice already : to go home upon your Enemy swiftly, with your utmost collective strength, and try to strike into the heart of him before he is aware. Friedrich has twice tried this ; the second time with success, respectable though far short of complete. Weakened as now, but with Ferdinand likely to find the French in employment, he means to try it again ; and is busy preparing at Neisse and elsewhere, though keeping it a dead secret for the time. There is, in fact, no other hopeful plan for him, if this prove feasible at all. Double your velocity, you double your momentum. One's weight is given, — weight growing less and less ; — but not, or not in the same way and degree, one's velocity, one's rightness of aim. Weight given : it is only by doubling or trebling his velocity that a man can make his momentum double or treble, as needed ! Friedrich means to try it, readers will see how, — were the Fort of Schweidnitz once had ; for which object Friedrich watches the weather like a very D'Argens, eager that the frost would go. Recapture of Schweidnitz, the last speck of Austrianism wiped away there ; that is evidently the preface to whatsoever day's-work may be ahead.

March 15th, frost being now off, Friedrich quits Breslau and D'Argens, — his Head-quarter thenceforth Kloster-Grüssau, near Landshut, troops all getting cantoned thereabout, to keep Bohemia quiet, — and goes at once upon Schweidnitz. With the top of the morning, so to speak ; means to have Schweidnitz before campaigning usually can begin, or common laborers take their tools in this trade. The Austrian Com-

¹ Friedrich to Duke Ferdinand, "Grüssau, 19th March, 1758 : " in Knesebeck, *Herzog Ferdinand*, i. 64. *Herzog Ferdinand während des 7-jährigen Krieges* ("from the English and Prussian Archives") is the full Title of Knesebeck's Book : *Letters* altogether ; not very intelligently edited, but well worth reading by every student, military and civil : 2 vols. 8vo. Hannover, 1857.

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mandant has been greatly strengthening the works; he had, at first, some 8,000 of garrison; but the three months' blockade has been tight upon him and them; and it is hoped the thing can be done.

April 1st-2d, — Siege-material being got to the ground, and Siege Division and Covering Army all in their places, — in spite of the heavy rains, we open our first parallel, Austrian Commandant not noticing till it is nearly done. April 8th, we have our batteries built; and burst out, at our best rate, into cannonade; aiming a good deal at "Fort No. 1," called also "*Galgen* or Gallows Fort," which we esteem the principal. Cannonade continues day after day, prospers tolerably on Gallows Fort," — though the wet weather, and hardship to the troops, are grievous circumstances, and make Friedrich doubly urgent. "Try it by storm!" counsels Balbi, who is Engineer. Night of *April 15th-16th* storm takes place; with such vigor and such cunning, that the Gallows Fort is got for almost nothing (loss of ten men); — and few hours after, Austria beat the chamade.¹ Fifty-one new Austrian guns, for one item, and about £7,000 of money. Prisoners of War the Garrison, 8,000 gone to 4,900; with such stores as we can guess, of ours and theirs added: Balbi was Prussian Engineer-in-Chief, Treskau Captain of the Siege; — other particulars I spare the reader.

Unfortunate Schweidnitz underwent four Sieges, four captures or recaptures, in this War; — upon all of which we must be quite summary, only the results of them important to us. For the curious in sieges, especially for the scientifically curious, there is, by a Captain Tieleke, excellent account of all these Schweidnitz Sieges, and of others; — Artillery-Captain Tieleke, in the Saxon or Saxon-Russian service; whom perhaps we shall transiently fall in with, on a different field, in the course of this Year.

¹ Tempelhof, ii. 21-25; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 109-123: above all, Tielcke, *Beyträge zur Kriegs-Kunst und zur Geschichte des Krieges von 1756 bis 1763* (6 vols. 4to, Freyberg, 1775-1786), iv. 43-76. Volume iv. is wholly devoted to Schweidnitz and its successive Sieges.

CHAPTER XII.

SIEGE OF OLMÜTZ.

FOUQUET, on the first movement towards Schweidnitz, had been detached from Landshut to sweep certain Croat Parties out of Glatz; Ziethen, with a similar view, into Troppau Country; both which errands were at once perfectly done. Daun lies behind the Bohemian Frontier (betimes in the field he too, "arrived at Königsgrätz, March 13th"); and is, with all diligence, perfecting his new levies; intrenching himself on all points, as man seldom did; "felling whole forests," they say, building abatis within abatis;—not doubting, especially on these Ziethen-Fouquet symptoms, but Friedrich's Campaign is to be an Invasion of Bohemia again. "Which he shall not do gratis!" hopes Daun; and, indeed, judges say the entrance would hardly have been possible on that side, had Friedrich tried it; which he did not.

Schweidnitz being done, and Daun deep in the Bohemian problem, — Friedrich, in an unintelligible manner, breaks out from Grüssau and the Landshut region (April 19th–25th), not straight southward, as Daun had been expecting, but straight southeastward through Neisse, Jägerndorf: all gone, or all but Ziethen and Fouquet gone, that way;—meaning who shall say what, when news of it comes to Daun? In two divisions, from 30 to 40,000 strong; through Jägerndorf, ever onward through Troppau, and not till *then* turning southward: indubitable march of that cunning Enemy; rapidly proceeding, his 40,000 and he, along those elevated upland countries, watershed of the Black Sea and the Baltic, bleakly illumined by the April sun; a march into the mists of the future tense, which do not yet clear themselves to Daun. Seeing the march turn southward at Troppau, a light breaks on Daun: "Ha! coming round upon Bohemia from the east, then?" That is

Daun's opinion, for some time yet; and he immediately starts that way, to save a fine magazine he has at Leutomischl over there. Daun, from Skalitz near Königsgrätz where he is, has but some eighty miles to march, for the King's hundred and fifty; and arrives in those parts few days after the King; posts himself at Leutomischl, veiled in Pandours. Not for two weeks more does he ascertain it to have been a march upon the Olmütz Country, and the intricate forks of the Morawa River; with a view to besieging Olmütz, by this wily Enemy! Upon which Daun did strive to bestir himself thitherward, at last; and, though very slow and hesitative, his measures otherwise were unexceptionable, and turned out luckier than had been expected by some people.

Olmütz is an ancient pleasant little City, in the Plains of Mähren, romantic, indistinct to the English mind; with Domes, with Steeples eminent beyond its size, — population little above 10,000 souls; — has its Prince-Archbishop and ecclesiastic outfittings, with whom Friedrich has lodged in his time. City which trades in leather, and Russian and Moldavian droves of oxen. Memorable to the Slavic populations for its grand Czech Library, which was carried away by the Swedes, happily into thick night;¹ also for that poor little Wenzel of theirs (last heir of the Bohemian Czech royalties, whom no reader has the least memory of) being killed on the streets here; — uncertain, to this day, by whom, though for whose benefit that dagger-stroke ended is certain enough.² — poor little Wenzel's dust lies under that highest Dome, of the old Cathedral yonder, if anybody thought of such a thing in hot practical times. Poor Lafayette, too, lodged here in prison, when the Austrians seized him. City trades in leather and live stock, we said; has much to do with artillery, much with ecclesiastry; — and Friedrich besieged it, for seven weeks, in the hot summer days of 1758, to no purpose. Friedrich has been in Olmütz more than once before; his Schwerin once took it in a single day, and it was his for months, in the old

¹ To Stralsund (1645), "and has not since been heard of."

² *Suprà*, vol. v. p. 118.

Moravian-Foray time: but the place is changed now; become an arsenal or military storehouse of Austria; strongly fortified, and with a Captain in it, who distinguishes himself by valiant skill and activity on this occasion.

Friedrich's Olmütz Enterprise, the rather as it was unsuccessful, has not wanted critics. And certainly, according to the ordinary rules of cautious prudence, could these have been Friedrich's in his present situation, it was not to be called a prudent Enterprise. But had Friedrich's arrangements been punctually fulfilled, and Olmütz been got in fair time, as was possible or probable, the thing might have been done very well. Duke Ferdinand, in these early May days, is practically making preparations to follow the French across the Rhine; no fear of French Armies interfering with us this year. Dohna has the Swedes looked in Stralsund (capable of being starved, had not the thaw come); and in Hinter-Pommern he has General Platen, with a tolerable Detachment, watching Fermor and his Russians; Dohna, with Platen, may entertain the Russians for a little, when they get on way, — which we know will be at a slow pace, and late in the season. Prince Henri commands in Saxony, say with 30,000; — King's viceroy and other self there, "Do *your* wisest and promptest; hold no councils of war!" Prince Henri, altogether on the aggressive as yet, is waiting what Reich's Army there may be; — has already had Mayer and Free Corps careering about in Franken Country once and again, tearing up the ineptitudes and preparations, with the usual emphasis; and is himself intending to follow thither, in a still more impressive manner. Friedrich's calculation is, Prince Henri will have his hands free for a good few weeks yet. Which proved true enough, so far as that went.

And now, supposing Olmütz ours, and Vienna itself open to our insults, does not, by rapid suction, every armed Austrian flow thitherward; Germany all drained of them: in which case, what is to hinder Prince Henri from stepping into Böhmen, by the Metal Mountains; capturing Prag; getting into junction with us here, and tumbling Austria at a rate that will astonish her! Her, and her miscellaneous tagraggery of

27th April-12th May, 1758.

Confederates, one and all. Königsberg, Stralsund, Bamberg; Russians, Swedes, Reichsfolk, — here, in Mähren, will be the crown of the game for all these. Prosper in Mähren, all these are lamed; one right stroke at the heart, the limbs become manageable quantities! This was Friedrich's program; and had not imperfections of execution, beyond what was looked for, and also a good deal of plain ill-luck, intervened, this bold stroke for Mähren might have turned out far otherwise than it did.

The march thither (started from Neisse April 27th) was beautiful: Friedrich with vanguard and first division; Keith with rear-guard and second, always at a day's distance; split into proper columns, for convenience of road and quarter in the hungry countries; threading those silent mountain villages, and upper streamlets of Oder and Morawa: Ziethen waving intrusive Croateries far off; Fouquet, in thousands of wagons, shoving on from Neisse, "in four sections," with the due intervals, under the due escorts, the immensity of stores and siege-furniture, through Jägerndorf, through Troppau, and onwards; ¹ — punctual everybody; besiegers and siege materials ready on their ground by the set day. Daun too had made speed to save his Magazine. Daun was at Leutomischl, May 5th, — a forty miles to west of the Morawa, — few days after Friedrich had arrived in those countries by the eastern or left bank, by Troppau, Gibau, Littau, Aschmeritz, Prossnitz; and a week before Friedrich had finished his reconnoitrings, campings, and taken position to his mind. Camps, four or more (shrank in the end to three), on both banks of the River; a matter of abstruse study; so that it was May 12th before Friedrich first took view of Olmütz itself, and could fairly begin his Problem, — Daun, with his best Tolpatcheries, still unable to guess what it was.

Of the Siege I propose to say little, though the accounts of it are ample, useful to the Artillerist and Engineer. If the reader can be made to conceive it as a blazing loud-sounding fact, on which, and on Friedrich in it, the eyes of all Europe

¹ Table of his routes and stages in *Tempelhof*, ii. 46.

were fixed for some weeks, it may rest now in impressive indistinctness to us. Keith is Captain of the Siege, whom all praise for his punctual firmness of progress; Balbi, as before, is Engineer, against whom goes the criticism, Keith's first of all, that he "opened his first parallel 800 yards too far off," — which much increased the labor, and the expenditure of useless gunpowder, shot having no effect at such a distance. There were various criticisms: some real, as this; some imaginary, as that Friedrich grudged gunpowder, the fact being that he had it not, except after carriage from Neisse, say a hundred and twenty miles off, — Troppau, his last Silesian Town, or safe place (*his* for the moment), is eighty miles; — and was obliged to waste none of it.

Friedrich is not thought to shine in the sieging line as he does in the fighting; which has some truth in it, though not very much. When Friedrich laid himself to engineering, I observe, he did it well: see Neisse, Graudenz, Magdeburg. His Balbi went wrong with the parallels, on this occasion; many things went wrong: but the truly grievous thing was his distance from Silesia and the supplies. A hundred and twenty miles of bill-carriage, eighty of them disputable, for every shot of ammunition and for every loaf of bread; this was hard to stand: — and perhaps no War-apparatus but a Prussian, with a Friedrich for sole chief-manager, could have stood it so long. Friedrich did stand it, in a wonderfully tolerable manner; and was continuing to stand it, and make fair progress; and it is not doubted he would have got Olmütz, had not there another fact come on him, which proved to be of unmanageable nature. The actual loss, namely, of one Convoy, after so many had come safe, and when, as appears, there was now only one wanted and no more! — Let us attend to this a little.

Had Daun, at Olmütz, been as a Duke of Cumberland relieving Tournay, rushing into fight at Fontenoy, like a Hanover White-Horse, neck clothed with thunder, and head destitute of knowledge, — how lucky had it been for Friedrich! But Daun knows his trade better. Daun, though superior in strength, sits on his Magazine, clear not to fight. By no art of manœu-

vring, had Friedrich much tried it, or hoped it, this time, could Daun have been brought to give battle. As Fabius Cunctator he is here in his right place ; taking impregnable positions, no man with better skill in that branch of business ; pushing out parties on the Troppau road ; and patiently waiting till this dangerous Enemy, with such endless shifts in him, come in sight perhaps of his last cartridge, or perhaps make some stumble on the way towards that consummation. Daun is aware of Friedrich's surprising qualities. Bos against Leo, Daun feels these procedures to be altogether feline (*felis-leonine*) ; such stealthy glidings about, deceptive motions, appearances ; then such a rapidity of spring upon you, and with such a set of claws, — destructive to bovine or rhinoceros nature : in regard to all which, Bos, if he will prosper, surely cannot be too cautious. It was remarked of Daun, that he was scrupulously careful ; never, in the most impregnable situations, neglecting the least precaution, but punctiliously fortifying himself to the last item, even to a ridiculous extent, say Retzow and the critics. It was the one resource of Daun : truly a solid stubborn patience is in the man ; stubborn courage too, of bovine-rhinoceros type ; — stupid, if you will, but doing at all times honestly his best and his wisest without flurry ; which character is often of surprising value in War ; capable of much mischief, now and then, to quicker people. Rhinoceros Daun did play his Leo a bad prank more than once ; and this of barring him out from Olmütz was one of them, perhaps the worst after Kolin.

Daun's management of this Olmütz business is by no means reckoned brilliant, even in the Fabius line ; but, on the contrary, inert, dim-minded, inconclusive ; and in reality, till almost the very last, he had been of little help to the besieged. For near three weeks (till May 23d) Daun sat at Leutomischl, immovable on his bread-basket there, forty or more miles from Olmütz ; and did not see that a Siege was meant. May 27th-28th, Balbi opened his first parallel, in that mistaken way ; four days before which, Daun does move inwards a march or so, to Zwittau, to Gewitsch (still thirty miles to west of Olmütz) ; still thinking of Bohemia, not of any siege ; still hanging

by the mountains and the bread-basket. And there, about Gewitsch, siege or no siege, Daun sits 'down again; pretty much immovable, through the five weeks of bombardment; and, — except that Loudon and the Light Horse are very diligent to do a mischief, "attempting our convoys, more than once, to no purpose, and alarming some of our outposts almost every night, but every night beaten off," — does, in a manner, nothing; sits quiet, behind his impenetrable veil of Pandours, and lets the bombardment take its course. Had not express Order come from Vienna on him, it is thought Daun would have sat till Olmütz was taken; and would then have gone back to Leutomischl and impregnable posts in the Hills. On express order, he — But gather, first, these poor sparks in elucidation: —

"The 'destructive sallies' and the like, at Olmütz, were principally an affair of the gazetteers and the imagination: but it is certain, Olmütz this time was excellently well defended; the Commandant, a vigorous skilful man, prompt to seize advantages; and Garrison and Townsfolk zealously helping: so that Friedrich's progress was unusually slow. Friedrich's feelings, all this while, and Balbi's (who 'spent his first 1,220 shots entirely in vain,' beginning so far off), may be judged of, — the sound of him to Balbi sometimes stern enough! As when (June 9th) he personally visits Balbi's parallels (top of the Tafelberg yonder); and inquires, 'When do you calculate to get done, then?' West side of Olmütz and of the River (east side lies mostly under water), there is the bombarding; seventy-one heavy guns; Keith, in his expertest manner, doing all the captaincies: Keith has about 8,000 of foot and horse, busy and vigilant, with their faces to the east. In a ring of four camps, or principally three (Prossnitz, Littau, and Neustadt, which is across the River), all looking westward or northwestward, some ten or twenty miles from Keith, Friedrich (head-quarters oftenest Prossnitz, the chief camp) stands facing Daun; who lies concentric to him, at the distance of another ten or twenty miles, in good part still thirty or forty miles from Olmütz, veiled mostly under a cloud of Pandours.

"Of Friedrich's impatiences we hear little, though they

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must have been great. Prince Henri is ready for Prag; many things are ready, were Olmütz but done! May 22d, Prince Henri had followed Mayer in person, with a stronger corps, to root out the Reichsfolk, — and is now in Bamberg City and Country. And is even in Baireuth itself, where was lately the Camp of the new Reichs General, Serene Highness of Zweibrück, and his nascent Reichs Army; who are off bodily to Bohemia, ‘to Eger and the Circle of Saatz,’ a week before.¹ Fancy that visit of Henri’s to a poor Wilhelmina; the last sight she ever had of a Brother, or of the old Prussian uniforms, clearing her of Zweibrücks and sorrowful guests! Our poor Wilhelmina, alas she is sunk in sickness this year more than ever; journeying towards death, in fact; and is probably the most pungent, sacredly tragic, of Friedrich’s sorrows, now and onwards. June 12th, Friedrich’s pouting Brother, the Prince of Prussia, died; this also he had to hear in Camp at Olmütz. ‘What did he die of?’ said Friedrich to the Messenger, a Major Something. ‘Of chagrin,’ said the Major, ‘*Aus Gram.*’ Friedrich made no answer. —

“On the last night of May, by beautiful management, military and other, Duke Ferdinand is across the Rhine; again chasing the French before him; who, as they are far more numerous, cannot surely but make some stand: so that a Battle there may be expected soon, — let us hope, a Victory; as indeed it beautifully proved to be, three weeks after.² On the other hand, Fermor and his Russians are astir; continually wending towards Brandenburg, in their voluminous manner, since June 16th, though at a slow rate. How desirable the Siege of Olmütz were done!”

On express from Vienna, Daun did bestir himself; cautiously got on foot again; detached, across the River, an expert Hussar General (“Be busy all ye Loudons, St. Ignons, Ziskowitzes, doubly now!”), — expert Hussar General, one item of whose force is 1,100 chosen grenadiers; — and himself

¹ *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 206-209. Wilhelmina’s pretty Letter to Friedrich (“Baireuth, 10th May”); Friedrich’s Answer (“Olmütz, June, 1758”); in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. i. 313-315.

² Battle of Crefeld, 23d June.

cautiously stept southward and eastward, nearer the Siege Lines. The Hussar General's meaning seemed to be some mischief on our Camp of Neustadt and the outposts there; but in reality it was to throw his 1,100 into Olmütz (useful to the Commandant); which — by ingenious manœuvring, and guidance from the peasants “through bushy woods and by-paths” on that east side of the River—the expert Hussar General, though Ziethen was sent over to handle him, did perfectly manage, and would not quit for Ziethen till he saw it finished. Which done, Daun keeps stepping still farther southward, nearer the Siege Lines; and, at Prossnitz, morning of June 22d, Friedrich, with his own eyes, sees Daun taking post on the opposite heights; says to somebody near him, “*Voilà les Autrichiens, ils apprennent à marcher*, There are the Austrians; they are learning to march, though!” — getting on their feet, like infants in a certain stage (“*marcher*” having that meaning too, though I know not that the King intended it); — they have learned a great many things, since your Majesty first met them. Friedrich took Daun to be, now at last, meaning Battle for Olmütz, and made some slight arrangements accordingly; but that is not Daun's intention at all; as Friedrich will find to his cost, in few days. That very day, Daun has vanished again, still in the southerly direction, again under veil of Pandours.

Meanwhile, in spite of all things, the Siege makes progress; “June 22d, Balbi's sap had got to their glacis, and was pushing forward there,” — June 22d, day when Daun made momentary appearance, and the reinforcement stole in: — within a fortnight more, Balbi promises the thing shall be done. But supplies are indispensable: one other convoy from Troppau, and let it be a big one, “between 3 and 4,000 wagons,” meal, money, iron, powder; Friedrich hopes this one, if he can get it home, will suffice. Colonel Mosel is to bring this Convoy; a resolute expert Officer, with perhaps 7,000 foot and horse: surely sufficient escort: but, as Daun is astir, and his Loudons, Ziskowitzes and light people are gliding about, Friedrich orders Ziethen to meet this important Convoy, with some thousands of new force, and take charge of bringing it in.

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Mosel was to leave Troppau June 26th; Ziethen pushes out to meet him from the Olmütz end, on the second day after; and, one hopes, all is now safe on that head.

The driving of 3,000 four-horse wagons, under escort, ninety miles of road, is such an enterprise as cannot readily be conceived by sedentary pacific readers; — much more the attack of such! Military science, constraining chaos into the cosmic state, has nowhere such a problem. There are twelve thousand horses, for one thing, to be shod, geared, kept road-worthy and regular; say six thousand country wagoners, thick-soled peasants: then, hanging to the skirts of these, in miscellaneous crazy vehicles and weak teams, equine and asinine, are one or two thousand sutler people, male and female, not of select quality, though on them, too, we keep a sharp eye. The series covers many miles, as many as twenty English miles (says Tempelhof), unless in favorable points you compress them into five, going four wagons abreast for defence's sake. Defence, or escort, goes in three bulks or brigades; vanguard, middle, rear-guard, with sparse pickets intervening; — wider than five miles, you cannot get the parts to support one another. An enemy breaking in upon you, at some difficult point of road, woody hollow or the like, and opening cannon, musketry and hussar exercise on such an object, must make a confused transaction of it! Some commanders, for the road has hitherto been mainly pacific, divide their train into parts, say four parts; moving with their partial escorts, with an interval of one day between each two: this has its obvious advantages, but depends, of course, on the road being little infested, so that your partial escort will suffice to repel attacks. Toiling forward, at their diligent slow rate, I find these trains from Troppau take about six days (from Neisse to Olmütz they take eleven, but the first five are peaceable¹); — can't be hurried beyond that pace, if you would save your laggards, your irregulars, and prevent what we may call *raggery* in your rearward parts; the skirts of your procession get torn by the bushes if you go faster. This time Colonel Mosel will have to mend his pace, however, and to

¹ Tempelhof, ii. 48.

go in the lump withal; the case being critical, as Mosel knows, and *more* than he yet knows.

Daun, who has friends everywhere, and no lack of spies in this country, generally hears of the convoys. He has heard, in particular, of this important one, in good time. Hitherto Daun had not attempted much upon convoys, nor anything with success: King's posted corps and other precautions are of such a kind, not even Loudon, when he tried his best, could do any good; and common wandering hussar parties are as likely to get a mischief as to do one, on such service. Cautious Daun had been busy enough keeping his own Camp safe, and flinging a word of news or encouragement, at the most a trifle of reinforcement, into Olmütz when possible. But now it becomes evident there must be one of two things: this convoy seized, or else a battle risked; — and that in defect of both these, the inevitable third thing is, Olmütz will straightway go.

Major-General Loudon, the best partisan soldier extant, and ripening for better things, has usually a force of perhaps 10,000 under him, four regiments of them regular grenadiers; and has been active on the convoys, though hitherto unsuccessful. Let an active Loudon, with increased force, try this, their vitally important convoy, from the west side of the River; an active Ziskowitz co-operating on the east side, where the road itself is; and do their uttermost! That is Daun's plan, — now in course of execution. Daun, instead of meaning battle, that day when Friedrich saw him, was cautiously stealing past, intending to cross the River farther down; and himself support the operation. Daun has crossed accordingly, and has doubled up northward again to the fit point; Ziskowitz is in the fit point, in the due force, on this east side too. Loudon, on the west side, goes by Muglitz, Hof; making a long deep bend far to westward and hillward of all the Prussian posted corps and precautions, and altogether hidden from them; Loudon aims to be in Troppau neighborhood, "Güntersdorf, near Bautsch," by the proper day, and pay Mosel an unexpected visit in the passage there.

Colonel Mosel, marshalling his endless Trains with every

excellent precaution, and the cleverest dispositions (say the Books), against the known and the unknown, had got upon the road, and creaked forward, many-wheeled, out of Troppau, Monday, 26th June.¹ The roads, worn by the much travelling and wet weather, were utterly bad; the pace was perhaps quicker than usual; the much-jolting Train got greatly into a jumble: — Mosel, to bring up the laggards, made the morrow a rest-day; did get about two-thirds of his laggards marshalled again; ordered the others to return, as impossible. They say, had it not been for this rest-day, which seemed of no consequence, Loudon would not have been at Güntersdorf in time, nor have attempted as he did at Güntersdorf and afterwards. At break of day (Wednesday, 28th), Mosel is again on the road; heavily jumbling forward from his quarters in Bautsch. Few miles on, towards Güntersdorf, he discovers Loudon posted ahead in the defiles. What a sight for Mosel, in his character of Wagoner up with the dawn! But Mosel managed the defiles and Loudon this time; halted his train, dashed up into the woody heights and difficult grounds; stormed Loudon's cannon from him, smote Loudon in a valiant tempestuous manner; and sent him travelling again for the present.

Loudon, I conjecture, would have struggled farther, had not he known that there would be a better chance again not very many miles ahead. Loudon has studied this Convoy; knows of Ziethen coming to it with so many; of Ziskowitz coming to him, Loudon, with so many; that Ziethen cannot send for more (roads being all beset by our industry yesterday), that Ziskowitz can, should it be needful; — and that at Domstädtl there is a defile, or confused woody hollow, of unequalled quality! Mosel jumbles on all day with his Train, none molesting; at night gets to his appointed quarters, Village of Neudorf; ² and there finds Ziethen: a glad meeting, we may fancy, but an anxious one, with Domstädtl ahead on the morrow. Loudon concerts with Ziskowitz this day; calls in all

¹ Tempelhof, ii. 89-94.

² The *l*, or *el*, is a diminutive in these Names: (*Neudorf*) “New-Thorplet,” (*Domstädtl*) “Cathedral-Townlet,” and the like.

reinforcements possible, and takes his measures. Thursday morning, Ziethen finds the Train in such a state, hardly half of it come up, he has to spend the whole day, Mosel and he, in rearranging it: Friday morning, June 30th, they get under way again; — Friday, the catastrophe is waiting them.

The Pass of Domstädtl, lapped in the dim Moravian distance, is not known to me or to my readers; nor indeed could the human pen or intellect, aided by ocular inspection or whatever helps, give the least image of what now took place there, rendering Domstädtl a memorable locality ever since. Understand that Ziethen and Mosel, with their waste slow deluge of wagons, come jumbling in, with anxiety, with precautions, — precautions doubled, now that the woody intricacies about Domstädtl rise in sight. “Pooh, it is as we thought: there go Austrian cannon-salvos, horse-charges, volleying musket-ries, as our first wagons enter the Pass; — and there will be a job!” Indecipherable to mankind far off, or even near. Of which only this feature and that can be laid hold of, as discernible, by the most industrious man. Escort, in three main bodies, vanguard, middle, rear-guard, marches on each side; infantry on the left, cavalry on the right, as the ground is leveller there. Length of the Train in statute miles, as it jumbles along at this point, is not given; but we know it was many miles; that horses and wagoners were in panic hardly restrainable; and we dimly descry, here especially, human drill-sergeantry doing the impossible to keep chaos plugged down. The poor wagoner, cannon playing ahead, whirls homeward with his vehicle, if your eye quit him, — still better, and handier, cuts his traces, mounts in a good moment, and is off at heavy-footed gallop, leaving his wagon. Seldom had human drill-sergeantry such a problem.

The Prussian Vanguard, one Krockow its commander, repulsed that first Austrian attack; swept the Pass clear for some minutes; got their section of the carriages, or some part of it, 250 in all, hurried through; then halted on the safe side, to wait what Ziethen would do with the remainder. Ziethen does his best and bravest, as everybody does; keeps his wagon-chaos plugged down; ranks it in square mass, as a wagon for-

tress (*Wagenburg*); ranks himself and everybody, his cannon, his platoon musketry, to the best advantage round it; furiously shoots out in all manner of ways, against the furious Loudon on this flank, and the furious Ziskowitz on that; takes hills, loses them; repels and is repelled (wagon-chaos ever harder to keep plugged); finally perceives himself to be beaten; that the wagon-chaos has got unplugged (fancy it!) — and that he, Ziethen, must retreat; back foremost if possible. He did retreat, fighting all the way to Troppau; and the Convoy is a ruin and a prey.

Krockow, with the 250, has got under way again; hearing the powder-wagons start into the air (fired by the enemy), and hearing the cannon and musketry take a northerly course, and die away in that ominous direction. These 250 were all the carriages that came in: — happily, by Ziethen's prudence, the money, a large sum, had been lodged in the vanmost of these. The rest of the Convoy, ball, powder, bread, was of little value to Loudon, but beyond value to Friedrich at this moment; and it has gone to annihilation and the belly of Chaos and the Croats. Among the tragic wrecks of this Convoy there is one that still goes to our heart. A longish, almost straight row of young Prussian recruits stretched among the slain, what are these? These were 700 recruits coming up from their cantons to the Wars; hardly yet six months in training: see how they have fought to the death, poor lads, and have honorably, on the sudden, got manumitted from the toils of life. Seven hundred of them stood to arms, this morning; some sixty-five will get back to Troppau; that is the invoice account. They lie there, with their blond young cheeks and light hair; beautiful in death; — could not have done better, though the sacred poet has said nothing of them hitherto, — nor need, till times mend with us and him. Adieu, my noble young Brothers; so brave, so modest, no Spartan nor no Roman more; may the silence be blessed to you!

Contrary to some current notions, it is comfortably evident that there was a considerable fire of loyalty in the Prussians towards their King, during this War; loyalty kept well under cover, not wasting itself in harangues or noisy froth; but

coming out, among all ranks of men, in practical attempts to be of help in this high struggle, which was their own as well as his. The *Stände*, landed Gentry, of Pommern and other places, we heard of their poor little Navy of twelve gunboats, which were all taken by the Swedes. Militia Regiments too, which did good service at Colberg, as may transiently appear by and by : — in the gentry or upper classes, a respectable zeal for their King. Then, among the peasantry or lower class — Here are Seven Hundred who stood well where he planted them. And their Mothers — Be Spartan also, ye Mothers ! In peaceable times, Tempelhof tells us the Prussian Mother is usually proud of having her son in this King's service : a country wife will say to you : "I have three of them, all in the regiment," Billerbeck, Itzenplitz, or whatever be the Canton regiment ; "the eldest is ten inches [stands five feet ten], the second is eleven, the third eight, for indeed he is yet young."

Daun, on the day of this Domstädtl business, and by way of masking it, feeling how vital it was, made various extensive movements, across the River by several Bridges ; then hither, thither, on the farther side of Olmütz, mazing up and down : Friedrich observing him, till he should ripen to something definite, followed his bombarding the while ; perhaps having hopes of wager of battle ensuing. Of the disaster at Domstädtl Friedrich could know nothing, Loudon having closed the roads. Daun by no means ripens into battle : news of the disaster reached Friedrich next day (Saturday, July 1st), — who "immediately assembled his Generals, and spoke a few inspiring words to them," such as we may fancy. Friedrich perceives that Olmütz is over ; that his Third Campaign, third lunge upon the Enemy's heart, has prospered worse, thus far, than either of the others ; that he must straightway end this of Olmütz, without any success whatever, and try the remaining methods and resources. No word of complaint, they say, is heard from Friedrich in such cases ; face always hopeful, tone cheery. A man in Friedrich's position needs a good deal of Stoicism, Greek or other.

That Saturday night the Prussian bombardment is quite uncommonly furious, long continuing; no night yet like it:—the Prussians are shooting off their superfluous ammunition this night; do not quite end till Sunday is in. On Sunday itself, packings, preparatious, all completed; and, “Keith, with above 4,000 wagons, safe on the road since 2 A.M.”—the Prussians softly vanish in long smooth streams, with music playing, unmolested by Daun; and leaving nothing, it is boasted, but five or three mortars, which kept playing to the last, and one cannon, to which something had happened.

Of the retreat there could be much said, instructive to military men who were studious; extremely fine retreat, say all judges;—of which my readers crave only the outlines, the results. Daun, it was thought, should have ruined Friedrich in this retreat; but he did nothing of harm to him. In fact, for a week he could not comprehend the phenomenon at all, and did not stir from his place, — which was on the other, or wrong, side of the River. Daun had never doubted but the retreat would be to Silesia; and he had made his detachments, and laid himself out for doing something upon it, in that direction: but, lo, what roads are these, what motions whitherward? In about a week it becomes manifest that the retreat, which goes on various roads, sometimes three at once, has converged on Leutomischl; straight for Bohemia instead of Silesia; and that Daun is fallen seven days behind it; incapable now to do anything. Not even the Magazine at Leutomischl could be got away, nor could even the whole of it be burnt.

Keith and the baggage once safe in Leutomischl (July 8th), all goes in deliberate long column; Friedrich ahead to open the passages. July 14th, after five more marches, Friedrich bursts up Königsgrätz; scattering any opposition there is; and sits down there, in a position considered, he knows well how inexpugnable; to live on the Country, and survey events. The 4,000 baggage-wagons came in about entire. Fouquet had the first division of them, and a secondary charge of the whole; an extremely strict, almost pedantic man, and of very fiery

temper: "*Hé, d'où venez-vous?*" asked he sharply of Retzow senior, who had broken through his order, one day, to avert great mischief: "How come you here, *Mon Général?*" "By the Highway, your Excellency!" answered Retzow in a grave stiff tone.¹

Keith himself takes the rear-guard, the most ticklish post of all, and manages it well, and with success, as his wont is. Under sickness at the time, but with his usual vigilance, prudence, energy; qualities apt to be successful in War. Some brushes of Croat fighting he had from Loudon; but they did not amount to anything. It was at Holitz, within a march of Königsgrätz, that Loudon made his chief attempt; a vehement, well-intended thing; which looked well at one time. But Keith heard the cannonading ahead; hurried up with new cavalry, new sagacity and fire of energy; dashed out horse-charges, seized hill-tops, of a vital nature; and quickly ended the affair. A man fiery enough, and prompt with his stroke when wanted, though commonly so quiet. "Tell Monsieur," — some General who seemed too stupid or too languid on this occasion, — "Tell Monsieur from me," said Keith to his Aide-de-Camp, "he may be a very pretty thing, but he is not a man (*qu'il peut être une bonne chose, mais qu'il n'est pas un homme*)!"² The excellent vernacular Keith; — still a fine breadth of accent in him, one perceives! He is now past sixty; troubled with asthma; and I doubt not may be, occasionally, thinking it near time to end his campaigns. And in fact, he is about ending them; sooner than he or anybody had expected.

Daun, picking his steps and positions, latterly with three-fold precaution, got into Königsgrätz neighborhood, a week after Friedrich; and looked down with enigmatic wonder upon Friedrich's new settlement there. Forage abundant all round, and the corn-harvest growing white; — here, strange to say, has Friedrich got planted in the *inside* of those innumerable Daun redoubts, and "woods of abatis;" and might make a very

¹ Retzow, i. 302.

² Varnhagen, *Leben des &c. Jakob von Keith*, p. 227.

14th July 3d Aug. 1758.

pretty "Bohemian Campaign" of it, after all, were Daun the only adversary he had! Judges are of opinion, that Daun, with all his superiority of number, could not have disrooted Friedrich this season.¹ Daun did try him by the Pandour methods, "1,000 Croats stealing in upon Königsgrätz at one in the morning," and the like; but these availed nothing. By the one effectual method, that of beating him in battle, Daun never would have tried. What did disroot Friedrich, then? — Take the following dates, and small hints of phenomena in other parts of the big Theatre of War. "Konitz" is a little Polish Town, midway between Dantzic and Friedrich's Dominions: —

"*Konitz, 16th June, 1758.* This day Feldmarschall Fermor arrives in his principal Camp here. For many weeks past he has been dribbling across the Weichsel hitherward, into various small camps, with Cossack Parties flying about, under check of General Platen. But now, being all across, and reunited, Fermor shoots out Cossack Parties of quite other weight and atrocity; and is ready to begin business, — still a little uncertain how. His Cossacks, under their Demikows, Romanzows, capable of no good fighting, but of endless incendiary mischief in the neighborhood; — shoot far ahead into Prussian territory: Platen, Hordt with his Free-Corps, are beautifully sharp upon them; but many beatings avail little. 'They burn the town of Driesen [Hordt having been hard upon them there]; town of Ratzebuhr, and nineteen villages around; ' — burn poor old women and men, one poor old clergyman especially, wind him well in straw-roping, then set fire, and leave him; — and are worse than fiends or hyenas. Not to be checked by Platen's best diligence; not, in the end, by Platen and Dohna together. Dohna (18th June) has risen from Stralsund in check of them, — leaving the unfortunate Swedes to come out [shrunk to about 7,000, so unsalutary their stockfish diet there], — these

¹ Tempelhof, ii. 170–176, 185; — who, unluckily, in soldier fashion, here as too often elsewhere, does not give us the Arithmetical Numbers of each, but counts by "Battalions" and "Squadrons," which, except in time of Peace, are a totally uncertain quantity: — guess vaguely, 75,000 against 30,000.

hyena-Cossacks being the far more pressing thing. Dolna is diligent, gives them many slaps and checks; Dolna cannot cut the tap-root of them in two; that is to say, fight Fermor and beat him: other effectual check there can be none.¹

“*Tschopau* (in Saxony), 21st June. Prince Henri has quitted Bamberg Country; and is home again, carefully posted, at Tschopau and up and down, on the southern side of Saxony; with his eye well on the Passes of the Metal Mountains, — where now, in the turn things at Olmütz have taken, his clear fate is to be invaded, *not* to invade. The Reichs Army, fairly afoot in the Circle of Saatz, counts itself 35,000; add 15,000 Austrians of a solid quality, there is a Reichs Army of 50,000, in all, this Year. And will certainly invade Saxony, — though it is in no hurry; does not stir till August come, and will find Prince Henri elaborately on his guard, and little to be made of him, though he is as one to two.

“*Crefeld* (Rhine Country), 23d June. Duke Ferdinand, after skilful shoving and advancing, some forty or fifty miles, on his new or French side of the Rhine, finds the French drawn up at Crefeld (June 23d); 47,000 of them *versus* 33,000: in altogether intricate ground; canal-ditches, osier-thickets, farm-villages, peat-bogs. Ground defensible against the world, had the 47,000 had a Captain; but reasonably safe to attack, with nothing but a Clermont acting that character. Ferdinand, I can perceive, knew his Clermont; and took liberties with him. Divided himself into three attacks: one in front, one on Clermont’s right flank, both of which cannonaded, as if in earnest, but did not prevent Clermont going to dinner. One attack on front, one on right flank; then there was a third, seemingly on left flank, but which winded itself round (perilously imprudent, had there been a Captain, instead of a Clermont deepish in wine by this time), and burst in upon Clermont’s rear; jingling his wine-glasses and decanters, think at what a rate; — scattering his 47,000 and him to the road again, with a loss of men, which was counted to 4,000 (4,000 against 1,700), and of honor — whatever was still to lose!”²

¹ *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 149 et seq.; Tempelhof, ii. 135 &c.

² *Mauvillon*, i. 297–309; *Westphalen*, i. 588–604; Tempelhof; &c. &c.

Ferdinand, it was hoped, would now be able to maintain himself, and push forward, on this French side of the Rhine : and had Wesel been his (as some of us know it is not !), perhaps he might. At any rate, veteran Belleisle took his measures : — dismissal of Clermont Prince of the Blood, and appointment of Contades, a man of some skill ; recall of Soubise and his 24,000 from their Austrian intentions ; these and other strenuous measures, — and prevented such consummation. A gallant young Comte de Gisors, only son of Belleisle, perished in that disgraceful Crefeld : — unfortunate old man, what a business that of “cutting Germany in four” has been to you, first and last !

“*Louisburg* (North America), *July 8th*. Landing of General Amherst’s people at Louisburg in Cape Breton ; with a view of besieging that important place. Which has now become extremely difficult ; the garrison, and their defences, military, naval, being in full readiness for such an event. Landing was done by Brigadier Wolfe ; under the eye of Amherst and Admiral Boscawen from rearward, and under abundant fire of batteries and musketries playing on it ahead : in one of the surfiest seas (but we have waited four days, and it hardly mends), tossing us about like corks ; — so that ‘many of the boats were broken ;’ and Wolfe and people ‘had to leap out, breast-deep,’ and make fight for themselves, the faster the better, under very intricate circumstances ! Which was victoriously done, by Wolfe and his people ; really in a rather handsome manner, that morning. As were all the subsequent Siege-operations, on land and on water, by them and the others : — till (August 8th) the Siege ended : in complete surrender, — positively for the last time (Pitt fully intends) ; no Austrian Netherlands now to put one on revoking it !¹

“These are pretty victories, cheering to Pitt and Friedrich ; but the difficult point still is that of Fermor. Whose Cossacks, and their devil-like ravagings, are hideous to think of : — unrestrainable by Dohna, unless he could cut the root of them ; which he cannot. *June 27th* [while Colonel Mosel, with his

¹ General Amherst’s *Diary of the Siege* (in *Gentleman’s Magazine*, xxviii 384–389).

3,000 wagons, still only one stage from Troppau, was so busy], slow Fermor rose from Konitz; began hitching southward, southward gradually to Posen, — a considerably stronger Polish Town; on the edge both of Brandenburg and of Silesia; — and has been sitting there, almost ever since our entrance into Bohemia; his Cossacks burning and wasting to great distances in both Countries; no deciding which of them he meant to invade with his main Army. Sits there almost a month, enigmatic to Dohna, enigmatic to Friedrich: till Friedrich decides at last that he cannot be suffered longer, whichever of them he mean; and rises for Silesia (August 2d). Precisely about which day Fermor had decided for Brandenburg, and rolled over thither, towards Cüstrin and the Frankfurt-on-Oder Country, heralded by fire and murder, as usual.”

Friedrich's march to Landshut is, again, much admired. Daun had beset the three great roads, the two likeliest especially, with abundant Pandours, and his best Loudons and St. Ignons: Friedrich, making himself enigmatic to Daun, struck into the third road by Skalitz, Nachod; circuitous, steep, but lying Glatz-ward, handy for support of various kinds. He was attempted, once or more, by Pandours, but used them badly; fell in with Daun's old abatis (well wind-dried now), in different places, and burnt them in passing. And in five days was in Kloster-Grüssau, safe on his own side of the Mountains again. One point only we will note, in these Pandour turmoilings. From Skalitz, the first stage of his march, he answers a Letter of Brother Henri's: —

To Prince Henri (at Tschopau in Saxony). “What you write to me of my Sister of Baireuth [that she has been in extremity, cannot yet write, and must not be told of the Prince of Prussia's death lest it kill her] makes me tremble! Next to our Mother, she is what I have the most tenderly loved in this world. She is a Sister who has my heart and all my confidence; and whose character is of price beyond all the crowns in this universe. From my tenderest years, I was brought up with her: you can conceive how there reigns between us that

indissoluble bond of mutual affection and attachment for life, which in all other cases, were it only from disparity of ages, is impossible. Would to Heaven I might die before her; — and that this terror itself don't take away my life without my actually losing her!"¹. . .

At Grüssau (August 9th) he writes to his dear Wilhelmina herself: "O you, the dearest of my family, you whom I have most at heart of all in this world, — for the sake of whatever is most precious to you, preserve yourself, and let me have at least the consolation of shedding my tears in your bosom! Fear nothing for *us*, and" — O King, she is dying, and I believe knows it, though you will hope to the last! There is something piercingly tragical in those final Letters of Friedrich to his Wilhelmina, written from such scenes of wreck and storm, and in Wilhelmina's beautiful ever-loving quiet Answers, dictated when she could no longer write.²

Friedrich had last left Grüssau April 18th; he has returned to it August 8th: after sixteen weeks of a very eventful absence. In Grüssau he stayed two whole days; — busy enough he, probably, though his people were resting! August 10th, he draws up, for Prince Henri, "under seal of the most absolute secrecy," and with admirable business-like strictness, brevity and clearness, forgetting nothing useful, remembering nothing useless, a Paper of Directions in case of a certain event: "I march to-morrow against the Russians: as the events of War may lead to all sorts of accidents, and it may easily happen to me to be killed, I have thought it my duty to let you know what my plans were," and what you are to do in that event, — "the rather as you are Guardian of our Nephew [late Prince of Prussia's Son] with an unlimited authority."

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 179, "Klenny, near Skalitz, 3d August, 1758;" Henri's Letter is dated "Camp of Tschopau, 28th July" (ib. 277).

² "July 18th" is the last by her hand, and "almost illegible;" — still extant, it seems, though withheld from us. Was received at Grüssau here, and answered at some length (*Œuvres*, xxvii. i. 316), according to the specimen just given. Two more of hers follow, and four of the King's (ib. 317–322). Nearly meaningless, as printed there, without commentary for the unprepared reader.

Oath from all the armies the instant I am killed: rapid, active, as ever; the enemy not to notice that there is any change in the command. I intend to "beat the Russians utterly [*à plate couture*, splay-seam], if it be possible;" then to &c.:—gives you his "itinerary," too, or probable address, till "the 25th" (notably enough); in short, forgets nothing useful, nor remembers anything that is not, in spite of his hurry.¹ For Minister Finck also there went a Paper; seal *not* needing to be opened for the moment.

With Margraf Karl, and Fouquet under him, who are to guard Silesia, he leaves in two Divisions about Half the late Olmütz Army:—added to the other force, this will make about 40,000 for that service.² Keith has the chief command here; but is ordered to Breslau, in the mean time, for a little rest and recovery of health. Friday, 11th August, Friedrich himself, with the other Half, pushes off towards Fermor and the Cossack demons; through Liegnitz, through Hohenfriedberg Country, straight for Frankfurt, with his best speed.

CHAPTER XIII.

BATTLE OF ZORNDORF.

SUNDAY, 20th August, Friedrich, with his small Army, hardly above 15,000 I should guess, arrived at Frankfurt-on-Oder: "his Majesty," it seems, "lodged in the Lebus Suburb, in the house of a Clergyman's Widow; and was observed to go often out of doors, and listen to the cannonading, which was going

¹ "*Disposition Testamentaire*" (so they have labelled it); given in *Œuvres*, iv. (*Appendice*) 261, 262. Friedrich's *Testament* proper is already made, and all in order, years ago ("11th January 1752"): of this there followed Two new Redactions (new *editions* with slight improvements, "7th November, 1768," and "8th January, 1769" the *finally* valid one); and various Supplements, or summary Enforcements (as here), at different times of crisis see *Preuss*, iv. 277, 401, and *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. p. 13 (of Preface), for some condensed account of that matter.

² Stenzel, v. 163.

on at Cüstrin.”¹ From Landshut hither, he has come in nine days; the swiftest marching; a fiery spur of indignation being upon all his men and him, for the last two days fierier than ever, — longing all to have a blow at those incendiary Russian gentlemen. Five days ago, the Russians, attempting blindly on the Garrison of Cüstrin, had burnt, — nothing of the Garrison at all, — but the poor little Town altogether. Which has filled everybody with lamentation and horror. And, listen yonder, they are still busy on the solitary Garrison of Cüstrin; — audible enough to Friedrich from his northern or Lebus Suburb, which lies nearest the place, at a distance of some twenty miles.

Of Fermor’s red-hot savagery on Cüstrin, it is lamentably necessary we should say something: to say much would be a waste of record; as the thing itself was a waste of powder. A thing hideous to think of; without the least profit to Fermor, but with total ruin to all the inhabitants, and to the many strangers who had sought refuge there. One interior circumstance is memorable and lucky to us. Artillery-Captain Tielcke happened to be with these people; had come in the train of “two Saxon Princes, serving as volunteers;” and, with a singular lucidity, and faithful good sense, not scientific alone, he illuminates these black Russian matters for such as have to do with them.

Tielcke’s Book of *Contributions to the Art of War*² is still in repute with Soldiers, especially in the Artillery line; and indeed shows a sound geometrical head, and contains bits of excellent Historical reading interspersed among the scientific parts. This Tielcke, it appears, was a common foot-soldier, one of those Pirna 14,000 made Prussian against their will; but Tielcke had a milkmaid for sweetheart in those regions, who, good soul, gave him her generous farewell, a suit of her clothes, perhaps a pair of her pails; and in that guise he walked out of bondage. Clear away; to Warsaw, to favor with the King and others (being of real merit, an excellent,

¹ Rödenbeck, i. 347.

² *Beyträge zur Kriegs-Kunst und (zur) Geschichte des Krieges von 1756 bis 1763* (six thin vols. 4to, with many Plates); cited above.

studious, modest little man); and here he now reappears, in a higher capacity; as articulate Eye-witness of the Cüstrin Business and the Zorndorf, among much other Russian darkness, which shall remain comfortably blank to us.

Up to Cüstrin, the Journal of the Operations of the Russian Army, which I could give from day to day,¹ is of no interest except to the Nether Powers of this Universe; the Russian-Operations hitherto having consisted in slow marches, sluttish cookeries, cantonings, bivouackings, with destruction of a poor innocent Country, and arson, theft and murder done on the great scale by inhuman vagabonds, Cossacks so called, *not* tempered on this occasion by the mercy of Calmucks. The regular Russian Army, it appears, participates in the common horror of mankind against such a method of making war; but neither Feldmarschall Fermor, nor General Demikof (properly *Thémicoud*, a Swiss, deserving little thanks from us, who has taken in hand to command these Missionaries of the Pit), can help the results above described. Which are justly characterized as abominable, to gods and men; and not fit to be recorded in human Annals; execration, and, if it were possible, oblivion, being the human resource with them. The Russian Officers, it seems, despise this Cossack rabble incredibly; for their fighting qualities withal are close on zero, though their talent for arson and murder is so considerable. And contrariwise, the Cossacks, for their part, have no objection to plunder, or even, if obstreperous, to kill, any regular Officer they may meet unescorted in a good place. Their talent for arson is great. They do uncountable damage to the Army itself; provoking all the Country people to destroy by fire what could be eaten or used, the foraging, food and equipments of horse and man; so that horse and man have to be fed by viatical carted hundreds of miles out of Poland; and the Russian Army stieks, as it were, tethered with a welter of broken porridge-pots and rent meal-bags hung to every foot it has.

¹ “*Tagebuch beyder &c.* (Diary of both Armies from the beginning of the Campaign till Zorndorf”), in Tielcke, ii. 1-75; Tempelhof, ii. 136, 216-224; *Helden-Geschichte*, v.; &c. &c.

East Prussen is quiet from the storms of War; holds its tongue well, and hopes better days: but the Russians themselves are little the better for it, a country so lately burned bare; they are merely flung so many scores of miles forward, farther from home and their real resources, before they can begin work. They have no port on the Baltic: poor block-heads, they are aware how desirable, for instance, Dantzic would be; to help feeding them out of ships; but the Dantzigers won't. Colberg, a poor little place, with only 700 militia people in it, would be of immense service to them as a sea-haven: but even this they have not yet tried to get; and after trying, they will find it a job. "Why not unite with the Swedes and take Stettin (the finest harbor in the Baltic), which would bring Russia, by ships, to your very hand?" This is what Montalembert is urgent upon, year after year, to the point of wearying everybody; but he can get no official soul to pay heed to him, — the difficulties are so considerable. "Swedes, what are they?" say the Russians: "Russians what?" say the Swedes. "Sweden would be so handy for the Artilleries," urges Montalembert; "Russians for the Sol-dieri, or covering and fighting part." — "Can't be done!" Officiality shakes its head: and Montalembert is obliged to be silent.

The Russians have got into the Neumark of Brandenburg, on those bad terms; and are clearly aware that, without some Fortress as a Place of Arms, they are an overgrown Incompetency and Monstrosity in the field of War; doing much destruction, most of which proves *self*-destructive before long. But how help it? If the carrying of meal so far be difficult, what will the carrying of siege-furniture be? A flat impossibility. Fermor, aware of these facts, remembers what happened at Oczakow, — long ago, in our presence, and Keith's and Münnich's, if the reader have not quite forgot. Münnich, on that occasion, took Oczakow without any siege-furniture whatever, by boldly marching up to it; nothing but audacity and good luck on his side. Fermor determines to try Cüstrin in the like way, — if peradventure Prussian soldiery be like Turk? —

Fermor rose from Posen August 2d, almost three weeks ago ; making daily for the Neumark and those unfortunate Oder Countries ; nobody but Dohna to oppose him, — Dohna in the ratio of perhaps one against four. Dohna naturally laid hold of Frankfurt and the Oder Bridge, so that Fermor could not cross there ; whereupon Fermor, as the next best thing, struck northward for the Warta (black Polish stream, last big branch of Oder) ; crossed this, at his ease, by Landsberg Bridge, August 10th ;¹ and after a day or two of readjustment in Landsberg, made for Cüstrin Country (his next head-quarter is at Gross Kamin) ; hoping in some accidental or miraculous way to cross Oder thereabouts, or even get hold of Cüstrin as a Place of Arms. If peradventure he can take Cüstrin without proper siege-artillery, in the Oezakow or Anti-Turk way ? Fermor has been busy upon Cüstrin since August 15th ; — in what fashion we partly heard, and will now, from authentic sources, see a little for ourselves.

The Castle of Cüstrin, built by good Johann of Cüstrin, and “roofed with copper,” in the Reformation times, — we know it from of old, and Friedrich has since had some knowledge of it. Cüstrin itself is a rugged little Town, with some moorland traffic, and is still a place of great military strength, the garrison of those parts. Its rough pavements, its heavy stone battlements and barriers, give it a quarrelled obstinate aspect, — stern enough place of exile for a Crown-Prince fallen into such disfavor with Papa ! A rugged, compact, by no means handsome little Town, at the meeting of the Warta and the Oder ; stands naturally among sedges, willows and drained mire, except that human industry is pleasantly busy upon it, and has long been. So that the neighborhood is populous beyond expectation ; studded with rough cottages in white-wash ; hamlets in a paved condition ; and comfortable signs of labor victoriously wrestling with the wilderness. Cüstrin, an arsenal and garrison, begirt with two rivers, and with awful bulwarks, and bastions eased in stone, — “perhaps too high,” say the learned, — is likely to be impregnable to Russian

¹ Tempelhof, ii. 216.

engineering on those terms. Here, with brevity, is the catastrophe of Cüstrin.

Tuesday, 15th August, 1758. At two in the morning, several thousand Russians, grenadiers, under Quartermaster General Stoffeln, whom the readers of Mannstein know from old Ocza-kow times, are astir; pushing along from Gross Kamin, through the scraggy firwoods, and flat peat countries; intending a stroke on Cüstrin, if perhaps they can get it:¹ — not the slightest chance to get Cüstrin; Prussian soldiery and Turkish being two quite different things! The pickeering and manœuvring of Stoffeln shall not detain us. Stoffeln came along by the Landsberg road (course of the now Königsberg-Cüstrin Railway); and drove in the Prussian out-parties, who at first took him for Cossacks. Stoffeln set himself down on the north side of the place; planted cannon in certain clay-pits thereabouts, and about nine o'clock began firing shells and incendiary grenades at a great rate. Tielcke saw everything, — and had the honor to take luncheon, that evening, with certain chief Officers, sitting on the ground, after all was over, and only a few shots from the Garrison still dropping.²

At the third grenado, which, it seems, fell into a straw magazine, Cüstrin took fire; could not be quenched again, so much dry wood in it, so much disorder too, the very soldiers some of them disorderly (a bad deserter set); so that it soon flamed aloft, — from side to side one sea of flame: and man, woman and child, every soul (except the Garrison, which sat enclosed in strong stone), had to fly across the River, under penalty of death by fire. Of Cüstrin, by five in the evening, there was nothing left but the black ashes; the Garrison standing unharmed, and the Church, School-house and some stone edifices in a charred skeleton condition. “No life was lost, except that of one child in arms.” All Neumark had lodged its valuables in this place of strength; all are fled now in horror and terror across the Oder, by the Bridge, before it also unquenchably takes fire, at the western or non-Russian end of the place. Such a day as was seldom seen in human experience; — ~~For~~ responsible for it, happily not we.

¹ Tempelhof, ii. 217; but Tielcke, ii. 69 et seq., the real source.

² Tielcke, ii. 75 n.

Fermor, in the evening, said to his Artillery People: "Why have you ceased to fire grenadoes?" "Excellency, the Town is out; nothing now but ashes and stone." "Never mind; give them the rest, one every quarter of an hour. We shall not need the grenadoes again. The cannon-balls we shall; them, therefore, do not waste." On the morrow morning, after this performance on the Town, Fermor sends a Trumpeter: "Surrender, or else —!" rather in the tremendous style. "Or else?" answers the Commandant, pointing to the ashes, to the black inconsumable stones; and is deaf to this *ex-post-facto* Trumpeter. The Russians say they sent one yesterday morning, not *ex-post-facto*, but he was killed in the pickeerings, and never heard of again. A mile or so to rear of Cüstrin, on the westward or Berlin side of the River, lies Dohna for the last four days; expecting that the Laws of Nature will hold good, and Cüstrin prove tenable against such sieging. So stands it on Friedrich's arrival.

We left Friedrich in the Lebus Suburb of Frankfurt, Sunday, August 20th, listening to the distant cannonade. Next morning, he is here himself; at Dohna's Camp of Görgast, taking survey of affairs; came early, under rapid small escort, leaving his Army to follow; scorn and contemptuous indignation the humor of him, they say; resolution to be swiftly home upon that surprising Russian armament, and teach it new manners. The black skeleton of Cüstrin stares hideously across the River; "Cüstrin Siege" so called still going on; — had better make despatch now, and take itself away! He greatly despises Russian soldiery: "Pooh, pooh," he would answer, if Keith from experience said, "Your Majesty does not do it justice;" — and Keith has been known to hint, "If the trial ever come, your Majesty will alter that opinion." A day or two hence, amid these hideous Russian fire-traceries, the Hussars bring him a dozen of Cossacks they have made prisoners: Friedrich looks at the dirty green vagabonds; says to one of his Staff: "And this is the kind of Doggery I have to bother with!" — The sight of the poor country-people, and their tears of joy and of sorrow on his reappearance among

them, much affected him. Taking inspection of Dohna, he finds Dohna wonderfully clean, pipe-clayed, complete: "You are very fine indeed, you; — I bring you a set of fellows, rough as *grasteufeln* ["grass-devils," I never know whether insects or birds]; but they can bite," — hope you can!

Tuesday, August 22d, at five in the morning our Army has all arrived, the Frankfurt people just come in; 30,000 of us now in Camp at Görgast. Friedrich orders straightway that a certain Russian Redoubt on the other side of the River, at Schaumburg, a mile or two down stream, be well cannonaded into ruin, — as if he took it for some incipency of a Russian Bridge, or were himself minded to cross here, under cover of Cüstrin. Friedrich's intention very certainly is to cross, — here or not just here; — and that same night, after some hours of rest to the Frankfurt people, — night of Tuesday-Wednesday, Friedrich, having persuaded the Russians that his crossing-place will be their Redoubt at Schaumburg, marches ten or twelve miles down the River, silently his 30,000 and he, till opposite the Village of Güstebiese; rapidly makes his Bridges there, unmolested: Fermor, with his eye on the cannonaded Redoubt only, has expected no such matter; and is much astonished when he hears of it, twenty hours after. Friedrich, across with the vanguard, at an early hour of Wednesday, gets upon the knoll at Güstebiese for a view; and all Güstebiese, hearing of him, hurries out, with low-voiced tremulous blessings, irrepressible tears: "God reward your Majesty, that have come to us!" — and there is a hustling and a struggling, among the women especially, to kiss the skirts of his coat. Poor souls: one could have stood tremendous cheers; but this is a thing I forgive Friedrich for being visibly affected with.

Friedrich leaves his baggage on the other side of the Oder, and the Bridge guarded; our friend Hordt, with his Free-Corps, doing it. Friedrich marches forward some ten miles that night; eastward, straight for Gross Kamin, as if to take the Russians in rear; encamps at a place called Klossow, spreading himself obliquely towards the Mützel (black sluggish tributary of the Oder in those parts), meaning to reach Neu Damm on the Mützel to-morrow, there almost within wind of

the Russians, and be ready for crossing on them. It was at Klossow (23d August, evening), that the Hussars brought in their dozen or two of Cossacks, and he had his first sight of Russian soldiery; by no means a favorable one, "Ugh, only look!" — As we are now approaching Zorndorf, and the monstrous tug of Battle which fell out there, readers will be glad of the following: —

"From Damm on the Mützel, where Friedrich intends crossing it to-morrow night, south to Gross Kamin, not far from the Warta, where Fermor's head-quarter lately was, may be about five miles. From Cüstrin, Kamin lies northeast about eight or ten miles: Zorndorf, the most considerable Village in this tract, lies — little dreaming of the sad glory coming to it — pretty much in the centre between big Warta and smaller Mützel. The Country is by nature a peat wilderness, far and wide; but it has been tamed extensively; grows crops, green pastures; is elsewhere covered with wood (Scotch fir, seraggy in size, but evidently under forest management); perhaps half the country is in Fir tracts, what they call *Heiden* (Heaths); the cultivated spaces lying like light-green islands with black-green channels and expanses of circumambient Fir. The Drewitz Heath, the Massin or Zicher Heath, and others about Zorndorf, will become notable to us. The Country is now much drier than in Friedrich's time; the human spade doing its duty everywhere: so that much of the Battle-ground has become irreognizable, when compared with the old marshy descriptions given of it. Zorndorf, a rough substantial Hamlet, has nothing of boggy now visible near by; lies east to west, a firm broad highway leading through: a sea of forest before it, to south; to north, good dry barley-grounds or rye-grounds, sensibly rising for half a mile, then waving about in various slow slight changes of level towards Quartschen, Zicher, &c.: forming an irregular cleared 'island,' altogether of perhaps four miles by three, with unlimited circumambiencies of wood. It was here, on this island as we call it, that the Battle, which has made Zorndorf famous, was fought.

"Zorndorf (or even the open ground half a mile to north of it, which will be more important to us) is probably not 50 feet

above the level of the Mützel, nor 100 above Warta and Oder, six miles off; but it is the crown of the Country; — the ground dropping therefrom every way, in lazy dull waves or swells; towards Tamsel and Gross Kamin on southeast; towards Birken-Busch, Quartschen, Darmützel¹ on northwest; as well as towards Damm and its Bridge northeast, where Friedrich will soon be, and towards Cüstrin southwest, where he lately was, each a five or six miles from Zorndorf.

“Such is the poor moorland tract of Country; Zorndorf the centre of it, — where the Battle is likely to be: — Zorndorf and environs a bare quasi-island among these woods; extensive bald crown of the landscape, girt with a frizzle of firwoods all round. Boggy pools there are, especially on the western side (all drained in our time). Mützel, or north side, is of course the lowest in level: and accordingly,” what is much to be marked by readers here, “from the south, or Zorndorf side, at wide intervals, there saunter along, in a slow obscure manner, Three miserable continuous Leakages, or oozy Threads of Water, all making for Quartschen, to north or northwest, there to disembogue into the Mützel. Each of these has its little Hollow; of which the westernmost, called Zabern Hollow (*Zaberngrund*), is the most considerable, and the most important to us here: *Galgengrund* (Gallows-Hollow) is also worth naming in this Battle; the third Leakage, though without importance, invites us to name it, *Hosebruch*, quasi *Stocking-quagmire*, — because you can use no stockings there, except with manifest disadvantage.” — Take this other concluding trait: —

. . . “Inexpressible fringe of marsh, two or three miles broad, mostly bottomless, woven with sluggish creeks and stagnant pools, borders the Warta for many miles towards Landsberg; Cüstrin-Landsberg Causeway the alone sure footing in it; after which, the country rises insensibly, but most beneficially, and is mainly drier till you get to the Mützel again, and find the same fringe of mud lace-work again. Zorndorf we called the crown of it. Tamsel, Wilkersdorf, Klein Kamin, Gross Kamin, and other places known to us, lie on the

¹ *Dar* of the Mützel, whatever “*Dar*” may be.

dry turf-fuel country, but looking over close upon the hem of that marsh-fringe, and no doubt getting peats, wild ducks, pike-fishes, cels, and snatches of summer pasture and cow-hay out of it."

Thursday, August 24th, Friedrich is again speeding on; occupying Darmützel and other crossing-places of the Mützel; ¹—by no means himself crossing there; on the contrary, carefully breaking all the Bridges before he go ("No retreat for those Russian vagabonds, only death or surrender for them!")—himself not intending to cross till he be up at Damm, Neu Damm, well eastward of his Russians, and have got them all pinfolded between Mützel and Oder in that way. In the evening, he reaches Damm and the Mill of Damm, some three or four miles higher up the Mützel;—and there pushes partly across at once. That is to say, his vanguard at once, and takes a defensive position; his Artillery and other Divisions by degrees, in the silent night hours; and, before daybreak tomorrow, every soul will be across, and the Bridge broken again;—and Fermor had better have his accounts settled.

Fermor's roving Cossack clouds seldom bring him in intelligence; but only return stained with charcoal grime and red murder: up to late last night, he had not known where Friedrich was at all; had idly thought him busy with the Schaumburg Redoubt, on the other side of Oder, fencing and precautioning: but now (night of the 23d), these Cossacks do come in with news, "Indisputable to our poor minds, the Prussians are at Klossow yonder,—captured a dozen green vagabonds of us, and have sent us galloping!"—which news, with the night closing in on him, was astonishing, thrice and four times important to Fermor.

Instantly he raises the siege of Cüstrin, any siege there was; gets his immense baggage-train shoved off that night to Klein Kamin, Landsberg way; summons the force from Landsberg to join him without loss of a moment;—and in the meanwhile pitches himself in long bivouac in the Drewitz Wood or Fir-Heath, with the quaggy Zabergrund in front. Quaggy

¹ Mitchell to Holderness, "Darmützel, 24th August, 1758" (*Memoirs and Papers*, i. 425; Ib. ii. 40–47, Mitchell's Private Journal).

Zaberngrund, — do readers remember it ; one of those “ Three continuous Leakages,” very important to Fermor and us at present ? This is the safest place Fermor can find for himself ; scraggy firs around, good quagmires and Zabern Hollow in front ; looking to the east, waiting what a new day will bring. That was Fermor’s posture, while Friedrich quitted Klossow in the dawn of the 24th. Be busy, ye Cossack doggeries ; return with news, not with mere grime and marks of blood on your mouths !

Evening of the 24th, Cossacks report that Friedrich has got to Damm Mill ; has hold of the Bridge there ; and may be looked for, sure as the daylight to-morrow. Fermor is 50,000 odd, his Landsberg forces all coming in ; one Detachment out Stettin way, which cannot come in ; Fermor finds that his baggage-train is fairly on the road to Klein Kamin ; — and that he will have to quit this bosky bivouac, and fight for himself in the open ground, or do worse.

*Theseus and the Minotaur over again, — that is to say,
Friedrich at Hand-grips with Fermor and his Russians
(25th August, 1758).*

Artless Fermor draws out to the open ground, north of Zorndorf, south of Quartschen ; arranges himself in huge quadrilateral mass, with his “ staff-baggage ” (lighter baggage) in the centre, and his front, so to speak, everywhere.¹ Mass, say two miles long by one mile broad ; but it is by no means regular, and has many zigzags according to the ground, and narrows and droops southward on the eastern end : one of the most artless arrangements ; but known to Fermor, and the readiest on this pinch of time. Münnich devised this quadrilateral mode ; and found it good against the Turks, and their deluges of raging horse and foot : Fermor could perhaps do better ; but there is such a press of hurry. Fermor’s western flank, or biggest breadth of quadrilateral, leans on that Zabern Hollow, with its fine quagmires ; his eastern,

¹ Excellent Plan of him, or rather Plans, in his successive shapes, in Tielcke, ii. (*Plates 4, 5, 6, 7, 8*).

narrowest part, droops down on certain mud-pools and conveniences towards Zicher. Gallows Hollow, a slighter than the Zabern, runs through the centre of him; and with his best people he fronts towards the Mützel Bridges, especially towards Damm-Mill Bridge whence Friedrich will emerge, sure as the sunrise, one knows not with what issue. Artless Fermor is nothing daunted; nor are his people; but stand patiently under arms, regardless of future and present, to a degree not common in soldiering.

Friday, August 25th, by half-past three in the morning, Friedrich is across the Mützel; self and Infantry by Damm-Mützel Bridge, cavalry by another Bridge (*Kersten-brücke*, means "Christian Bridge," in the dialect of Charlemagne's time, a very old arrangement of Successive Logs up there!) some furlongs higher up. The Bridge at Damm is perhaps some three miles from the nearest Russians about Zicher; but Friedrich has no thought of attacking Fermor there; he has a quite other program laid, and will attack Fermor precisely on the side opposite to there. Friedrich's intention is to sweep quite round this monstrous Russian quadrilateral; to break in upon it on the western flank, and hurl it back upon Mützel and its quagmires. He has broken his two bridges after passing, all bridges are gone there, and the country is bottomless: surrender at discretion if once you are driven thither! And Friedrich's own retreat, if he fail, is short and open to Cüstrin. "Admirable," say the Critics, "and altogether in Friedrich's style!" — Friedrich, adds one Critic, was not aware that the Russian Heavy-Baggage Train, which is their powder-flask and bread-basket and staff of life, lies at Klein Kamin, within few miles on his left just now, Russians themselves on his right; that the Russians could have been abolished from those countries without fighting at all!¹ This is very true. Friedrich's haste is great, his hunter hot; and he has not heard of this Klein-Kamin fact, which in common times he would have done, and of which in a calmer mood he would, with a *fine* scientific gusto, have taken his advantage.

¹ Retzow, i. 305-329.

Friedrich pours incessant southward; cavalry parallel to infantry and a certain distance beyond it, eastward of it; and they have burnt the Bridges; which is a curious fact! Continually southward, as if for Tamsel:—poor old Tamsel, do readers recollect it at all, does Friedrich at all? No pleasant dinner, or lily-and-rose complexions, there for one to-day!—Some distance short of Tamsel, Friedrich, emerging, turns westward;—intending what on earth? thinks Fermor. Friedrich has been mostly hidden by the woods all this while, and enigmatic to Fermor. Fermor does now at last see the color of the facts;—and that one's chief front must change itself to southward, one's best leg and arm be foremost, or towards Zorndorf, not towards the Mützel as hitherto. Fermor stirs up his Quadrilateral, makes the required change, "You, best or northern line, step across, and front southward; across to southward, I say; second-best go northward in their stead:" and so, with some other slight polishings, suggested by the ground and phenomena, we anew await this Prussian Enigma with our best leg foremost. The march or circular sweep of these Prussian lines, from Damm Bridge through the woods and champaign to their appointed place of action, is seven or eight miles; lines when halted in battle-order will be two miles long or more.

Friedrich pours steadily along, horse and foot, by the rear of Wilkersdorf, of Zorndorf, — Russian Minotaur scrutinizing him in that manner with dull bloodshot eyes, uncertain what he will do. It is eight in the morning, hot August; wind a mere lull, but southerly if any. Small Hussar pickets ride to right of the main Army March; to keep the Cossacks in check: who are roving about, all on wing; and pert enough, in spite of the Hussar pickets, Desperado individuals of them gallop up to the Infantry ranks, and fire off their pistols there, — without reply; reply or firing, till the word come, is strictly forbidden. Infantry pours along, like a ploughman drawing his furrow, heedless of the circling crows. Crows or Cossacks, finding they are not regarded, set fire to Zorndorf, and gallop off. Zorndorf goes up readily, mainly wood and straw; rolls in big clouds of smoke far northward in upon the

Russian Minotaur, making him still blinder in the important moments now coming.

Friedrich rides up to view the Zabern Hollow: "Beyond expectation deep; very boggy too, with its foul leakage or brook: no attacking of their western flank through this Zaberngrund;—attack the corner of them, then; here on the southwest!" That is Friedrich's rapid resource. The lines halt, accordingly; make ready. Behind flaming Zorndorf stands his extreme left, which is to make the attack; infantry in front; horse to rear and farther leftwards,—and under the command of Seidlitz in this quarter, which is an important circumstance. Right wing, reaching to behind Wilkersdorf, is to refuse itself; whole force of centre is to push upon that Russian corner, to support the left in doing it;—according to the Leuthen or *Leuctra* principle, once more. May no mistakes occur in executing it this day!—

The first division of the Prussian Infantry, or extreme Left, marches forward by the west end of flaming Zorndorf; next division, which should stand close to right of it, or even behind it, in action, and follow it close into the Russian fire, has to march by the east end of Zorndorf; this is a farther road, owing to the flames; and not a lucky one. Second division could never get into fair contact with that first division again: that was the mistake: and it might have been fatal, but was not, as we shall see. First division has got clear of Zorndorf, in advancing towards its Russian business;—is striding forward, its left flank safe against the Zaberngrund; steadily by fixed stages, against the fated Russian Corner, which is its point of attack. First division, second division, are clear of Zorndorf, though with a wide gap between them; are steadily striding forward towards the Russian Corner. Two strong batteries, wide apart, have planted themselves ahead; and are playing upon the Russian Quadrilateral, their fires crossing at the due Corner yonder, with terrible effect; Russian artillery, which are multitudinous and all gathered down to this southwestern corner, are responding, though with their fire spread, and far less effectual. The Prussian line steps on, extreme left perhaps in too animated a manner; their cannon batteries

enfilade the thick mass of Russians at a frightful rate ("forty-two men of a certain regiment blown away by a single ball," in one instance¹), drive the interior baggage-horses to despair: a very agitated Quadrilateral, under its grim canopy of cannon smoke, and of straw smoke, heaped on it from the Zorndorf side here. Manteuffel, leader of that first or leftmost division, sees the internal simmering; steps forward still more briskly, to firing distance; begins his platoon thunder, with the due steady fury, — had the second division but got up to support Manteuffel! The second division is in fire too; but not close to Manteuffel, where it should be.

Fermor notices the gap, the wavering of Manteuffel unsupported; plunges out in immense torrent, horse and foot, into the gap, into Manteuffel's flank and front; hurls Manteuffel back, who has no support at hand: "*Arah, Arah* (Hurrah, Hurrah)! Victory, Victory!" shout the Russians, plunging wildly forward, sweeping all before them, capturing twenty-six pieces of cannon, for one item. What a moment for Friedrich; looking on it from some knoll somewhere near Zorndorf, I suppose; hastily bidding Seidlitz strike in: "Seidlitz, now!" The hurrahing Russians cannot keep rank at that rate of going, like a buffalo stampede; but fall into heaps and gaps: Seidlitz, with a swiftness, with a dexterity beyond praise, has picked his way across that quaggy Zabern Hollow; falls, with say 5,000 horse, on the flank of this big buffalo stampede; tumbles it into instant ruin; — which proves irretrievable, as the Prussian Infantry come on again, and back Seidlitz.

In fifteen minutes more (I guess it now to be ten o'clock), the Russian Minotaur, this end of it, on to the Gallows Ground, is one wild mass. Seldom was there seen such a charge; issuing in such deluges of wreck, of chaotic flight, or chaotic refusal to fly. The Seidlitz cavalry went sabring till, for very fatigue, they gave it up, and could no more. The Russian horse fled to Kutzdorf, — Fermor with them, who saw no more of this Fight, and did not get back till dark; — had not the Bridges been burnt, and no crossing of the Müztel possible, Fermor never would have come back, and here had been the

¹ Tielcke.

end of Zorndorf. Luekier if it had ! But there is no crossing of the Mützel, there is only drowning in the quagmires there : — death any way ; what can be done but die ?

The Russian infantry stand to be sabred, in the above manner, as if they had been dead oxen. More remote from Seidlitz, they break open the sutlers' brandy-casks, and in few minutes get roaring drunk. Their officers, desperate, split the brandy-casks ; soldiers flap down to drink it from the puddles ; furiously remonstrate with their officers, and " kill a good many of them " (*viele*, says Tielcke), especially the foreign sort. " A frightful blood-bath," by all the Accounts : blood-bath, brandy-bath, and chief Nucleus of Chaos then extant aboveground. Fermor is swept away : this chaos, the very Prussians drawing back from it, wearied with massacring, lasts till about one o'clock. Up to the Gallows-ground the Minotaur is mere wreck and delirium : but beyond the Gallows-ground, the other half forms a new front to itself ; becomes a new Minotaur, though in reduced shape. This is Part First of the Battle of Zorndorf ; Friedrich — on the edge of great disaster at one moment, but miraculously saved — has still the other half to do (unlucky that he left no Bridges on the Mützel), and must again change his program.

Half of the Minotaur is gone to shreds in this manner ; but the attack upon it, too, is spent : what is to be done with the other half of the monster, which is again alive ; which still stands, and polypus-like has arranged a new life for itself, a new front against the Galgengrund yonder ? Friedrich brings his right wing into action. Rapidly arranges right wing, centre, all of the left that is disposable, with batteries, with cavalry ; for an attack on the opposite or southeastern end of his monster. If your monster, polypus-like, come alive again in the tail-part, you must fell that other head of him. Batteries, well in advance, begin work upon the new head of the monster, which was once his tail ; fresh troops, long lines of them, pushing forward to begin platoon-volleying : — time now, I should guess, about half-past two. Our infantry has not yet got within musket-range, — when torrents of Russian Horse,

Foot too following, plunge out; wide-flowing, stormfully swift; and dash against the coming attack. Dash against it; stagger it; actually tumble it back, in the centre part; take one of the batteries, and a whole battalion prisoners. Here again is a moment! Friedrich, they say, rushed personally into this vortex; rallied these broken battalions, again rallied and led them up; but it was to no purpose: they could not be made to stand, these centre battalions; — “some sudden panic in them, a thing unaccountable,” says Tempelhof; “they are Dohna’s people, who fought perfectly at Jägersdorf, and often elsewhere” (they were all in such a finely burnished state the other day; but have not biting talent, like the grass-devils): enough, they fairly scour away, certain disgraceful battalions, and are not got ranked again till below Wilkersdorf, above a mile off; though the grass-devils, on both hands of them, stand grimly steady, left in this ominous manner.

What would have become of the affair one knows not, if it had not been that Seidlitz once more made his appearance. On Friedrich’s order, or on his own, I do not know; but sure it is, Seidlitz, with sixty-one squadrons, arriving from some distance, breaks in like a *Deus ex machinâ*, swift as the storm-wind, upon this Russian Horse-torrent; drives it again before him like a mere torrent of chaff, back, ever back, to the shore of Acheron and the Stygian quagmires (of the Mützel, namely); so that it did not return again; and the Prussian infantry had free field for their platoon exercise. Their rage against the Russians was extreme; and that of the Russians corresponded. Three of these grass-devil battalions, who stood nearest to Dohna’s runaways, were natives of this same burnt-out Zorndorf Country; we may fancy the Platt-Teutsch hearts of them, and the sacred lightning, with a moisture to it, that was in their eyes. Platt-Teutsch platooning, bayonet-charging, — on such terms no Russian or mortal Quadrilateral can stand it. The Russian Minotaur goes all to shreds a second time; but will not run. “No quarter!” — “Well, then, none!”

“Shortly after four o’clock,” say my Accounts, “the firing,” regular firing, “altogether ceased; ammunition nearly spent, on both sides; Prussians snatching cartridge-boxes of Russian

dead ;” and then began a tug of deadly massacring and wrestling man to man, “with bayonets, with butts of muskets, with hands, even with teeth [in some Russian instances], such as was never seen before.” The Russians, beaten to fragments, would not run : whither run ? Behind is Mützel and the bog of Acheron ; — on Mützel is no bridge left ; “the shore of Mützel is thick with men and horses, who have tried to cross, and lie there swallowed in the ooze” — “like a pavement,” says Tieleke. The Russians, — never was such *vis inertiae* as theirs now. They stood like sacks of elay, like oxen already dead ; not even if you shot a bullet through them, would they fall at once, says Archenholtz, but seem to be deliberate about it.

Complete disorder reigned on both sides ; except that the Prussians could always form again when bidden, the Russians not. This lasted till nightfall, — Russians getting themselves shoved away on these horrid terms, and obstinate to take no other. Towards dark, there appeared, on a distant knoll, something like a ranked body of them again, — some 2,000 foot and half as many horse ; whom Thémicoud (superlative Swiss Cossack, usually written Demikof or Demikow) had picked up, and persuaded from the shore of Acheron, back to this knoll of vantage, and some cannon with them. Friedrich orders these to be dispersed again : General Forcade, with two battalions, taking the front of them, shall attack there ; you, General Rauter, bring up those Dohna fellows again, and take them in flank. Forcade pushes on, Rauter too, — but at the first taste of cannon-shot, these poor Dohna-people (such their now flurried, disgraced state of mind) take to flight again, worse than before ; rush quite through Wilkersdorf this time, into the woods, and can hardly be got together at all. Scandalous to think of. No wonder Friedrich “looked always askance on those regiments that had been beaten at Gross Jägersdorf, and to the end of his life gave them proofs of it :”¹ very natural, if the rest were like these !

Of poor General Rauter, Tempelhof and the others, that can

¹ Retzow ; — and still more emphatically, *Briefe eines alten Preussischen Officers* (Hohenzollern, 1790), i. 34, ii. 52, &c.

help it, are politely silent; only Saxon Tielcke tells us, that Friedrich dismissed him, "Go, you, to some other trade!" — which, on Prussian evidence too, expressed in veiled terms, I find to be the fact: *Militair-Lexikon*, obliged to have an article on Rauter, is very brief about it; hints nothing unkind; records his personal intrepidity; and says, "in 1758 he, on his request, had leave to withdraw," — poor soul, leave and more!

Foreade, left to himself, kept cannonading Thémicoud; Thémicoud responding, would not go; stood on his knoll of vantage, but gathered no strength: "Let him stand," said Friedrich, after some time; and Thémicoud melted in the shades of night, gradually towards the hither shore of Acheron. — that is, of Acheron-Mützel, none now attempting to *pave* it farther, but simmering about at their sad leisure there. Feld-marsehall Fermor is now got to his people again, or his people to him; reunited in place and luck: such a chaos as Fermor never saw before or after. No regiment or battalion now is; mere simmering monads, this fine Army; officers doing their utmost to cobble it into something of rank, without regard to regiments or qualities. Darkness seldom sank on such a scene.

Wild Cossack parties are scouring over all parts of the field; robbing the dead, murdering the wounded; doing arson, too, wherever possible; and even snatching at the Prussian cannon left rearwards, so that the Hussars have to go upon them again. One large mass of them plundering in the Hamlet of Zieher, the Hussars surrounded: the Cossacks took to the outhouses; squatted, ran, called in the aid of fire, their constant friend: above 400 of them were in some big barn, or range of straw houses; and set fire to it, — but could not get out for Hussars; the Hussars were at the outgate: Not a devil of you! said the Hussars; and the whole four hundred perished there, choked, burnt, or slain by the Hussars, — and this poor Planet was at length rid of them.¹

Friedrich sends for his tent-equipages; and the Army pitches its camp in two big lines, running north and south,

¹ *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 166.

looking towards the Russian side of things; Friedrich's tent in front of the first line; a warrior King among his people, who have had a day's work of it. The Russian loss turns out, when counted, to have been 21,529 killed, wounded and missing, 7,990 of them killed; the Prussian sum-total is 11,390 (above the Prussian third man), of whom 3,680 slain. And on the shores of Aeheron northward yonder, there still is a simmering. And far and wide the country is alight with incendiary fires, — many devils still abroad. Excelleney Mitchell, about eight in the evening, is sent for by the King; finds various chief Generals, Seidlitz among them, on their various businesses there; congratulates "on the noble victory [not so conclusive hitherto] which Heaven has granted your Majesty." "Had it not been for him," said Friedrich, — "Had it not been for him, things would have had a bad look by this time!" and turned his sun-eyes upon Seidlitz, with a fine expression in them.¹ To which Seidlitz's reply, I find, was an embarrassed blush and of articulate only, "Hm, no, ha, it was your Majesty's Cavalry that did their duty, — but Wakenitz [my second] does deserve promotion!" — which Wakenitz, not in a too overflowing measure, got.

Fermor, during the night-watches, having cobbled himself into some kind of ranks or rows, moves down well westward of Zabern Hollow; to the Drewitz Heath, where he once before lay, and there makes his bivouac in the wood, safe under the fir-trees, with the Zabern ground to front of him. By the above reckoning, 28 or 29,000 still hang to Fermor, or float vaporously round him; with Friedrich, in his two lines, are some 18,000: — in whole, 46,000 tired mortals sleeping thereabouts; near 12,000 others have fallen into a deeper sleep, not liable to be disturbed; — and of the wounded on the field, one shudders to imagine.

Next day, Saturday, 26th, Fermor, again brought into some kind of rank, and safe beyond the quaggy Zabern ground, sent out a proposal, "That there be Truee of Three Days for burying the dead!" — Dohna, who happened to be General in com-

¹ Preuss, ii. 153. Mitchell (ii. 432) mentions the Interview, nothing of Seidlitz.

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mand there, answers, "That it is customary for the Victor to take charge of burying the slain; that such proposal is surprising, and quite inadmissible, in present circumstances." Fermor, in the mean while, had drawn himself out, fronting his late battle-field and the morning sun; and began cannonading across the Zabern ground; too far off for hitting, but as if still intending fight: to which the Prussians replied with cannon, and drew out before their tents in fighting order. In both armies there was question, or talk, of attacking anew; but in both "there was want of ammunition," want of real likelihood. On Fermor's side, that of "attacking" could be talk only, and on Friedrich's, besides the scarcity of ammunition, all creatures, foot and especially horse, were so worn out with yesterday's work, it was not judged practically expedient. A while before noon, the Prussians retired to their Camp again; leaving only the artillery to respond, so far as needful, and bow-wow across the Zabern ground, till the Russians lay down again.

Friedrich's Hussars knew of the Russian *Wagenburg*, or general baggage reservoirs, at Klein Kamin, by this time. The Hussars had been in it, last night; rummaging extensively, at discretion for some time; and had brought away much money and portable plunder. Why Friedrich, who lay direct between Fermor and his *Wagenburg*, did not, this day, extinguish said *Wagenburg*, I do not know; but guess it may have been a fault of omission, in the great welter this was now grown to be to the weary mind. Beyond question, if one had blown up Fermor's remaining gunpowder, and carried off or burnt his meal-sacks, he must have cowered away all the faster towards Landsberg to seek more. Or perhaps Friedrich now judged it immaterial, and a question only of hours?

About midnight of Saturday-Sunday, there again rose bow-wowing, bellowing of Russian cannon; not from beyond the Zabern ground this time, nor stationary anywhere, but from the south some transient part of it, and not far off;—one ball struck a carriage near the King's tent, and shattered it. Thick mist mantles everything, and it is difficult to know what the Russians have on hand in their sylvan seclusions. After a

time, it becomes manifest the Russians are on retreat; winding round, through the southern woods, behind Zorndorf and the charred Villages, to Klein Kamin, Landsberg way. Friedrich, following now on the heel of them, finds all got to Klein Kamin, to breakfast there in their Wagenburg refectory, — sharply vigilant, many *flèches* (little arrow-shaped redoubts, so named) and much artillery round them. Nothing considerable to be done upon them, now or afterwards, except pick up stragglers, and distress their rear a little. The King himself, in the first movement, was thought to be in alarming peril, such a blaze of case-shot rose upon him, as he went reconnoitring foremost of all.¹

And this was, at last, the end of Zorndorf Battle; on the third day this. Was there ever seen such a fight of Theseus and the Minotaur! Theseus, rapid, dexterous, with Heaven's lightning in his eyes, seizing the Minotaur; lassoing him by the hinder foot, then by the right horn; pouring steel and destruction into him, the very dust darkening all the air. Minotaur refusing to die when killed; tumbling to and fro upon its Theseus; the two lugging and tugging, flinging one another about, and describing figures of 8 round each other for three days before it ended. Minotaur walking off on his own feet, after all. It was the bloodiest battle of the Seven-Years War; one of the most furious ever fought; such rage possessing the individual elements; rage unusual in modern wars. Must have altered Friedrich's notion of the Russians, when he next comes to speak with Keith. It was not till the fourth day hence (August 31st), so unattackably strong was this position at Klein Kamin, that the Russian Minotaur would fairly get to its feet a second time, and slowly stagger off, in real earnest, Landsberg way and Königsberg way; — Friedrich right glad to leave Dohna in attendance on it; and hasten off (September 2d) towards Saxony and Prince Henri, where his presence is now become very needful.

¹ Tempelhof, ii. 216-238; Tielcke, ii. 79-154; Archenholtz, i. 253-264; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 156-179 (with many *Lists*, private *Letters* and the like details); &c. &c.

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Fermor, walking off in this manner, — not till the third day, nay not conclusively till the seventh day, after Zorndorf, — strove at first to consider himself victorious. “I passed the night on the field of battle [or *not* far from it, for good reasons, Mützel being bridgeless]: may not I, in the language of enthusiasm, be considered conqueror? Here are 26 of their cannon, got when I cried ‘Arah’ prematurely. (Where the 103 pieces of my own are, and my 27 flags, and my Army-chest and sundries? Dropped somewhere; they will probably turn up again!)” thinks Fermor, — or strives to think, and says. So that, at Petersburg, at Paris and Vienna, in the next three weeks, there were *Te-Deums*, Ambrosian chantings, fires-of-joy; and considerable arguing among the Gazetteers on both parts, — till the dust settled, and facts appeared as they were. To the effect: “*Te Deum* *NON* *laudamus*; alas no, we must retract; and it was good gunpowder thrown after bad!”

On always homewards, but at its own pace, waited on by Dohna, goes the Russian Monster: violently case-shotting if you prick into its rearward parts. One Palmbach, — under Romanzow, I think, who had not taken part in the Battle, being out Stettin way, and unable to join till now, — Palmbach, with a Detachment of 15,000, which was thought sufficient for the object, did try to make a dash on Colberg, — how happy had we any port on the Baltic, to feed us in this Country! But though Colberg is the paltriest crow’s-nest (*bicoque*), according to all engineers, and is defended only by 700 militia (the Colonel of them, one Heyde, a gray old Half-pay, not yet renowned in the soldier world, as he here came to be), Palmbach, with his best diligence, could make nothing of it; but, after battering, bombarding, even scalading, and in all ways blurring and blazing at a mighty rate for four weeks, and wasting a great deal of gunpowder and 2,000 Russian lives, withdrew on those remarkable terms.¹ And did then, as tail of Fermor, what Fermor and the Russian Monster was universally doing, make off at a good pace, — having nothing to live upon

¹ In *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 349-365 (“3d-31st October, 1758”), a complete and minute *Journal* of this First Siege of Colberg, which is interesting to read of, as all the Three of them are.

farther, — and vanish from those Countries, to the relief of Dohna and mankind.

September 2d, Friedrich, leaving all that, had marched for Saxony; his presence urgently required there. Daun ought to be far on with the conquest of that Country? Might have had it, say judges, if he had been as swift as some. — At Zorn-dorf, among the Russian Prisoners were certain Generals, Soltikof, Czernichef, Sulkowski the Pole, proud people in their own eyes: no lodging for them but the cellars of Cüstrin. Russian Generals complained, “Is this a lodging for Field-Officers of rank!” Friedrich was not used to profane swearing, or vituperative outbursts; but he answered to the effect: “Silence, ye incendiary individuals. Is there a choice left of lodgings, and for you above others!” Upon which they lay silent for some days, till better suited; in fact, till exchanged, — and perhaps will soon turn up on us again.



CHAPTER XIV.

BATTLE OF HOCHKIRCH.

So soon as Friedrich quitted Bohemia and Silesia for his Russian Enterprise, there rose high question at Vienna, “To what shall our Daun now turn himself?” A Daun, a Reichs Army, free for new employment; in Saxony not much to oppose them, in Silesia almost nothing in comparison. “Recapture of Silesia?” Yes truly; that is the steady pole-star at Vienna. But they have no Magazines in Silesia, no Siege-furnitures; and the season is far spent. They decide that there shall be a stroke upon Dresden, and recovery of Saxony, in Friedrich’s absence. Nothing there at present but a Prince Henri, weak in numbers, say one to two of the Reichs Army by itself. Let the Reichs Army rise now, and advance through the Metal Mountains from southeast on Prince Henri; let Daun circle round on him, through the Lausitz from northeast;

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cannot they extinguish Henri between them ; snatch Dresden, a weak ill-fortified place, by sudden onslaught, and recapture Saxony ? That will be magnanimous to our august Allies ; — and that will be an excellent scaffolding for recapture of Silesia next year. And cannot Daun leave a Force in the Silesian vicinities, — Deville with so many thousands, Harsch with so many, — to besiege one of their Frontier Places ; Neisse, for example ? Siege-furnitures to come from Mähren : Neisse is not farther from Olmütz than Olmütz was from it.

That was the scheme fallen upon ; now getting executed while Friedrich is at Zorndorf well away. And that, if readers fix it intelligently in their memory, will suffice to introduce to them the few words more that can be allowed us here upon it. A very few words, compressed to the utmost, — merely as preface to Hochkirch, whither we must hasten ; Hochkirch being the one incident which, except to studious soldiers, has now and here any interest, out of the very many incidents which, then and there, were so intensely interesting to all mankind. To readers who are curious, and will take with them any poorest authentic Outline of the Localities concerned, the following condensed Note will not be unintelligible.

*Daun and the Reichs Army invade Saxony, in Friedrich's
Absence.*

“Daun, pushing out with his best speed, along the Bohemian-Silesian border, had got to Zittau *August 17th* ; which poor City is to be his basis and storehouse ; the greatest activity and wagoning now visible there,” — among the burnt walls getting rebuilt. And in the same days, Zweibrück and his Reichs Army are vigorously afoot ; Zweibrück pushing across the Metal Mountains, the fastest he can ; intending to plant himself in Pirna Country. Not to mention General Dombâle, Zweibrück's Austrian Second ; who has the Austrian 15,000 with him ; and, by way of preface, has emerged to westward, in Zwickau-Tschopan Country ; calculating that Prince Henri will not be able to attend to him just now. And in effect Prince Henri, intent upon Zweibrück and the Pirna

Country, takes position in the old Prussian ground there ('head-quarter Gross Seidlitz,' as in 1756); and can only leave a Detachment in Tschopau Country to wait upon Dombâle; who does at least shoot out Croat parties, 'quite across Saxony, to Halle all the way,' and entertain the Gazetteers, if he can do little real mischief.

"August 19th, from Zittau, Daun, after short pause, again pushes forward, — nothing but Ziethen attending him in the distance, till we see whitherward; — Margraf Karl waiting impatient, at Grüssau, till Ziethen sec.¹ Daun, soon after Zittau, shoots out Loudon, Brandenburg way, as if magnanimously intending 'co-operation with the Russians;' which would give Daun pleasure, could it be done without cost. Loudon does despatch a 500 hussars to Frankfurt [Friedrich now gone for Cüstrin], who, I think, carry a Letter for Fermor there; but lose it by the way," — for the benefit of readers, if they will wait. "Loudon captures a poor little place in Brandenburg itself; bullies it into surrender, after a day (the very day of Zorndorf Battle, 'August 25th') : — place called Peitz, garrisoned by forty-five invalids; who go on 'free withdrawal,' poor old souls, and leave their exiguous stock of salt-victual and military furnitures to Loudon.² Upon which Loudon whirls back out of those Countries; finding his skirts trodden on by Ziethen, — who now sees what Daun and he are at; and warns Margraf Karl [properly Keith, who has now joined again, as real president or chief] That *hither* is the way. Margraf Karl, on the slip for some time past, starts from Grüssau instantly (I should guess, not above 25,000 of all arms); leaving Fouquet with perhaps 10,000 to do his utmost, when Generals Harsch and Deville with their 20 or 30,000 come upon Silesia and him, — as indeed they are already doing; already blockading Neisse, more or less, with an eye to besieging it so soon as possible.

"Meanwhile, Serene Highness of Zweibrück, the Reichsfolk and some Austrians with him, prefaced by Dombâle more to westward, is wending into Pirna Country; and, in spite of

¹ Tempelhof, ii. 258, 260 et seq.

² In *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 229-232, the "Capitulation" *in extenso*.

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what Prince Henri can do (Mayor and the Free Corps shining diligent, and Henri one of the watchfullest of men), Zweibrück does get in; sets Maguire with Austrians upon besieging Pirna, that is to say, the Sonnenstein of Pirna; *3d-5th September*, gets the Sonnenstein, a thought sooner than was counted on;¹ and roots himself there, — ‘head-quarters in Struppen’ again, ‘bridge at Ober-Raden’ again, all as in 1756; which, if nothing else can well do it, may give his Highness a momentary interest with some readers here. Prince Henri is at Gross Seidlitz, alive every fibre of him: but with Daun circling round to northward on his left, intending evidently to take him in flank or rear; with Dombâle already to rear, in the above circumstances, on his right; and Zweibrück himself lying here in front free to act, and impregnable if acted upon: what is Prince Henri to do? It is for Henri’s rear, not his flank, that Daun aims: *August 26th*, Daun, who had got to Görlitz, a march or two from Zittau, started again at his best step by the Bautzen Highway towards Meissen Bridge, a 70 or 80 miles down the Elbe: there Daun intends to cross, and to double back upon Dresden and Prince Henri; who will thus find himself enclosed between *three* fires, — if two were not enough, or even if one (the Daun one itself, or the Zweibrück itself, not to count the Dombâle), in such strength as Prince Henri has!

“A lost Prince Henri, — if there be not shift in him, if there be not help coming to him! Prince Henri, seeing how it was, drew back from Gross Seidlitz; with beautiful suddenness, one night; unmolested: in the morning, Zweibrück’s hussars find him posted inexpugnable on the Heights of Gahmig, — which is nearer Dresden a good step; nearer Dombâle; and not so ready to be enclosed by Daun, without enclosure of Dresden too. Prince Henri’s manœuvring, in this difficult situation, is the admiration of military men: how he stuck by Gahmig; but threw out, in the vital points, little camps, — ‘camp of Kesselsdorf’ (a place memorable), on the west of Dresden; and on the east, in the north suburb of Dresden itself

¹ In *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 223-228, account of this poor Siege, and of the movements before and after.

across t'è River (should we have to go across the River for Daun's sake), a 'strong abatis;' and neglected nothing; self and everybody under him, lively as eagles to make themselves dangerous, Mayer in particular distinguishing himself much. Prince Henri would have been a 'hard morsel for Daun. But beyond that, there is help on the road."

Friedrich intervening, Daun draws back; intrenches himself in Neighborhood to Dresden and Pirna; Friedrich following him. Four Armies standing there, in dead-lock, for a month; with Issue, a Flank-march on the Part of Friedrich's Army, — which halts at Hochkirch (September 12th–October 10th, 1758).

Daun, since August 26th, is striding towards Meissen Bridge; without rest, day after day, at the very top of his speed, — which I find is "nine miles a day;"¹ Bos being heavy of foot, at his best. September 1st, Daun has got within ten miles of Meissen Bridge, when — Here is news, my friends; King of Prussia has beaten our poor Russians; will soon be in full march this way! King of Prussia and Margraf Karl both bending hitherward; at the rate, say, of "nineteen miles a day," instead of nine: — Meissen Bridge is not the thing we shall want! Daun instantly calls halt, at this news; waits, intrenches; and, in a day or two, finding the news true, hurries to rearward all he can. From the Russian side too, Daun has heard of Zorndorf, and the grand "Victory" of Fermor there; but knows well, by this sudden re-emergence of the Anti-Fermor, what kind of Victory it is.

Was it here while waiting about Meissen, or where was it, that Daun got his Letter to Fermor answered in that singular way? The Letter of two weeks ago, — carried by Loudon's Hussars, or by whomsoever, — for certain, it was retorted or returned upon Daun; not as if from the Dead-Letter Office, but with an Answer he little expected! Here is what record I have; very vague for a well-known little fact of sparkling nature: —

¹ Tempelhof, ii. 261.

"A curious Letter fell into Friedrich's hands [Bearer, I always guess, the Loudon Hussar-Captain with his 500, pretending to form junction with Fermor], Prussian Hussars picking it up somewhere, — date, place, circumstances, blurred into oblivion in those poor Books; Letter itself indisputable enough, and Answer following on it; Letter and Answer substantially to this effect: —

"*Daun to Fermor* [Probably from Zittau, by Loudon's Hussars].

"Your Excellenz does not know that wily Enemy as I do. By no means get into battle with such a one. Cautiously manœuvre about; detain him there, till I have got my stroke in Saxony done: don't try fighting him. DAUN."

"*Answer as from Fermor* (Zorndorf once done, Daun by the first opportunity got his Answer, duly signed 'Fermor,' but evidently in a certain King's handwriting): —

"Your Excellenz was in the right to warn me against a cunning Enemy, whom you knew better than I. Here have I tried fighting him, and got beaten. Your unfortunate

"FERMOR."¹

September 9th, Friedrich and Margraf Karl, correct to their appointment, meet at Grossenhayn, some miles north of Meissen and its Bridge; by which time Daun is clean gone again, back well above Dresden again, strongly posted at Stolpen (a place we once heard of, in General Haddick's time, last Year), well in contact with Daun's Pirna friends across the River, and out of dangerous neighborhoods. Friedrich and the Margraf have followed Daun at quick step; but Daun would pause nowhere, till he got to Stolpen, among the bushy gulleys and chasms. September 12th, Friedrich had speech of Henri, and the pleasure of dining with him in Dresden. Glad

¹ Müller, *Kurzgefasste Beschreibung der drei Schlesischen Kriege* (Berlin, 1755); in whom, alone of all the reporters, is the story given in an intelligible form. This Müller's Book is a meritoriously brief Summary, incorrect in no essential particular, and with all the Battle-Plans on one copperplate: *Lieutenant Müller*, this one: not *Professor Müller alias Schottmüller* by any means!

to meet again, under fortunate management on both parts; and with much to speak and consult about.

A day or two before, there had lain (or is said to have lain) a grand scheme in Daun: Zweibrück to burst out from Pirna by daybreak, and attack the Camp of Gahmig in front (35,000 against 20,000); Daun to cross the River on pontoons, some hours before, under cloud of night, and be ready on rear and left flank of Gahmig (with as many supplemental thousands as you like): what can save Prince Henri? Beautiful plan; on which there were personal meetings and dinings together by Zweibrück and Daun; but nothing done.¹ At the eleventh hour, say the Austrian accounts, Zweibrück sent word, "Impossible to-morrow; cannot get in my Out-Parties in time!" — and next day, here is Friedrich come, and a collapse of everything. Or perhaps there never seriously was such a plan? Certain it is, Daun takes camp at Stolpen, a place known to him, one of the strongest posts in Germany; intrenches himself to the teeth, — good rear-guard towards Zittau and the Magazines; River and Pirna on our left flank; Loudon strong and busy on our right flank, barring the road to Bautzen; — and obstinately sits there, a very bad tooth in the jaw of a certain King; not to be extracted by the best kinds of forceps and the skilfulest art, for nearly a month to come. Four Armies, Friedrich's, Henri's, Daun's, Zweibrück's, all within sword-stroke of each other, — the universal Gazetteer world is on tiptoe. But except Friedrich's eager shiftings and rubbings upon Stolpen (west side, north, and at length northeast side), all is dead-lock, and nothing comes of it.

Friedrich has his food convenient from Dresden; but a road to Bautzen withal is what he cannot do without; — and there lies the sorrow, and the *aching*, as this tooth knows well, and this jaw well! Harsch and Deville are busy upon Neisse, have Neisse under blockade, perhaps upon Kosel too, for some time past,² and are carting the siege-stock to begin

¹ Tempelhof, ii. 262–265.

² Neisse "blockaded more and more" since August 4th (Kosel still earlier, but only by Pandour people); not completely so till September 30th, or even till October 26th: *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 268–270.

bombardment: a road to Silesia, before very long, Friedrich must and will have. Friedrich's operations on Daun in this post are patiently artful, and curious to look upon, but beyond description here: enough to say, that in the second week he makes his people hut themselves (weather wet and bad); and in the fourth week, finding that nothing contrivable would provoke Daun into fighting, — he loads at Dresden provisions for I think nine days; makes, from two or from three sides, a sudden spurt upon Loudon, who is Daun's northern outpost; brushes Loudon hastily away; and himself takes the road for Bautzen, by Daun's right flank, thrown bare in this manner.¹

Road for Bautzen; which is the road for Zittau withal, for Daun's bread-basket, as well as for Neisse and Harsch! Nine days' provision; that is our small outfit, that and our own right-hands; and the waste world lies all ahead. *October 1st*, Retzow, as vanguard, sweeps out the few Croats from Bautzen, deposits his meal-wagons there; occupies Hochkirch, and the hilly environs to east; is to take possession of Weissenberg especially, and of the Stromberg Hill and other strong points: which Retzow punctually does, forgetting nothing, — except perhaps the Stromberg, not quite remembered in time; a thing of small consequence in Retzow's view, since all else had gone right.

Hearing of which, Daun, with astonishment, finds that he must quit those beautifully chasmy fastnesses of Stolpen, and look to his bread; which is getting to lie under the enemy's feet, if Zittau road be left yonder as it is. *October 5th*, after councils of war and deliberation enough, Daun gets under way;² cautiously, favored by a night very dark and wet, glides through to right of Friedrich's people, softly along between Bautzen and the Pirna Country; nobody molesting him, so dark and wet: and after one other march in those bosky solitudes, sits down at Kittlitz, — ahead or to east of Bautzen, of Hochkirch, of Retzow and all Friedrich's people; — and again sets to palisading and intrenching there. Kittlitz, near Löbau, there is Daun's new head-quarter; Löbau Water, with its intricate hollows, his line of defence: his

¹ Tempelhof, ii. 278.

² Ib. ii. 279.

posts going out a mile to north and to south of Kittlitz. And so sits; once more blocking Zittau road, and quietly waiting what Friedrich will do.

Friedrich is at Bautzen since the 7th; impatient enough to be forward, but must not till a second larger provision-convoy from Dresden come in. Convoy once in, Friedrich hastens off, Tuesday, 10th October, towards Weissenberg Country, where Retzow is; some ten or twelve miles to eastward,—Zittau-ward, if that chance to suit us; Silesia-ward, as is sure to suit. At the “Pass of Jenkowitz,” short way from Bautzen, Pandours attempt our baggage; need to be battered off, and again off: which apprises Friedrich that Daun’s whole Army is ahead in the neighborhood somewhere. Marching on, Friedrich, from the knoll of Hoehkireh, shoulder of the southern Hills, gets complete view of Daun,—stretching north and south, at right angles to the Zittau roads and to Friedrich, in the way we described;—and is a little surprised, and I could guess piqued, at seeing Daun in such a state of forwardness. “Encamp here, then!” he says,—here, on this row of Heights parallel to Daun, within a mile of Daun: just here, I tell you! under the very nose of Daun, who is above two to one of us; and see what Daun will do. Marwitz, his favorite Adjutant, one of those free-spoken Marwitzes, loyal, skilful, but liable to stiff fits, takes the liberty to remonstrate, argue; says at length, He, Marwitz, dare not be concerned in marking out such an encampment; not he, for his poor part! And is put under arrest; and another Adjutant does it; cannon playing on his people and him while engaged in the operation.

Friedrich’s obstinate rashness, this Tuesday Evening, has not wanted its abundant meed of blame,—rendered so emphatic by what befell on Saturday morning next. His somewhat too authoritative fixity; a certain radiancy of self-confidence, dangerous to a man; his sovereign contempt of Daun, as an inert dark mass, who durst undertake nothing: all this is undeniable, and worth our recognition in estimating Friedrich. One considerably extenuating circumstance does at last turn up,—in the shape of a new piece of blame to the erring

Friedrich; his sudden anger, namely, against the meritorious General Retzow; his putting Retzow under arrest that Tuesday Evening: "How, General Retzow? You have *not* taken hold of the Stromberg for me!" That is the secret of Retzow: and on studying the ground you will find that the Stromberg, a blunt tabular Hill, of good height, detached, and towering well up over all that region, might have rendered Friedrich's position perfectly safe. "Seize me the Stromberg to-morrow morning, the first thing!" ordered Friedrich. And a Detachment went accordingly; but found Daun's people already there,—indisposed to go; nay determined not to go, and getting reinforced to unlimited amounts. So that the Stromberg was left standing, and remained Daun's: furnished with plenty of cannon by Daun. Retzow's arrest, Retzow being a steady favorite of Friedrich's, was only of a few hours: "pardonable that oversight," thinks Friedrich, though it came to cost him dear. For the rest, I find, Friedrich's keeping of this Camp, without the Stromberg, was intended to end, the third day hence: "Saturday, 14th, then, since Friday proves impossible!" Friedrich had settled. And it did end Saturday, 14th, though at an earlier *hour*, and with other results than had been expected. Keith said, "The Austrians deserve to be hanged if they don't attack us here." "We must hope they are more afraid of us than even of the gallows," answered Friedrich. A very dangerous Camp; untenable without the Stromberg. Let us try to understand it, and Daun's position to it, in some slight degree.

"Hochkirch (*Highkirk*) is an old Wendish-Saxon Village, standing pleasantly on its Hill-top, conspicuous for miles round on all sides, or on all but the south side, where it abuts upon other Heights, which gradually rise into Hills a good deal higher than it. The Village hangs confusedly, a jumble of cottages and colegarths, on the crown and north slope of the Height; thatched, in part tiled, and built mostly of rough stone blocks, in our time,—not of wood, as probably in Friedrich's. A solid, sluttishly comfortable-looking Village; with pleasant hay-fields, or long narrow hay-stripes (each villager has his stripe), reaching down to the northern levels. The

Church is near the top; Churchyard, and some little space farther, are nearly horizontal ground, till the next Height begins sloping up again towards the woody Hills southward. The view from this little esplanade atop, still better from the Church belfry, is wide and pretty. Free on all sides except the south: pleasant Heights and Hollows, of arable, of wood, or pasture; well watered by rushing Brooks, all making northward, direct for Spree (the Berlin Spree), or else into the Löbau Water, which is the first big branch of Spree.

"The place is still partly of Wendish speech; the Parson has to preach one half of the Sunday in Wend, the other in German. Among the Hills to south," well worth noting at present, "is one called *Czarnabog*, or 'Devil's Hill;' where the Wendish Devil and his Witches (equal to any German on his Blocksberg, or preternatural Brocken of the Harz) hold their annual *Witches'-Sabbath*, — a thing not to be contemplated without a shudder by the Wendish mind. Thereabouts, and close from Hochkirch southward, all is shadowy intricacy of thicket and wild wood. Northward too from Hochkirch, and all about, I perceive the scene was woodier then than now; — and must have looked picturesque enough (had anybody been in quest of that), with the multifarious uniforms, and tented people sprinkled far and wide among the leafy red-and-yellow of October, 1758."¹

In the Village of Wuischke, precisely at the northern base of that shaggy *Czarnabog* or Devil's Hill, stand Loudon and 3,000 Croats and grenadiers, as the extreme left of Daun's position. Wuischke is nearly straight south of Hochkirch, so far westward has Loudon pushed forward with his Croats, hidden among the Hills; though Daun's general position lies a good mile to east of Friedrich's: — irregularly north and south, both Friedrich and Daun; the former ignorant what Croats and Loudonries there may be among those Devil's Hills to his right; the latter not ignorant. Friedrich's right wing, Keith in command of it, stretches to Hochkirch and a little farther: beyond Hochkirch, it has Four flank Battalions in potence form, with proper vedettes and pickets;

¹ Tourist's Note, September, 1858.

and above all, with a strong Battery of Twenty Guns, which maintains on the next Height immediately adjoining Hochkirch, and perceptibly higher than Hochkirch. This is the finish of Keith on his right; and—except those vedette and pickets of Free-corps people, thrown out a little way ahead into the bushes, on that side—Friedrich's right wing knows nothing of the shaggy elevations horrent with wood, which lie to southward; and merely intend to play its Twenty Cannon upon them, should they give birth to anything. This is Friedrich's posture on his right or south wing.

From Hochkirch northward or nearly so, but sprinkled about in all the villages and points of strength, as far up as Drehsa and beyond Drehsa, to near Kotitz, a less important village, Friedrich extends about four miles; centre at Rodewitz, where his own head-quarter is, above two miles north of Hochkirch. Not far from Rodewitz, but a little to left and ahead, stands his second and best Battery, of Thirty Guns; ready to play upon Lauska, a poor village, and its roadway, should the Austrians try anything there, or from their Stromberg post, which is a good mile behind Lauska. His strength, in these lines, some count to be only 28,000, or less. Four or five miles to northeast, in and behind Weissenberg (which we used to know last summer), lies Retzow, with perhaps 10 or 12,000, which will bring him up to 40,000, were they properly joined with him as a left wing. Daun's force counts 90,000; with Friedrich lying under his nose in this insolent manner.

Daun's head-quarter, as we said, is Kittlitz; a Village some two miles short of Löbau, in the direction southeast of Friedrich; perhaps five miles to southeast of Rodewitz, Friedrich's lodging. It is close upon the Bautzen-Zittau Highway; Zittau some twenty miles to south of it, Herrnuth and the pacific Brethren about half-way thither. Kittlitz lies more to south than Hochkirch itself; and Daun's outposts, as we saw, circle quite round among those Devil's Hills, and envelop Friedrich's right flank. But Daun's main force lies chiefly northward, and well to west, of Kittlitz; parallel to Friedrich, and eastward

of him; with elaborate intrenchments; every village, brook, bridge, height and bit of good ground, Stromberg to end with, punctually secured. Obliquely over the Stromberg, holding the Stromberg and certain Villages to southeast and to northwest of it, lies D'Ahrenberg, as right wing: about 20,000 he, put into oblique potence; looking into Kotitz, which is Friedrich's extreme left; and in a good measure dividing Friedrich from the Retzow 10,000. And lastly, as reserve, in front of Reichenbach, eight or nine miles to east of all that, lies the Prince of Baden Durlach, 25,000 or so; barring Retzow on that side, and all attempts on the Silesian Road there. Daun's lines, not counting in the southern outposts or Devil's-Hill parties, are considerably longer than Friedrich's, and also considerably deeper. The two head-quarters are about five miles apart: but the two fronts — divided by a brook and good hollow running here (one of many such, making all for Löbau Water) — are not half a mile apart. Towards Hochkirch and the top of this brook, the opposing posts are quite crammed close on one another; divided only by their hollow. Many brooks, each with a definite hollow, run tinkling about here, swift but straitened to get out; especially Löbau Water, which receives them all, has to take a quite meandering circling course (through Daun's quarters and beyond them) before it can disembogue in Spree, and decidedly set out for Berlin under that new name. The Landscape — seen from Hochkirch Village, still better from the Church-steeple which lifts you high above it, and commands all round except to the south, where Friedrich's battery-height quite shuts you in, and hides even those Devil's Hills beyond — is cheerful and pretty. Village belfries, steeples and towers; airy green ridges of heights, and intricate greener valleys: now rather barer than you like. The Tourist tells me, in Friedrich's time there, must have been a great deal more of wood than now.

What actually befell at Hochkirch (Saturday, 14th October, 1758).

Friedrich, for some time,—probably ever since Wednesday morning, when he found the Stromberg was not to be his,—had decided to be out of this bad post. In which, clearly enough, nothing was to be done, unless Daun would attempt something else than more and more intrenching and palisading himself. Friedrich on the second day (Thursday, 12th) rode across to Weissenberg, to give Retzow his directions, and take view of the ground: “Saturday night, Herr Retzow, sooner it cannot be [Friedrich had aimed at Friday night, but finds the Provision-convoy cannot possibly be up]; Saturday night, in all silence, we sweep round out of this,—we and you;—hurl Baden-Durlach about his business; and are at Schöps and Reichenbach, and the Silesian Highway open, next morning, to us!”¹ Quietly everything is speeding on towards this consummation, on Friedrich’s part. But on Daun’s part there is—started, I should guess, on the very same Thursday—another consummation getting ready, which is to fall out on Saturday *morning*, fifteen hours before that other, and entirely supersede that other!—

Keith’s opinion, that the Austrians deserve to be hanged if they don’t attack us here, is also Loudon’s opinion and Lacy’s, and indeed everybody’s,—and at length Daun’s own; who determines to try something here, if never before or after. His plan, all judges admit, was elaborate and good; and was well executed too,—Daun himself presiding over the most critical part of the execution. A plan to have ruined almost any Army, except this Prussian one and the Captain it chanced to have. A universal camisado, or surprisal of Friedrich in his Camp, before daylight: everybody knows that it took effect (Hochkirch, Saturday, 14th October, 1758, 5 A.M. of a misty morning); nobody expects of an unassisted fellow-creature much light on so doubly dark a thing. But the truth is, there are ample accounts, exact, though very chaotic; and the thing, steadily examined, till its essential features extricate them-

¹ Tempelhof, ii. 320.

selves from the unessential, proves to be not quite so unintelligible, and nothing like so destructive, overwhelming and ruinous as was supposed.

Daun's plan is very elaborate, and includes a great many combinations; all his 90,000 to come into it, simultaneously or in succession. But the first and grandly vital part, main-spring and father to all the rest, is this: That Daun, in person, after nightfall of Friday, shall, with the pick of his force, say 30,000 horse and foot, with all their artificeries and tools, silently quit his now position in front of Hoehkireh, Friedrich's right wing. Shall sweep off, silently to southward and leftward, by Wuischke; thence westward and northward, by the northern base of those Devil Mountains, through the shaggy hollows and thick woods there, hitherto inhabited by Croats only, and unknown to the Prussians: forward, ever forward, through the night-watches that way; till he has fairly got to the flank of Hoehkireh and Friedrich: Daun to be standing there, all round from the southern environs of Hoehkireh, westward through the woods, by Meschwitz, Steindörfel, and even north to Waditz (if readers will consult their Map), silently enclosing Friedrich, as in the bag of a net, in this manner; — ready every man and gun by about four on Saturday morning. Are to wait for the stroke of five in Hoehkireh steeple; and there and then to begin business, — there first; but, on success *there*, the whole 90,000 everywhere, — and to draw the strings on Friedrich, and bag and strangle his astonished people and him.

The difficulty has been to keep it perfectly secret from so vigilant a man as Friedrich: but Daun has completely succeeded. Perhaps Friedrich's eyes have been a little dimmed by contempt of Daun: Daun, for the last two days especially, has been more diligent than ever to palisade himself on every point; nothing, seemingly, on hand but felling woods, building abatis, against some dangerous Lion's-spring. They say also, he detected a traitor in his camp; traitor carrying Letters to Friedrich under pretence of fresh eggs, — one of the eggs blown, and a Note of Daun's Proceedings substituted as yolk. "You are dead, sirrah," said Daun; "hoisted to the highest

gallows: Are not you? But put in a Note of my dictating, and your beggarly life is saved." Retzow Junior, though there is no evidence except of the circumstantial kind, thinks this current story may be true.¹ Certain it is, neither Friedrich nor any of his people had the least suspicion of Dann's project, till the moment it exploded on them, when the clock at Hochkirch struck five. Daun, in the last two days, had been felling even more trees than they are aware of, — thousands of trees in those Devil's wildernesses to Friedrich's right; and has secretly hewn himself roads, passable by night for men and ammunition-wagons there:—and in front of Friedrich, especially Hochkirch way, Daun seems busier than ever felling wood, this Friday night; numbers of people running about with axes, with lanterns over their heads, as if in the push of hurry, and making a great deal of noise. "Intending retreat for Zittau to-morrow!" thinks Friedrich, as the false egg-yolk had taught him; or merely, "That poor precautionary fellow!" supposing the false yolk a myth. In short, Daun has got through his nocturnal wildernesses with perfect success. And stands, dreamt of by no enemy, in the places appointed for his 30,000 and him; and that poor old clock of Hochkirch, unweariedly grunting forward to the stroke of five, will strike up something it is little expecting!—

The Prussians have vedettes, pickets and small outposts of Free-corps people scattered about within their border of that Austrian Wood, the body of which, about Hochkirch as everywhere else, belongs wholly to Croats. Of course there are guard-parties, sentries duly vigilant, in the big Battery to southeast of Hochkirch, — and along southwestward in that *potence*, or fore-arm of Four Battalions, which are stationed there. Four good Battalions looking southward there, with Cavalry to right; Ziethen's Cavalry, — whose horses stand saddled through the night, ready always for the nocturnal "Pandourade," which seldom fails them. There, as elsewhere, are the due vigilances, watchmen, watch-fires. The rest of the Prussian Army is in its blankets, wholly asleep, while Daun stands waiting for the stroke of five.

¹ Retzow, i. 347.

That Daun, bursting in with his chosen 30,000, will trample down the sleeping Prussian *potence* at Hochkirch; capture its big Battery to left, its Village of Hochkirch to rear, and do extensive ruin on the whole right wing of Friedrich; rendering Friedrich everywhere an easy conquest to the rest of Daun's people, who stand, far and wide, duly posted and prepared, waiting only their signal from Hochkirch: much of this, all of it that had regard to Hochkirch Battery and Village, and the Prussians stationed there, Daun did execute. And readers, from the data they have got, must conceive the manner of it, — human description of the next Two Hours, about Hochkirch, in the thick darkness there, and stormful sudden inroad, and stormful resistance made, being manifestly an impossible thing. Nobody was “massacred in his bed,” as the sympathetic gazettcers fancied; nobody was killed, that I hear of, without arms, in his hand: but plenty of people perished fierce of humor, on both sides; and from half-past five till towards eight, there was a general blaze of fiery chaos pushing out ever and anon, swallowed in the belly of Night again, such as was seldom seen in this world. Instead of confused details, and wearisome enumeration of particulars, which nobody would listen to or understand, we will give one intelligent young gentleman's experience, our friend Tempelhof's, who stood in this part of the Prussian Line; experience distinct and indubitable to us; and which was pretty accurately symbolical, I otherwise see, of what befell on all points thereabouts. Faithfully copied, and in the essential parts not even abridged, here it is:—

Tempelhof, at that time a subaltern of artillery, was stationed with a couple of 24-pounders in attendance on the Battalion Plothow, which with three others and some cavalry lay to the south side of Hochkirch, forming a kind of fore-arm or *potence* there to right of the big Battery, with their rear to Hochkirch; and keeping vedettes and Free-corps parties spread out into the woods and Devil's Hills ahead. Tempelhof had risen about three, as usual; had his guns and gunners ready; and was standing by the watch-fire, “expecting

the customary Pandourade," and what form it would take this morning. "Close on five o'clock; and not a mouse stirring! We are not to have our Pandourade, then?" On a sudden, noise bursts out; noise enough, sharp fire among the Free-corps people; fire growing ever sharper, noisier, for the next half-hour, but nothing whatever to be seen. "Battalion Plothow had soon got its clothes on, all to the spatterdashes; and took rank to right and left of the *flèche*, and of my two guns, in front of its post: but on account of the thick fog everything was totally dark. I fired off my cannons [shall we say straight southward?] to learn whether there was anything in front of us. No answer: 'Nothing there — Pshaw, a mere crackery (*Geknacker*) of Pandours and our Free-corps people, after all!' But the noise grew louder, and came ever nearer; I turned my guns towards it [southward, southeastward, or perhaps a gun each way?] — and here we had a salvo in response, from some battalions who seemed to be two hundred yards or so ahead. The Battalion Plothow hereupon gave fire; I too plied my cannons what I could, — and had perhaps delivered fifteen double shots from them, when at once I tumbled to the ground, and lost all consciousness" for some minutes or moments.

Awakening with the blood running down his face, poor Tempelhof concluded it had been a musket-shot in the head; but on getting to his hands and knees, he found the place "full of Austrian grenadiers, who had crept in through our tents to rear; and that it had been a knock with the butt of the musket from one of those fellows, and not a bullet" that had struck him down. Battalion Plothow, assailed on all sides, resisted on all sides; and Tempelhof saw from the ground, — I suppose, by the embers of watch-fires, and by rare flashes of musketry, for they did not fire much, having no room, but smashed and stabbed and cut, — "an infantry fight which in murderous intensity surpasses imagination. I was taken prisoner at this turn; but soon after got delivered by our cavalry again."¹

¹ Tempelhof, ii. 324 n.

This latter circumstance, of being delivered by the Cavalry, I find to be of frequent occurrence in that first act of the business there: the Prussian Battalion, surprised on front and rear, always makes murderous fight for itself: is at last overwhelmed, obliged to retire, perhaps opening its way by bayonet charge; — upon which our Cavalry (Ziethen's, and others that gathered to him) cutting in upon the disordered surprisers, cut them into flight, rescue the prisoners, and for a time reinstate matters. The Prussian battalions do not run (nobody runs); but when repulsed by the endless odds, rally again. The big Battery is not to be had of them without fierce and dogged struggle; and is retaken more than once or twice. Still fiercer, more dogged, was the struggle in Hochkireh Village; especially in Hochkireh Church and Churchyard, — whither the Battalion Margraf-Karl had flung themselves; the poor Village soon taking fire about them. Soon taking fire, and continuing to be a scene of capture and recapture, by the flame-light; while Battalion Margraf-Karl stood with invincible stubbornness, pouring death from it; not to be compelled by the raging tide of Austrian grenadiers; not by "six Austrian battalions," by "eight," or by never so many. Stood at bay there; levelling whole masses of them, — till its cartridges were spent, all to one or two per man; and Major Lange, the heroic Captain of it, said, "We shall have to go, then, my men; let us cut ourselves through!" — and did so, in an honorably invincible manner; some brave remnant actually getting through, with Lange himself wounded to death.

I think it was not till towards six o'clock that the right wing generally became aware what the case was: "More than a Pandourade, yes;" — though what it might be, in the thick fog which had fallen, blotting out all vestiges of daylight, nobody could well say. Rallied Battalions, reinforced by this or the other Battalion hurrying up from leftward, always charge in upon the enemy, in Hochkireh or wherever he is busy; generally push him back into the Night; but are then fallen upon on both flanks by endless new strength, and obliged to draw back in turn. And Ziethen's Horse, in the

mean while, do execution; breaking in on the tumultuous victors; new Cuirassiers, Gens-d'Armes dashing up to help, so soon as saddled, and charging with a will: so that, on the whole, the enemy, variously attempting, could make nothing of us on that western, or rearward side,—thanks mainly to Ziethen and the Horse. “Had we but waited till three or four of our Battalions had got up!” say the Prussian narrators. But it is thick mist; few yards ahead you cannot see at all, unless it be flame; and close at hand, all things and figures waver indistinct,—hairy outlines of blacker shadows on a ground of black.

It must have been while Lange was still fighting, perhaps before Lange took to the Church of Hochkirch, scarcely later than half-past six (but nobody thought of pulling out his watch in such a business!)—about six, or half-past six, when Keith, who has charge of this wing, and lodges somewhere below or north of Hochkirch, came to understand that his big Battery was taken; that here was such a Pandourade as had not been before; and that, of a surety, said Battery must be retaken. Keith springs on horseback; hastily takes “Battalion Kannacker” and several remnants of others; rushes upwards, “leaving Hochkirch a little to right; direct upon the big Battery.” Recaptures the big Battery. But is set upon by overwhelming multitudes, bent to have it back;—is passionate for new assistance in this vital point; but can get none: had been “*disarted* by both his Aide-de-camps,” says poor John Tebay, a wandering English horse-soldier, who attends him as mounted groom; “asked twenty times, and twenty more, ‘Where are my Aide-de-camps!’”¹—but could get no response or reinforcement; and at length, quite surrounded and overwhelmed, had to retire; opening his way by the bayonet; and before long, suddenly stopping short,—

¹ “Captens Cockcey and Goudy” he calls them—(*Cocceji* whose Father the Kanzler we have seen, and *Gaudi* whose self),—who both had, in succession, struck into Hochkirch as the less desperate place, according to Tebay; see *Tebay's Letter* to Mitchell, “Crossen, October 29th” (in *Memoirs and Papers*, ii. 501–505);—which is probably true every word, allowing for Tebay's temper; but is highly indecipherable, though not entirely so after many readings and researchings.

falling dead into Tebay's arms; shot through the heart. Two shots on the right side he had not regarded; but this on the left side was final: Keith's fightings are suddenly all done. Tebay, in distraction, tried much to bring away the body; but could by no present means; distractedly "rid for a coach;" found, on return, that the Austrians had the ground, and the body of his master; Hochkirch, Church and all, now undisputedly theirs.

To appearance, it was this news of Keith's repulse (I know not whether of Keith's *death* as yet) that first roused Friedrich to a full sense of what was now going on, two miles to south of him. Friedrich, according to his habits, must have been awake and afoot when the Business first broke out; though, for some considerable time, treating it as nothing but a common crackery of Pandours. Already, finding the Pandourade louder than usual, he had ordered out to it one battalion and the other that lay handy: but now he pushes forward several battalions under Franz of Brunswick (his youngest Brother-in-law), with Margraf Karl and Prince Moritz: "Swift you, to Hochkirch yonder!"—and himself springs on horseback to deal with the affair. Prince Franz of Brunswick, poor young fellow, cheerily coming on, near Hochkirch had his head shorn off by a cannon-ball. Moritz of Dessau, too, "riding within twenty yards of the Austrians," so dark was it, he so near-sighted, got badly hit,—and soon after, driving to Bautzen for surgery, was made prisoner by Pandours;¹ never fought again, "died next year of cancer in the lip." Nothing but triumphant Austrian shot and cannon-shot going yonder; these battalions too have to fall back with sore loss.

Friedrich himself, by this time, is forward in the thick of the tumult, with another body of battalions; storming furiously along, has his horse shot under him; storms through, "successfully, by the other side of Hochkirch" (Hochkirch to his left):—but finds, as the mist gradually sinks, a ring of Austrians massed ahead, on the Heights; as far as Steindörfel

¹ In *Archenholtz* (i. 289, 290) his dangerous adventures on the road to Bautzen, in this wounded condition.

and farther, a general continent of Austrians enclosing all the south and southwest; and, in fact, that here is now nothing to be done. That the question of his flank is settled; that the question now is of his front, which the appointed Austrian parties are now upon attacking. Question especially of the Heights of Drehsa, and of the Pass and Brook of Drehsa (rearward of his centre part), where his one retreat will lie, Steindörfel being now lost. Part first of the Affair is ended; Part second of it begins.

Rapidly enough Friedrich takes his new measures. Seizes Drehsa Height, which will now be key of the field; despatches Möllendorf thither (Möllendorf our courageous Leuthen friend); who vigorously bestirs himself; gets hold of Drehsa Height before the enemy can; Ziethen co-operating on the Heights of Kumschütz, Canitz and other points of vantage. And thus, in effect, Friedrich pulls up his torn right skirt (as he is doing all his other skirts) into new compact front against the Austrians: so that, in that southwestern part especially, the Austrians do not try it farther; but “retire at full gallop,” on sight of this swift seizure of the Keys by Möllendorf and Ziethen. Friedrich also despatches instant order to Retzow, to join him at his speediest. Friedrich everywhere rearranges himself, hither, thither, with skilful rapidity, in new Line of Battle; still hopeful to dispute what is left of the field;—longing much that Retzow could come on wings.

By this time (towards eight, if I might guess) Day has got the upper hand; the Daun Austrians stand visible on their Ring of Heights all round, behind Hochkirch and our late Battery, on to westward and northward, as far as Steindörfel and Waditz;—extremely busy rearranging themselves into something of line; there being much confusion, much simmering about in clumps and gaps, after such a tussle. In front of us, to eastward, the appointed Austrian parties are proceeding to attack: but in daylight, and with our eyes open, it is a thing of difficulty, and does not prosper as Hochkirch did. Duke D’Ahremberg, on their extreme right, had in

charge to burst in upon our left, so soon as he saw Hochkirch done: D'Ahremberg does try; as do others in their places, near Daun; but with comparatively little success. D'Ahremberg, meeting something of check or hindrance where he tried, pauses, for a good while, till he see how others prosper. Their grand chance is their superiority of number; and the fact that Friedrich can try nothing upon *them*, but must stand painfully on the defensive till Retzow come. To Friedrich, Retzow seems hugely slow about it. But the truth is, Baden-Durlach, with his 20,000 of Reserve, has, as per order, made attack on Retzow, 20,000 against 12: one of the feeblest attacks conceivable; but sufficient to detain Retzow till he get it repulsed. Retzow is diligent as Time, and will be here.

Meanwhile, the Austrians on front do, in a sporadic way, attack and again attack our batteries and posts; especially that big Battery of Thirty Guns, which we have to north of Rodewitz. The Austrians do take that Battery at last; and are beginning again to be dangerous, — the rather as D'Ahremberg seems again to be thinking of business. It is high time Retzow were here! Few sights could be gladder to Friedrich, than the first glitter of Retzow's vanguard, — horse, under Prince Eugen of Würtemberg, — beautifully wending down from Weissenberg yonder; skilfully posting themselves, at Belgern and elsewhere, as thorns in the sides of D'Ahremberg (sharp enough, on trial by D'Ahremberg). Followed, before long, by Retzow himself; serenely crossing Löbau Water; and, with great celerity, and the best of skill, likewise posting himself, — hopelessly to D'Ahremberg, who tries nothing farther. The sun is now shining; it is now ten of the day. Had Retzow come an hour sooner; — before we lost that big Battery and other things! But he could come no sooner; be thankful he is here at last, in such an over-awing manner.

Friedrich, judging that nothing now can be made of the affair, orders retreat. Retreat, which had been getting schemed, I suppose, and planned in the gloom of the royal mind, ever since loss of that big Battery at Rodewitz. Little

to occupy him, in this interim; except indignant waiting, rigorously steady, and some languid interchange of cannon-shot between the parties. Retreat is to Klein-Bautzen neighborhood (new head-quarter Doberschütz, outposts Kreckwitz and Purschwitz); four miles or so to northwest. Rather a shifting of your ground, which astonishes the military reader ever since, than a retreating such as the common run of us expected. Done in the usual masterly manner; part after part wending off, Retzow standing minatory here, Möllendorf minatory there, in the softest quasi-rhythmic sequence; Cavalry all drawn out between Belgern and Kreckwitz, baggage-wagons filing through the Pass of Drehsa; — not an Austrian meddling with it, less or more; Daun and his Austrians standing in their ring of five miles, gazing into it like stone statues; their regiments being still in a confused state, — and their Daun an extremely slow gentleman.¹

And in this manner Friedrich, like a careless swimmer caught in the Mahlstrom, has not got swallowed in it; but has made such a buffeting of it, he is here out of it again, without bone broken, — not, we hope, without instruction from the adventure. He has lost 101 pieces of cannon, most of his tents and camp-furniture; and, what is more irreparable, above 8,000 of his brave people, 5,381 of them and 119 Officers (Keith and Moritz for two) either dead or captive. In men the Austrian loss, it seems, is not much lower, some say is rather a shade higher; by their own account, 325 Officers, 5,614 rank and file, killed and wounded, — not reckoning 1,000 prisoners they lost to us, and “at least 2,000” who took that chance of deserting in the intricate dark woods.²

Friedrich, all say, took his punishment in a wonderfully cheerful manner. De Catt the Reader, entering to him that evening as usual, the King advanced, in a tragic declamatory attitude; and gave him, with proper voice and gesture, an appropriate passage of Racine: —

¹ Tempelhof, ii. 319–336; Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 432–453; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 241–257; Archenholtz, &c. &c.

² Tempeihof, ii. 336; but see Kausler, p. 576.

“ *Enfin après un an, tu me revois, Arbate,
Non plus comme autrefois cet heureux Mithridate,
Qui, de Rome toujours balançant le destin,
Tenait entre elle et moi l'univers incertain.
Je suis vaincu ; Pompée a saisi l'avantage
D'une nuit qui laissait peu de place au courage ;
Mes soldats presque nus, dans* ” — . . .

Not a little to De Catt's comfort.¹ During the retreat itself, Retzow Junior had come, as Papa's Aide-de-Camp, with a message to the King ; found him on the heights of Klein Bautzen, watching the movements. Message done with, the King said, in a smiling tone, “Daun has played me a slippery trick to-day !” “I have seen it,” answered Retzow ; “but it is only a scratch, which your Majesty will soon manage to heal again.” — “*Glaubt Er dies*, Do you think so ?” “Not only I, but the whole Army firmly believe it of your Majesty.” — “You are quite right,” added the King, in a confidentially candid way : “We will manage Daun. What I lament is, the number of brave men that have died this morning.”² On the morrow, he was heard to say publicly : “Daun has let us out of check-mate ; the game is not lost yet. We will rest ourselves here, a few days ; then go for Silesia, and deliver Neisse.” The Anecdote-Books (perhaps not mythically) add this : “Where are all your guns, though ?” said the King to an Artilleryman, standing vacant on parade, next day. “*Ihro Majestät*, the Devil stole them all, last night !” — “Hm, well, we must have them back from him.”³

Nothing immoderately depressive in Hochkirch, it appears ; — though, alas, on the fourth day after, there came a message from Baireuth ; which did strike one down : “My noble Wilhelmina dead ; died in the very hours while we were fighting here !”⁴ Readers must conceive it : coming unexpected more or less, black as sudden universal hurricane, on the heart of the

¹ Rödénbeck, i. 354.

² Retzow, i. 359 n.

³ Archenholtz, i. 299.

⁴ On a common Business-Letter to Prince Henri, “Doberschütz, 18th October, 1758,” is this sudden bit of Autograph : “*Grand Dieu, ma Sœur de Bareith !*” — (Schöning, *Der siebenjährige Krieg, nach der Original-Correspondenz &c. aus den Staats-Archiven* : Potsdam, 1851 : i. 287.)

man ; a sorrow sacred, yet immeasurable, irremediable to him ; as if the sky too were falling on his head, in aid of the mean earth and its ravings : — of all this there can nothing be said at present. Friedrich's one relief seems to have been the necessity laid on him of perpetual battling with outward business ; — we may fancy, in the rapid weeks following, how much was lying at all times in the background of his mind suppressed into its caves.

Daun, it appears, was considerably elated ; spent a great deal of his time, so precious just at present, in writing despatches, in congratulating and being congratulated ; — did an elaborate *Te-Deum*, or Ambrosian Song, in Artillery and *vox humana*, — which with the adjuncts, say splenetic people, as at Kolin, sensibly assisted Friedrich's affairs. Daun was by no means of braggart turn ; but the recognition of his matchless achievement by the gazetteer public, whether in exultation or in lamentation, was loud and universal ; and the joy, in Vienna and the cognate quarters, knew no bounds for the time being. Thus, among other tokens, the Holiness of our Lord the Pope, blessing Heaven for such success against the Heretic, was pleased to send him “ a Consecrated Hat and Sword,” — such as the old Popes were wont, very long ago, to bestow on distinguished Champions against the Heathen, — (much jeered at, and crowed over, by a profane Friedrich¹) : “ the effect of which miraculous furnishings,” says Tempelhof, “ turned out to be that the Feldmarschall never gained any success more ; ” in fact, except that small thing on Finck next Year, never any, as it chanced. Daun had withdrawn to his old Camp, on the day of Hochkirch ; leaving only a detachment on the field there : it was not for six or seven days more that he stepped out to the Kreckwitz and Purschwitz neighborhood ; more within sight of his vanquished enemy, — but nothing like vigilant enough of what might still be in him, after such vanquishing ! — We must spare this Note, for the sake of a heroic kind of man, who had not too much of reward in the world : —

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xv. 122, 124, 126, &c. &c. : in *Preuss*, ii. 196, complete List of these poor Pieces ; which are hearty, not hypocritical, in their contemptuous hilarity, but have little other merit.

“Tebay could not recover Keith’s body: Croats had the plundering of Keith; other Austrians, not of Croat kind, carried the dead General into Hochkirch Church: Lacy’s emotion on recognizing him there, — like a tragic gleam of his own youth suddenly brought back to him, as in starlight, piercing and sad, from twenty years distance, — is well known in Books. On the morrow, Sunday, October 15th, Keith had honorable soldier’s-burial there, — ‘twelve cannon’ salvoing thrice, and ‘the whole Corps of Colloredo’ with their muskets thrice; Lacy as chief mourner, not without tears. Four months after, by royal order, Keith’s body was conveyed to Berlin; reinterred in Berlin, in a still more solemn public manner, with all the honors, all the regrets; and Keith sleeps now in the Garnison-Kirche: — far from bonnie Inverugie; the hoarse sea-winds and caverns of Dunottar singing vague requiem to his honorable line and him, in the imaginations of some few. ‘My Brother leaves me a noble legacy,’ said the old Lord Marischal: ‘last year he had Bohemia under ransom; and his personal estate is 70 ducats’ (about £25).¹

“In Hochkirch Church there is still, not in the Churchyard as formerly, a fine, modestly impressive Monument to Keith; modest Urn of black marble on a Pedestal of gray, — and, in gold letters, an Inscription not easily surpassable in the lapidary way: . . . ‘DUM IN PRÆLIO NON PROCUL HINC INCLINATAM SUORUM ACIEM MENTE MANU VOCE ET EXEMPLO RESTITUEBAT PUGNANS UT HEROAS DECET OCCUBUIT. D. XIV. OCTOBRIIS’ These words go through you like the elang of steel.² Friedrich’s sorrow over him (‘tears,’ high eulogies, ‘*loua extrêmement*’) is itself a monument. Twenty years after, Keith had from his Master a Statue, in Berlin. One of Four; to the Four most deserving: Schwerin (1771), Win

¹ Varnhagen, p. 261.

² In *Rödenbeck*, i. 149. Given also (very nearly correct) in *Correspondence of Sir Robert Murray Keith* (London, 1849), i. 151. This is the junior of the two Diplomatic Roberts, genealogical cousins of Keith; by this one (in 1771, not 1776 as German Guide-books have it) the Hochkirch Monument was set up. A very interesting Collection of *Letters* those of his; — edited with the usual darkness, or rather more.

terfeld (1777), Seidlitz (1778), Keith (when ?),¹ — which still stand in the Wilhelm Platz there.

“Hochkirch Church has been rebuilt in late years: a spacious airy Church, with galleries, and requisites, especially with free air, light and cleanliness. Capable perhaps of 1,500 sitters: half of them Wends. ‘Above 700 skeletons, in one heap, were dug out, in cutting the new foundations.’ The strong outer Door of the old Church, red oak, I should think, is still retained in that capacity; still shows perhaps half a dozen rough big quasi *keyholes*, torn through it in different parts, and daylight shining in, where the old bullets passed. The Keith Monument, perhaps four feet high, is on the flagged floor, left side of the pulpit, close by the wall, — ‘the bench where Keith’s body lay has had to be cased in new plank [zinc would be better] against the knives of tourists.’”

Old Lord Marischal — George, “*Maréchal d’Ecosse*” as he always signs himself — was by this time seventy-two; King’s Governor of Neufchâtel, for a good while past and to come (1754–1763). In “James,” the junior, but much the stronger and more solid, he has lost, as it were, a *father* and younger brother at once; father, under beautiful conditions; and the tears of the old man are natural and affecting. Ten years older than his Brother; and survived him still twenty years. An excellent cheery old soul, he too; honest as the sunlight, with a fine small vein of gayety, and “pleasant wit,” in him: what a treasure to Friedrich at Potsdam, in the coming years; and how much loved by him (almost as one *boy* loves another), all readers would be surprised to discover. Some hints of him will perhaps be allowed us farther on.

Sequel of Hochkirch; the Campaign ends in a Way surprising to an attentive Public (22d October–20th November, 1758).

There followed upon Hochkirch five weeks of rapid events; such as nobody had been calculating on. To the reader, so weary of marchings, manœuvrings, surprisals, campings and

¹ Nicolai (*Beschreibung der Residenzstädte*, i. 193, 194) gives these dates for the Three, and for Keith’s no date.

details of war, not many words, we hope, may render these results conceivable.

Friedrich stayed ten days, refitting himself, in that Camp of Klein-Bautzen, on one of the branches of the Spree. Daun, who had retired to his old strong place, on the 14th, scarcely occupying Hochkirch Field at all, came out in about a week ; and took a strong post near Friedrich ; not attempting anything upon him, but watching him, now better within sight. Friedrich's fixed intention is, to march to Neisse all the same ; what probably Daun, under the shadow of his laurels and his new Papal Hat, may not have considered possible, with the road to Neisse blocked by 80,000 men. Friedrich has refitted himself with the requisite new cannon and furnitures, from Dresden ; especially with Prince Henri and 6,000 foot and horse, — led by Prince Henri in person ; so Prince Henri would have it, the capricious little man ; and that Finck should be left in Saxony instead of him. All which weakens Saxony not a little. But Friedrich hopes the Reichs Army is a feeble article ; ill off for provision in those parts, and not likely to attempt very much on the sudden. Accordingly : —

Friedrich marches, enigmatically, not on Glogau, but on Reichenbach and Görlitz ; to Daun's Astonishment.

Sunday Evening, October 22d, Convoy of many wagons quit Bautzen (Bautzen Proper, not the Village, but the Town), laden with all the wounded of Hochkirch ; above 3,000 by count, to carry them to Dresden for deliberate surgery. Keith's Tebay, I perceive, is in this Convoy ; not ill hurt, but willing to lie in Hospital a little, and consider. These poor fellows cannot get to Dresden : on the second day, a Daun Detachment, hussaring about in those parts, is announced ahead ; and (by new order from head-quarters) the Convoy turns northwards for Hoyerswerda, — (to Tebay's disgust with the Commandant ; “ shied off,” says Tebay, “ for twelve hussars ! ”¹) — and, I think, in the end, went on to Glogau instead of Dresden. Which was very fortunate for Tebay and the others. The poor wounded being thus disposed of, Friedrich next

¹ Second Letter from Tebay, in Mitchell, *ubi supra*.

22d Oct.-9th Nov. 1758.

night, at 10 o'clock, Monday, 23d, in the softest manner, pushes off his Bakery and Army Stores a little way, northward down the Spree Valley, on the western fork of the Spree (fork farthest from Daun); follows, himself, with the rest of the Army, next evening, down the eastern fork, also northward. "Going for Glogau," thinks Daun, when the hussars report about it (late on Tuesday night): "Let him go, if he fancy that a road *to* Neisse! But, indeed, what other shift has he," considers Daun, "but to try rallying at Glogau yonder, safe under the guns?" — and is not in the slightest haste about this new matter.¹

United with his baggage-column, Friedrich proceeds north-eastward; crosses Spree still northward or northeastward; encamps there, in the dark hours of Tuesday; no Daun heeding him. Before daylight, however, Friedrich is again on foot; in several columns now, for the bad country-roads ahead; — and has struck straight *southeastward*, if Daun were noting him. And, in the afternoon of Wednesday, Daun is astonished to learn that this wily Enemy is arrived in Reichenbach vicinity; sweeping in our poor posts thereabouts; immovably astride of the Silesian Highway, after all! An astonished Daun hastens out, what he can, to take survey of the sudden Phenomenon. Tries it, next day and next, with his best Loudons and appliances; finds that this Phenomenon can actually march to Neisse ahead of him, indifferent to Pandours, or giving them as good as they bring; — and that nothing but a battle and beating (could we rashly dream of such a thing, which we cannot) will prevent it. "Very well, then!" Daun strives to say. And lets the Phenomenon march (*from Görnitz, October 30th*); Loudon harassing the rear of it, for some days; not without counter harassment, much waste of cannon-ading, and ruin to several poor Lausitz Villages by fire, — "Prussians scandalously burn them, when we attack!" says Loudon. Till, at last, finding this march impregnably arranged, "split into two routes," and ready for all chances, Loudon also withdraws to more promising business. Poor General Retzow Senior was of this march; absolutely could not be excused,

¹ Tempelhof, ii. 341-347.

though fallen ill of dysentery, like to die;—and did die, the day after he got to Schweidnitz, when the difficulties and excitement were over.¹

Of Friedrich's march, onward from Görlitz, we shall say nothing farther, except that the very wind of it was salvatory to his Silesian Fortresses and interests. That at Neisse, on and after November 1st, — which is the third or second day of Friedrich's march, — General Treskow, Commandant of Neisse, found the bombardment slacken more and more ("King of Prussia coming," said the Austrian deserters to us); and that, on November 6th, Treskow, looking out from Neisse, found the Austrian trenches empty, Generals Harsch and Deville hurrying over the Hills homewards, — pickings to be had of them by Treskow, — and Neisse Siege a thing finished.² It had lasted, in the way of blockade and half-blockade, for about three months; Deville, for near one month, half-blockading, then Harsch (since September 30th) wholly blockading, with Deville under him, and an army of 20,000; though the actual cannonade, very fierce, but of no effect, could not begin till little more than a week ago, — so difficult the getting up of siege-material in those parts. Kosel, under Commandant Lattorf, whose praises, like Treskow's, were great, — had stood four months of Pandour blockading and assaulting, which also had to take itself away on advent of Friedrich. Of Friedrich, on his return-journey, we shall hear again before long; but in the mean while must industriously follow Daun.

Feldmarschall Daun and the Reichs Army try some Siege of Dresden (9th–16th November).

October 30th, Daun, seeing Neisse Siege as good as gone to water, decided with himself that he could still do a far more important stroke: capture Dresden, get hold of Saxony in

¹ Retzow, i. 372.

² *Tagebuch*, &c. ("Diary of the Siege of Neisse," 4th August, 26th October, 6th November, 1758, "1 A.M. suddenly"), in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 468–472: of Treskow's own writing; brief and clear. *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 268–270.

Friedrich's absence. Daun turned round from Reichenbach, accordingly; and, at his slow-footed pace, addressed himself to that new errand. Had he made better despatch, or even been in better luck, it is very possible he might have done something there. In Dresden, and in Governor Schmettau with his small garrison, there is no strength for a siege; in Saxony is nothing but some poor remnant under Finck, much of it Free-corps and light people: capable of being swallowed by the Reichs Army itself, — were the Reichs Army enterprising, or in good circumstances otherwise. It is true the Russians have quitted Colberg as impossible; and are flowing homewards dragged by hunger: the little Dohna Army will, therefore, march for Saxony; the little Anti-Swedish Army, under Wedell, has likewise been mostly ordered thither; both at their quickest. For Daun, all turns on despatch; loiter a little, and Friedrich himself will be here again!

Daun, I have no doubt, stirred his slow feet the fastest he could. *November 7th*, Daun was in the neighborhood of Pirna Country again, had his Bridge at Pirna, for communication; urged the Reichs Army to bestir itself, Now or never. Reichs Army did push out a little against Finck; made him leave that perpetual Camp of Gahmig, take new camps, Kesselsdorf and elsewhere; and at length made him shoot across Elbe, to the northwest, on a pontoon bridge below Dresden, with retreating room to northward, and shelter under the guns of that City. Reichs Army has likewise made powerful detachments for capture of Leipzig and the northwestern towns; capture of Torgau, the Magazine town, first of all: summon them, with force evidently overpowering, "Free withdrawal, if you don't resist; and if you do —!" At Torgau there was actual attempt made (*November 12th*), rather elaborate and dangerous looking; under Haddick, with near 10,000 of the "Austrian-auxiliary" sort: to whom the old Commandant — judging Wedell, the late Anti-Swedish Wedell, to be now near — rushed out with "300 men and one big gun;" and made such a firing and gesticulation as was quite extraordinary, as if Wedell were here already: till Wedell's self did come in sight; and the overpowering Reichs Detachment made its best speed else-

whither.¹ The other Sieges remained things of theory; the other Reichs Detachments hurried home, I think, without summoning anybody.

Meanwhile, Daun, with the proper Artilleries at last ready, comes flowing forward (*November 8th-9th*); and takes post in the Great Garden, or south side of Dresden; minatory to Schmettau and that City. The walls, or works, are weak; outside there is nothing but Mayer and the Free Corps to resist, who indeed has surpassed himself this season, and been extraordinarily diligent upon that lazy Reichs Army. Commandant Schmettau signifies to Daun, the day Daun came in sight, "If your Excellenz advance farther on me, the grim Rules of War in besieged places will order That I burn the Suburbs, which are your defences in attacking me," — and actually fills the fine houses on the Southern Suburb with combustible matter, making due announcements, to Court and population, as well as to Daun. "Burn the Suburbs?" answers Daun: "In the name of civilized humanity, you will never think of such thing!" "That will I, your Excellenz, of a surety, and do it!" answers Schmettau. So that Dresden is full of pity, terror and speculation. The common rumor is, says Excellency Mitchell, who is sojourning there for the present, "That Brühl [nefarious Brühl, born to be the death of us!] has persuaded Polish Majesty to sanction this enterprise of Daun's," — very careless, Brühl, what become of Dresden or us, so the King of Prussia be well hurt or spited!

Certain enough, *November 9th*, Daun does come on, regardless of Schmettau's assurances; so that, "about midnight," Mayer, who "can hear the enemy busily building four big batteries" withal, has to report himself driven to the edge of those high Houses (which are filled with combustibles), and that some Croats are got into the upper windows. "Burn them, then!" answers Schmettau (such the dire necessity of sieged places): and, "at 3 A.M." (three hours' notice to the poor inmates), Mayer does so; hideous flames bursting out, punctually at the stroke of 3: "whole Suburb seemed on blaze [about

¹ Tempelhof, &c.; "Letter from a Prussian Officer," in *Helden-Geschichte* v. 286.

a sixth part of it actually so], nay you would have said the whole Town was environed in flames." Excellency Mitchell climbed a steeple: "will not describe to your Lordship the horror, the terror and confusion of this night; wretched inhabitants running with their furniture [what of it they had got flung out, between 12 o'clock and 3] towards the Great Garden; all Dresden, to appearance, girt in flames, ruins and smoke." Such a night in Dresden, especially in the Pirna Suburb, as was never seen before.¹ This was the sad beginning, or attempt at beginning, of Dresden Siege; and this also was the end of it, on Daun's part at present. For four days more, he hung about the place, minatory, hesitative; but attempted nothing feasible; and on the fifth day, — "for a certain weighty reason," as the Austrian Gazettes express it, — he saw good to vanish into the Pirna Rock-Country, and be out of harm's way in the mean while!

The Truth is, Daun's was an intricate case just now; needing, above all things, swiftness of treatment; what, of all things, it could not get from Daun. His denunciations on that burnt Suburb were again loud; but Schmettau continues deaf to all that, — means "to defend himself by the known rules of war and of honor;" declares, he "will dispute from street to street, and only finish in the middle of Polish Majesty's Royal Palace." Denunciation will do nothing! Daun had above 100,000 men in those parts. Rushing forward with sharpshot and bayonet storm, instead of logical denunciation, it is probable Daun might have settled his Schmettau. But the hour of tide was rigorous, withal; — and such an ebb, if you missed it in hesitating! *November 15th*, Daun withdrew; the ebbing come. That same day, Friedrich was at Lauban in the Lau-sitz, within a hundred miles again; speeding hitherward; behind him a Silesia brushed clear, before him a Saxony to be brushed. "Reason weighty" enough, think Daun and the Austrian Gazettes! But such, since you have missed the tide-

¹ Mitchell, *Memoirs and Papers*, i. 459. In *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 295-302, minute account (corresponding well with Mitchell's); ib. 303-333, the certified details of the damage done: "280 houses lost;" "4 human lives."

hour, is the inexorable fact of ebb, — going at that frightful rate. Daun never was the man to dispute facts.

November 20th, Friedrich arrived in Dresden; heard, next day, that Daun had wheeled decisively homeward from Pirna Country; that the Reichs Army and he are diligently climbing the Metal Mountains; and that there is not in Saxony, more than in Silesia, an enemy left. What a Sequel to Hochkirch! “Neisse and Dresden both!” we had hoped as sequel, if lucky: “Neisse *or* Dresden” seemed infallible. And we are climbing the Metal Mountains, under facts superior to us.

And Campaign Third has closed in this manner; — leaving things much as it found them. Essentially a drawn match; Contending Parties little altered in relative strength; — both of them, it may be presumed, considerably weaker. Friedrich is not triumphant, or shining in the light of bonfires, as last Year; but, in the mind of judges, stands higher than ever (if that could help him much); — and is not “annihilated” in the least, which is the surprising circumstance.

Friedrich’s marches, especially, have been wonderful, this Year. In the spring-time, old Maréchal de Belleisle, French Minister of War, consulting officially about future operations, heard it objected once: “But if the King of Prussia were to burst in upon us there?” “The King of Prussia is a great soldier,” answered M. de Belleisle; “but his Army is not a shuttle (*navette*),” — to be shot about, in that way, from side to side of the world! No surely; not altogether. But the King of Prussia has, among other arts, an art of marching Armies, which by degrees astonishes the old Maréchal. To “come upon us *en navette*,” suddenly “like a shuttle” from the other side of the web, became an established phrase among the French concerned in these unfortunate matters.¹

“The Pitt-and-Ferdinand Campaign of 1758,” says a Note, which I would fain abridge, “is more palpably victorious than Friedrich’s, much more an affair of bonfires than his; though it too has had its rubs. Loss of honor at Crefeld; loss of

¹ Archenholtz, i. 316; Montalembert, *sæpius*, for the phrase “*en navette*.”

Louisburg and Codfishery: these are serious blows our enemy has had. But then, to temper the joy over Louisburg, there was, at Ticonderoga, by Abercrombie, on the small scale (all the extent of scale he had), a melancholy Platitude committed: that of walking into an enemy without the least reconnoitring of him, who proves to be chin-deep in abatis and field-works; and kills, much at his ease, about 2,000 brave fellows, brought 5,000 miles for that object. And obliges you to walk away on the instant, and quit Ticonderoga, like a — surely like a very tragic Dignitary in Cocked-hat! To be cashiered, we will hope; at least to be laid on the shelf, and replaced by some Wolfe or some Amherst, fitter for the business! Nor were the Descents on the French Coast much to speak of: ‘Great Guns got at Cherbourg,’ these truly, as exhibited in Hyde-park, were a comfortable sight, especially to the simpler sort: but on the other hand, at Morlaix, on the part of poor old General Bligh and Company, there had been a Platitude equal or superior to that of Abercrombie, though not so tragical in loss of men. ‘What of that?’ said an enthusiastic Public, striking their balance, and joyfully illuminating. — Here is a Clipping from Ohio Country, ‘*Letter of an Officer [distilled essence of Two Letters], dated, Fort-Duquesne, 28th November, 1758: —*

“Our small Corps under General Forbes, after much sore scrambling through the Wildernesses, and contending with enemies wild and tame, is, since the last four days, in possession of Fort Duquesne [*Pittsburg* henceforth]: Friday, 24th, the French garrison, on our appearance, made off without fighting; took to boats down the Ohio, and vanished out of those Countries,’ — forever and a day, we will hope. ‘Their Louisiana-Canada communication is lost; and all that prodigious tract of rich country,’ — which Mr. Washington fixed upon long ago, is ours again, if we can turn it to use. ‘This day a detachment of us goes to Braddock’s field of battle [poor Braddock!] to bury the bones of our slaughtered countrymen; many of whom the French butchered in cold blood, and, to their own eternal shame and infamy, have left lying above ground ever since. As indeed they have done

with all those slain round the Fort in late weeks;’ — calling themselves a civilized Nation too!”¹

Lower Rhine, July–November, 1758. “Ferdinand’s manœuvres, after Crefeld, on the France-ward side of Rhine, were very pretty: but, without Wesel, and *versus* a Belleisle as War-Minister, and a Contades who was something of a General, it would not do. Belleisle made uncommon exertions, diligent to get his broken people drilled again; Contades was wary, and counter-manœuvred rather well. Finally, Soubise” (readers recollect him and his 24 or 30,000, who stood in Frankfurt Country, on the hither or north side of Rhine), famed Rossbach Soubise, — “pushing out, at Belleisle’s bidding, towards Hanover, in a region vacant otherwise of troops, — became dangerous to Ferdinand. ‘Making for Hanover?’ thought Ferdinand: ‘Or perhaps meaning to attack my 12,000 English that are just landed? Nay, perhaps my Rhine-Bridge itself, and the small Party left there?’ Ferdinand found he would have to return, and look after Soubise. Crossed, accordingly (August 8th), by his old Bridge at Rees, — which he found safe, in spite of attempts there had been;² — and never re-crossed during this War. Judges even say his first crossing had never much solidity of outlook in it; and though so delightful to the public, was his questionablest step.

“On the 12,000 English, Soubise had attempted nothing. Ferdinand joined his English at Soest (August 20th); to their great joy and his;³ 10 to 12,000 as a first instalment: — Grand-looking fellows, said the Germans. And did you ever see such horses, such splendor of equipment, regardless of expense?

¹ Old Newspapers (in *Gentleman’s Magazine* for 1759, pp. 41, 39).

² “Fight of Meer” (Chevert, with 10,000, beaten off, and the Bridge saved, by Imhof, with 3,000; — both clever soldiers; Imhof in better luck, and favored by the ground: “5th August, 1758”): *Mauvillon*, i. 315.

³ Duke of Marlborough’s heavy-laden *Letter* to Pitt, “Koesfeld, August 15th:” “Nothing but rains and uncertainties;” “marching, latterly, up to our middles in water;” have come from Embden, straight south towards Wesel Country, almost 150 miles (Soest still a good sixty miles to southeast of us). *Chatham Correspondence* (London, 1838), i. 334, 337. The poor Duke died in two months hence; and the command devolved on Lord George Sackville, as is too well known.

Not to mention those *Bergschotten* (Scotch Highlanders), with their bagpipes, sporrans, kilts, and exotic costumes and ways ; astonishing to the German mind.¹ Out of all whom (*Bergschotten* included), Ferdinand, by management, — and management was needed, — got a great deal of first-rate fighting, in the next Four Years.

“Nor, in regard to Hanover, could Soubise make anything of it; though he did (owing to a couple of stupid fellows, General Prince von Ysenburg and General Oberg, detached by Ferdinand on that service) escape the lively treatment Ferdinand had prepared for him; and even gave a kind of Beating to each of those stupid fellows,² — one of which, Oberg’s one, might have ruined Oberg and his Detachment altogether, had Soubise been alert, which he by no means was ! ‘Paris made such jeering about Rossbach and the Prince de Soubise,’ says Voltaire,³ ‘and nobody said a word about these two Victories of his, next Year!’ For which there might be two reasons : one, according to Tempelhof, that ‘the Victories were of the so-so kind (*sie waren auch darnach*);’ and another, that they were ascribed to Broglio, on both occasions, — how justly, nobody will now argue !

“Contades had not failed, in the mean while, to follow with the main Army; and was now elaborately manœuvring about; intent to have Lippstadt, or some Fortress in those Rhine-Weser Countries. On the tail of that second so-so Victory by Soubise, Contades thought, Now would be the chance. And

¹ Romantic view of the *Bergschotten* (2,000 of them, led by the Junior of the Robert Keiths above mentioned, who is a soldier as yet), in *Archenholtz*, i. 351–353: *ib.* and in *Preuss*, ii. 136, of the “uniforms with gold and silver lace,” of the superb horses, “one regiment all roan horses, another all black, another all” &c.

² 1°. “Fight of Sandershausen” (Broglio, as Soubise’s vanguard, 12,000 ; *versus* Ysenburg, 7,000, who stupidly would not withdraw *till* beaten : “23d July, 1758,” *before* Ferdinand had come across again). 2°. Fight of Lutternberg (Soubise, 30,000; *versus* Oberg, about 18,000, who stupidly hung back till Soubise was all gathered, and *then* &c., still more stupidly : “10th October, 1758”). See *Mauvillon*, i. 312 (or better, *Archenholtz*, i. 345); and *Mauvillon*, i. 327. Both Lutternberg and Sandershausen are in the neighborhood of Cassel; — as many of those Ferdiuand fights were.

³ *Histoire de Louis XV.*

did try hard, but without effect. Ferdinand was himself attending Contades; and mistakes were not likely. Ferdinand, in the thick of the game (October 21st–30th), ‘made a masterly movement’ — that is to say, cut Contades and his Soubise irretrievably asunder: no junction now possible to them; the weaker of them liable to ruin, — unless Contades, the stronger, would give battle; which, though greatly outnumbering Ferdinand, he was cautious not to do. A melancholic cautious man, apt to be over-cautious, — nicknamed ‘*L’Apothécaire*’ by the Parisians, from his down looks, — but had good soldier qualities withal. Soubise and he haggled about, a short while, — not a long, in these dangerous circumstances; and then had to go home again, without result, each the way he came; Contades himself repassing through Wesel, and wintering on his own side of the Rhine.”

How Pitt is succeeding, and aiming to succeed, on the French Foreign Settlements: on the Guinea Coast, on the High Seas everywhere; in the West Indies; still more in the East, — where General Lally (that fiery O’Mullally, famous since Fontenoy), missioned with “full-powers,” as they call them, is raging up and down, about Madras and neighborhood, in a violent, impetuous, more and more bankrupt manner: — Of all this we can say nothing for the present, little at any time. Here are two facts of the financial sort, sufficiently illuminative. The much-expendng, much-subsidying Government of France cannot now borrow except at 7 per cent Interest; and the rate of Marine Insurance has risen to 70 per cent.¹ One way and other, here is a Pitt clearly progressive; and a long-pending *Jenkins’s-Ear Question* in a fair way to be settled!

Friedrich stays in Saxony about a month, inspecting and adjusting; thence to Breslau, for Winter-quarters. His Winter is like to be a sad and silent one, this time; with none of the gayeties of last Year; the royal heart heavy enough with many private sorrows, were there none of public at all! This is a word from him, two days after finishing Daun for the season: —

¹ Retzow, ii. 5.

Friedrich to Mylord Marischal (at Colombier in Neufchâtel).

“DRESDEN, 23d November, 1758.

“There is nothing left for us, *mon cher Mylord*, but to mingle and blend our weeping for the losses we have had. If my head were a fountain of tears, it would not suffice for the grief I feel.

“Our Campaign is over ; and there has nothing come of it, on one side or the other, but the loss of a great many worthy people, the misery of a great many poor soldiers crippled forever, the ruin of some Provinces, the ravage, pillage and conflagration of some flourishing Towns. Exploits these which make humanity shudder : sad fruits of the wickedness and ambition of certain People in Power, who sacrifice everything to their unbridled passions ! I wish you, *mon cher Mylord*, nothing that has the least resemblance to my destiny ; and everything that is wanting to it. Your old friend, till death.” — F.¹

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 273

BOOK XIX.

FRIEDRICH LIKE TO BE OVERWHELMED IN THE SEVEN-YEARS WAR.

. 1759-1760.



CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARIES TO A FOURTH CAMPAIGN.

THE posting of the Five Armies this Winter — Five of them in Germany, not counting the Russians, who have vanished to Cimmeria over the horizon, for their months of rest — is something wonderful, and strikes the picturesque imagination. Such a Chain of Posts, for length, if for nothing else ! From the centre of Bohemia eastward, Daun's Austrians are spread all round the western Silesian Border and the south-eastern Saxon ; waited on by Prussians, in more or less proximity. Next are the Reichsfolk ; scattered over Thuringen and the Franeonian Countries ; fronting partly into Hessen and Duke Ferdinand's outskirts : — the main body of Duke Ferdinand is far to westward, in Münster Country, vigilant upon Contades, with the Rhine between. Contades and Soubise, — adjoining on the Reichsfolk are these Two French Armies : Soubise's, some 25,000, in Frankfurt-Ems Country, between the Mayn and the Lahn, with its back to the Rhine ; then Contades, onward to Maes River and the Dutch Borders, with his face to the Rhine, — and Duke Ferdinand observant of him on the other side. That is the "*Cordon of Posts*" or winter-quarters this Year. "From the Giant Mountains and the Metal Mountains, to the Ocean ; — to the mouth of Rhine," may we not say ; "and back again to the Swiss Alps or springs

of Rhine, that Upper-Rhine Country being all either French or Austrian, and a basis for Soubise?"¹ Not to speak of Ocean itself, and its winged War-Fleets, lonesomely hovering and patrolling; or of the Americas and Indies beyond!

"This is such a Chain of mutually vigilant Winter-quarters," says Archenholtz, "as was never drawn in Germany, or in Europe, before." Chain of about 300,000 fighting men, poured out in that lengthy manner. Taking their winter siesta there, asleep with one eye open, till reinforced for new business of death and destruction against Spring. Pathetic surely, as well as picturesque. "Three Campaigns there have already been," sighs the peaceable observer: "Three Campaigns, surely furious enough; Eleven Battles in them,"² a Prag, a Kolin, Leuthen, Rossbach; — must there still be others, then, to the misery of poor mankind?" thus sigh many peaceful persons. Not considering what are, and have been, the rages, the iniquities, the loud and silent deliriums, the mad blindnesses and sins of mankind; and what amount of *calcining* these may reasonably take. Not calcinable in three Campaigns at all, it would appear! Four more Campaigns are needed: then there will be innocuous ashes in quantity; and a result unexpected, and worth marking in World-History.

It is notably one of Friedrich's fond hopes, — of which he keeps up several, as bright cloud-hangings in the haggard inner world he now has, — that Peace is just at hand; one right struggle more, and Peace must come! And on the part of Britannic George and him, repeated attempts were made, — one in the end of this Year 1759; — but one and all of them proved futile, and, unless for accidental reasons, need not be mentioned here. Many men, in all nations, long for Peace; but there are Three Women at the top of the world who do not; their wrath, various in quality, is great in quantity, and disasters do the reverse of appeasing it.

¹ Archenholtz, i. 306.

² Stenzel, v. 185. This, I suppose, would be his enumeration: *Lobositz* (1756); *Prag*, *Kolin*, *Hastenbeck*, *Gross-Jägersdorf*, *Rosbach*, *Breslau*, *Leuthen*, (1757); *Crefeld*, *Zorndorf*, *Hochkirch* (1758): "eleven hitherto in all."

The French people, as is natural, are weary of a War which yields them mere losses and disgraces; "War carried on for Austrian whims, which likewise seem to be impracticable!" think they. And their Bernis himself, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who began this sad French-Austrian Adventure, has already been remonstrating with Kaunitz, and grumbling anxiously, "Could not the Swedes, or somebody, be got to mediate? Such a War is too ruinous!" Hearing which, the Pompadour is shocked at the favorite creature of her hands; hastens to dismiss him ("Be Cardinal, then, you ingrate of a Bernis; disappear under that Red Hat!") — and appoints, in his stead, one Choiseul (known hitherto as *Stainville*, Comte de Stainville, French Excellency at Vienna, but now made Duke on this promotion), Duc de Choiseul;¹ who is a Lorrainer, or Semi-Austrian, by very birth; and probably much fitter for the place. A swift, impetuous kind of man, this Choiseul, who is still rather young than otherwise; plenty of proud spirit in him, of shifts, talent of the reckless sort; who proved very notable in France for the next twenty years.

French trade being ruined withal, money is running dreadfully low: but they appoint a new Controller-General; a M. de Silhouette, who is thought to have an extraordinary creative genius in Finance. Had he but a Fortunatus-Purse, how lucky were it! With Fortunatus Silhouette as purse-holder, with a fiery young Choiseul on this hand, and a fiery old Belleisle on that, Pompadour meditates great things this Year, — Invasions of England; stronger German Armies; better German Plans, and slashings home upon Hanover itself, or the vital point; — and flatters herself, and her poor Louis, that there is on the anvil, for 1759, such a French Campaign as will perhaps astonish Pitt and another insolent King. Very fixed, fell and feminine is the Pompadour's humor in this matter. Nor is the Czarina's less so; but more, if possible; unappeasable except by death. Imperial Maria Theresa has maseuline reasons withal; great hopes, too, of late. Of the War's ending till flat impossibility stop it, there is no likelihood.

¹ Minister of Foreign Affairs, "11th November, 1758" (Barbier, iv. 294).



MADAME DE POMPADOUR. (C. Cochin.)

To Pitt this Campaign 1759, in spite of bad omens at the outset, proved altogether splendid : but greatly the reverse on Friedrich's side ; to whom it was the most disastrous and unfortunate he had yet made, or did ever make. Pitt at his zenith in public reputation ; Friedrich never so low before, nothing seemingly but extinction near ahead, when this Year ended. The truth is, apart from his specific pieces of ill-luck, there had now begun for Friedrich a new rule of procedure, which much altered his appearance in the world. Thrice over had he tried by the aggressive or invasive method ; thrice over made a plunge at the enemy's heart, hoping so to disarm or lame him : but that, with resources spent to such a degree, is what he cannot do a fourth time : he is too weak henceforth to think of that.

Prussia has always its King, and his unrivalled talent ; but that is pretty much the only fixed item. Prussia *versus* France, Austria, Russia, Sweden and the German Reich, what is it as a field of supplies for war ! Except its King, these are failing, year by year ; and at a rate fatally *swift* in comparison. Friedrich cannot now do Leuthens, Rossbachs ; far-shining feats of victory, which astonish all the world. His fine Prussian veterans have mostly perished ; and have been replaced by new levies and recruits ; who are inferior both in discipline and native quality ; — though they have still, people say, a noteworthy taste of the old Prussian sort in them ; and do, in fact, fight well to the last. But “it is observable,” says Retzow somewhere, and indeed it follows from the nature of the case, “that while the Prussian Army presents always its best kind of soldiers at the beginning of a war, Austria, such are its resources in population, always improves in that particular, and its best troops appear in the last campaigns.” In a word, Friedrich stands on the defensive henceforth ; disputing his ground inch by inch : and is reduced, more and more, to battle obscurely with a hydra-coil of enemies and impediments ; and to do heroisms which make no noise in the Gazettes. And, alas, which cannot figure in History either, — what is more a sorrow to me here !

Friedrich, say all judges of soldiership and human character

who have studied Friedrich sufficiently, "is greater than ever," in these four Years now coming.¹ And this, I have found more and more to be a true thing; verifiable and demonstrable in time and place, — though, unluckily for us, hardly in this time or this place at all! A thing which cannot, by any method, be made manifest to the general reader; who delights in shining summary feats, and is impatient of tedious preliminaries and investigations, — especially of *maps*, which are the indispensablest requisite of all. A thing, in short, that belongs peculiarly to soldier-students; who can undergo the dull preliminaries, most dull but most inexorably needed; and can follow out, with watchful intelligence, and with a patience not to be wearied, the multifarious topographies, details of movements and manœuvrings, year after year, on such a Theatre of War. What is to be done with it here! If we could, by significant strokes, indicate, under features true so far as they went, the great wide fire-flood that was raging round the world; if we could, carefully omitting very many things, omit of the things intelligible and decipherable that concern Friedrich himself, nothing that had meaning: *if* indeed —! But it is idle preluding. Forward again, brave reader, under such conditions as there are!

Friedrich's Winter in Breslau was of secluded, silent, sombre character, this time; nothing of stir in it but from work only: in marked contrast with the last, and its kindly visitors and gayeties. A Friedrich given up to his manifold businesses, to his silent sorrows. "I have passed my winter like a Carthusian monk," he writes to D'Argens: "I dine alone; I spend my life in reading and writing; and I do not sup. When one is sad, it becomes at last too burdensome to hide one's grief continually; and it is better to give way to it by oneself, than to carry one's gloom into society. Nothing solaces me but the vigorous application required in steady and continuous labor. This distraction does force one to put away painful ideas, while it lasts: but, alas, no sooner is the work done, than these fatal companions present themselves again, as if livelier

¹ Berenhorst, in *Kriegskunst*; Retzow; &c.

than ever. Maupertuis was right: the sum of evil does certainly surpass that of good: — but to me it is all one; I have almost nothing more to lose; and my few remaining days, what matters it much of what complexion they be?"¹

The loss of his Wilhelmina, had there been no other grief, has darkened all his life to Friedrich. Readers are not prepared for the details of grief we could give, and the settled gloom of mind they indicate. A loss irreparable and immeasurable; the light of life, the one loved heart that loved him, gone. His passionate appeals to Voltaire to celebrate for him in verse his lost treasure, and at least make her virtues immortal, are perhaps known to readers:² alas, this is a very feeble kind of immortality, and Friedrich too well feels it such. All Winter he dwells internally on the sad matter, though soon falling silent on it to others.

The War is ever more dark and dismal to him; a wearing, harassing, nearly disgusting task; on which, however, depends life or death. This Year, he "expects to have 300,000 enemies upon him;" and "is, with his utmost effort, getting up 150,000 to set against them." Of business, in its many kinds, there can be no lack! In the intervals he also wrote considerably: one of his Pieces is a *Sermon on The last Judgment*; handed to Reader De Catt, one evening: — to De Catt's surprise, and to ours; the Voiceless in a dark Friedrich trying to give itself some voice in this way!³ Another Piece, altogether practical, and done with excellent insight, brevity, modesty, is *On Tactics*; ⁴ — properly it might be called, "Serious very Private Thoughts," thrown on paper, and communicated only to two or three, "On the new kind of Tactics necessary with those

¹ "Breslau, 1st March, 1759," To D'Argens (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 56).

² *Ode sur la mort de S. A. S. Madame la Princesse de Bareith* (in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, xviii. 79–86): see Friedrich's Letter to him (6th November, 1758); with Voltaire's *Verses* in Answer (next month); Friedrich's new Letter (Breslau, 23d January 1759), demanding something more, — followed by the *Ode* just cited (Ib. lxxii. 402· lxxviii. 82, 92; or *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 20–24; &c.).

³ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xv. 1–10 (see Preuss's *Preface* there; Formey, *Souvenirs*, i. 37; &c. &c.).

⁴ *Réflexions sur la Tactique*: in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxviii. 153–166.

Austrians and their Allies," who are in such overwhelming strength. "To whose continual sluggishness, and strange want of concert, to whose incoherency of movements, languor of execution, and other enormous faults, we have owed, with some excuse for our own faults, our escaping of destruction hitherto," — but had better *not* trust that way any longer! Fouquet is one of the highly select, to whom he communicates this Piece; adding along with it, in Fouquet's case, an affectionate little Note, and, in spite of poverty, some New-year's Gift, as usual, — the "Widow's Mite [£300, we find]; receive it with the same heart with which it was set apart for you: a small help, which you may well have need of, in these calamitous times."¹ Fouquet much admires the new Tactical Suggestions; — seems to think, however, that the certainly practicable one is, in particular, the last, That of "improving our Artillery to some equality with theirs." For which, as may appear, the King has already been taking thought, in more ways than one.

Finance is naturally a heavy part of Friedrich's Problem; the part which looks especially impossible, from our point of vision! In Friedrich's Country, the War Budget does not differ from the Peace one. Neither is any borrowing possible; that sublime Art, of rolling over on you know not whom the expenditure, needful or needless, of your heavy-laden self, had not yet — though England is busy at it — been invented among Nations. Once, or perhaps twice, from the *Stände* of some willing Province, Friedrich negotiated some small Loan; which was punctually repaid when Peace came, and was always gratefully remembered. But these are as nothing, in face of such expenses; and the thought how he did contrive on the Finance side, is and was not a little wonderful. An ingenious Predecessor, whom I sometimes quote, has expressed himself in these words: —

"Such modicum of Subsidy [he is speaking of the English Subsidy in 1758], how useful will it prove in a Country bred

¹ "Breslau, 23d December, 1758;" with Fouquet's Answer, 2d January, 1759: in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 114–117.

everywhere to Spartan thrift, accustomed to regard waste as sin, and which will lay out no penny except to purpose! I guess the Prussian Exchequer is, by this time, much on the ebb; idle precious metals tending everywhere towards the melting-pot. At what precise date the Friedrich-Wilhelm balustrades, and enormous silver furnitures, were first gone into, Dryasdust has not informed me: but we know they all went; as they well might. To me nothing is so wonderful as Friedrich's Budget during this War. One day it will be carefully investigated, elucidated and made conceivable and certain to mankind: but that as yet is far from being the case. We walk about in it with astonishment; almost, were it possible, with incredulity. Expenditure on this side, work done on that human nature, especially British human nature, refuses to conceive it. Never in this world, before or since, was the like. The Friedrich miracles in War are great; but those in Finance are almost greater. Let Dryasdust bethink him; and gird his flabby loins to this Enterprise; which is very behooveful in these Californian times!" —

The general Secret of Prussian Thrift, I do fear, is lost from the world. And how an Army of about 200,000, in field and garrison, could be kept on foot, and in some ability to front combined Europe, on about Three Million Sterling annually ("25 million *thalers*" = £3,150,000, that is the steady War-Budget of those years), remains to us inconceivable enough; — mournfully miraculous, as it were; and growing ever more so in the Nugget-generations that now run. Meanwhile, here are what hints I could find, on the Origins of that modest Sum, which also are a wonder:¹ —

"The hoarded Prussian Moneys, or '*Treasures*' [two of them, *Kleine Schatz*, *Grosse Schatz*, which are rigidly saved in Peace years, for incidence of War], being nearly run out, there had come the English Subsidy: this, with Saxony, and the Home revenues and remnants of *Schatz*, had sufficed for 1758; but will no longer suffice. Next to Saxony, the English Subsidy (£670,000 due the second time this year) was always

¹ Preuss, ii. 388–392; Stenzel, v. 137–141.

Friedrich's principal resource : and in the latter years of the War, I observe, it was nearly twice the amount of what all his Prussian Countries together, in their ravaged and worn-out state, could yield him. In and after 1759, besides Home Income, which is gradually diminishing, and English Subsidy, which is a steady quantity, Friedrich's sources of revenue are mainly Two : —

“*First*, there is that of wringing money from your Enemies, from those that have deserved ill of you, — such of them as you can come at. Enemies, open or secret, even Ill-wishers, we are not particular, provided only they lie within arm's-length. Under this head fall principally three Countries (and their three poor Populations, in lieu of their Governments) : Saxony, Mecklenburg (or the main part of it, Mecklenburg-Schwerin), and Anhalt; from these three there is a continual forced supply of money and furnishings. Their demerits to Friedrich differ much in intensity; nor is his wringing of them — which in the cases of Mecklenburg and Saxony increases year by year to the nearly intolerable pitch — quite in the simple ratio of their demerits; but in a compound ratio of that and of his indignation and of his wants.

“Saxony, as Prime Author of this War, was from the first laid hold of, collared tightly : ‘Pay the shot, then, what you can’ (in the end it was almost what you cannot)! As to Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the grudge against Prussia was of very old standing, some generations now; and the present Duke, not a very wise Sovereign more than his Ancestors, had always been ill with Friedrich; willing to spite and hurt him when possible: in Reichs Diet he, of all German Princes, was the first that voted for Friedrich's being put to Ban of the Reich, — he; and his poor People know since whether that was a wise step! The little Anhalt Princes, too, all the Anhalts, Dessau, Bernburg, Cöthen, Zerbst [perhaps the latter partially excepted, for a certain Russian Lady's sake], had voted, or at least had ambiguously half-voted, in favor of the Ban, and done other unfriendly things; and had now to pay dear for their bits of enmities. Poor souls, they had but One Vote among them all Four; — and they only half gave it, tremu-

lously pulling it back again. I should guess it was their terrors mainly, and over-readiness to reckon Friedrich a sinking ship; and to leap from the deck of him, — with a spurn which he took for insolent! The Anhalt-Dessauers particularly, who were once of his very Army, half Prussians for generations back, he reckoned to have used him scandalously ill.

“This Year the requisition on the Four Anhalts — which they submit to patiently, as people who have leapt into the wrong ship — is, in precise tale: of money, 330,000 thalers (about £50,000); recruits, 2,200; horses, 1,800. In Saxony, besides the fixed Taxes, strict confiscation of Meissen Potteries and every Royalty, there were exacted heavy ‘Contributions,’ more and more heavy, from the few opulent Towns, chiefly from Leipzig; which were wrung out, latterly, under great severities, — ‘chief merchants of Leipzig all clapt in prison, kept on bread-and-water till they yielded,’ — *as* great severities as would suffice, but *not* greater; which also was noted. Unfortunate chief merchants of Leipzig, — with Brühl and Polish Majesty little likely to indemnify them! Unfortunate Country altogether. An intelligent Saxon, who is vouched for as impartial, bears witness as follows: ‘And this I know, that the oppressions and plunderings of the Austrians and Reichsfolk, in Saxony, turned all hearts away from them; and it was publicly said, We had rather bear the steady burden of the Prussians than such help as these our pretended Deliverers bring.’¹ Whereby, on the whole, the poor Country got its back broken, and could never look up in the world since. Resource *First* was abundantly severe.

“Resource *Second* is strangest of all; — and has given rise to criticism enough! It is no other than that of issuing base money; mixing your gold and silver coin with copper, — this, one grieves to say, is the Second and extreme resource. ‘A rude method — would we had a better — of suspending Cash-payments, and paying by bank-notes instead!’ thinks Friedrich, I suppose. From his Prussian Mints, from his Saxon [which are his for the present], and from the little Anhalt-Bernburg Mint [of which he expressly purchased the sad

¹ Stenzel (citing from *Kriegskanzlei*, which I have not), v. 137 n.

privilege, — for *we* are not a Coiner, we are a King reduced to suspend Cash-payments, for the time being], Friedrich poured out over all Germany, in all manner of kinds, huge quantities of bad Coin. This, so long as it would last, is more and more a copious fountain of supply. This, for the first time, has had to appear as an item in War-Budget 1759: and it fails in no following, but expands more and more. It was done through Ephraim, the not lovely Berlin Jew, whom we used to hear of in Voltaire's time; — through Ephraim and two others, Ephraim as President: in return for a net Sum, these shall have privilege to coin such and such amounts, so and so alloyed; shall pay to General Tauentzien, Army Treasurer, at fixed terms, the Sums specified: 'Go, and do it; our Mint-Officers sharply watching you; Mint-Officers, and General Tauentzien [with a young Herr Lessing, as his Chief Clerk, of whom the King knows nothing]; Go, ye unlovely!' And Ephraim and Company are making a great deal of money by the unlovely job. Ephraim is the pair of tongs; the hand, and the unlovely job, are a royal man's. Alas, yes. And none of us knows better than King Friedrich, perhaps few of us as well, how little lovely a job it was; how shockingly *unkingly* it was, — though a practice not unknown to German Kings and Kinglets before his time, and since down almost to ours.¹ In fact, these are all unkingly practices; and the English Subsidy itself is distasteful to a proud Friedrich: but what, in those circumstances, can any Friedrich do?

"The first coinages of Ephraim had, it seems, in them about 3-7ths of copper; something less than the half, and more than the third," — your gold sovereign grown to be worth 28s. 6d. "But yearly it grew worse; and in 1762 [English Subsidy having failed] matters had got inverted; and there was three times as much copper as silver. Commerce, as was natural, went rocking and tossing, as on a sea under earthquakes; but there was always ready money among Friedrich's soldiers, as among no other: nor did the common people, or retail purchasers, suffer by it. 'Hah, an Ephraimite!' they would

¹ In *Stenzel* (v. 141) enumeration of eight or nine unhappy Potentates, who were busy with it in those same years.

say, grinning not ill-humoredly, at sight of one of these pieces ; some of which they had more specifically named ‘ *Blue-gowns* ’ [owing to a tint of blue perceivable, in spite of the industrious plating in real silver, or at least “boiling in some solution” of it] ; these they would salute with this rhyme, then current : —

“ *Von aussen schön, von innen schlimm ;* Outside noble, inside slim :
Von aussen Friedrich, von innen Eph- Outside Friedrich, inside Ephraim.
raim.

“ By this time, whatever of money, from any source, can be scraped together in Friedrich’s world, flows wholly into the Army-Chest, as the real citadel of life. In these latter years of the War, beginning, I could guess, from 1759, all Civil expenditures, and wages of Officials, cease to be paid in money ; nobody of that kind sees the color even of bad coin ; but is paid only in ‘ Paper Assignments,’ in Promises to Pay ‘after the Peace.’ These Paper Documents made no pretence to the rank of Currency : such holders of them as had money, or friends, and could wait, got punctual payment when the term did arrive ; but those that could not, suffered greatly ; having to negotiate their debentures on ruinous terms, — sometimes at an expense of three-fourths. — I will add Friedrich’s practical Schedule of Amounts from all these various Sources ; and what Friedrich’s own view of the Sources was, when he could survey them from the safe distance.

“ *Schedule of Amounts* [say for 1761]. To make up the Twenty-five Million thalers, necessary for the Army, there are : —

“ From our Prussian Countries, ruined, harried as they have been,	<i>Thalers.</i> 4 millions only.
From Saxony and the other Wringsings, . . .	7 millions.
English Subsidy (4 of good gold ; becoppered into double),	8 “
From Ephraim and his Farm of the Mint (<i>Münz-</i> <i>Patent</i>),	7 “

In sum Twenty-six Millions ; leaving you one Million of margin, — and always a plenty of cash in hand for incidental sundries.¹

¹ *Preuss*, ii. 388.

“Friedrich’s own view of these sad matters, as he closes his *History of the Seven-Years War* [at “Berlin, 17th December, 1763”], is in these words : ‘ May Heaven grant, — if Heaven deign to look down on the paltry concerns of men, — that the unalterable and flourishing destiny of this Country preserve the Sovereigns who shall govern it from the scourges and calamities which Prussia has suffered in these times of trouble and subversion ; that they may never again be forced to recur to the violent and fatal remedies which we (*l’on*) have been obliged to employ in maintenance of the State against the ambitious hatred of the Sovereigns of Europe, who wished to annihilate the House of Brandenburg, and exterminate from the world whatever bore the Prussian name ! ’ ” ¹

Of the Small-War in Spring, 1759. There are Five Disruptions of that grand Cordon (February–April) ; and Ferdinand of Brunswick fights his Battle of Bergen (April 13th).

Friedrich, being denied an aggressive course this Year, by no means sits idly expectant and defensive in the interim ; but, all the more vigorously, as is observable, from February onwards, strikes out from him on every side : endeavoring to spoil the Enemy’s Magazines, and cripple his operations in that way. So that there was, all winter through, a good deal of Small-War (some of it not Small), of more importance than usual, — chiefly of Friedrich’s originating, with the above view, or of Ferdinand his Ally’s, on a still more pressing score. And, on the whole, that immense Austrian-French Cordon, which goes from the Carpathians to the Ocean, had by no means a quiet time ; but was broken into, and violently hurled back, in different parts : some four, or even five, attacks upon it in all ; three of them by Prince Henri, — in two of which Duke Ferdinand’s people co-operated ; the business being for mutual behoof. These latter Three were famous in the world, that Winter ; and indeed are still recognizable as brilliant procedures of their kind ; though, except dates and results, we can

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 234.

afford almost nothing of them here. These Three, intended chiefly against Reichs people and their Posts and Magazines, fell out on the western and middle part of the Cordon. Another attack was in the extreme eastward, and was for Friedrich's own behoof; under Fouquet's management; — intended against the Austrian-Moravian Magazines and Preparations, but had little success. Still another assault, or invasive out-road, northward against the Russian Magazines, there also was; of which by and by. Besides all which, and more memorable than all, Duke Ferdinand, for vital reasons of his own, fought a Battle this Spring, considerable Battle, and did *not* gain it; which made great noise in the world.

It is not necessary the reader should load his memory with details of all these preliminary things; on the contrary, it is necessary that he keep his memory clear for the far more important things that lie ahead of these, and entertain these in a summary way, as a kind of foreground to what is coming. Perhaps the following Fractions of Note, which put matters in something of Chronological or Synoptical form, will suffice him, or more than suffice. He is to understand that the grand tug of War, this Year, gradually turns out not to be hereabouts, nor with Daun and his adjacencies at all, but with the Russians, who arrive from the opposite Northern quarter; and that all else will prove to be merely prefatory and nugatory in comparison.

January 2d, 1759: Frankfurt-on-Mayn, though it is a Reichsstadt, finds itself suddenly become French. “Prince de Soubise lies between Mayn and Lahn, with his 25,000; beautifully safe and convenient, — though ill off for a place-of-arms in those parts. Opulent Frankfurt, on his right; how handy would that be, were not Reichs Law so express! Marburg, Giessen are outposts of his; on which side one of Ferdinand's people, Prince von Ysenburg, watches him with an 8 or 10,000, capable of mischief in that quarter.

“On the Eve of New-year's day, or on the auspicious Day itself, Soubise requests, of the Frankfurt Authorities, permission for a regiment of his to march through that Imperial

City. To which, by law and theory, the Imperial City can say Yes or No; but practically cannot, without grave inconvenience, say other than Yes, though most Frankfurters wish it could. 'Yes,' answer the Frankfurt Magnates; Yes surely, under the known conditions. Tuesday, January 2d, about 5 in the morning, while all is still dark in Frankfurt, regiment Nassau appears, accordingly, at the Sachsenhausen Gate, Town-guard people all ready to receive it and escort it through; and is admitted as usual. Quite as usual: but instead of being escorted through, it orders, in calm peremptory voice, the Town-guard, To ground arms; with calm rapidity proceeds to admit ten other regiments or battalions, six of them German; seizes the artillery on the Walls, seizes all the other Gates:—and poor Frankfurt finds itself tied hand and foot, almost before it is out of bed! Done with great exactitude, with the minimum of confusion, and without a hurt skin to anybody. The Inhabitants stood silent, gazing; the Town-guard laid down their arms, and went home. Totally against Law; but cleverly done; perhaps Soubise's chief exploit in the world; certainly the one real success the French have yet had.

"Soubise made haste to summon the Magistrates: 'Law of Necessity alone, most honored Sirs! Reichs Law is clear against me. But all the more shall private liberties, religions, properties, in this Imperial Free-Town, be sacred to us. Defence against any aggression: and the strictest discipline observed. Depend on me, I bid you!'—And kept his word to an honorable degree, they say; or in absence, made it be kept, during the Four Years that follow. Most Frankfurters are, at heart, Anti-French: but Soubise's affability was perfect; and he gave evening parties of a sublime character; the Magistrates all appearing there, in their square perukes and long gowns, with a mournful joy."¹

Soubise soon went home, to assist in important businesses,—Invasion of England, no less; let England look to itself this Summer!—and Broglio succeeded him, as Army-Captain in the Frankfurt parts; with laurels accruing, more or less. Soubise, like Broglio, began with Rossbach; Soubise ends

¹ Tempelhof, iii. 7-8; Stenzel, v. 198-200.

with Frankfurt, for the present; where Broglio also gains his chief laurels, as will shortly be seen. Frankfurt is a great gain to France, though an illicit one. It puts a bar on Duke Ferdinand in that quarter; secures a starting-point for attacks on Hessen, Hanover; for co-operation with Contades and the Lower Rhine. It is the one success France has yet had in this War, or pretty much that it ever had in it. Due to Prince de Soubise, in that illegal fashion. — A highly remarkable little Boy, now in his tenth year, Johann Wolfgang Goethe, has his wondering eyes on these things: and, short while hence, meets daily, on the stairs and lobbies at home, a pleasant French Official Gentlemen who is quartered there; between whom and Papa occur rubs, — as readers may remember, and shall hear in April coming.

Grand Cordon disrupted: Erfurt Country, 16th February–2d March. “About six weeks after this Frankfurt achievement, certain Reichsfolk and Austrian Auxiliaries are observed to be cutting down endless timber, ‘18,800 palisades, 6,000 trees of 60 feet,’ and other huge furnishings, from the poor Duke of Gotha’s woods; evidently meaning to fortify themselves in Erfurt. Upon which Prince Henri detaches a General Knobloch thitherward, Duke Ferdinand contributing 4,000 to meet him there; which combined expedition, after some sharp knocking and shoving, entirely disrooted the Austrians and Reichsfolk, and sent them packing. Had them quite torn out by the end of the month; and had planned to ‘attack them on two sides at once’ (March 2d), with a view of swallowing them whole, — when they (these Reichs Volschians, in such a state of flutter) privately hastened off, one and all of them, the day before.”¹

This was *Breakage First* of the Grand Cordon; an explosive hurling of it back out of those Erfurt parts. Done by Prince Henri’s people, in concert with Duke Ferdinand’s, — who were mutually interested in the thing.

Breakage Second: Erfurt-Fulda Country, 31st March–8th April. “About the end of March, these intrusive Austrian Reichsfolk made some attempt to come back into those Coun-

¹ Narrative, in *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 1022 et seq.

tries; but again got nothing but hard knocks; and gave up the Erfurt project. For, close following on this *First*, there was a *Second* still deeper and rougher Breakage, in those same regions; the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick dashing through, on a special Errand of Ferdinand's own [of which presently], with an 8 or 10,000, in his usual fiery manner; home into the very bowels of the Reich (April 3d, and for a week onward); and returning with 'above 2,000 prisoners' in hand; especially with a Reich well frightened behind him;—still in time for Duke Ferdinand's Adventure [in fact, for his Battle of Bergen, of which we are to hear]. Had been well assisted by Prince Henri, who 'made dangerous demonstrations in the distance,' and was extremely diligent—though the interest was chiefly Ferdinand's this time."¹—Contemporary with that *First* Erfurt Business, there went on, 300 miles away from it, in the quite opposite direction, another of the same;—too curious to be omitted.

Across the Polish Frontier: February, 24th–March 4th. "In the end of February, General Wobersnow, an active man, was detached from Glogau, over into Poland, Posen way, To overturn the Russian provision operations thereabouts; in particular, to look into a certain high-flying Polaek, a Prince Sulkowski of those parts; who with all diligence is gathering food, in expectation of the Russian advent; and indeed has formally 'declared War against the King of Prussia;' having the right, he says, as a Polish Magnate, subject only to his own high thought in such affairs. The Russians and their wars are dear to Sulkowski. He fell prisoner in their cause, at Zorndorf, last Autumn; was stuck, like all the others, Soltikoff himself among them, into the vaulted parts of Cüstrin Garrison: 'I am sorry I have no Siberia for you,' said Friedrich, looking, not in a benign way, on the captive Dignitaries, that hot afternoon; 'go to Cüstrin, and see what you have provided for yourselves!' Which they had to do; nothing, for certain days, but cellarage to lodge in; King inexorable, deaf to remonstrance. Which possibly may have contributed to kindle Sulkowski into these extremely high proceedings.

¹ Tempelhof, iii. 19–22.

“At any rate, Wobersnow punctually looks in upon him: seizes his considerable stock of Russian proviants; his belligerent force, his high person itself; and in one luckless hour snuffs him out from the list of potentates. His belligerent force, about 1,000 Polacks, were all compelled, ‘by the cudgel,’ say my authorities, to take Prussian service [in garrison regiments, and well scattered about, I suppose]; his own high person found itself sitting locked in Glogau, left to its reflections. Sat thus ‘till the War ended,’ say some; certainly till the Sulkowski War had been sufficiently exploded by the laughter of mankind.” Here are, succinctly, the dates of this small memorability:—

“End of February, Wobersnow gathers, at Glogau, a force of about 8,000 horse and foot. Marches, *24th February*, over Oder Bridge, straight into Poland; that same night, to the neighborhood of Lissa and Reisen (Sulkowski’s dominion), about thirty miles northeast of Glogau. Sulkowski done next day;—part of the capture is ‘fifteen small guns.’ Wobersnow goes, next, for Posen; arrives, *28th February*; destroys Russian Magazine, ransoms Jews. Shoots out other detachments on the Magazine Enterprise;—detaches Platen along the Warta, where are picked up various items, among others ‘eighty tuns of brandy,’—but himself proceeds no farther than Posen. *March 4th*, sets out again from Posen, homewards.”¹ We shall hear again of Wobersnow, in a much more important way, before long.

To the Polish Republic so called, Friedrich explained politely, not apologetically: “Since you allow the Russians to march through you in attack of me, it is evident to your just minds that the attacked party must have similar privilege.” “Truly!” answered they, in their just minds, generally; and made no complaint about Sulkowski (though Polish Majesty and Primate endeavored to be loud about “Invasion” and the like):—and indeed Polish Republic was lying, for a long

¹ *Nachricht von der Unternehmung des General-Majors von Wobersnow in Polen, im Feb. und März, 1759: in Seyfarth, Beylagen, ii. 526–529. Helden-Geschichte, v. 829.*

while past, as if broken-backed, on the public highway, a Nation anarchic every fibre of it, and under the feet and hoofs of travelling Neighbors, especially of Russian Neighbors; and is not now capable of saying much for itself in such cases, or of doing anything at all.

Frankfurt Country, April 13th: Duke Ferdinand's Battle of Bergen. "Duke Ferdinand, fully aware what a stroke that seizure of Frankfurt was to him, resolved to risk a long march at this bad season, and attempt to drive the French out. Contades was absent in Paris, — no fear of an attack from Contades's Army; Broglio's in Frankfurt, grown now to about 35,000, can perhaps be beaten if vigorously attacked. Ferdinand appoints a rendezvous at Fulda, of various Corps, Prince Ysenburg's and others, that lie nearest, Hessians many of them, Hanoverians others; proceeds, himself, to Fulda, with a few attendants [a drive of about 200 miles]; — having left Lord George Sackville [mark the sad name of him!] — Sackville, head of the English, and General Spörken, a Hanoverian, — to take charge in Münster Country, during his absence. It was from Fulda that he shot out the Hereditary Prince on that important Errand we lately spoke of, under the head of '*Breakage Second*,' — namely, to clear his right flank, and scare the Reich well off him, while he should be marching on Frankfurt. All which, Henri assisting from the distance, the Hereditary Prince performed to perfection, — and was back (*April 8th*) in excellent time for the Battle.

"Ferdinand stayed hardly a day in Fulda, ranking himself and getting on the road. Did his long march of above 100 miles without accident or loss of time; — of course, scaring home the Broglio Outposts in haste enough, and awakening Broglio's attention in a high degree; — and arrives, Thursday, April 12th, at Windecken, a Village about fifteen miles north-east of Frankfurt; where he passes the night under arms; intending Battle on the morrow. Broglio is all assembled, 35,000 strong; his Assailant, with the Hereditary Prince come in, counts rather under 30,000. Broglio is posted in, and on both sides of, Bergen, a high-lying Village, directly on Ferdinand's road to Frankfurt. Windecken is about fifteen

miles from Frankfurt; Bergen about six:—idle Tourists of our time, on their return from Homburg to that City, leave Bergen a little on their left. The ground is mere hills, woody dales, marshy brooks; Broglio's position, with its Village, and Hill, and ravines and advantages, is the choicest of the region; and Broglio's methods, procedures and arrangements in it are applauded by all judges.

"*Friday, 13th April, 1759*, Ferdinand is astir by daybreak; comes on, along one of those woody valleys, pickeering, reconnoitring;—in the end, directly up the Hill of Bergen; straight upon the key-point. It is about 10 A.M., when the batteries and musketries awaken there; very loud indeed, for perhaps two hours or more. Prince von Ysenburg is leader of Ferdinand's attacking party. Their attack is hot and fierce, and they stick to it steadily; though garden-hedges, orchards and impediments are many, and Broglio, with much cannon helping, makes vigorous defence. These Ysenburgers fought till their cartridges were nearly spent, and Ysenburg himself lay killed; but could not take Bergen. Nor could the Hereditary Prince; who, in aid of them, tried it in flank, with his own usual impetuosity rekindling theirs, and at first with some success; but was himself taken in flank by Broglio's Reserve, and obliged to desist. No getting of Bergen by that method.

"Military critics say coolly, 'You should have smashed it well with cannon, first [which Ferdinand had not in stock here]; and especially have flung grenadoes into it, till it was well in flame: impossible otherwise!'¹ The Ysenburgers and Hereditary Prince withdraw. No pursuit of them; or almost less than none; for the one or two French regiments that tried it (against order), nearly got cut up. Broglio, like a very Daun at Kolin, had strictly forbidden all such attempts: 'On no temptation quit your ground!'

"The Battle, after this, lay quiet all afternoon; Ferdinand still in sight; motioning much, to tempt French valor into chasing of him. But all in vain: Broglio, though his subalterns kept urging, remonstrating, was peremptory not to stir

¹ Mauvillon, ii. 19.

Whereupon, towards evening, across certain woody Heights, perhaps still with some hope of drawing him out, Ferdinand made some languid attempt on Broglio's wing, or wings; — and this also failing, had to give up the affair. He continued cannonading till deep in the night; withdrew to Windecken: and about two next morning, marched for home, — still with little or no pursuit: but without hope of Frankfurt henceforth. And, in fact, has a painful Summer ahead.

“Ferdinand had lost 5 cannon, and of killed and wounded 2,500; the French counted their loss at about 1,900.¹ The joy of France over this immense victory was extraordinary. Broglio was made Prince of the Reich, Maréchal de France; would have been raised to the stars, had one been able, — for the time being. ‘And your immense victory,’ so sneered the by-standers, ‘consists in not being beaten, under those excellent conditions; — perhaps victory is a rarity just now!’”

This is the Battle which our Boy-Friend Johann Wolfgang watched with such interest, from his garret-window, hour after hour; all Frankfurt simmering round him, in such a whirlpool of self-contradictory emotions: till towards evening, when, in long rows of carts, poor wounded Hessians and Hanoverians came jolting in, and melted every heart into pity into wailing sorrow, and eagerness to help. A little later, Papa Goethe, stepping downstairs, came across the Official French Gentleman, who said radiantly: “Doubtless you congratulate yourself and us on this victory to his Majesty’s arms.” “Not a whit (*Keineswegs*),” answers Papa Goethe, a stiff kind of man, nowise in the mood of congratulating: “on the contrary, I wish they had chased you to the Devil, though I had had to go too!” Which was a great relief to his feelings, though a dangerous one in the circumstances.²

Breakage Third: Over the Metal Mountains into Böhmen (April 14th–20th). “Ferdinand’s Battle was hardly ending, when Prince Henri poured across the Mountains, — in two columns, Hülsen leading the inferior or rightmost one, — into

¹ Mauvillon, ii. 10–19; Tempelhof, iii. 26–31.

² Goethe’s *Werke* (Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1829), xxiv. (*Dichtung und Wahrheit*, i.), 153–157.

Leitmeritz-Eger Country ; and made a most successful business of the Austrian Magazines he found there. Magazines all filled ; Enemy all galloping for Prag :—Daun himself, who is sitting vigilant, far in the interior, at Jaromirtz this month past, was thrown into huge flurry, for some days ! Speedy Henri (almost on the one condition of *being* speedy) had his own will of the Magazines : burnt, Hülsen and he, ‘about £600,000 worth’ of Austrian provender in those parts, ‘what would have kept 50,000 men five months in bread’ (not to mention hay at all) ; gave the Enemy sore slaps (caught about 3,000 of him, *not* yet got on gallop for Prag) ; burnt his 200 boats on the Elbe :—forced him to begin anew at the beginning ; and did, in effect, considerably lame and retard certain of his operations through the Summer. Speedy Henri marched for home April 20th ; and was all across the Mountains April 23d : a profitable swift nine days.”¹—And on the sixth day hence he will have something similar, and still more important, on foot. A swift man, when he must !

Breakage Fourth : Into Mähren (April 16th–21st). “This is Fouquet’s attempt, alluded to above ; of which — as every reader must be satisfied with Small-War — we will give only the dates. Fouquet, ranking at Leobschütz, in Neisse Country, did break through into Mähren, pushing the Austrians before him ; but found the Magazines either emptied, or too inaccessible for any worth they had ; — could do nothing on the Magazines ; and returned without result ; home at Leobschütz again on the fifth day.”² This, however, had a sequel for Fouquet ; which, as it brought the King himself into those neighborhoods, we shall have to mention, farther on.

Breakage Fifth : Into Franken (May 5th–June 1st). “This was Prince Henri’s Invasion of the Bamberg-Nürnberg Countries ; a much sharper thing than in any former Year. Much the most famous, and,” luckily for us, “the last of the Small-War affairs for the present. Started, — from Tschopau region, Bamberg way, — April 29th–May 5th. In Three Columns : Finck leftmost, and foremost (Finck had marched April 29th,

¹ Tempelhof iii. 47–53, *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 963–966.

² *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 958–963 ; Tempelhof, iii. 44–47.

pretending to mean for Bohemia); after whom Knobloch; and (May 5th) the Prince himself. Who has an eye to the Reichs Magazines and Preparations, as usual; — nay, an eye to their Camp of Rendezvous, and to a fight with their miscellaneous Selves and Auxiliaries, if they will stand fight. ‘You will have to leave Saxony, and help us with the Russians, soon beat those Reichs people first!’ urged the King; ‘well beaten, they will not trouble Saxony for a while.’ If they will stand fight? But they would not at all. They struck their tents everywhere; burnt their own Magazines, in some cases; and only went mazing hither and thither, — gravitating all upon Nürnberg, and an impregnable Camp which they have in that neighborhood. Supreme Zweibrück was himself with them; many Croats, Austrians, led by Maguire and others; all marching, whirling at a mighty rate; with a countenance sometimes of vigor, but always with Nürnberg Camp in rear. There was swift marching, really beautiful manœuvring here and there; sharp bits of fighting, too, almost in the battle-form: — Maguire tried, or was for trying, a stroke with Finck; but made off hastily, glad to get away.¹ May 11th, at Himmelskron in Baireuth, one Riedesel of theirs had fairly to ground arms, self and 2,500, and become prisoners of war.” Much of this manœuvring and scuffling was in Baireuth Territory. Twice, or even thrice, Prince Henri was in Baireuth Town: “marched through Baireuth,” say the careless Old Books. Through Baireuth: — No Wilhelmina now there, with her tremulous melodies of welcome! Wilhelmina’s loves, and terrors for her loved, are now all still. Perhaps her poor Daughter of Würtemberg, wandering unjustly disgraced, is there; Papa, the Widower Margraf, is for marrying again: ² — march on, Prince Henri!

“In Bamberg,” says a Note from Archenholtz, “the Reichs troops burnt their Magazine; and made for Nürnberg, as usual; but left some thousand or two of Croats, who would not yet. Knobloch and his Prussians appeared shortly after; summoned

¹ Tempelhof, iii. 64.

² Married 20th September, 1759 (a Brunswick Princess, Sister’s-daughter of his late Wife); died within four years.

Bamberg, which agreed to receive them; and were for taking possession; but found the Croats determined otherwise. Fight ensued; fight in the streets; which, in hideousness of noises, if in nothing else, was beyond parallel. The inhabitants sat all quaking in their cellars; not an inhabitant was to be seen: a City dead,—and given up to the demons, in this manner. Not for some hours were the Croats got entirely trampled out. Bamberg, as usual, became a Prussian place-of-arms; was charged to pay ransom of £40,000;—‘cannot possibly!’—did pay some £14,000, and gave bills for the remainder.”¹ Which bills, let us mark withal, the Kaiser in Reichs Diet decreed to be invalid: “Don’t pay them!” A thing not forgotten by Friedrich;—though it is understood the Bambergers, lest worse might happen, privately paid their bills. “The Expedition lasted, in whole, not quite four weeks: June 1st, Prince Henri was at the Saxon frontier again; the German world all ringing loud,—in jubilation, counter-jubilation and a great variety of tones,—with the noise of what he had done. A sharp swift man; and, sure enough, has fluttered the Reichs Volschians in their Corioli to an unexpected degree.”²

A Colonel Wunsch (Lieutenant-Colonel of the Free Corps *Wunsch*) distinguished himself in this Expedition; The beginning of notably great things to him in the few following months. Wunsch is a Würtemberger by birth; has been in many services, always in subaltern posts, and, this year, will testify strangely how worthy he was of the higher. What a Year, this of 1759, to stout old Wunsch! In the Spring, here has he just seen his poor son, Lieutenant Wunsch, perish in one of these scuffles; in Autumn, he will see himself a General, shining suddenly bright, to his King and to all the world; before Winter, he will be Prisoner to Austria, and eclipsed for the rest of this war!—Kleist, of the *Green Hussars*, also made a figure here; and onwards rapidly ever higher; to the top of renown in his business:—fallen heir to Mayer’s place, as it

¹ Archenholtz, i. 371–373.

² Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 537–563; *Bericht von der Unternehmung des Prinzen Heinrich in Franken, im Jahr, 1759: Helden-Geschichte*, v. 1033–1039; Tempel

were. A Note says: "Poor Mayer of the Free Corps does not ride with the Prince on this occasion. Mayer, dangerously worn down with the hard services of last Year, and himself a man of too sleepless temper, caught a fever in the New-year time; and died within few days: burnt away before his time; much regretted by his Brethren of the Army, and some few others. Gone in this way; with a high career just opening on him at the long last! Mayer was of Austrian, of half Spanish birth; a musical, really melodious, affectionate, but indignant, wildly stormful mortal; and had had adventures without end. Something of pathos, of tragedy, in the wild Life of him.¹ A man of considerable genius, military and other:—genius in the sleepless kind, which is not the best kind; sometimes a very bad kind. The fame of Friedrich invites such people from all sides of the world; and this was no doubt a sensible help to him."—But enough of all this.

Here, surely, is abundance of preliminary Small-War, on the part of a Friedrich reduced to the defensive!—Fouquet's Sequel, hinted at above, was to this effect. On Fouquet's failing to get hold of the Moravian Magazines, and returning to his Post at Leobschütz, a certain rash General Deville, who is Austrian chief in those parts, hastily rushed through the Jägerndorf Hills, and invaded Fouquet. Only for a few days; and had very bad success, in that bit of retaliation. The King, who is in Landshut, in the middle of his main cantonments, hastened over to Leobschütz with reinforcement to Fouquet; in the thought that a finishing-stroke might be done on this Deville;—and would have done it, had not the rash man plunged off again (May 1st, or the night before); homewards, at full speed. So that Friedrich, likewise at full speed, could catch nothing of him; but merely cannonade him in the Passes of Zuckmantel, and cut off his rear-guard of Croats. Poor

¹ Still worth reading: in Pauli (our old watery *Brandenburg-History* Friend). *Leben grosser Helden* (Halle, 1759–1764, 9 vols.), iii. 142–188;—much the best Piece in that still rather watery (or windy) Collection, which, however, is authentic, and has some tolerable Portraits.

forlorn of Croats, whom he had left in some bushy Chasm; to gain him a little time, and then to perish if *they* must! as Tempelhof remarks.¹ Upon which Friedrich returned to Landshut; and Fouquet had peace again.

It was from this Landshut region, where his main cantonments are, that Friedrich had witnessed all these Inroads, or all except the very earliest of them; the first Erfurt one, and the Wobersnow-Sulkowski. He had quitted Breslau in the end of March, and gone to his cantonments; quickened thither, probably, by a stroke that had befallen him at Griefenberg, on his Silesian side of the Cordon. At Griefenberg stood the Battalion Düringshofen, with its Colonel of the same name, — grenadier people of good quality, perhaps near 1,000 in whole. Which Battalion, General Beck, after long preliminary study of it, from his Bohemian side, — marching stealthily on it, one night (March 25–26th), by two or more roads, with 8,000 men, and much preliminary Croat-work, — contrived to envelop wholly, and carry off with him, before help could come up. This, I suppose, had quickened Friedrich's arrival. He has been in that region ever since, — in Landshut for the last week or two; and returns thither after the Deville affair.

And at Landshut, — which is the main Pass into Bohemia or from it, and is the grand observatory-point at present, — he will have to remain till the first days of July; almost three months. Watching, and waiting on the tedious Daun, who has the lifting of the curtain this Year! Daun had come to Jaromirtz, to his cantonments, "March 24th" (almost simultaneously with Friedrich to his); expecting Friedrich's Invasion, as usual. Long days sat Daun, expecting the King in Bohemia: — "There goes he, at last!" thought Daun, on Prince Henri's late flamy appearance there (*Breakage Third* we labelled it); — and Daun had hastily pushed a Division thitherward, double-quick, to secure Prag; but found it was only the Magazines. "Above four millions worth [£600,000, counting the *thalers* into sterling], above four millions worth of bread and forage gone to ashes, and the very boats burnt? Well;

¹ Tempelhof, iii. 56.

the poor Reichsfolk, or our poor Auxiliaries to them, will have empty haversacks : — but it is not Prag !” thinks Daun.

At what exact point of time Daun came to see that Friedrich was not intending Invasion, and would, on the contrary, require to be invaded, I do not know. But it must have been an interesting discovery to Daun, if he foreshadowed to himself what results it would have on him : “ Taking the defensive, then ? And what is to become of one’s Cunctatorship in that case ! ” Yes, truly. Cunctatorship is not now the trade needed ; there is nothing to be made of playing Fabius-Cunctator : — and Daun’s fame henceforth is a diminishing quantity. The Books say he “ wasted above five weeks in corresponding with the Russian Generals.” In fact, he had now weeks enough on hand ; being articulately resolved (and even commanded by Kriegshofrath) to do nothing till the Russians came up ; — and also (*inarticulately* and by command of Nature) to do as little as possible after ! This Year, and indeed all years following, the Russians are to be Daun’s best card.

Waiting for three months here till the curtain rose, it was Friedrich that had to play Cunctator. A wearisome task to him, we need not doubt. But he did it with anxious vigilance ; ever thinking Daun would try something, either on Prince Henri or on him, and that the Play would begin. But the Play did not. There was endless scuffling and bickering of Outposts ; much hitching and counter-hitching, along that Bohemian-Silesian Frontier, — Daun gradually hitching up, leftwards, northwards, to be nearer his Russians ; Friedrich counter-hitching, and, in the end, detaching against the Russians, as they approached in actuality. The details of all which would break the toughest patience. Not till July came, had both parties got into the Lausitz ; Daun into an impregnable Camp near Mark-Lissa (in Görlitz Country) ; Friedrich, opposite and eastward of him, into another at Schmöttseifen : — still after which, as the Russians still were not come, the hitching (if we could concern ourselves with it), the maze of strategic shuffling and counter-dancing, as the Russians get nearer, will become more intricate than ever.

Except that of General Beck on Battalion Düringshofen, — if that was meant as retaliatory, and was not rather an originality of Beck's, who is expert at such strokes, — Daun, in return for all these injurious Assaults and Breakages, tried little or no retaliation; and got absolutely none. Deville attempted once, as we saw; Loudon once, as perhaps we shall see: but both proved futile. For the present absolutely none. Next Year indeed, Loudon, on Fouquet at Landshut — But let us not anticipate! Just before quitting Landshut for Schmöttsen, Friedrich himself rode into Bohemia, to look more narrowly; and held Trautenau, at the bottom of the Pass, for a day or two — But the reader has had enough of Small-War! Of the present Loudon attempt, Friedrich, writing to Brother Henri, who is just home from his Franconian Invasion (*Breakage Fifth*), has a casual word, which we will quote. "Reich-Hennersdorf" is below Landshut, farther down the Pass; "Liebau" still farther down, — and its "Gallows," doubtless, is on some knoll in the environs!

Reich-Hennersdorf, 9th June. "My congratulations on the excellent success you have had [out in Frankenland yonder]! Your prisoners, we hear, are 3,000; the desertion and confusion in the Reichs Army are affirmed to be enormous: — I give those Reichs fellows two good months [scarcely took so long] to be in a condition to show face again. As for ourselves, I can send you nothing but contemptibilities. We have never yet had the beatific vision of Him with the Hat and Consecrated Sword [Papal Daun, that is]; they amuse us with the Sieur Loudon instead; — who, three days ago [7th July, two days] did us the honor of a visit, at the Gallows of Liebau. He was conducted out again, with all the politeness imaginable, on to near Schatzlar," well over the Bohemian Border; "where we flung a score of cannon volleys into the" — into the "*derrière* of him, and everybody returned home."¹

Perhaps the only points now noticeable in this tedious Landshut interim, are Two, hardly noticed then at all by an expectant world. The first is: That in the King's little in-road down to Trautenau, just mentioned, four cannon drawn

¹ In *Schöning*, ii. 65: "9th June, 1759."

by horses were part of the King's fighting gear,—the first appearance of Horse Artillery in the world. "A very great invention," says the military mind: "guns and carriages are light, and made of the best material for strength; the gunners all mounted as postilions to them. Can scour along, over hill and dale, wherever horse can; and burst out, on the sudden, where nobody was expecting artillery. Devised in 1758; ready this Year, four light six-pounders; tried first in the King's raid down to Trautenau [June 29th–30th]. Only four pieces as yet. But these did so well, there were yearly more. Imitated by the Austrians, and gradually by all the world."¹

The second fact is: That Herr Guichard (Author of that fine Book on the War-methods of the Greeks and Romans) is still about Friedrich, as he has been for above a year past, if readers remember; and, during those tedious weeks, is admitted to a great deal of conversation with the King. Readers will consent to this Note on Guichard; and this shall be our ultimatum on the wearisome Three Months at Landshut.

Major Quintus Icilius. "Guichard is by birth a Magdeburger, age now thirty-four; a solid staid man, with a good deal of hard faculty in him, and of culture unusual for a soldier. A handy, sagacious, learned and intelligent man; whom Friedrich, in the course of a year's experience, has grown to see willingly about him. There is something of positive in Guichard, of stiff and, as it were, *gritty*, which might have offended a weaker taste; but Friedrich likes the rugged sense of the man; his real knowledge on certain interesting heads; and the precision, with which the known and the not rightly known are divided from one another, in Guichard.

"Guichard's business about the King has been miscellaneous, not worth mention hitherto; but to appearance was well done. Of talk they are beginning to have more and more; especially at Landshut here, in these days of waiting; a great deal of talk on the Wars of the Ancients, Guichard's Book

¹ *Seyfarth*, ii. 543.

naturally leading to that subject. One night, datable accidentally about the end of May, the topic happened to be Pharsalia, and the excellent conduct of a certain Centurion of the Tenth Legion, who, seeing Pompey's people about to take him in flank, suddenly flung himself into oblique order [*schräge Stellung*, as we did at Leuthen], thereby outflanking Pompey's people, and ruining their manœuvre and them. 'A dexterous man, that Quintus Icilius the Centurion!' observed Friedrich. 'Ah, yes. but excuse me, your Majesty, his name was Quintus Cæcilius,' said Guichard. 'No, it was Icilius,' said the King, positive to his opinion on that small point; which Guichard had not the art to let drop; though, except assertion and counter-assertion, what could be made of it there? Or of what use was it anywhere?

"Next day, Guichard came with the book [what "Book" nobody would ever yet tell me], and putting his finger on the passage, 'See, your Majesty: Quintus Cæcilius!' extinguished his royal opponent. 'Hm,' answered Friedrich: 'so? — Well, you shall be Quintus Icilius, at any rate!' And straightway had him entered on the Army Books 'as Major Quintus Icilius;' his Majorship is to be dated '10th April, 1758' (to give him seniority); and from and after this '26th May, 1759,' he is to command the late Du Verger's Free-Battalion. All which was done:—the War-Offices somewhat astonished at such advent of an antique Roman among them; but writing as bidden, the hand being plain, and the man an undeniable article. Onward from which time there is always a 'Battalion Quintus' on their Books, instead of Battalion Du Verger; by degrees two Battallions Quintus, and at length three, and Quintus become a Colonel:—at which point the War ended; and the three Free-Battalions Quintus, like all others of the same type, were discharged." This is the authentic origin of the new name Quintus, which Guichard got, to extinction of the old; substantially this, as derived from Quintus himself,—though in the precise details of it there are obscurities, never yet solved by the learned. Nicolai, for example, though he had the story from Quintus in person, who was his familiar acquaintance, and often came to see him at Berlin, does not

with his usual punctuality, say, nor even confess that he has forgotten, what Book it was that Quintus brought with him to confute the King on their Icilius-Cæcilius controversy; Nicolai only says, that he, for his part, in the fields of Roman Literature and History, knows only three Quintus-Iciliuses, not one of whom is of the least likelihood; and in fact, in the above summary, I have had to *invert* my Nicolai on one point, to make the story stick together.¹

“Quintus had been bred for the clerical profession; carefully, at various Universities, Leyden last of all; and had even preached, as eandidate for license, — I hope with moderate orthodoxy; — though he soon renounced that career. Exchanged it for learned and vigorous general study, with an eye to some College Professorship instead. He was still hardly twenty-three, when, in 1747, the new Stadtholder,” Prince of Orange, whom we used to know, “who had his eye upon him as a youth of merit, graciously undertook to get him placed at Utrecht, in a vacaney which had just occurred there, — whither the Princee was just bound, on some ceremonial visit of a high nature. The glad Quintus, at that time Guichard and little thinking of such an alias, hastened to set off in the Prince’s train; but could get no conveyance, such was the press of people all for Utrecht. And did not arrive till next day, — and found quarter, with difficulty, in the garret of some overflowing Inn.

“In the lower stories of his Inn, solitary Guichard, when night fell, heard a speeifie *gaudeamus* going on; and inquired what it was. ‘A company of Professors, handselling a newly appointed Professor;’ — appointed, as the next question taught, to the very Chair poor Quintus had come for! Serene Highness could not help himself; the Utrechters were so bent on the thing. Quintus lay awake, all night, in his truekle-bed; and gloomily resolved to have done with Professorships, and become a soldier. ‘If your Serene Highness do still favor me,’ said Quintus next day, ‘I solieit, as the one help for me, an ensign’s commission!’ — And persisted rigorously, in spite of all counsellings, promises and outlooks on the professorial

¹ Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, vi. 129–145.

side of things. So that Serene Highness had to grant him his commission; and Quintus was a soldier thenceforth. Fought, more or less, in the sad remainder of that Cumberland-Saxe War; and after the Peace of 1748 continued in the Dutch service. Where, loath to be idle, he got his learned Books out again, and took to studying thoroughly the Ancient Art of War. After years of this, it had grown so hopeful that he proceeded to a Book upon it; and, by degrees, determined that he must get to certain Libraries in England, before finishing. In 1754, on furlough, graciously allowed and continued, he came to London accordingly; finished his manuscript there (printed at the Hague 1757¹): and new War having now begun, went over (probably with English introductions) as volunteer to Duke Ferdinand. By Duke Ferdinand he was recommended to Friedrich, the goal of all his efforts, as of every vagrant soldier's in those times:—and here at last, as Quintus Icilius, he has found permanent billet, a Battalion and gradually three Battalions, and will not need to roam any farther.

“They say, what is very credible, that Quintus proved an active, stout and effectual soldier, in his kind; and perhaps we may hear of some of his small-war adventures by and by: that he was a studious, hard-headed, well-informed man, and had written an excellent Book on his subject, is still abundantly clear. Readers may look in the famous Gibbon's *Autobiography*, or still better in the Guichard Book itself, if they want evidence. The famous Gibbon was drilling and wheeling, very peaceably indeed, in the Hampshire Militia, in those wild years of European War. Hampshire Militia served as key, or glossary in a sort, to this new Book of Guichard's, which Gibbon eagerly bought and studied; and it was Guichard, *alias* Quintus Icilius, who taught Gibbon all he ever knew of Ancient War, at least all the teaching he ever had of it, for his renowned *Decline and Fall*.”²

¹ *Mémoires Militaires sur les &c.* (à La Haye, 1757: 2 vols. 4to);—was in the 5th edition when I last heard of it.

² See Gibbon's *Works* (4to, London, 1796: *Memoirs of my Life and Writings*), i. 97; and (*Extraits de mes Lectures*), ii. 52–54, of dates May 14th–26th,

It was in the last days of June that Daun, after many hitchings, got into more decisive general movement northward; and slowly but steadily planted himself at Mark-Lissa in the Lausitz: upon which, after some survey of the phenomenon, Friedrich got to Schmöttseifen, opposite him, July 10th. Friedrich, on noticing such stir, had ridden down to Trautenau (June 29th-30th), new Horse-Artillery attending, to look closer into Daun's affairs; and, seeing what they were, had thereupon followed. Above a month before this, Friedrich had detached a considerable force against the Russians, — General Dohna, of whom in next Chapter: — and both Daun and he again sit waiting, till they see farther. Rapid Friedrich is obliged to wait; watching Daun and the Dohna-Russian adventure: slow Daun will continue to wait and watch there, long weeks and months, after that is settled, that and much else, fully to his mind! Each is in his impregnable Camp; and each, Daun especially, has his Divisions and Detachments hovering round him, near or far, on different strategic errands; each Main-Camp like a planet with various moons — Mark-Lissa especially, a kind of sun with planets and comets and planetary moons: — of whose intricate motions and counter-motions, mostly unimportant to us, we promised to take no notice, in face of such a crisis just at hand.

By the 6th of July, slow Daun had got hitched into his Camp of Mark-Lissa; and four days after, Friedrich attending him, was in Schmöttseifen: where again was pause; and there passed nothing mentionable, even on Friedrich's score; and till July was just ending, the curtain did not fairly rise. Pause of above two weeks on Friedrich's part, and of almost three months on Daun's. Mark-Lissa, an impregnable Camp, is on the Lausitz Border; with Saxony, Silesia, Bohemia all converging hereabouts, and Brandenburg itself in the vicinity, — there is not a better place for waiting on events. Here,

1762, — during which days Gibbon is engaged in actual reading of the *Mémoires Militaires*; and already knows the Author by his *alias* of Quintus Icilius, "a man of eminent sagacity and insight, who was in the Dutch, and is now, I believe, in the Prussian service."

accordingly, till well on in September, Daun sat immovable; not even hitching now, — only shooting out Detachments, planetary, cometary, at a great rate, chiefly on his various Russian errands.

Daun, as we said, had been uncomfortably surprised to find, by degrees, that Invasion was not Friedrich's plan this Year; that the dramatic parts are redistributed, and that the playing of Fabius-Cunctator will not now serve one's turn. Daun, who may well be loath to believe such a thing, clings to his old part, and seems very lazy to rise and try another. In fact, he does not rise, properly speaking, or take up his new part at all. This Year, and all the following, he waits carefully till the Russian Lion come; will then endeavor to assist, — or even do jackal, which will be safer still. The Russians he intends shall act lion; he himself modestly playing the subaltern but much safer part! Diligent to flatter the lion; will provide him guidances, and fractional sustenances, in view of the coming hunt; will eat the lion's leavings, once the prey is slaughtered. This really was, in some sort, Daun's yearly game, so long as it would last! —

July ending, and the curtain fairly risen, we shall have to look at Friedrich with our best eyesight. Preparatory to which, there is, on Friedrich's part, ever since the middle of June, this Anti-Russian Dohna adventure going on: — of which, at first, and till about the time of getting to Schmötseifen, he had great hopes; great, though of late rapidly sinking again: — into which we must first throw a glance, as properly the opening scene.

Fouquet has been left at Landshut, should the Daun remnants still in Bohemia think of invading. Fouquet is about rooting himself rather firmly into that important Post; fortifying various select Hills round Landshut, with redoubts, curtains, communications; so as to keep ward there, inexpugnable to a much stronger force. There for about a year, with occasional short sallies, on errands that arise, Fouquet sat successfully vigilant; resisting the Devilles, Becks, Harsches; protecting Glatz and the Passes of Silesia: in about a year

we shall hear of his fortunes worsening, and of a great catastrophe to him in that Landslut Post.

Friedrich allowed the Reichsfolk "two good months," after all that flurrying and havoc done on them, "before they could show face in Saxony." They did take about that time; and would have taken more, had not Prince Henri been called away by other pressing occasions in Friedrich's own neighborhood; and Saxony, for a good while (end of June to beginning of September); been left almost bare of Prussian troops. Which encourages the Reichs Army to hurry afield in very unprepared condition, — still rather within the two months. End of July, Light people of them push across to Halberstadt or Halle Country; and are raising Contributions, and plundering diligently, if nothing else. Of which we can take no notice farther: if the reader can recollect it, well; if not, also well. The poor Reichs Army nominally makes a figure this Year, but nominally only; the effective part of it, now and henceforth, being Austrian Auxiliaries, and the Reichs part as flaccid and insignificant as ever.

Prince Henri's call to quit Saxony was this. Daun, among the numerous Detachments he was making, of which we can take no notice, had shot out Two (rather of *cometary* type, to use our old figure), — which every reader must try to keep in mind. Two Detachments, very considerable: Haddick (who grew at last to 20,000), and Loudon (16,000); who are hovering about mysteriously over the Lausitz; — intending what? Their intention, Friedrich thinks, especially Haddick's intention, may be towards Brandenburg, and even Berlin: wherefore he has summoned Henri to look after it. Henri, resting in cantonments about Tschopau and Dresden, after the late fatigues, and idle for the moment, hastens to obey; and is in Bautzen neighborhood, from about the end of June and onward. Sufficiently attentive to Haddick and Loudon: who make no attempt on Brandenburg; having indeed, as Friedrich gradually sees, and as all of us shall soon see, a very different object in view! —

CHAPTER II.

GENERAL DOHNA; DICTATOR WEDELL: BATTLE OF ZÜLLICHAU.

THE Russian Lion, urged by Vienna and Versailles, made his entry, this Year, earlier than usual, — coming now within wind of Mark-Lissa, as we see; — and has stirred Daun into motion, Daun and everybody. From the beginning of April, the Russians, hibernating in the interior parts of Poland, were awake, and getting slowly under way. April 24th, the Vanguard of 10,000 quitted Thorn; June 1st, Vanguard is in Posen; followed by a First Division and a Second, each of 30,000. They called it “Soltikof crossing the Weichsel with 100,000 men;” but, exclusive of the Cossack swarms, there were not above 75,000 regulars: nor was Soltikof their Captain just at first; our old friend Fermor was, and continued to be till Soltikof, in a private capacity, reached Posen (June 29th), and produced his new commission. At Fermor’s own request, as Fermor pretended, — who was skilled in Petersburg politics, and with a cheerful face served thenceforth as Soltikof’s second.

At Posen, as on the road thither, they find Sulkowski’s and the other burnt provenders abundantly replaced: it is evident they intend, in concert with Daun, to enclose Friedrich between two fires, and do something considerable. Whether on Brandenburg or Silesia, is not yet known to Friedrich. Friedrich, since the time they crossed Weichsel, has given them his best attention; and more than once has had schemes on their Magazines and them, — once a new and bigger Scheme actually afoot, under Wobersnow again, our Anti-Sulkowski friend; but was obliged to turn the force elsewhere, on alarms that rose. He himself cannot quit the centre of the work; his task being to watch Daun, and

especially, should Daun attempt nothing else, to prevent junction of Soltikof and him.

Daun still lies torpid, or merely hitching about; but now when the Russians are approaching Posen, and the case becomes pressing, Friedrich, as is usual to him, draws upon the Anti-Swedish resource, upon the Force he has in Pommern. That is to say, orders General Dohna, who has the Swedes well driven in at present, to quit Stralsund Country, to leave the ineffectual Swedes with some very small attendance; and to march — with certain reinforcements that are arriving (Wobersnow already, Hülsen with 10,000 out of Saxony in few days) — direct against the Russians; and at once go in upon them. Try to burn their Magazines again; or, equally good, to fall vigorously on some of their separate Divisions, and cut them off in the vagrant state; — above all, to be vigorous, be rapid, sharp, and do something effectual in that quarter. These were Dohna's Instructions. Dohna has 18,000; Hülsen, with his 10,000, is industriously striding forward, from the farther side of Saxony; Wobersnow, with at least his own fine head, is already there. Friedrich, watching in the Anti-Junction position, ready for the least chance that may turn up.

Dohna marched accordingly; but was nothing like rapid enough: an old man, often in ill health too; and no doubt plenty of impediments about him. He consumed some time rallying at Stargard; twelve days more at Landsberg, on the Warta, settling his provision matters: in fine, did not get to Posen neighborhood till June 23d, three weeks after the Russian Vanguard of 10,000 had fixed itself there, and other Russian parties were daily dropping in. Dohna was 18,000, a Wobersnow with him: had he gone at once on Posen, as Wobersnow urged, it is thought he might perhaps have ruined this Vanguard and the Russian Magazine; which would have been of signal service for the remaining Campaign. But he preferred waiting for Hülsen and the 10,000, who did not arrive for seven or eight days more; by which time Soltikof and most of the Russian Divisions had got in; — and the work was become as good as hopeless, on those languid

terms. Dohna did try upon the Magazine, said to be ill guarded in some Suburb of Posen; crossed the Warta with that view, found no Magazine; recrossed the Warta; and went manœuvring about, unable to do the least good on Soltikof or his Magazines or operations. Friedrich was still in Landshut region, just about quitting it,—just starting on that little Trautenau Expedition, with his Four Pieces of Horse-Artillery (June 29th), when the first ill news of Dohna came in; which greatly disappointed Friedrich, and were followed by worse, instead of better.

The end was, Soltikof, being now all ready, winded himself out of Posen one day, veiled by Cossacks; and, to Dohna's horror, had got, or was in the act of getting, between Dohna and Brandenburg; which necessitated new difficult manœuvres from Dohna. Soltikof too can manœuvre a little: Soltikof edges steadily forward; making for Crossen-on-Oder, where he expects to find Austrians (Haddick and Loudon, if Friedrich could yet guess it), with 30,000 odd, especially with provision, which is wearing scarce with him. Twice or so there was still a pretty opportunity for Dohna on him; but Dohna never could resolve about it in time. Back and ever back goes Dohna; facing Soltikof; but always hitching back; latterly in Brandenburg ground, the Russians and he;—having no provision, he either. In fine, July 17th (one week after Friedrich had got to Schmöttseifen), Dohna finds himself at the little Town of Züllichau (barely in time to snatch it before Soltikof could), within thirty miles of Crossen; and nothing but futility behind and before.¹

We can imagine Friedrich's daily survey of all this; his gloomy calculations what it will soon amount to if it last. He has now no Winterfeld, Schwerin, no Keith, Retzow, Moritz:—whom has he? His noblest Captains are all gone; he must put up with the less noble. One Wedell, Lieutenant-General, had lately recommended himself to the royal mind by actions of a prompt daring. The royal mind, disgusted with these Dohna haggings, and in absolute necessity of finding somebody that had resolution, and at least ordinary

¹ Tempelhof, iii. 78-88; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 835-847.

Prussian skill, hoped Wedell was the man. And determined, the crisis being so urgent, to send Wedell in the character of *Alter-Ego*, or "with the powers of a Roman Dictator," as the Order expressed it.¹ Dictator Wedell is to supersede Dohna; shall go, at his own swift pace, fettered by nobody;—and, at all hazards, shall attack Soltikof straightway, and try to beat him. "You are grown too old for that intricate hard work; go home a little, and recover your health," the King writes to Dohna. And to the Dohna Army, "Obey this man, all and sundry of you, as you would myself;" the man's private Order being, "Go in upon Soltikof; attack him straightway; let us have done with this wriggling and haggling." Date of this Order is "Camp at Schmöttseifen, 20th July, 1759." The purpose of such high-flown Title, and solemnity of nomination, was mainly, it appears, to hush down any hesitation or surprise among the Dohna Generals, which, as Wedell was "the youngest Lieutenant-General of the Army," might otherwise have been possible.

Wedell, furnished with some small escort and these Documents, arrives in Camp Sunday Evening, 22d July:—poor Dohna has not the least word or look of criticism; and every General, suppressing whatever thoughts there may be, prepares to yield loyal obedience to Dictator Wedell. "Wobersnow was the far better soldier of the two!" murmured the Opposition party, then and long afterwards,²—all the more, as Wobersnow's behavior under it was beautiful, and his end tragical, as will be seen. Wobersnow I perceive to have been a valiant sharp-striking man, with multifarious resources in his head; who had faithfully helped in these operations, and I believe been urgent to quicken them. But what I remember best of him is his hasty admirable contrivance for field-bakery in pressing circumstances,—the substance of which shall not be hidden from a mechanical age:—

"You construct six slight square iron frames, each hinged to the other; each, say, two feet square, or the breadth of

¹ Given in *Preuss*, ii. 207, 208; in Stenzel, v. 212, other particulars.

² Retzow, &c.

two common tiles, and shaped on the edges so as to take in tiles; — tiles are to be found on every human cottage. This iron frame, when you hook it together, becomes the ghost of a cubic box, and by the help of twelve tiles becomes a compact field-oven; and you can bake with it, if you have flour and water, and a few sticks. The succinctest oven ever heard of; for your operation done, and your tiles flung out again, it is capable of all folding flat like a book.”¹ Never till now had Wobersnow’s oven been at fault: but in these Polish Villages, all of mere thatched hovels, there was not a tile to be found; and the Bakery, with astonishment, saw itself unable to proceed.

Wedell arrived Sunday evening, 22d July; had crossed Oder at Tschischerzig, — some say by Crossen Bridge; no matter which. Dohna’s Camp is some thirty miles west of Crossen; in and near the small Town called Züllichau, where his head-quarter is. In those dull peaty Countries, on the right, which is thereabouts the *northern* (not eastern), bank of Oder; between the Oder and the Warta; some seventy miles south-by-east of Landsberg, and perhaps as far southwest of Posen: thither has Dohna now got with his futile manœuvrings. Soltikof, drawn up amid scrubby woods and sluggish intricate brooks, is about a mile to east of him.

Poor Dohna demits at once; and, I could conjecture, vanishes that very night; glad to be out of such a thing. Painfully has Dohna manœuvred for weeks past; falling back daily; only anxious latterly that Soltikof, who daily tries it, do not get to westward of him on the Frankfurt road, and so end this sad shuffle. Soltikof as yet has not managed that ultimate fatality; Dohna, by shuffling back, does at least contrive to keep between Frankfurt and him; — will not try attacking him, much as Wobersnow urges it. Has agreed twice or oftener, on Wobersnow’s urgency: “Yes, yes; we have a chance,” Dohna would answer; “only let us rest till to-morrow, and be fresh!” by which time the opportunity was always gone again.

¹ Retzow, ii. 82 n.

Wedell had arrived with a grenadier battalion and some horse for escort; had picked up 150 Russian prisoners by the way. Retzow has understood he came in with a kind of state; and seemed more or less inflated; conscious of representing the King's person, and being a Roman Dictator, — though it is a perilously difficult office too, and requires more than a Letter of Instructions to qualify you for it! This is not Leonidas Wedell, whom readers once knew; poor Leonidas is dead long since, fell in the Battle of Sohr, soon after the heroic feat of Ziethen's and his at Elbe-Teinitz (Defence of Elbe against an Army); this is Leonidas's elder Brother. Friedrich had observed his fiery ways on the day of Leuthen: "Hah, a new Winterfeld perhaps?" thought Friedrich, "All the Winterfeld I now have!" — which proved a fond hope. Wedell's Dictatorship began this Sunday towards sunset; and lasted — in practical fact, it lasted one day.

*Dictator Wedell fights his Battle (Monday, 23d July, 1759),
without Success.*

Monday morning early, Wedell is on the heights, reconnoitring Soltikof; cannot see much of him, the ground being so woody; does see what he takes to be Soltikof's left wing; and judges that Soltikof will lie quiet for this day. Which was far from a right reading of Soltikof; the fact being that Soltikof, in long columns and divisions, beginning with his right wing, was all on march since daybreak; what Wedell took for Soltikof's "left wing" being Soltikof's rear-guard and baggage, waiting till the roads cleared. Wedell, having settled everything on the above footing, returns to Züllichau about 10 o'clock; and about 11, Soltikof, miles long, disengaged from the bushy hollows, makes his appearance on the open grounds of Palzig: he, sure enough (though Wedell can hardly believe it), — five or six miles to northeast yonder; tramping diligently along, making for Crossen and the Oder Bridge; — and is actually *got* ahead of us, at last!

This is what Wedell cannot suffer, cost what it may. Wedell's orders were, in such case, Attack the Russians. Wedell

instantly took his measures; not unskilfully, say judges, — though the result proved disappointing; and Wobersnow himself earnestly dissuaded: “Too questionable, I should doubt! Soltikof is 70,000, and has no end of Artillery; we are 26,000, and know not if we can bring a single gun to where Soltikof is!”¹

Wedell’s people have already, of their own accord, got to arms again; stand waiting his orders on this new emergency. No delay in Wedell or in them. “May not it be another Rossbach (if we are lucky)?” thinks Wedell: “Cannot we burst in on their flank, as they march yonder, those awkward fellows; and tumble them into heaps?” The differences were several-fold: First, that Friedrich and Seidlitz are not here. Many brave men we have, and skilful; but not a master and man like these Two. Secondly, that there is no Janus Hill to screen our intentions; but that the Russians have us in full view while we make ready. Thirdly, and still more important, that we do not know the ground, and what hidden inaccessibilities lie ahead. This last is judged to have been the killing circumstance. Between the Russians and us there is a paltry little Brook, or line of quagmire; scarcely noticeable here, but passable nowhere except at the Village-Mill of Kay, by one poor Bridge there. And then, farther inwards, as shelter of the Russians, there is another quaggy Brook, branch of the above, which is without bridge altogether. Hours will be required to get 26,000 people marched up there, not to speak of heavy guns at all.

The 26,000 march with their usual mathematical despatch: Manteuffel and the Vanguard strike in with their sharpest edge, foot and horse, direct on the Head of the Russian Column, Manteuffel leading on, so soon as his few battalions and squadrons are across. Head means *brain* (or life) to this Russian Column; and these Manteuffel people go at it with extraordinary energy. The Russian Head gives way; infantry and cavalry: — their cavalry was driven quite to rear, and never came in sight again after this of Manteuffel. But the Russians

¹ Tempelhof, iii. 132-134.

have abundance of Reserves ; also of room to manœuvre in, — no lack of ground open, and ground defensible (Palzig Village and Churchyard, for example) ; — above all, they have abundance of heavy guns.

Well in recoil from Manteuffel and his furies, the beaten Russians succeed in forming “a long Line behind Palzig Village,” with that Second, slighter or Branch Quagmire between them and us ; they get the Village beset, and have the Churchyard of it lined with batteries, — say seventy guns. Manteuffel, unsupported, has to fall back ; — unwillingly, and not chased or in disorder, — towards Kay-Mill again ; where many are by this time across. Hülsen, with the Centre, attacks now, as the Vanguard had done ; with a will, he too : Wobersnow, all manner of people attack ; time after time, for about four hours coming : and it proves all in vain, on that Churchyard and new Line. Without cannon, we are repulsed, torn away by those Russian volcano-batteries ; never enough of us at once !

Hülsen, Wobersnow, everybody in detail is repulsed, or finds his success unavailing. Poor Wobersnow did wonders ; but he fell, killed. Gone he ; and has left so few of his like : a man that could ill be spared at present ! — Day is sinking ; we find we have lost, in killed, wounded and prisoners, some 6,000 men. “About sunset,” — flaming July sun going down among the moorlands on such a scene, — Wedell gives it up ; retires slowly towards Kay Bridge. Slowly ; not chased, or molested ; Soltikof too glad to be rid of him. Soltikof’s one aim is, and was, towards Crossen ; towards Austrian Junction, and something to live upon. Soltikof’s loss of men is reckoned to be heavier even than Wedell’s : but he could far better afford it. He has gained his point ; and the price is small in comparison. Next day he enters Crossen on triumphant terms.

Poor Wedell had returned over Kay-Mill Bridge, in the night-time after his Defeat. On the morrow (Tuesday, 24th, day of Soltikof’s glad entry), Wedell crosses Oder ; at Tschischerzig, the old place of Sunday evening last, — in how dif-

ferent a humor, this time! — and in a day more, posts himself opposite to Crossen Bridge, five or six miles south; and again sits watchful of Soltikof there. At Crossen, triumphant Soltikof has found no Austrian Junction, nor anything additional to live upon. A very disappointing circumstance to Soltikof; “Austrian Junction still a problem, then; a thing in the air? And perhaps the King of Prussia taking charge of it now!” Soltikof, more and more impatient, after waiting some days, decided Not to cross Oder by that Bridge; — “shy of crossing anywhere [think the French Gentlemen, Montazet, Montalembert], to the King of Prussia’s side!”¹ Which is not unlikely, though the King is above 100 miles off him, and has Daun on his hands. Certain enough, keeping the River between him and any operations of the King, Soltikof set out for Frankfurt, forty or fifty miles farther down. In the hope probably of finding something of human provender withal? July 30th, one week after his Battle, the vanguard of him is there.

Thus, in two days, or even in one, has Wedell’s Dictatorship ended. Easy to say scoffingly, “Would it had never begun!” Friedrich knows that, and Wedell knows it; — *after* the event everybody knows it! Friedrich said nothing of reproachful; the reverse rather, — “I dreaded something of the kind; it is not your fault;”² — ordered Wedell to watch diligently at Crossen Bridge, and be ready on farther signal. The Wedell Problem, in such ruined condition, has now fallen to Friedrich himself.

This is the *Battle of Züllichau* (afternoon of 23d July, 1759); the beginning of immense disasters in this Campaign. Battle called also of *Kay* and of *Palzig*, those also being main localities in it. It was lost, not by fault of Wedell’s people, who spent themselves nobly upon it, nor perhaps by fault of Wedell himself, but principally, if not solely, by those two paltry Brooks, or threads of Quagmire, one of

¹ Stenzel, iv. 215 (indistinct, and giving a *wrong* citation of “Montalembert, ii. 87”).

² *To Wedell, from the King*, “Schmöttseifen, July 24th, 1759” (in Schöning, ii. 118).

which turns Kay-Mill; memorable Brooks in this Campaign, 1759.¹

Close in the same neighborhood, there is another equally contemptible Brook, making towards Oder, and turning the so-called Krebsmühle, which became still more famous to the whole European Public twenty years hence. *Krebs-mühle* (Crab-Mill), as yet quite undistinguished among Mills; belonging to a dusty individual called Miller Arnold, with a dusty Son of his own for Miller's Lad: was it at work this day? Or had the terrible sound from Palzig quenched its clacking? —

Some three weeks ago (*4th–6th July*), there occurred a sudden sharp thing at Havre-de-Grace on the French Coast, worth a word from us in this place. The Montazets, Montalemberts, watching, messaging about, in the Austrian-Russian Courts and Camps, assiduously keeping their Soltikofs in tune, we can observe how busy they are. Soubise with his Invasion of England, all the French are very busy; they have conquered Hessen from Duke Ferdinand, and promise themselves a glorious Campaign, after that Seizure of Frankfurt. Soubise, intent on his new Enterprise, is really making ardent preparations: at Vannes in the Morbihan, such rendezvousing and equipping; — especially at Havre, no end of flat-bottomed boats getting built; and much bluster and agitation among the weaker sorts in both Nations. Whereupon, —

“*July 1st* [just in the days while Friedrich was first trying Horse Artillery], Rear-Admiral Rodney sails from Portsmouth with a few Frigates, and Six Bomb-ketches [*Firedrake, Basilisk, Blust*, and such nomenclatures²]; and in the afternoon of Tuesday, 3d, arrives in the frith or bay of Havre. Steers himself properly into ‘the Channel of Honfleur’ before dark; and therefrom, with his *Firedrake, Basilisk* and Company, begins such a bombardment of Havre and the flat-bottomed manufactories as was quite surprising. Fifty-two incessant

¹ Tempelhof, iii. 125–131.

² List of him, in Beatson, *Naval and Military Memoirs* (London, 1804). ii. 241; his Despatch excellently brief, ib. ii. 323.

hours of it, before he thought poor Havre had enough. Poor Havre had been on fire six times; the flat manufactory (unquenchable) I know not how many; all the inhabitants off in despair; and the Garrison building this battery to no purpose, then that; no salvation for them but in Rodney's 'mortars getting too hot.' He had fired of shells 1,900, of carcasses, 1,150: from Wednesday about sunrise till Friday about 8 A.M., — about time now for breakfast; which I hope everybody had, after such a stretch of work. 'No damage to speak of,' said the French Gazetteers; 'we will soon refit everything!' But they never did; and nothing came of Havre henceforth. Vannes was always, and is now still more, to be the main place; only that Hawke — most unexpectedly, for one fancied all their ships employed in distant parts — rides there with a Channel Fleet of formidable nature; and the previous question always is: 'Cannot we beat Hawke? Can we! Or will not he perhaps go, of himself, when the rough weather comes?' "

CHAPTER III.

FRIEDRICH IN PERSON ATTEMPTS THE RUSSIAN PROBLEM; NOT WITH SUCCESS.

BEFORE Wedell's catastrophe, the Affair of those Haddick-Loudon Detachments had become a little plainer to Friedrich. The intention, he begins to suspect, is not for Berlin at all; but for junction with Soltikof, — at Crossen, or wherever it may be. This is in fact their real purpose; and this, beyond almost Berlin itself, it is in the highest degree important to prevent! Important; and now as if become impossible!

Prince Henri had come to Bautzen with his Army, specially to look after Loudon and Haddick; and he has, all this while, had Finck with some 10,000 diligently patrolling to westward of them, guarding Berlin; he himself watching from the southern side, — where, as on the western, there was no

danger from them. Some time before Wedell's affair, Friedrich had pushed out Eugen of Würtemberg to watch these people on the eastern side; — suspicious that thitherward lay their real errand. Eugen had but 6,000; and, except in conjunction with Finck and Henri, could do nothing, — nor can, now when Friedrich's suspicion turns out to be fatally true. Friedrich had always the angry feeling that Finck and Prince Henri were the blameworthy parties in what now ensued; that they, who were near, ought to have divined these people's secret, and spoiled it in time; not have left it to him who was far off, and so busy otherwise. To the last, that was his fixed private opinion; by no means useful to utter, — especially at present, while attempting the now very doubtful enterprise himself, and needing all about him to be swift and zealous. This is one of Friedrich's famous labors, this of the Haddick-Loudon junction with Soltikof; strenuous short spasm of effort, of about a week's continuance; full of fiery insight, velocity, energy; still admired by judges, though it was unsuccessful, or only had half success. Difficult to bring home, in any measure, to the mind of modern readers, so remote from it.

Friedrich got the news of Züllichau next day, July 24th; — and instantly made ready. The case is critical; especially this Haddick-Loudon part of it: add 30 or 36,000 Austrians to Soltikof, how is he then to be dealt with? A case stringently pressing: — and the resources for it few and scattered. For several days past, Haddick, and Loudon under him, whose motions were long enigmatic, have been marching steadily eastward through the Lausitz, — with the evident purpose of joining Soltikof; unless Wedell could forbid. Wedell ahead was the grand opposition; — Finck, Henri, Würtemberg, as good as useless; — and Wedell being now struck down, these Austrians will go, especially Loudon will, at a winged rate. They are understood to be approaching Sagan Country; happily, as yet, well to westward of it, and from Sagan Town well *north-westward*; — but all accounts of them are vague, dim: they are an obscure entity to Friedrich, but a vitally important one. Sagan Town may be about 70 miles north-

ward of where Friedrich now is: from Sagan, were they once in the meridian of Sagan, their road is free eastward and northward;—to Crossen is about 60 miles north-by-east from Sagan, to Frankfurt near 100 north. Sagan is on the Bober; Bober, in every event, is between the Austrians and their aim.

Friedrich feels that, however dangerous to quit Daun's neighborhood, he must, he in person, go at once. And who, in the interim, will watch Daun and his enterprises? Friedrich's reflections are: "Well, in the crisis of the moment, Saxony—though there already are marauding Bodies of Reichs-folk in it—must still be left to itself for a time; or cannot Finck and his 10,000 look to it? Henri, with his Army, now useless at Bautzen, shall instantly rendezvous at Sagan; his Army to go with me, against the Russians and their Haddick-Loudons; Henri to Schmöttseifen, instead of me, and attend to Daun; Henri, I have no other left! Finck and his 10,000 must take charge of Saxony, such charge as he can:—how lucky those Spring Forays, which destroyed the Reichs Magazines! Whereby there is no Reichs Army yet got into Saxony (nothing but preliminary pulses and splashings of it); none yet, nor like to be quite at once." That is Friedrich's swift plan.

Henri rose on the instant, as did everybody concerned: July 29th, Henri and Army were at Sagan; Army waiting for the King; Henri so far on his road to Schmöttseifen. He had come to Sagan "by almost the rapidest marches ever heard of,"—or ever till some others of Henri's own, which he made in that neighborhood soon. Punctual, he, to his day; as are Eugen of Würtemberg's people, and all Detachments and Divisions: Friedrich himself arrives at Sagan that same 29th, "about midnight,"—and finds plenty of work waiting: no sleep these two nights past; and none coming just yet! A most swift rendezvous. The speed of everybody has been, and needs still to be, intense.

This rendezvous at Sagan—intersection of Henri and Friedrich, bound different roads (the Brothers, I think, did

not personally meet, Henri having driven off for Schmöttseifen by a shorter road) — was *Sunday, July 29th*. Following which, are six days of such a hunt for those Austrian reynards as seldom or never was! Most vehement, breathless, baffling hunt; half of it spent in painfully beating cover, in mere finding and losing. Not rightly successful, after all. So that, on the eighth day hence, *August 6th*, at Müllrose, near Frankfurt, 80 miles from Sagan, there is a *second* rendezvous, — rendezvous of Wedell and Friedrich, who do not now “intersect,” but meet after the hunt is done; — and in the interim, there has been a wonderful performance, though an unsuccessful. Friedrich never could rightly get hold of his Austrians. Once only, at Sommerfeld, a long march northwest of Sagan, he came upon some outskirts of them. And in general, in those latter eight days, especially in the first six of them, there is, in that Kotbus-Sagan Country, such an intersecting, checking, pushing and multifarious simmering of marches, on the part of half a dozen Strategic Entities, Friedrich the centre of them, as — as, I think, nobody but an express soldier-student, well furnished with admiration for this particular Soldier, would consent to have explained to him. One of the maziest, most unintelligible whirls of marching; inextricable Sword Dance, or Dance of the Furies, — five of them (that is the correct number: Had-dick, Loudon, Friedrich, Würtemberg, Wedell); — and it is flung down for us, all in a huddle, in these inhuman Books (which have several errors of the press, too): let no man rashly insist with himself on understanding it, unless he have need! Humanly pulled straight, not inhumanly flung down at random, here the essentials of it are, — in very brief state: —

“*Sagan, Monday, 30th July*. Friedrich is at Sagan, since midnight last, busier and busier;” beating cover, as we termed it, and getting his hounds (his new Henri-Army) in leash; “endeavoring, especially, to get tidings of those Austrian people; who are very enigmatic, — Loudon a dexterous man, — and have hung up such a curtain of Pandours between Friedrich and them as is nearly impenetrable. In the course of this Monday Friedrich ascertains that they are verily on the

road; coming eastward, for Sommerfeld, — ‘thence for Crossen!’ he needs no ghost to tell him. Wherefore,

“*Tuesday, Sagan to Naumburg.* Tuesday before daybreak Friedrich too is on the road: northwestward; in full march towards Naumburg on Bober, meaning to catch the Bridge from them there. March of the swiftest; he himself is ahead, as usual, with the Vanguard of Horse. He reaches Naumburg (northward, a march of 20 miles); finds, not Haddick or Loudon, but a Detachment of theirs: which he at once over-sets with his cavalry, and chases, — marking withal that ‘westward is the way they run.’ Westward; and that we are still ahead, thank Heaven!

“Before his Infantry are all up, or are well rested in Naumburg, Friedrich ascertains, on more precise tidings, that the Austrians are in Sommerfeld, to westward (again a 20 miles); and judges That, no doubt, they will bear off more to leftward, by Guben probably, and try to avoid him, — unless he can still catch them in Sommerfeld. About nightfall he marches for Sommerfeld, at his swiftest; arrives Wednesday early; finds — alas! —

“*Sommerfeld, Wednesday morning, August 1st,* Friedrich finds that Loudon *was* there last night, — preterite tense, alas; the question now being, Where is he!” In fact, Loudon had written yesterday to Daun (Letter still extant, “Sommerfeld, July 31st”), That “being swift and light,” consisting of horse for most part, “he may probably effect Junction this very night;” — but has altered his mind very much, on sight of these fugitives from Naumburg, since! And has borne off more to leftward. Straight north now, and at a very brisk pace; being now all of horse; — and has an important conference with Haddick at Guben, when they arrive there. “Not in Sommerfeld?” thinks Friedrich (earnestly surveying, through this slit he has made in the Pandour veil): “Gone to Guben most likely, bearing off from us to leftward?” — Which was the fact; though not the whole fact. And indeed the chase is now again fallen uncertain, and there has to be some beating of covers. For one thing, he learns to-day (August 1st) that the Russians are gone to Frankfurt: “Follow

them, you Wedell," — orders Friedrich : them we shall have to go into, — however this hunt end ! —

" *To Markersdorf, Thursday, August 2d.* Friedrich takes the road for Guben ; reaches Markersdorf (twenty miles' march, still seven or eight from Guben) ; falls upon — What phenomenon is this ? The Austrian heavy Train ; meal-wagons not a few, and a regiment of foot in charge of it ; — but going the wrong way, not *towards* the Russians, but from them ! What on earth can this be ? This is Haddiek, — if Friedrich could yet clearly know it, — Haddick and Train, who for his own part has given up the junction enterprise. At Guben, some hours ago, he had conference with Loudon ; and this was the conclusion arrived at : 'Impossible, with that King so near ! You, Herr Loudon, push on, without heavy baggage, and with the Cavalry altogether : you can get in, almost 20,000 strong ; I, with the Infantry, with the meal and heavy guns, will turn, and make for the Lausitz again !'

"This mysterious Austrian Train, going the wrong way, Friedrich attacks, whatever it be (hoping, I suppose, it might be the Austrians altogether) ; chases it vigorously ; snatches all the meal-wagons, and about 1,000 prisoners. Uneertain still what it is, — if not the Austrians altogether ? To his sorrow, he finds, on pushing farther into it, that it is only Haddick and the Infantry ; that Loudon, with the 20,000 Horse, will have gone off for Frankfurt ; — irretrievably ahead, the swift Loudon, — ever careering northward all this while, since that afternoon at Sommerfeld, when the fugitives altered his opinion : a now unattainable Loudon. In the course of Thursday night, Friedrich has satisfied himself that the Loudon junction is a thing as good as done ; — in effect, Loudon did get to Frankfurt, morning of August 3d, and joined the Russians there ; and about the same time, or only a few hours sooner, Friedrich, by symptoms, has divined that his hunt has ended, in this rather unsuccessful way ; and that chasing of Haddick is not the road to go."¹

Not Haddick now ; with or without their Austrians, it shall be the Russians now ! Two days ago (Wednesday, as was

¹ Tempelhof, iii. 135-139.

mentioned), before sight of those enigmatic meal-wagons, Friedrich had learned that the Russians were to be in Frankfurt again; and had ordered Wedell to march thitherward, at any rate. Which Wedell is doing, all this Thursday and the four following days. As does likewise, from and after "*Friday, August 3d, 1 A.M.*" (hunt then over), Friedrich himself, — renouncing Haddick and the hunt. Straight towards Frankfurt thenceforth; head-quarters Beeskow that night; next night, Müllrose, whither Wedell is appointed, within twelve miles of Frankfurt. This is the end of Friedrich's sore Chase and March; burnt deeply into his own weary brain, if ours still refuse it admittance! Here, of utterly fatigued tone, is a Note of his, chiefly on business, to Minister Finkenstein. Indeed there are, within the next ten days, Three successive Notes to Finkenstein, which will be worth reading in their due places. This is the First of them: —

The King to Graf von Finkenstein (at Berlin).

"BEESKOW, 3d August, 1759."

"I am just arrived here, after cruel and frightful marchings [*Checks himself, however*]. There is nothing desperate in all that; and I believe the noise and disquietude this hurly-burly has caused will be the worst of it. Show this Letter to everybody, that it may be known the State is not undefended. I have made above 1,000 prisoners from Haddick. All his meal-wagons have been taken. Finck, I believe, will keep an eye on him," and secure Berlin from attempts of his. "This is all I can say.

"To-morrow I march to within two leagues of Frankfurt [to Müllrose, namely]. Katte [the Minister who has charge of such things] must send me instantly Two Hundred Wispels [say tons] of Meal, and Bakers One Hundred, to Fürstenwalde. I shall encamp at Wulkow. I am very tired. For six nights I have not closed an eye. Farewell. — F."

During the above intricate War-Dance of Five, — the day while Friedrich was at Sommerfeld, the day before he came in sight of Haddick's meal-wagons going the wrong road, —

there went on, at Minden, on the Weser, three hundred miles away, a beautiful feat of War, in the highest degree salutary to Duke Ferdinand and Britannic Majesty's Ministry; feat which requires a word from us here. A really splendid Victory, this of Minden, August 1st: French driven headlong through the Passes there; their "Conquest of Hanover and Weser Country" quite exploded and flung over the horizon; and Duke Ferdinand relieved from all his distresses, and lord of the ascendant again in those parts. Highly interesting to Friedrich; — especially to Prince Henri; whose apprehensions about Ferdinand and the old Richelieu Hastenbeck-Halberstadt time returning on us, have been very great; and who now, at Schmöttseifen, fires *feu-de-joie* for it with all his heart. This is a Battle still of some interest to English readers. But can English readers consent to halt in this hot pinch of the Friedrich crisis; and read the briefest thing which is foreign to it? Alas, I fear they can; — and will insert the Note here: —

Battle of Minden: Wednesday, August 1st, 1759. — "Ever since Bergen, things have gone awry with Ferdinand, and in spite of skilful management, of hard struggles and bright sparkles of success, he has had a bad Campaign of it. The French, it would seem, are really got into better fighting order; Belleisle's exertions as War-Minister have been almost wonderful, — in some respects, *too* wonderful, as we shall hear! — and Broglio and Contades, in comparison with Clermont and Soubise, have real soldier qualities. Contades, across Rhine again, in those Weser Countries, who is skilful in his way, and is pricked on by emulation of Broglio, has been spreading himself out steadily progressive there; while Broglio, pushing along from Frankfurt-on-Mayn, has conquered Hessen; is into Hanover; on the edge of conquering Hanover, — which how is Ferdinand to hinder? Ferdinand has got two, if not three Armies to deal with, and in number is not much superior to one. If he run to save Hanover from Broglio, he loses Westphalia: Osnabrück (his magazine), Münster, Lippstadt, — Contades, if left to himself, will take these, after short siege; and will nestle himself there, and then

advance, not like a transitory fever-fit, but like visible death, on Hanover. Ferdinand, rapid yet wary, manœuvred his very best among those interests of his, on the left bank of Weser; but after the surprisal of Minden from him (brilliantly done by Broglio, and the aid of a treacherous peasant), especially after the capture of Osnabrück, his outlooks are gloomy to a degree: and at Versailles, and at Minden where Contades has established himself, 'the Conquest of Hanover' (beautiful counterweight to all one's losses in America or elsewhere) is regarded as a certainty of this Year.

"For the last ten days of July, about Minden, the manœuvring, especially on Ferdinand's part, had been intense; a great idea in the head of Ferdinand, more or less unintelligible to Contades. Contades, with some 30,000, which is the better half of his force, has taken one of the unassailable positions. He lies looking northward, his right wing on the Weser with posts to Minden (Minden perhaps a mile north-eastward there), on his left impassable peat-bogs and quagmires; in front a quaggy River or impassable black Brook, called the Bastau, coming from the westward, which disembogues at Minden: * — there lies Contades, as if in a rabbit-hole, say military men; for defence, if that were the sole object, no post can be stronger. Contades has in person say 30,000; and round him, on both sides of the Weser, are Broglio with 20,000; besides other Divisions, I know not how many, besieging Münster, capturing Osnabrück (our hay magazine), attempting Lippstadt by surprise (to no purpose), and diligently working forward, day by day, to Ferdinand's ruin in those Minden regions. Three or four Divisions busy in that manner; — and above all, we say, he has Broglio with a 20,000 on the right or east bank of the Weser, — who, if Ferdinand quit him even for a day, seems to have Hanover at discretion, and can march any day upon Hanover City, where his light troops have already been more than once. Why does n't Ferdinand cross Weser, re-cross Weser; coerce Broglio back; and save Hanover? cry the Gazetteers and a Public of weak judgment. Pitt's Public is inclined to murmur about

* Sketch of Plan, p. 238.

Ferdinand; Pitt himself never. Ferdinand persists in sticking by Minden neighborhood; and, in a scarcely accountable way, manœuvring there, shooting out therefrom what mischief he can upon the various Contades people in their sieges and the like.

“On Contades himself he can pretend to do nothing, — except hoodwink him, entice him out, and try to get a chance on him. But for his own subsistence and otherwise, he is very lively; — snatches, by a sudden stroke, Bremen City: ‘Yes truly, Bremen is a Reichstadt; nor shall *you* snatch it, as you did Frankfurt; but I will, instead; and my English proviantships shall have a sure haven henceforth!’ Snatches Bremen by one sudden stroke; *re*-snatches Osnabrück by another (‘our magazine considerably *increased* since you have had it, many thanks!’); does lose Münster, to his sorrow; but nevertheless sticks by his ground here; — nay detaches his swift-cutting Nephew, the Hereditary Prince, who is growing famous for such things, to cut out Contades’s strong post to southward (Gohfeld, ten miles up the Weser), which guards his meal-wagons, after their long journey from the south. That is Contades’s one weak point, in this posture of things: his meal is at Cassel, seventy miles off. Broglio and he see clearly, ‘Till we can get a new magazine much nearer Hanover, or at lowest, can clear out these people from infesting us here, there is no moving northward!’ To both Contades and Broglio that is an evident thing: the corollary to which is, They must fight Ferdinand; must watch lynx-like till a chance turn up of beating him in fight. That is their outlook; and Ferdinand knows it is, — and manœuvres accordingly. Military men admire much, not his movements only, but his clear insight into Contades’s and Broglio’s temper of mind, and by what methods they were to be handled, they and his own affairs together, and brought whither he wanted them.¹

“This attempt on Gohfeld was a serious mischief to Contades, if it succeeded. But the detaching of the Prince of Brunswick on it, and weakening one’s too weak Army, ‘What a rashness, what an oversight!’ thinks Contades (as Ferdinand

¹ In *Mauillon* (ii. 41–44) minute account of all that.

wished him to do): 'Is our skilful enemy, in this extreme embarrassment, losing head, then? Look at his left wing yonder [General Wangenheim, sitting behind batteries, in his Village of Todtenhausen, looking into Minden from the north]:—Wangenheim's left leans on the Weser, yes; but Wangenheim's right, observe, has no support within three miles of it: tear Wangenheim out, Ferdinand's flank is bare!' These things seemed to Contades the very chance he had been waiting for; and brought him triumphantly out of his rabbit-hole, into the Heath of Minden, as Ferdinand hoped they would do.

"And so, *Tuesday Evening, July 31st*, things being now all ripe, upwards of 50,000 French are industriously in motion. Contades has nineteen bridges ready on the Bastau Brook, in front of him; *tattoo* this night, in Contades's Camp, is to mean *general march*, 'March, all of you, across these nineteen Bridges, to your stations on the Plain or Heath of Minden yonder,—and be punctual, like the clock!' Broglio crosses Weser by the town Bridge, ranks himself opposite Todtenhausen; and through the livelong night there is, on the part of the 50,000 French, a very great marching and deploying. Contades and Broglio together are 51,400 foot and horse. Ferdinand's entire force will be near 46,000; but on the day of Battle he is only 36,000,—having detached the Hereditary Prince on Gohfeld, in what view we know.—The *Battle of Minden*, called also of *Tonhausen* (meaning *Todtenhausen*), which hereupon fell out, has still its fame in the world; and, I perceive, is well worth study by the soldier mind: though nothing but the rough outline of it is possible here.

"Ferdinand's posts extend from the Weser river and Todtenhausen round by Stemmern, Holzhausen, to Hartum and the Bog of Bastau (the chief part of him towards Bastau),—in various Villages, and woody patches and favorable spots; all looking in upon Minden, from a distance of five or seven miles; forming a kind of arc, with Minden for centre. He will march up in eight Columns; of course, with wide intervals between them,—wide, but continually narrowing as he advances; which will indeed be ruinous gaps, if Ferdinand

wait to be attacked; but which will coalesce close enough, if he be speedy upon Contades. For Contades's line is also of arc-like or almost semicircular form, behind it Minden as centre; Minden, which is at the intersection of Weser and the Brook; his right flank is on Weser, Broglio *versus* Wangenheim the extreme right; his left, with infantry and artillery, rests on that black Brook of Bastau with its nineteen Bridges. As the ground on both wings is rough, not so fit for Cavalry, Contades puts his Cavalry wholly in the centre: they are the flower of the French Army, about 10,000 horse in all; firm open ground ahead of them there, with strong batteries, masses of infantry to support on each flank; batteries to ply with cross-fire any assailant that may come on. Broglio, we said, is right wing; strong in artillery and infantry. Broglio is to root out Wangenheim: after which, — or even before which, if Wangenheim is kept busy and we are nimble, — what becomes of Ferdinand's left flank, with a gap of three miles between Wangenheim and him, and 10,000 chosen horse to take advantage of it! Had the French been of Prussian dexterity and nimbleness in marching, it is very possible something might have come of this latter circumstance: but Ferdinand knows they are not; and intends to take good care of his flank.

"Contades and his people were of willing mind; but had no skill in 'marching up:' and, once got across the Bastau by their nineteen Bridges, they wasted many hours: — 'Too far, am I? not far enough? Too close? not close enough?' — and broiled about, in much hurry and confusion, all night. Fight was to have begun at 5 in the morning. Broglio was in his place, silently looking into Wangenheim, by five o'clock; but unfortunately did nothing upon Wangenheim ('Not ready you, I see!'), except cannonade a little; — and indeed all through did nothing ('Still not ready you others!'); which surely was questionable conduct, though not reckoned so at Versailles, when the case came to be argued there. As to the Contades people, across those nineteen Bridges, they had a baffling confused night; and were by no means correctly on their ground at sunrise, nor at 7 o'clock, nor at 8; and were

still mending themselves when the shock came, and time was done.

"The morning is very misty; but Ferdinand has himself been out examining since the earliest daybreak: his orders last night were, 'Cavalry be saddled at 1 in the morning,'—having a guess that there would be work, as he now finds there will. From 5 A.M. Ferdinand is issuing from his Camp, flowing down eastward, beautifully concentric, closing on Contades: horse *not* in centre, but English Infantry in centre (Six Battalions, or Six *Regiments* by English reckoning); right opposite those 10,000 Horse of Contades's, the sight of whom seems to be very animating to them. The English Cavalry stand on the right wing, at the Village of Hartum: Lord George Sackville had not been very punctual in saddling at 1 o'clock; but he is there, ranked on the ground, at 8,—in what humor nobody knows; sulky and flabby, I should rather guess. English Tourists, idle otherwise, may take a look at Hartum on the south side, as the spot where a very ugly thing occurred that day.

"Soon after 8 the Fight begins: attack, by certain Hessians, on Hahlen and its batteries; attempt to drive the French out of Hahlen, as the first thing,—which does not succeed at once (indeed took three attacks in all); and perhaps looks rather tedious to those Six English Battalions. Ferdinand's order to them was, 'You shall march up to attack, you Six, on sound of drum;' but, it seems, they read it, '*by* sound of drum;' 'Beating our own drums; yes, of course!'—and, being weary of this Hahlen work, or fancying they had no concern with it, strode on, double-quick, without waiting for Hahlen at all! To the horror of their Hanoverian comrades, who nevertheless determined to follow as second line. The Contades cross-fire of artillery, battery of 30 guns on one flank, of 36 on the other, does its best upon this forward-minded Infantry, but they seem to heed it little; walk right forward; and, to the astonishment of those French Horse and of all the world, entirely break and ruin the charge made on them, and tramp forward in chase of the same. The 10,000 Horse feel astonished, insulted; and rush out again, furiously charging; the English halt and serry

themselves: 'No fire till they are within forty paces;' and then such pouring torrents of it as no horse or man can endure. Rally after rally there is, on the part of those 10,000; mass after mass of them indignantly plunges on, — again, ever again, about six charges in all; — but do not break the English lines: one of them (regiment Mestre-de-Camp, raised to a paroxysm) does once get through, across the first line, but is blown back in dreadful circumstances by the second. After which they give it up, as a thing that cannot be done. And rush rearward, hither, thither, the whole seventy-five squadrons of them; and 'between their two wings of infantry are seen boiling in complete disorder.'

"This has lasted about an hour: this is essentially the soul of the Fight, — though there wanted not other activities, to



- a a.* Contades's Camp. *b b.* Broglie's Camp.
c c. Ferdinand's position, night of July 31st.
d d. Wangenheim's position, night of July 31st.
e e. Ferdinand's Line of Battle.
f f. French Line of Battle.
g. French Cavalry. *h.* English Infantry.
i. English and Hanoverian Cavalry, under Sackville.

right of it and to left, on both sides; artilleries going at a mighty rate on both wings; and counter-artilleries (superlative practice 'by Captain Phillips' on *our* right wing); Broglie cannonading Wangenheim very loudly, but with little harm done or suffered, on their right wing. Wangenheim is watchful of that gap between Ferdinand and him, till it close itself sufficiently. Their right-wing Infantry did once make some attempt there; but the Prussian Horse — (al-

ways a small body of Prussians serve in this Allied Army) — shot out, and in a brilliant manner swept them home again. Artillery and that pretty charge of Prussian Horse are all one remembers, except this of the English and Hanover

Foot in the centre : 'an unsurpassable thing,' says Tempelhof (though it so easily might have been a fatal!) — which has set Contades's centre boiling, and reduced Contades altogether to water, as it were. Contades said bitterly : 'I have seen what I never thought to be possible, — a single line of infantry break through three lines of cavalry ranked in order of battle, and tumble them to ruin !' ¹

"This was the feat, this hour's work in the centre, the essential soul of the Fight : — and had Lord George Sackville, General of the Horse, come on when galloped for and bidden, here had been such a ruin, say all judges, as seldom came upon an Army. Lord George — everlasting disgrace and sorrow on the name of him — could not see his way to coming on ; delayed, haggled ; would not even let Granby, his lieutenant, come ; not for a second Adjutant, not for a third ; never came on at all ; but rode to the Prince, asking, 'How am I to come on ?' Who, with a politeness I can never enough admire, did not instantly kill him, but answered, in mild tone, 'Milord, the opportunity is now past !' Whereby Contades escaped ruin, and was only beaten. By about 10 in the morning all was over. When a man's centre is gone to water, no part of him is far from the fluid state. Contades retreated into his rabbit-hole by those nineteen bridges, — well tormented, they say, by Captain Phillips's artillery, till he got beyond the knolls again. Broglio, who had never been in musket-fire at all, but had merely barked on Wangenheim all morning, instead of biting, covered the retreat, and withdrew into Minden. And we are a beaten Army, — thanks to Lord George, not an annihilated one. Our loss being only 7,086 (with heavy guns, colors, cavalry flags and the like) ; theirs being 2,822, — full half of it falling on those rash Six Battalions.²

"And what is this one hears from Gohfeld in the evening ?

¹ Stenzel, v. 204.

² Mauvillon, ii. 44-60 ; Tempelhof, iii. 154-179, &c. &c. : and *Proceedings of a Court-Martial, held at the Horse-Guards, 7th-24th March and 25th March-5th April, 1760, in Trial of Lord George Sackville* (London, 1760). In Knessebeck, *Ferdinand während des siebenjährigen Krieges* (i. 395), Ferdinand's Letter to Friedrich of "July 31st ;" and (i. 398-418 and ii. 33-36) many special details about Sackville and "August 1st."

The Hereditary Prince, busy there on us during the very hours of Minden, has blown our rear-guard division to the winds there; — and we must move southward, one and all of us, without a moment's delay! Out of this rabbit-hole the retreat by rearward is through a difficult country, the Westphalian Gates so called; fatal to Varus's Legions long ago. Contades got under way that very night; lost most of his baggage, all his conquests, that shadow-conquest of Hanover, and more than all his glories (Versailles shrieking on him, 'Resign you; let Broglio be chief'); — and, on the whole, jumbled homeward hither and thither, gravitating towards the Rhine, nothing but Wesel to depend on in those parts, as heretofore. Broglio retreated Frankfurt-way, also as usual, though not quite so far; and at Versailles had clearly the victory. Zealous Belleisle could not protect his Contades; it is not known whether he privately blamed Contades or blamed Broglio for loss of Minden. Zealous old man, what a loss to himself withal had Minden been! That shadow-conquest of Hanover is quite vanished: and worse, in Ferdinand's spoil were certain *Letters* from Belleisle to Contades, inculcating strange things; — for example, '*Il faut faire un désert du Pays* [all Hessen, I think, lest Ferdinand advance on you] *devant l'Armée,*' and the like. Which Ferdinand saw good to publish, and which resounded rather hideously through the general mind."¹

Ignominious Sackville was tried by Court-martial; cashiered, declared incapable of again serving his Majesty "in any military capacity;" — perhaps a mild way of signifying that he wanted the common courage of a soldier? Zealous Majesty, always particular in soldier matters, proclaimed it officially to be "a sentence worse than death;" and furthermore, with his own royal hand, taking the pen himself, struck out Sackville from the List of Privy-Councillors. Proper surely, and indispensable; — and should have been persisted in, like Fate; which, in a new Reign, it was not! For the rest, there was always, and is, something of enigma in Sackville's palpably bad ease. It is difficult to think that a Sackville wanted com-

¹ Were taken at Detmold (Tempelhof, iii. 223); Old Newspapers full of Excerpts from them, in the weeks following.

mon courage. This Sackville fought duels with propriety; in private life, he was a surly, domineering kind of fellow, and had no appearance of wanting spirit. It is known, he did not love Duke Ferdinand; far from it! May not he have been of peculiarly sour humor that morning, the luckless fool; sulky against Ferdinand, and his "saddling at one o'clock;" sulky against himself, against the world and mankind; and flabbily disinclined to heroic practices for the moment? And the moment came; and the man was not there, except in that foggy, flabby and forever ruinous condition! Archenholtz, alone of Writers, judges that he expressly wanted to spoil the Battle of Minden and Ferdinand's reputation, and to get appointed Commander in his stead. Wonderful; but may have some vestige of basis, too! True, this Sackville was as fit to lead the courses of the stars as to lead armies. But such a Sackville has ambition, and, what is fatally more peculiar to him, a chance for unfolding it; — any blockhead has an ambition capable, if you encourage it sufficiently, of running to the infinite. Enough of this particular blockhead; and may it be long before we see *his* like again! —

The English Cavalry was in a rage with Sackville. Of the English Infantry, Historians say, what is not now much heard of in this Country, "That these unsurpassable Six [in industrious valor unsurpassable, though they mistook orders, and might have fared badly!] are ever since called the Minden Regiments; that they are the 12th, 20th, 23d, 25th, 37th and 51st of the British Line; and carry 'Minden' on their colors,"¹ — with silent profit, I hope!

Fancy how Pitt's public, lately gloomy and dubious, blazed aloft into joyful certainty again! Pitt's outlooks have been really gloomy all this season; nor are the difficulties yet ended, though we hope they will end. Let us add this other bit of Synchronism, which is still of adverse aspect, over Seas; and will be pungently interesting to Pitt and England, when they come to hear of it.

"*Before Quebec, July 31st, 1759.* This same Evening, at

¹ Kausler, *Schlachter*, &c. p. 587.

Quebec, on the other side of the Atlantic, — evening at Québec, 9 or 10 at night for Contades and his nineteen Bridges, — there is a difficult affair going on. Above and below the Falls of Montmorenci, and their outflow into the St. Lawrence : attempt on General Wolfe's part to penetrate through upon the French, under Marquis de Montcalm, French Commander-in-chief, and to get a stroke at Quebec and him. From the south side of the St. Lawrence, nothing can be done upon Quebec, such the distance over. From Isle d'Orléans and the north side, it is also impossible hitherto. Easy enough to batter the Lower Town, from your ships and redoubts : but the High Town towers aloft on its sheer pinnales, inaccessible even to cannon ; looks down on the skilfulest British Admiral and Fleet as if with an air of indifference, — trying him on dark nights with fire-ships, fire-rafts, the cunningest kinds of pyrotechny, which he skilfully tows aside.

“A strenuous thing, this of Wolfe's ; though an unsuccessful. Towards evening, the end of it ; all Quebec assembled on the southern ramparts, witnessing with intense interest ; the sublime Falls of Montmorenci gushing on, totally indifferent. For about a month past, General Wolfe, with the proper equipments, and about 10,000 men, naval and military, who was expressly selected by Pitt to besiege Quebec, and is dying to succeed, has been trying every scheme to get into contact with it : — to no purpose, so lofty, chasmy, rocky is the ground, cut by mountainous precipices and torrent streams, branches of the grand St. Lawrence River ; so skilfully taken advantage of by Montcalm and his people, who are at home here, and in regulars nearly equal Wolfe, not to speak of Savages and Canadians. Wolfe's plan of the 31st was not ill laid ; and the execution has been zealous, seamen and landsmen alike of willing mind ; — but it met with accidents. Accidents in boating ; then a still worse accident on landing ; the regiment of grenadiers, which crossed below the Falls, having, so soon as landed, rushed off on the redoubt there on their own score, without waiting for the two brigades that were to cross and co-operate *above* the Falls ! Which cut Wolfe to the heart ; and induced him, especially as the tide was making again, to give up the

enterprise altogether, and recall everybody, while it was yet time.¹ Wolfe is strict in discipline; loves the willing mind, none more, and can kindle it among those about him; but he loves discipline withal, and knows how fatal the too willing may be. For six weeks more there is toil on the back of toil everywhere for poor Wolfe. He falls into fevers, into miseries, almost into broken heart; — nothing sure to him but that of doing his own poor utmost to the very death. After six weeks, we shall perhaps hear of him again. Gliding swiftly towards death; but also towards victory and the goal of all his wishes.”

And now, after this flight half round the world, it is time we return to Oder Country, and a Friedrich on the edge of formidable things there. Next day after Beeskow, where we left him, he duly arrived at Müllrose; was joined by Wedell there, August 6th; and is now at Wulkow, — “encamped between Lebus and Wulkow,” as we hear elsewhere; — quite in the environs of Frankfurt and of great events.

Friedrich to Graf von Finkenstein (Second Note).

WULKOW, 8th August, 1759.

“If you hear of firing to-morrow, don’t be surprised; it is our rejoicing for the Battle of Minden. I believe I shall have to keep you in suspense some days yet. I have many arrangements to make; I find great difficulties to surmount, — and it is required to save our Country, not to lose it: I ought both to be more prudent and more enterprising than ever. In a word, I will do and undertake whatever I find feasible and possible. With all that, I see myself in the necessity of making haste, to check the designs Haddick may have on Berlin. Adieu, *mon cher*. In a little, you will have either a *De Profundis* or a *Te Deum*. — F.”²

¹ *Gentleman’s Magazine* for 1759, pp. 470–473; Thackeray, i. 438.

² *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxv. 305, 306.

CHAPTER IV.

BATTLE OF KUNERSDORF.

SUNDAY, July 29th, at Frankfurt-on-Oder divine worship was broken in upon, and the poor City thrown into consternation, by actual advent, or as good as advent, of the Russians : “On the Crossen road, close by; coming, come!” And they did undeniably appear, next morning, in force; on the opposite, eastern or Kunersdorf side of the River, on the top of the Oder-Dam there; and demanded instant admission, under penalty of general death by fire.

Within the Town stood Major Arnim, a Veteran of those parts, with 400 militia; these, with their muskets and with two cannon, are the only defence of Frankfurt. The Town has Gates; but its walls, I doubt, are mainly garden-walls and house-walls. On the eastern side, the River, especially if you have cannon on the Bridge, gives it something of protection; but on the western and all other sides, it is overhung by heights. This Frankfurt, like its bigger Namesake on the Mayn, is known as a busy trading place, its Fairs much frequented in those Eastern parts; and is believed by the Russians to be far richer than it is. The reader, as there happens to be ocular testimony extant,¹ may like to see a little how they behaved there.

“Arnim, taking survey of the Russian Party, values it, or what he can see of it, at 1,000 [they really were 6,000]; keeps his Drawbridge up; and answers stoutly enough, ‘No.’ Upon which, from the Oder-Dam, there flies off one fiery grenado; one and no more, — which alighted in the house of ‘Mrs. Thielicke, a Baker’s Widow, who was standing at the door;’ —

¹ Johann Lndwig Kriele, *Schlacht bei Kunersdorf, mit &c.* (Berlin, 1801). Kriele was subsequent Pastor in the Parish, an exeellent intelligent man: has compiled in brief form, with an elaborate Chart too, a clear account of every thing, in the Battle and before and after it.

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killed poor Mrs. Thielicke, blew the house considerably to wreck, but did not set fire to it. Arnim, all the Magistrates entreating him for the love of Heaven to leave them, is secretly shoving off his two cannon to the Northern Gate; and in fact is making his packages with full speed: 'Push for Cüstrin,' thinks Arnim, and save selves and cannon, since no good is to be done here!'

"It was about 11 A.M. when the Thielicke grenado fell: obstinate Arnim would by no means go; only packed all the faster. A second summons came: still, No. For the third and last time the Russians then summon: 'Grenadoes, a hundred more of them lie ready, unless —!' 'We will, we will; O merciful servant of Czarish Majesty!' passionately signify the Magistrates. But Arnim is still negative, still keeps the Bridge up. One of the hundred does go, by way of foretaste: this lighted 'near the Ober Kirche, in the chimney of the Town Musikus;' brought the chimney crashing down on him [fancy a man with some fineness of ear]; tore the house a good deal to pieces, but again did not set it on fire. 'Your obstinate Town can be bombarded, then, — cannot it?' observed the Russian Messenger. — 'Give us Free Withdrawal!' proposes Arnim. 'No; you to be Prisoners of War; Town at Czarish Majesty's discretion.' 'Never,' answers Arnim (to the outward ear). — 'Go, oh, for the love of Heaven, go!' cry all Official people.

"Arnim, deaf to clamor, but steadily diligent in getting ready, does at last go; through the Lebus Suburb, quick march; steady, yet at his best step; — taking the Town-keys in his pocket, and leaving the Drawbridge up. One is sorry for poor Arnim and his 400 Militia; whose conduct was perfect, under difficulties and alarms; but proved unsuccessful. The terrified Magistrates, finding their Keys gone, and the conflagrative Russians at their gates, got blacksmiths on the instant; smote down, by chisel and mallet, the locked Drawbridge, smote open the Gates: 'Enter, O gracious Sirs; and may Czarish Majesty have mercy on us!' So that Arnim had small start for marchers on foot; and was overtaken about half-way. Would not yield still, though the odds were over-

whelming; drew himself out on the best ground discoverable; made hot resistance; hot and skilful; but in vain. About six in the evening, Arnim and Party were brought back, Prisoners, to Frankfurt again, — self, surviving men, cannons and all (self in a wounded state); — and ‘were locked in various Brew-houses;’ little of careful surgery, I should fear. Poor Arnim; man could do no more; and he has been unfortunate.”

It is by no means our intention to describe the Iliad of miseries, the agitations, terrors and disquietudes, the tribulation and utter harrowing to despair, which poor Frankfurt underwent, incessantly from that day forward, for about five weeks to come. “The furnishings of victual [Russian stock quite out] were to an inconceivable amount; surrender of arms, of linens, cloths, of everything useful to a hungry Army; above all things, of horses, so that at last there were but four horses left in all Frankfurt; and” — But we must not go into details.

“On the second day, besides all this,” what will be significant of it all, “there was exacted ‘ransom of 600,000 thalers (£90,000), or you shall be delivered to the Cossacks!’ Frankfurt has not above 12,000 inhabitants within its bounds; here is a sudden poll-tax of £7 10s. per head. Frankfurt has not such a sum; the most rigorous collection did not yield above the tenth part of it. And more than once those sanguinary vagabonds were openly drawn out, pitch-link in hand: ‘The £90,000 or —!’ Civic Presidency Office in Frankfurt was not a bed of roses. The poor Magistrates rushed distractedly about; wrung out moneys to the last drop; moneys, and in the end plate from those that had it; went in tearful deputation to General Soltikof, — a severe proud kind of man, capable perhaps of being flattered, — who usually locked them up instead. Magistrates were locked in Russian ward, at one time, for almost a week; sat in the blazing sun; if you try for the shade of a tree, the sentry handles arms upon you; — and were like to die. To me, Kriele, it is a miracle how the most of us lived; nay we never really wanted food, so kind was Providence, so generous our poor neighbors out of all the Towns round. The utmost of money that could be raised

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was £6,000; nothing but some little of plate, and our Bill for the remainder. Soltikof, a high kind of gentleman, saw at last how it stood; let the Magistrates out of ward; sent back the plate — ‘Nothing of that!’ — nay, Czarish Majesty was herself generous; and *forgave* the Bill, on our petition, next Year. Cossacks, indeed, were a plunderous wild crew; but the Russians kept them mostly without the gates. The regular Russians were civil and orderly, officers and men, — greatly beyond the Austrians in behavior.”¹ By these few traits conceive Frankfurt: this, now forgotten in most books, is a background on which things were transacted still memorable to everybody.

“Friday, August 3d, General Loudon came to hand: arrived early, in the Guben (or Western) Suburb, his 18,000 and he. In high spirits naturally, and somewhat exultant to have evaded Friedrich; but found a reception that surprised him. The Russians had been living in the hope of junction; but still more vividly in that of meal. ‘Auxiliaries; humph, — only 18,000 of them; how much welcomer had been as many hundredweights of meal!’ Loudon had pushed his baggage direct into Frankfurt; and likewise a requisition of such and such proviants, weights of meal and the like, in exuberant amount, to be furnished straightway by the City: neither of which procedures would the Russians hear of for a moment. ‘Out with you!’ said they roughly to the baggage-people: ‘quarter in the Guben Suburb, or where you like; not here!’ And with regard to the requisition of proviant, they answered in a scornful angry key, ‘Proviant? You too without it? You have not brought us meal, according to covenant; instead of meal, you bring us 18,000 new eaters, most of them on horseback, — Satan thank you! From Frankfurt be very certain *you* can get no ounce of meal; Frankfurt is our own poor meal-bag, dreadfully scanty: stay outside, and feed where and how you can!’

“All this, Loudon, though of hot temper, easily capable of rising to the fierce point, had to endure in silence, for the common interest. Loudon’s own table is furnished from Frank-

¹ Kriele, *Schlacht bei Kunersdorf*, pp. 1-15 (in compressed state).

furt; no other Austrian man's: all others have to shift how they can. Sad requisitioning needed, and sad plunder to supplement it: the Austrian behavior was very bad, say the Frankfurters; 'in particular, they had burnt gradually all the corn-mills in the country; within many miles not one mill standing when they left us,' — and four horses all the conveyance power we had. Soltikof lodges in great pomp, much soldiery and cannon parading before his doors; not an undignified man, or an inhuman or essentially foolish, but very high in his ways, and distasteful to Austrian dignitaries."

The Russian Army lies mainly across Oder; encamped on the Judenberg, and eastward there, along the Heights, near three miles, to Kunersdorf and beyond. They expect Friedrich at the gates of Frankfurt shortly; know well that they cannot defend Frankfurt. They calculate that Friedrich will attack them in their Judenberg Encampment, but hope they are nearly ready for him there. Loudon, from the Guben Suburb, will hasten across, at any moment; — welcome on such fighting occasion, though ill seen when the question is of eating! The Russians have their Wagenburg on an Island southward, farther up the River; they have three Pontoon Bridges leading thither, a free retreat should they be beaten. And in the mean while are intrenching themselves, as only Daun would, — cannon and redoubts all round those Heights; — and except it be screwing Frankfurt to do its impossible duty, and carting provender with all the horses except four, have not much farther to do but wait till the King come. Which will be speedily, it is probable! —

Wednesday, August 8th, Russian and Austrian Generals, a cheerful party of them, had rendezvoused at *Fischers Mühle*; a Mill not yet burnt, and a pleasant Tavern as well; in one of the prettiest valleys in the Western Environs; — intending to dine there, and have a pleasant day. But the Miller's Boy runs in upon them, wide-eyed, "*Himmel und Erde*, Prussian Hussars!" It was in verity Prussian Hussars; the King of Prussia with them in person. He is come out reconnoitring, — the day after his arrival in those parts. The pleasuring Generals, Russian and Austrian, sprang to horseback at their

swiftest, — hope of dinner gone futile, except to the intervening Prussian Hussars; — and would have all been captured, but for that Miller's Boy; whose Mill too was burnt before long. This gallop home of the undined Generals into Frankfurt was the first news we poor Frankfurters had of the King's arrival.

The King has been punctual to his reckoning: he picked up Wedell at Müllrose, — not too cordial to Wedell's people: "None of you speak to those beaten wretches," ordered he; "till perhaps they wipe off their Züllichau stain!" On the 7th, Friedrich advanced to Frankfurt neighborhood; took Camp between Wulkow and Lebus; — and has just been out reconnoitring. And has raised, fancy what emotion in poor Frankfurt lying under its nightmare! "Next day, August 9th, from Wulkow-Lebus hand, we" of Frankfurt, "heard a great firing; cannon-salvos, musket-volleys: 'Nothing of fight,' the Russian Officers told us; 'it is the King of Prussia doing joy-fire for Minden,' of which we till now knew nothing."

Friedrich, on survey of this Russian-Austrian Army, some 90,000 in number, with such posts, artilleries, advantages, judges that he, counting only 40,000, is not strong enough. And, indeed, had so anticipated, and already judged; and, accordingly, has Finck on march hitherward again, — Berlin must take its risk, Saxony must shift for itself in the interim. Finck is due in two days, — not here at Lebus precisely, but at another place appointed; Finck will raise him to 50,000; and then business can begin! Contrary to Russian expectation, Friedrich does not attack Frankfurt; seems quite quiet in his cantonments; — he is quietly (if one knew it) making preparations farther down the River. About Reitwein, between this and Cüstrin, there arrangements are proceeding, by no means of a showy sort.

The Russian-Austrian Army quits Frankfurt, leaving only some hundreds of garrison: Loudon moves across, Soltikoff across; to the Oder-Dam and farther; and lie, powerfully intrenched, on those Kunersdorf Heights, and sandy Moorlands, which go eastward at right-angles to Oder-Dam. One of the strongest Camps imaginable. All round there, to be

yond Kunersdorf and back again, near three miles each way, they have a ring of redoubts, and artillery without end. And lie there, in order of battle, or nearly so; ready for Friedrich, when he shall attack, through Frankfurt or otherwise. They face to the North (Reitwein way, as it happens); to their rear, and indeed to their front, only not so close, are woods and intricate wilds. Loudon has the left flank; that is to say, Loudon's left hand is towards the Oder-Dam and Frankfurt; he lies at the *Rothe Forwerk* ("Red Grange," a Farmstead much mentioned just now); rather to northwestward of the Jew Hill and Jew Churchyard (*Judenberg* and *Judenkirchhof*, likewise much mentioned); and in advance of the general Mass. Soltikof's head-quarter, I rather understand, is on the right wing; probably in Kunersdorf itself, or beyond that Village; there, at least, our highly important Russian right wing is; there, elaborately fortified; and, half a mile farther, ends, — on the edge of steep dells; the Russian brink of which is strongly fringed with cannon, while beyond, on the farther brink, they have built an abatis; so making assurance doubly sure. Looking to the northward all these 90,000; their left rather southward of Frankfurt Bridge, over which Friedrich will probably arrive. Leftward, somewhat to rearward, they have bridges of their own; should anything sinister befall; three bridges which lead into that Oder Island, and the Russian Wagenburg there.

August 10th, Finck, punctual to time, arrives in the neighborhood of Reitwein (which is some ten miles down stream from Lebus, from Frankfurt perhaps fifteen); Friedrich, the same day, is there before him; eager to complete the Bridges, and get to business. One Bridge is of pontoons; one of "Oder-boats floated up from Cüstrin." Bridges are not begun till nightfall, lest eyes be abroad; are ready in the minimum of time. And so, during the same night of the 10th, all the Infantry, with their artilleries and battle-furnitures, pour over in two columns; the Cavalry, at the due point of time, riding by a ford short way to the right. And at four, in the gray of the August morning (Saturday, 11th August, 1759), all persons and things find themselves correctly across; ranked there,

in those barren, much-indented "Pasture-grounds of Göritz" or of Cetscher; intending towards Kunersdorf; ready for unfolding into order of battle there. They leave their heavy baggage at Göritz, Wunsch to guard the Bridges and it; and, in succinct condition, are all under way. At one in the afternoon we are got to Leissow and Bischofsee; scrubby hamlets (as the rest all are), not above two miles from Kunersdorf. The August day is windless, shiny, sultry; man and horse are weary with the labors, and with the want of sleep: we decide, to bivouac here, and rest on the scrubby surface, heather or whatever it is, till to-morrow.

Finck is Vanguard, ahead short way, and with his left on a bit of lake or bog; the Army is in two lines, with its right on Leissow, and has Cavalry in the kind of wood which there is to rear. Friedrich, having settled the positions, rides out reconnoitring; hither, thither, over the Heights of Trettin. "The day being still hot, he suffers considerably from thirst [it is our one Anecdote] in that arid tract: at last a Peasant does bring him, direct from the fountain, a jug of pure cold water; whom, lucky man, the King rewarded with a thaler; and not only so, but, the man being intelligent of the localities, took with him to answer questions." Readers too may desire to gain some knowledge of the important ground now under survey.

"Frankfurt, a very ancient Town, not a very beautiful," says my Note, "stands on an alluvium which has been ground down from certain clay Hills on the left bank of Oder. It counted about 12,000 inhabitants in Friedrich's time; has now perhaps about 20,000; not half the bulk of its namesake on the Mayn; but with Three great Fairs annually, and much trade of the rough kind. On this left or west bank of Oder the country is arable, moderately grassy and umbrageous, the prospect round you not unpleasant; but eastward, over the River, nothing can be more in contrast. Oder is of swift current, of turbid color, as it rolls under Frankfurt Bridge; — Wooden Bridge, with Dam Suburb at the end; — a River treeless, desolate, as you look up and down; which has, evidently, often changed its course, since grinding down that alluvium

as site for Frankfurt; and which, though now holding mainly to northward, is still given to be erratic, and destructive on the eastern low grounds,—and not the Frankfurters built an ‘Oder-Dam’ on that side; a broad strong Earth-mound, running for many miles, and confining its floods. Beyond the Dam there are traces of an ‘Old Oder (*Alte Oder*);’ and, in fact, Oder, in primeval and in recent time, has gone along, many-streamed; indenting, quarrying, leaving lakelets, quagmires, miscellaneous sandy tumult, at a great rate, on that eastern shore. Making of it one of the unloveliest scenes of chaotic desolation anywhere to be met with;—fallen unlovelier than ever in our own more recent times.

“What we call the Heights of Kunersdorf is a broad Chain of Knolls; coming out, at right-angles, or as a kind of spur, from the eastern high grounds; direct towards Oder and Frankfurt. Mill-Hill (*Mühlberg*) is the root or easternmost part of this spur. From the Mühlberg, over Kunersdorf, to Oder-Dam, which is the whole length of the spur, or Chain of Knolls, will be little short of four miles; the breadth of the Chain is nowhere one mile,—which is its grand defect as a Camp: ‘too narrow for manœuvring in.’ Here, atop and on the three sides of this Block of Knolls, was fought the furious Battle of Kunersdorf [to be fought to-morrow], one of the most furious ever known. A Block of Knolls memorable ever since.

“To all appearance, it was once some big Island or chain of Islands in the Oder deluges: it is still cut with sudden hollows,—*Kuhgrund* (Cow-Hollow), *Tiefe Weg* (Deep Way), and westernmost of all, and most important for us here, *Hohle Grund* (Big Hollow, let us call it; ‘*Loudon’s Hollow*’ people subsequently called it);—and is everywhere strangely tumbled up into knolls blunt or sharp, the work of primeval Oder in his rages. In its highest knolls,—of which let readers note specially the Spitzberg, the Mühlberg, the Judenberg,—it rises nowhere to 150 feet; perhaps the general height of it may be about 100. On each side of it, especially on the north, the Country is of most intricate character: bushy, scraggy, with brooklets or muddy oozings wandering about, especially

with a thing called the *Hünerfliess* (Hen-Floss), which springs in the eastern woods, and has inconceivable difficulty to get into Oder, — if it get at all ! This was a sore Floss to Friedrich to-morrow. Hen-Floss struggles, painfully meandering and oozing, along the northern side (sometimes close, sometimes not) of our Chain of Knolls : along the south side of it (in our time, through the middle of it) goes the Highway to Reppen [“From that Highway will his attack come !” thought the Russians, always till to-day] : on the north, to Leissow, to Trettin,” where Friedrich is now on survey, “go various wheel-tracks, but no firm road. A most intricate unlovely Country. Withered bent-grasses, heath, perhaps gorse, and on both sides a great deal of straggling Forest-wood, reaching eastward, and especially southward, for many miles.

“For the rest,” to our ill-luck in this place, “the Battle-field of Kunersdorf has had a peculiar fate in the world ; that of being blown away by the winds ! The then scene of things exists no longer ; the descriptions in the Old Books are gone hopelessly irre recognizable. In our time, there is not anywhere a tract more purely of tumbled sand, than all this between Kunersdorf and Dam Vorstadt ; and you judge, without aid of record or tradition, that it is greatly altered for the worse since Friedrich’s time, — some rabbit-colony, or other the like insignificancy, eating out the roots, till all vegetation died, and the wind got hold and set it dancing ; — and that, in 1759, when Russian human beings took it for a Camp, it must have been at least coherent, more or less ; covered, held together by some film of scrubby vegetation ; not blowing about in every wind as now ! Kunersdorf stands with its northern end pushed into that *Kuhgrund* (Cow-Hollow) ; which must then have been a grassy place. Eastward of Kunersdorf the ground has still some skin of peat, and sticks together : but westward, all that three miles, it is a mere tumult of sand-hills, tumbled about in every direction (so diligent have the conics been, and then the winds) ; no gullet, or definite cut or hollow, now traceable anywhere, but only an endless imbroglio of twisted sand-heaps and sand-hollows, which continually alter in the wind-storms. Sand wholly, and — except the strong paved

Highway that now runs through it (to Reppen, Meseritz and the Polish Frontier, and is strongly paved till it get through Kunersdorf) — chaotic wholly ; a scene of heaped barrenness and horror, not to be matched but in Sahara ; the features of the Battle quite blown away, and indecipherable in our time.

“ A hundred years ago, it would have some tattered skin, — of peat, of heather and dwarf whins, with the sand cropping out only here and there. So one has to figure it in Soltikof's day, — before the conies ruined it. Which was not till within the last sixty years, as appears. Kriele's Book (in 1801) still gives no hint of change : the *Kuhgrund*, which now has nothing but dry sand for the most industrious ruminant, is still a place of succulence and herbage in Kriele's time ; ‘ Deep Way,’ where ‘ at one point two carts could not pass,’ was not yet blown out of existence, but has still ‘ a Well in it ’ for Kriele ; *Hohle Grund* (since called Loudon's Hollow), with the Jew Hill and Jew Churchyard beyond, seem tolerable enough places to Kriele. Probably not unlike what the surrounding Country still is. A Country of poor villages, and of wild ground, flat generally, and but tolerably green ; with lakelets, bushes, scrubs, and intricate meandering little runlets and oozelets ; and in general with more of Forest so called than now is : — this is Kunersdorf Chain of Knolls ; Soltikof's Intrenched Camp at present ; destined to become very famous in the world, after lying so long obscure under Oder and its rages.”¹

From the Knolls of Trettin, that Saturday afternoon, Friedrich takes view of the Russian Camp. All lying bright enough there ; from Mühlberg to Judenberg, convenient to our glass ; between us and the evening Sun. Batteries most abundant, difficulties great : Soltikof just ahead here, 72,000 : Loudon at the Red Grange yonder, on their extreme left, with 18,000 more. An uncommonly strong position for 90,000 against 50,000. One thing strikes Friedrich : On front in this northern side, close by the base of the Russian Camp, runs — for the present away *from* Oder, but intending to join it elsewhere — a paltry little Brook, “ Hen-Floss ” so called, with at least

¹ *Tourist's Note* (Autumn, 1852).

two successive Mills on it (*Kleine Mühle, Grosse Mühle*); and on the northern shore of it, spilling itself out into a wet waste called *Elsbruch* (Alder Waste), which is especially notable to Friedrich. *Alder Waste*? Watery, scrubby; no passage there, thinks Friedrich; which his Peasant with the water-jug confirms. "Tell me, however," inquires Friedrich, with strictness, "From the Red Grange yonder, where General Loudon is, if you wished to get over to the *Hohle Grund*, or to the *Judenberg*, would you cross that *Hen-Floss*?" "It is not crossable, your Majesty; one has to go round quite westward by the Dam." "What, from *Rothe Vorwerk* to *Big Hollow*, no passage, say you; no crossing?" "None, your Majesty," insists the Peasant; — who is not aware that the Russians have made one of firm trestles and logs, and use it daily for highway there; an error of some interest to Friedrich within the next twenty-four hours!

Friedrich himself does not know this bit of ground: but there is with him, besides the Peasant, a Major Linden, whose Regiment used to lie in Frankfurt, of whom Friedrich makes minute questioning. Linden answers confidently; has been over all this tract a hundred times; "but knows it only as a hunter," says Tempelhof,¹ "not as a soldier," which he ought to have done. His answers are supposed to have misled Friedrich on various points, and done him essential damage.

Friedrich's view of the case, that evening, is by no means so despondent as might be imagined: he regards the thing as difficult, not as impossible, — and one of his anxieties is, that he be not balked of trying it straightway. Retiring to his hut in *Bischofsee*, he makes two Dispositions, of admirable clearness, brevity, and calculated for two contingencies: ² That of the enemy retaining his now posture; and That of the enemy making off for *Reppen*; — which latter does not at all concern us, as matters turned! Of the former the course will unfold itself to us, in practice, shortly. At 2 A.M. Friedrich will be on foot again, at 3 on march again. — The last phenomenon, at *Bischofsee* this night, is some sudden glare of disastrous light rising over the woods: — "Russians burning *Kuners-*

¹ Tempelhof, iii. 186.

² Given in Tempelhof, iii. 182, 183.

dorf!" as neighbors are sorry to hear. That is the finale of much Russian rearranging and tumbling, this day; that barbarous burning of Kunersdorf, before going to bed. To-morrow various other poor Villages got burnt by them, which they had better have left standing.

The Russians, on hearing that Friedrich was across at Göritz, and coming on them from the north side, not from Frankfurt by the Reppen Highway, were in great agitation. Not thrown into terror, but into manifold haste, knowing what hasty adversary there was. Endless readjustments they have to make; a day of tumultuous business with the Russians, this Saturday, 11th, when the news reached them. "They inverted their front [say all the Books but Friedrich's own]: Not coming by the Reppen Highway, then!" think they. And thereupon changed rear to front, as at Zorndorf, but more elaborately; — which I should not mention, were it not that hereby their late "right wing on the Mühlberg" has, in strict speech, become their "left," and there is ambiguity and discrepancy in some of the Books, should any poor reader take to studying them on this matter. Changed their front; which involves much interior changing; readjusting of batteries and the like. That of burning Kunersdorf was the barbaric winding up of all this: barbaric, and, in the military sense, absurd; poor Kunersdorf could have been burnt at any moment, if needful; and to the Russians the keeping of it standing was the profitable thing, as an impediment to Friedrich in his advance there. They have laid it flat and permeable; ashes all of it, — except the Church only, which is of stone; not so combustible, and may have uses withal. Has perhaps served as temporary lock-up, prison for the night, to some of those Frankfurt Deputations and their troublesome wailings; and may serve as temporary hospital to-morrow, who knows?

Readjustments in the Russian Camp were manifold: but these are as nothing, in the tumultuous business of the day. Carting of their baggage, every article of value, to that safe Wagenburg in the River; driving of cattle, — the very driving of cattle through Frankfurt, endless herds of them, gathered by the Cossacks from far and wide, "lasted for four-and-twenty

hours." Oxen in Frankfurt that day were at the rate of ten shillings per head. Often enough you were offered a full-grown young steer for a loaf of bread; nay the Cossacks, when there was absolutely no bidder, would slaughter down the animal, leave its carcass in the streets, and sell the hide for a *tympf*, — fivepence (very bad silver at present). Never before or since was seen in Frankfurt such a Saturday, for bellowing and braying, and raging and tumulting, all through the day and through the night; ushering in such a Sunday too!

Sunday about 3 in the morning, Friedrich is on march again, — Russians still in their place; and Disposition *First*, not *Second* at all, to be our rule of action! Friedrich, in Two Columns, marches off, eastward through the woods, as if for Reppen quite away from the Russians and their Mühlberg; but intending to circle round at the due point, and come down upon their right flank there (left flank, as he persists to call it), out of the woods, and clasp it in his arms in an impressive, unexpected way. In Two Columns; which are meant, as usual, to be the Two Lines of Battle: Seidlitz, with chosen Cavalry, is at the head of Column First, and will be Left Wing, were we on the ground; Eugen of Würtemberg, closing the rear of Column First, will, he, or Finck and he together, be Right Wing. That is the order of march; — order of *battle*, we shall find, had to alter itself somewhat, for reasons extremely valid!

Finck with his 12,000 is to keep his present ground; to have two good batteries got ready, each on its knoll ahead, which shall wait silent in the interim: Finck to ride out reconnoitring, with many General Officers, and to make motions and ostentations; in a word, to persuade the Russians that here is the Main Army coming on from the north. All which Finck does; avoiding, as his orders were, any firing, or serious commencement of business, till the King reappear out of the woods. The Russians give Finck and his General Officers a cannon salvo, here and there, without effect, and get no answer. "The King does not see his way, then, after all?" think the Russians. Their Cossacks go scouring about; on the southern side, "burn Schwetig and Reipzig," without the least advantage

to themselves : most of the Cavalry, and a regiment or two of excellent Austrian Grenadiers, are with Loudon, near the Red Grange, in front of the Russian extreme left ; — but will have stept over into Big Hollow at a moment of crisis !

The King's march, through the Forest of Reppen, was nothing like so expeditious as had been expected. There are thickets, intricacies, runlets, boggy oozes ; indifferent to one man well mounted, but vitally important to 30,000 with heavy cannon to bring on. Boggy oozings especially, — there is one dirty stream or floss (*Hünerfliess*, Hen-Floss) which wanders dismally through those recesses, issuing from the far south, with dirty daughters dismally wandering into it, and others that cannot get into it (being of the lake kind) : these, in their weary, circling, recircling course towards Oder, — *Faule Laucke* (Foul Lake, *Lither-mere*, as it were), Foul Bridge, Swine's Nook (*Schweinebucht*), and many others, — occasion endless difficulty. Whether Major Linden was shot that day, or what became of him after, I do not know : but it was pity he had not studied the ground with a soldier's eye instead of a hunter's ! Plumping suddenly, at last, upon Hen-Floss itself, Friedrich has to turn angularly ; angularly, which occasions great delay : the heavy cannon (wall-guns brought from Cüstrin) have twelve horses each, and cannot turn among the trees, but have to be unyoked, reyoked, turned round by hand : — in short, it was eight in the morning before Friedrich arrived at the edge of the wood, on the Klosterberg, Walckberg, and other woody *Bergs* or knolls, within reach of Mühlberg, and behind the preliminary abatis there (abatis which was rather of service to him than otherwise) ; — and began privately building his batteries.

At eight o'clock he, with Column First, which is now becoming Line First (*centre* of Line First, if we reckon Finck as *right-wing*), is there ; busy in that manner : Column Second, which was to have been Rear Line, is still a pretty way behind ; and has many difficulties before it gets into Kunersdorf neighborhood, or can (having wriggled itself into a kind of *left-wing*) co-operate on the Russian Position from the south side. On

the north side, Finck has been ready these five hours. — Friedrich speeds the building of his batteries: "Silent, too; the Russians have not yet noticed us!" By degrees the Russians do notice something; shoot out Cossacks to reconnoitre. Cossacks in quantity; who are so insolent, and venture so very near, our gunners on the north battery give them a blast of satisfactory grape-shot; one and then another, four blasts in all, satisfactory to the gunner mind, — till the King's self, with a look, with a voice, came galloping: "Silence, will you!" The Russians took no offence; still considering Finck to be the main thing and Friedrich some scout party, — till at last,

Half-past eleven, everything being ready on the Walck Hill, Friedrich's batteries opened there, in a sudden and volcanic way. Volcanically answered by the Russians, as soon as possible; who have 72 guns on this Mühlberg, and are nothing loath. Upon whom Finck's battery is opening from the north, withal: Friedrich has 60 cannon hereabouts; on the Walckberg, on the *Little Spitzberg* (called *Seidlitz Hill* ever since); all playing diligently on the head and south shoulder of this Mühlberg: while Finck's battery opens on the north shoulder (could he but get near enough). Volcanic to a degree all these; nor are the Russians wanting, though they get more and more astonished: Tempelhof, who was in it, says he never, except at Torgau next Year, heard a louder cannonade. Loud exceedingly; and more or less appalling to the Russian imagination: but not destructive in proportion; the distance being too considerable, — "1,950 paces at the nearest," as Tempelhof has since ascertained by measuring. Friedrich's two batteries, however, as they took the Russians in the flank or by enfilade, did good execution. "The Russian guns were ill-pointed; the Russian batteries wrong-built; batteries so built as did not allow them sight of the Hollow they were meant to defend." ¹

After above half an hour of this, Friedrich orders storm of the Mühlberg: Forward on it, with what of enfilading it has had! Eight grenadier Battalions, a chosen vanguard appointed

¹ Tempelhof, iii. 186, 187.

for the work (names of Battalions all given, and deathless in the Prussian War-Annals), tramp forth on this service: cross the abatis, which the Russian grenadoes have mostly burnt; down into the Hollow. Steady as planets; "with a precision and coherency," says Tempelhof, "which even on the parade-ground would have deserved praises. Once well in the Hollow, they suffer nothing; though the blind Russian fire, going all over their heads, rages threefold:" suffered nothing in the Hollow; nor till they reached almost the brow of the Mühlberg, and were within a hundred steps of the Russian guns. These were the critical steps, these final ones; such torrents of grape-shot and musket-shot and sheer death bursting out, here at last, upon the Eight Battalions, as they come above ground. Who advanced, unwavering, all the faster, — speed one's only safety. They poured into the Russian gunners and musketry battalions one volley of choicest quality, which had a shaking effect; then, with level bayonets, plunge on the batteries: which are all empty before we can leap into them; artillery-men, musketeer battalions, all on wing; general whirlpool spreading. And so, in ten minutes, the Mühlberg and its guns are ours. Ever since Zorndorf, an idea had got abroad, says Tempelhof, that the Russians would die instead of yielding; but it proved far otherwise here. Down as far as Kunersdorf, which may be about a mile westward, the Russians are all in a whirl; at best hanging in tatters and clumps, their Officers struggling against the flight; "mixed groups you would see huddled together a hundred men deep." The Russian Left Wing is beaten: had we our cannon up here, our cavalry up here, the Russian Army were in a bad way!

This is a glorious beginning; completed, I think, as far almost as Kunersdorf by one o'clock: and could the iron continue to be struck while it is at white-heat as now, the result were as good as certain. That was Friedrich's calculation: but circumstances which he had not counted on, some which he could not count on, sadly retarded the matter. His Left Wing (Rear Line, which should now have been Left Wing) from southward, his Right Wing from northward, and Finck farther west, were now on the instant to have simultaneously

closed upon the beaten Russians, and crushed them altogether. The Right Wing, conquerors of the Mühlberg, are here: but neither Finck nor the Left can be simultaneous with them. Finck and his artillery are much retarded with the Flosses and poor single Bridges; and of the Left Wing there are only some Vanguard Regiments capable of helping ("who drove out the Russians from Kunersdorf Churchyard," as their first feat), — no Main Body yet for a long while. Such impediments, such intricacies of bog and bush! The entire Wing does at last get to the southeast of Kunersdorf, free of the wood; but finds (contrary to Linden with his hunter eye) an intricate meshwork of meres and straggling lakes, two of them in the burnt Village itself; no passing of these except on narrow isthmuses, which necessitate change of rank and re-change; and our Left Wing cannot, with all its industry, "march up," that is, arrive at the enemy in fighting line, without the painfulest delays.

And then the getting forward of our cannon! On the Mühlberg itself the seventy-two Russian guns, "owing to difference of calibre," or artillery-men know what, cannot be used by us: a few light guns, Tempelhof to one of them, a poor four in all, with perhaps 100 shot to each, did, by the King's order, hasten to the top of the Mühlberg; and never did Tempelhof see a finer chance for artillery than there. Soft sloping ground, with Russians simmering ahead of you, all the way down to Kunersdorf, a mile long: by horizontal pointing, you had such reboundings (*ricochets*); and carried beautiful execution! Tempelhof soon spent his hundred shots: but it was not at once that any of our sixty heavy guns could be got up thither. Twelve horses to each: fancy it, and what baffling delays here and elsewhere; — and how the Russian whirlpool was settling more and more, in the interim! And had, in part, settled; in part, got through to the rear, and been replaced by fresh troops!

Friedrich's activities, and suppressed and insuppressible impatiences in this interval, are also conceivable, though not on record for us. The swiftest of men; tied down, in this manner, with the blaze of perfect victory ahead, were the

moments *not* running out! Slower or faster, he thinks (I suppose), the victory is his; and that he must possess his soul till things do arrive. It was in one and more of those embargoed intervals that he wrote to Berlin¹ (which is waiting, as if for life or death, the issue of this scene, sixty miles distant): "Russians beaten; rejoice with me!" Four successive couriers, I believe, with messages to that effect; and at last a Fifth with dolefully contrary news! —

In proportion as the cannon and other necessities gradually got in, the Fight flamed up from its embers more and more: and there ensued, — the Russians being now ranked again (fronting eastward now) "in many lines," and very fierce, — a second still deadlier bout; Friedrich furiously diligent on their front and right flank; Finck, from the Alder Waste, battering and charging (uphill, and under difficulties from those Flosses and single Bridges) on their left flank. This too, after long deadly efforts on the Prussian part, ended again clearly in their favor; their enemies broken a second time, and driven not only out of Kunersdorf and the Kuhgrund, but some say almost to the foot of the Judenberg, — what can only be very partially true. Broken portions of the Russian left flank, — some of Finck's people, in their victorious wrath, may have chased these very far: but it is certain the general Russian mass rallied again a long way short of the Judenberg; — though, the ground being all obliterated by the rabbits and the winds, nobody can now know with exactitude where.

And indeed the Battle, from this point onwards, becomes blurred and confused to us, only its grosser features visible henceforth. Where the "Big Spitzberg" was (so terribly important soon), nobody can now tell me, except from maps. Loudon's motions too are obscure, though important. I believe his grenadiers had not yet been in the fire; but am certain they are now come out of Big Hollow; fresh for the rescue; and have taken front rank in this Second Rally that is made. Loudon's Cavalry Loudon himself has in hand, and waits with them in a fit place. He has 18,000 fresh men; and an eye like few others on a field of war. Loudon's 18,000 are fresh:

¹ Preuss. ii. 212 n.

of the Prussians that can by no means be said. I should judge it must be 3 of the afternoon. The day is windless, blazing; one of the hottest August days; and "nobody, for twelve hours past, could command a drink of water:" very fresh the poor Prussians cannot be! They have done two bouts of excellent fighting; tumbled the Russians well back, stormed many batteries; and taken in all 180 cannon.

At this stage, it appears, Finck and many Generals, Seidlitz among the others, were of opinion that, in present circumstances, with troops so tired, and the enemy nearly certain to draw off, if permitted, here had been enough for one day, and that there ought to be pause till to-morrow. Friedrich knew well the need of rest; but Friedrich, impatient of things half-done, especially of Russians half-beaten, would not listen to this proposal; which was reckoned upon him as a grave and tragic fault, all the rest of his life; though favorable judges, who were on the ground, Tempelhof for one,¹ are willing to prove that pausing here — at the point we had really got to, a little beyond the Kuhgrund, namely; and not a couple of miles westward, at the foot of the Jew Hill, where vague rumor puts us — was not feasible or reasonable. Friedrich considers with himself, "Our left wing has hardly yet been in fire!" calls out the entire left wing, foot and horse: these are to emerge from their meshwork of Lakes about Kunersdorf, and bear a hand along with us on the Russian front here, — especially to sweep away that raging Battery they have on the Big Spitzberg, and make us clear of it. The Big Spitzberg lies to south and ahead of the Russian right as now ranked; fatally covers their right flank, and half ruins the attack in front. Big Spitzberg is blown irrecoznizable in our time; but it was then an all-important thing.

The left-wing Infantry thread their lake-labyrinth, the soonest possible; have to rank again on the hither side, under a tearing fire from that Spitzberg; can then at last, and do, storm onwards, upwards; but cannot, with their best efforts, take the Spitzberg: and have to fall back under its floods of

¹ Tempelhof, iii. 194.

tearing case-shot, and retire out of range. To Friedrich's blank disappointment: "Try it you, then, Seidlitz; you saved us at Zorndorf!" Seidlitz, though it is an impossible problem to storm batteries with horse, does charge in for the Russian flank, in spite of its covering battery: but the torrents of grape-shot are insufferable; the Seidlitz people, torn in gaps, recoil, whirl round, and do not rank again till beyond the Lakes of Kunersdorf. Seidlitz himself has got wounded, and has had to be carried away.

And, in brief, from this point onwards all goes aback with the Prussians more and more. Repeated attempts on that Spitzberg battery prove vain; to advance without it is impossible. Friedrich's exertions are passionate, almost desperate; rallying, animating, new-ordering; everywhere in the hottest of the fire. "Thrice he personally led on the main attack." He has had two horses shot down under him; mounting a third, this too gets a bullet in an artery of the neck, and is about falling, when two Adjutants save the King. In his waistcoat-pocket some small gold case (*étui*) has got smitten flat by a bullet, which would otherwise have ended matters. The people about him remonstrate on such exposure of a life beyond value; he answers curtly, "We must all of us try every method here, to win the Battle: I, like every other, must stand to my duty here!" These, and a second brief word or two farther on, are all of articulate that we hear from him this day.

Friedrich's wearied battalions here on the Heights, while the Spitzberg to left goes so ill, fight desperately; but cannot prevail farther; and in spite of Friedrich's vehement rallyings and urgings, gradually lose ground, — back at last to Kunersdorf and the Kuhgrund again. The Loudon grenadiers, and masses of fresh Russians, are not to be broken, but advance and advance. Fancy the panting death-labors, and spasmodic toilings and bafflings, of those poor Prussians and their King! Nothing now succeeding; the death-agony now come; all hearts growing hopeless; only one heart still seeing hope. The Spitzberg is impossible; tried how often I know not. Finck, from the Alder Waste, with his Infantry, attacks, and

again attacks; without success: "Let the Cavalry go round, then, and try there. Seidlitz we have not; you Eugen of Würtemberg lead them!" Eugen leads them (cuirassiers, or we will forget what); round by the eastern end of the Mühlberg; then westward, along the Alder Waste; finally southward, against the Russian flank, himself foremost, and at the gallop for charging:—Eugen, "looking round, finds his men all gone," and has to gallop the other way, gets wounded to boot. Puttkammer, with Hussars, then tried it; Puttkammer was shot dead, and his Hussars too could do nothing.

Back, slowly back, go the Prussians generally, nothing now succeeds with them. Back to the Kuhgrund again; fairly over the steep brow there; the Russians serrying their ranks atop, rearranging their many guns. There, once more, rose frightful struggle; desperate attempt by the fordone Prussians to retake that Height. "Lasted fifteen minutes, line to line not fifty yards asunder;" such musketry,—our last cartridges withal. Ardent Prussian parties trying to storm up; few ever getting to the top, none ever standing there alive one minute. This was the death-agony of the Battle. Loudon, waiting behind the Spitzberg, dashes forward now, towards the Kuhgrund and our Left Flank. At sight of which a universal feeling shivers through the Prussian heart, "Hope ended, then!"—and their solid ranks rustle everywhere; and melt into one wild deluge, ebbing from the place as fast as it can.

It is towards six o'clock; the sweltering Sun is now fallen low and veiled; gray evening sinking over those wastes. "*N'y a-t-il donc pas un bougre de boulet qui puisse m'atteindre* (Is there not one b— of a ball that can reach me, then)?" exclaimed Friedrich, in his despair. Such a day he had never thought to see. The pillar of the State, the Prussian Army itself, gone to chaos in this manner. Friedrich still passionately struggles, exhorts, commands, entreats even with tears, "Children, don't forsake me, in this pinch (*Kinder, verlasset heute mich, euren König, euren Vater, nicht*)!"¹—but all ears are deaf. On the Mühlberg one regiment still stood by their

¹ Kriele, p. 169.

guns, covering the retreat. But the retreat is more and more a flight; "no Prussian Army was ever seen in such a state." At the Bridges of that Hen-Floss, there was such a crowding, all our guns got jammed; and had to be left, 165 of them of various calibre, and the whole of the Russian 180 that were once in our hands. Had the chase been vigorous, this Prussian Army had been heard of no more. But beyond the Mühlberg, there was little or no pursuit; through the wood the Army, all in chaos, but without molestation otherwise, made for its Oder Bridges by the way it had come.¹

Friedrich was among the last to quit the ground. He seemed stupefied by the excess of his emotions; in no haste to go; uncertain whether he would go at all. His Adjutants were about him, and a small party of Ziethen Hussars under Captain Prittwitz. Wild swarms of Cossacks approached the place. "*Prittwitz, ich bin verloren* (Prittwitz, I am lost)!" remarked he. "*Nein, Ihro Majestät!*" answered Prittwitz with enthusiasm; charged fiercely, he and his few, into the swarms of Cossacks; cut them about, held them at bay, or sent them else-whither, while the Adjutants seized Friedrich's bridle, and galloped off with him. At Cëtseher and the Bridges, Friedrich found of his late Army not quite 3,000 men. Even Wunsch is not there till next morning. Wunsch with his Party had, early in the afternoon, laid hold of Frankfurt, as ordered; made the garrison prisoners, blocked the Oder Bridge; poor Frankfurt tremulously thanking Heaven for him, and for such an omen. In spite of their Wagenburg and these Pontoon-Bridges, it appears, there would have been no retreat for the Russians except into Wunsch's cannon: Wagenburg way, latish in the afternoon, there was such a scramble of runaways and retreating baggage, all was jammed into impassability; scarcely could a single man get through. In ease of defeat, the Russian Army would have had no

¹ Tempelhof, iii. 179-200; Retzow, ii. 80-115: in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 589-598, *Bericht von der am 12 August, 1759 bey Kunersdorf vorgefallenen Schlacht* (Official); and *Ib.* 598-603. *Beschreibung der &c.* (by a Private Hand): lucidly accurate both.

chance but surrender or extermination.¹ At dark, however, Wunsch had summons, so truculent in style, he knew what it meant; and answering in words peremptorily, "No" with a like emphasis, privately got ready again, and at midnight disappeared. Got to Reitwein without accident.

Friedrich found at Cetscher nothing but huts full of poor wounded men, and their miseries and surgeries;—he took shelter, himself, in a hut "which had been plundered by Cossacks" (in the past days), but which had fewer wounded than others, and could be furnished with some bundles of dry straw. Kriele has a pretty Anecdote, with names and particulars, of two poor Lieutenants, who were lying on the floor, as he entered this hut. They had lain there for many hours; the Surgeons thinking them desperate; which Friedrich did not. "*Ach Kinder*, Alas, children, you are badly wounded, then?" "*Ja*, your Majesty: but how goes the Battle?" (Answer, evasive on this point): "Are you bandaged, though? Have you been let blood?" "*Nein, Euer Majestät, kein Teufel will uns verbinden* (Not a devil of them would bandage us)!" Upon which there is a Surgeon instantly brought; reprimanded for neglect: "Desperate, say you? These are young fellows; feel that hand, and that; no fever there: Nature in such cases does wonders!" Upon which the leech had to perform his function; and the poor young fellows were saved,—and did new fighting, and got new wounds, and had Pensions when the War ended.² This appears to have been Friedrich's first work in that hut at Cetscher. Here next is a Third Autograph to Finkenstein, written in that hut, probably the first of several Official things there:—

¹ Tempelhof, iii. 194: in Retzow (ii. 110) is some dubious traditionary stuff on the matter.

² Kriele, pp. 169, 170; and in all the Anecdote-Books.

The King to Graf von Finkenstein (at Berlin) : Third Note.

ÆTSCHER, "12th August," 1759.

"I attacked the Enemy this morning about eleven ; we beat him back to the *Judenkirchhof* (Jew Churchyard," — a mistake, but now of no moment), "near Frankfurt. All my troops came into action, and have done wonders. I reassembled them three times ; at length, I was myself nearly taken prisoner ; and we had to quit the Field. My coat is riddled with bullets, two horses were killed under me ; — my misfortune is, that I am still alive. Our loss is very considerable. Of an Army of 48,000 men, I have, at this moment while I write, not more than 3,000 together ; and am no longer master of my forces. In Berlin you will do well to think of your safety. It is a great calamity ; and I will not survive it : the consequences of this Battle will be worse than the Battle itself. I have no resources more ; and, to confess the truth, I hold all for lost. I will not survive the destruction of my Country. Farewell forever (*Adieu pour jamais*). — F." ¹

Another thing, of the same tragic character, is that of handing over this Army to Finck's charge. Order there is to Finck of that tenor : and along with it the following notable Autograph, — a Friedrich taking leave both of Kingship and of life. The Autograph exists ; but has no date, — date of the Order would probably be still *Ætscher, 12th August* ; date of the Autograph, *Reitwein* (across the River), next day.

Friedrich to Lieut.-General Finck (at Ætscher or Reitwein).

"General Finck gets a difficult commission ; the unlucky Army which I give up to him is no longer in condition to make head against the Russians. Haddick will now start for Berlin, perhaps Loudon too ; if General Finck go after these, the Russians will fall on his rear ; if he continue on the Oder, he gets Haddick on his flank (*so krigt er den Hadek diss Seit*) : — however, I believe, should Loudon go for Berlin, he might attack Loudon, and try to beat him : this, if it succeeded,

¹ In orig. "ce 12," no other date (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxv. 306).

would be a stand against misfortune, and hold matters up. Time gained is much, in these desperate circumstances. The news from Torgau and Dresden, Cöper my Secretary (*Cöper mein Segreter*," kind of lieutenant to Eichel¹) "will send him. You (*Er*) must inform my Brother [Prince Henri] of everything; whom I have declared Generalissimo of the Army. To repair this bad luck altogether is not possible: but what my Brother shall command, must be done: — the Army swears to my Nephew [King henceforth].

"This is all the advice, in these unhappy circumstances, I am in a condition to give. Had I still had resources, I would have stayed by them (*so wehre ich darbei geblieben*).

"FRIEDRICH."²

All this done, the wearied Friedrich flung himself into his truss of dry straw; and was seen sound asleep there, a single sentry at the door, by some high Generals that ventured to look in. On the morrow he crossed to Reitwein; by to-morrow night, there had 23,000 of his fugitives come in to him; — but this is now to be Finck's affair, not his! That day, too (for the Paper seems to be misdated), he signed, and despatched to Schmettau, Commandant in Dresden, a Missive, which proved more fatal than either of the others; and brought, or helped to bring, very bitter fruits for him, before long: —

To Lieutenant-General von Schmettau (at Dresden).

"REITWEIN, 14th [probably 13th] August, 1759.

"You will perhaps have heard of the Check [*l'Echec*, Kunersdorf to wit!] I have met with from the Russian Army on the 13th [12th, if you have the Almanac at hand] of this month. Though at bottom our affairs in regard to the Enemy here are not desperate, I find I shall not now be able to make any detachment for your assistance. Should the Austrians attempt anything against Dresden, therefore, you will see if there are means of maintaining yourself; failing which, it will behoove you to try and obtain a favorable Capitulation, — to

¹ See Preuss, i. 349, iii. 442.

² Exact Copy, two exact copies, in *Preuss* (i. 450, and again, ii. 215).

wit, Liberty to withdraw, with the whole Garrison, Moneys, Magazines, Hospital and all that we have at Dresden, either to Berlin or else-whither, so as to join some Corps of my Troops.

“As a fit of illness [*maladie*, alas!] has come on me, — which I do not think will have dangerous results, — I have for the present left the command of my Troops to Lieutenant-General von Finck; whose Orders you are to execute as if coming to you directly from myself. On this I pray God to have you in his holy and worthy keeping. — F.”¹

At Berlin, on this 13th, — with the Five Couriers coming in successively (and *not* in the order of their despatch, but the fatal Fifth arriving some time *ahead* of the Fourth, who still spoke of progress and victory), — there was such a day as Sulzer (*ach mein lieber Sulzer!*) had never seen in the world. “‘Above 50,000 human beings on the Palace Esplanade and streets about;’ swaying hither and thither, in agony of expectation, in alternate paroxysm of joy and of terror and woe; often enough the opposite paroxysms simultaneous in the different groups, and men crushed down in despair met by men leaping into the air for very gladness:” Sulzer (whose sympathy is of very æsthetic type) “would not, for any consideration, have missed such a scene.”² The “scene” is much obliged to you, *mein Lieber!* —

Practically we find, in Rödenbeck, or straggling elsewhere, this Note: “On the day after Kunersdorf, Queen and Court fly to Magdeburg: this is their second flight. Their first was on Haddick’s Visit, October, 1757; but after Rossbach they soon returned, and Berlin and the Court were then extremely gay: different gentlemen, French and others of every Nation, fallen prisoners, made the Queen’s soirées the finest in the world for splendor and variety, at that time.”³

One other Note we save, for the sake of poor Major Kleist, “Poet of the Spring,” as he was then called. A valiant,

¹ Preuss, ii. *Urkundenbuch*, p. 43.

² *Briefe der Schweitzer Bodmer, Sulzer, Gessner; aus Gleim’s literarischen Nachlasse: herausgegeben von Wilhelm Korte* (Zürich, 1804), pp. 316–319.

³ Rödenbeck, i. 390; &c. &c.

punctual Soldier, and with a turn for Literature as well; who wrote really pleasant fine things, new at that time and rapturously welcome, though too much in the sentimental vein for the times which have followed. Major Kleist, — there is a General Kleist, a Colonel Kleist of the Green Hussars (called *Grüne* Kleist, a terrible cutting fellow): — this is not *Grüne* Kleist; this is the Poet of *The Spring*; whose fate at Kunersdorf made a tragic impression in all intelligent circles of Teutschland. Here is Kriele's Note (abridged): —

“Christian Ewald von Kleist, ‘Poet of the Spring’ [a Pommern gentleman, now in his forty-fourth year], was of Finck's Division; had come on, after those Eight Battalions took the first Russian battery [that is, Mühlberg]; and had been assisting, with zeal, at the taking of three other batteries, regardless of twelve contusions, which he gradually got. At the third battery, he was farther badly hurt on the left arm and the right. Took his Colonel's place nevertheless, whom he now saw fall; led the regiment *muthig* forward on the fourth battery. A case-shot smashed his right leg to pieces; he fell from his horse [hour not given, shall we say 3 P.M.]; sank, exclaiming: ‘*Kinder*, My children, don't forsake your King!’ and fainted there. Was carried to rear and leftward; laid down on some dry spot in the Elsbruch, not far from the Kuhgrund, and a Surgeon brought. The Surgeon, while examining, was torn away by case-shot: Kleist lay bleeding without help. A friend of his, Pfau [who told Kriele], one of Finck's Generals, came riding that way: Kleist called to him; asked how the Battle went; uncommonly glad to hear we are still progressive. Pfau undertook, and tried his utmost, for a carriage to Kleist; did send one of Finck's own carriages; but after such delays that the Prussians were now yielding: poor Kleist's had become Russian ground, and the carriage could not get in.

“Kleist lay helpless; no luck worse than his. In the evening, Cossacks came round him; stript him stark-naked; threw him, face foremost, into the nearest swampy place, and went their way. One of these devils had something so absurd and Teniers-like in the face of him, that Kleist, in his pains, could

not help laughing at remembrance of it. In the night some Russian Hussars, human and not Cossack, found Kleist in this situation; took him to a dry place; put a cloak over him, kindled a watch-fire for themselves, and gave him water and bread. Towards morning they hastened away, throwing an *8-groschen stück* [ninepenny piece, shilling, say half-crown] on his cloak, — with human farewell. But Cossacks again came; again stript him naked and bare. Towards noon of the 13th, Kleist contrived to attract some Russian Cavalry troop passing that way, and got speech of the Captain (one Fackelberg, a German); who at once set about helping him; — and had him actually sent into Frankfurt, in a carriage, that evening. To the House of a Professor Nikolai; where was plenty of surgery and watchful affection. After near thirty hours of such a lair, his wounds seemed still curable; there was hope for ten days. In the tenth night (22d–23d August), the shivered pieces of bone disunited themselves; cut an artery, — which, after many trials, could not be tied. August 24th, at two in the morning, he died. — Great sorrow. August 26th, there was soldier's funeral; poor Kleist's coffin borne by twelve Russian grenadiers; very many Russian Officers attending, who had come from the Camp for that end; one Russian Staff-Officer of them unbuckling his own sword to lay on the bier, as there was want of one. King Friedrich had Kleist's Portrait hung in the Garnison Kirche. Freemason Lodge, in 1788, set up a monument to him,"¹ — which still stands on the Frankfurt pavement, and is now in sadly ruinous state.

The Prussian loss, in this Battle, was, besides all the cannon and field-equipages: 6,000 killed, 13,000 wounded (of which latter, 2,000 badly, who fell to the Russians as prisoners); in all, about 19,000 men. Nor was the Russian loss much lighter; of Russians and Austrians together, near 18,000, as Tempelhof counts: "which will not surprise your Majesty," reports Soltikof to his Czarina; "who are aware that the King of Prussia sells his defeats at a dear rate." And privately Soltikof was heard to say, "Let me fight but another such Victory, and I

¹ Kriele, pp. 39–43.

may go to Petersburg with the news of it myself, with the staff in my hand." The joy at Petersburg, striving not to be braggart or inmodest, was solemn, steady and superlative: a great feat indeed for Russia, this Victory over such a King, — though a kind of grudge, that it was due to Loudon, dwelt, in spite of Loudon's politic silence on that point, unpleasantly in the background. The chase they had shamefully neglected. It is said, certain Russian Officers, who had charge of that business stepped into a peasant's cottage to consult on it; contrived somehow to find tolerable liquor there; and sat drinking instead.¹

CHAPTER V.

SAXONY WITHOUT DEFENCE: SCHMETTAU SURRENDERS DRESDEN.

FRIEDRICH's despair did not last quite four days. On the fourth day, — day after leaving Reitwein, — there is this little Document, which still exists, of more comfortable tenor: "My dear Major-General von Wunsch, — Your Letter of the 16th to Lieutenant-General von Finck punctually arrived here: and for the future, as I am now recovered from my illness, you have to address your Reports directly to Myself. — F." ² Finding that, except Tottleben warily reconnoitring with a few Cossacks, no Russians showed themselves at Reitwein; that the Russians were encamping and intrenching on the Wine-Hills south of Frankfurt, not meaning anything immediate, — he took heart again; ranked his 23,000; sent for General Kleist from Pommern with his Anti-Swedish handful (leave the Swedes alone, as usual in time of crisis); considered that artilleries and furnishings could come to him from Berlin,

¹ Preuss, ii. 217.

² "Madlitz," on the road to Fürstenwalde, "17th August:" in Preuss, *Friedrich der Grosse; eine historische Portrait-Skizze* (kind of *Lecture*, so let us call it, if again citing it; Lecture delivered, on Friedrich's Birthday, to Majesty and Staff-Officers as Audience, Berlin, 24th January, 1855), p. 18.

which is but 60 miles; that there still lay possibility ahead, and that, though only a miracle could save him, he would try it to the very last.

A great relief, this of coming to oneself again! "Till death, then; — rage on, ye elements and black savageries!" Friedrich's humor is not despondent, now or afterwards; though at this time it is very sad, very angry, and, as it were, seorning even to hope: but he is at all times of beautifully practical turn; and has, in his very despair, a sobriety of eyesight, and a fixed steadiness of holding to his purpose, which are of rare quality. His utterances to D'Argens, about this time and onward, — brief hints, spontaneous, almost unconscious, — give curious testimony of his glooms and moody humors. Of which the reader shall see something. For the present, he is in deep indignation with his poor Troops, among other miseries. "Actual running away!" he will have it to be; and takes no account of thirst, hunger, heat, utter weariness and physical impossibility! This lasts for some weeks. But in general there is nothing of this injustice to those about him. In general, nothing even of gloom is manifested; on the contrary, cheerfulness, brisk hope, a strangely continual succession of hopes (mostly illusory); — though, within, there is traceable very great sorrow, weariness and misery. A fixed darkness, as of Erebus, is grown habitual to him; but is strictly shut up, little of it shown to others, or even, in a sense, to himself. He is as a traveller overtaken by the Night and its tempests and rain-deluges, but refusing to pause; who is wetted to the bone, and does not care farther for rain. A traveller grown familiar with the howling solitudes; aware that the Storm-winds do not pity, that Darkness is the dead Earth's Shadow: — a most lone soul of a man; but continually toiling forward, as if the brightest goal and haven were near and in view.

Once more the world was certain of Friedrich's ruin; — Friedrich himself we have seen certain of it, for some few desperate hours: — but the world and he, as had been repeatedly

the world's case, were both disappointed. Intrinsically there could be little doubt but Friedrich's enemies might now have ruined him, had they been diligent about it. Now again, and now more than ever, they have the winning-post in sight. At small distance is the goal and purpose of all these four years' battlings and marchings, and ten years' subterranean plottings and intrigings. He himself says deliberately, "They had only to give him the finishing stroke (*coup-de-grâce*)."¹ But they never gave him that stroke; could not do it, though heartily desirous. Which was, and is, matter of surprise to an observant public.

The cause of failure may be considered to have been, in good part, Daun and his cunctations. Daun's zeal was unquestionable; ardent and continual is Daun's desire to succeed: but to try it at his own risk was beyond his power. He expected always to succeed by help of others: and to show them an example, and go vigorously to work himself, was what he never could resolve on. Could play only Fabius Cunctator, it would seem; and never was that part less wanted than now! Under such a Chief Figure, the "incoherency of action," instead of diminishing, as Friedrich had feared, rose daily towards its maximum; and latterly became extreme. The old Lernean Hydra had many heads; but they belonged all to one body. The many heads of this Anti-Friedrich Hydra had withal each its own body, and separate set of notions and advantages. Friedrich was at least a unity; his whole strength going one way, and at all moments, under his own sole command. The value of this circumstance is incalculable; this is the saving-clause of Pitt and his England (Pitt also a despotic sovereign, though a temporary one); this, second only to Friedrich's great gifts from Nature, and the noble use he makes of them, is above all others the circumstance that saved him in such a duel with the Hydras.

On the back of Kunersdorf, accordingly, there was not only no finishing stroke upon Friedrich, but for two months no stroke or serious attempt whatever in those neighborhoods where Friedrich is. There are four Armies hereabouts: The

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 20.

Grand Russian, hanging by Frankfurt; Friedrich at Fürstenwalde (whitherward he marched from Reitwein August 16th), at Fürstenwalde or farther south, guarding Berlin; — then, unhurt yet by battle of any kind, there are the Grand Daunish or Mark-Lissa Army, and Prince Henri's of Schmöttseifen. Of which latter Two the hitchings and manœuvrings from time to time become vivid, and never altogether cease; but in no case come to anything. Above two months' scientific flourishing of weapons, strategic counter-dancing; but no stroke struck, or result achieved, except on Daun's part irreparable waste of time: — all readers would feel it inhuman to be burdened with any notice of such things. One march of Prince Henri's, which was of a famous and decisive character, we will attend to, when it comes, that is, were the end of September at hand; the rest must be imagined as a general strategic dance in those frontier parts, — Silesia to rearward on one side, the Lausitz and Frankfurt on the other, — and must go on, silently for most part, in the background of the reader's fancy. Indeed, Saxony is the scene of action; Friedrich, Henri, Soltikof, Daun, comparatively inactive for the next six weeks and more.

Some days before Kunersdorf, Daun personally, with I will forget how many thousands, had made a move to northward from Mark-Lissa, 60 miles or so, through Sagan Country; and lies about Priebus, waiting there ever since. Priebus is some 40 miles north of Görlitz, about 60 west of Glogau, south of Frankfurt 80. This is where the Master-Smith, having various irons in the fire, may be handiest for clutching them out, and forging at them, as they become successively hot. Daun, as Master-Smith, has at least three objects in view. The *first* is, as always, Reconquest of Silesia: this is obstructed by Prince Henri, who sits, watchful on the threshold, at Schmöttseifen yonder. The *second* is, as last year, Capture of Dresden: which is much the more feasible at present, — there being, except the Garrisons, no Prussian force whatever in Saxony; and a Reichs Army now actually there at last, after its long haggling about its Magazines; and above all, a Friedrich with his hands full elsewhere. To keep Friedrich's

hands full, — in other words, to keep the Russians sticking to him, — that is the *third* object: or indeed we may call it the first, second and third; for Daun is well aware that unless Soltikof can manage to keep Friedrich busy, Silesia, Saxony and all else becomes impossible.

Ever since the fortunate junction of Loudon with Soltikof, Daun has sat, and still sits, expectant; elaborately calculative, gathering Magazines in different parts, planting out-parties, this way, that way, with an eye to these three objects, all or each, — especially to the third object, which he discerns to be all *and* each. Daun was elaborately calculative with these views: but to try any military action, upon Prince Henri for example, or bestir himself otherwise than in driving provender forward, and marching detachments hither and thither to the potentially fit and fittest posts, was not in Daun's way, — so much the worse for Daun, in his present course of enterprise.

Prince Henri had lain quiet at Schmöttseifen, waiting his Brother's adventure; did not hear the least tidings of him till six days after Kunersdorf, and then only by rumor; hideous, and, though still dubious, too much of it probable! On the very day of Kunersdorf, Henri had begun effecting some improvements on his right flank, — always a sharply strategic, most expert creature, — and made a great many motions, which would be unintelligible here.¹ Henri feels now that upon him lies a world of duties; and foremost of all, the instant duty of endeavoring to open communication with his Brother. Many marches, in consequence; much intricate marching and manœuvring between Daun and him: of which, when we come to Henri's great March (of 25th September), there may be again some hint.

For the present, let readers take their Map, and endeavor to fix the following dates and localities in their mind. Here, in summary, are the King's various Marches, and Two successive Encampments, two only, during those Six Weeks of forced inaction, while he is obliged to stand watching the Russians,

¹ Detailed, every fibre of them (as is the soul-confusing custom there), in Tempelhof, iii. 228 et seq.

and to witness so many complicacies and disasters in the distance; which he struggles much and fruitlessly to hinder or help:—

Encampment 1st (Fürstenwalde, August 18th–30th). Friedrich left Reitwein *August 16th*; 17th, he is at Madlitz [Note to Wunsch written there, which we read]; 18th, to Fürstenwalde, and encamp. Fürstenwalde is on the Spree, straight between Frankfurt and Berlin; 25 miles from the former, 35 from the latter. Here for near a fortnight. At first, much in alarm about the Russians and Berlin; but gradually ascertaining that the Russians intend nothing.

“In effect, all this while Soltikof lay at Lossow, 10 miles south of Frankfurt, with his right on Oder; totally motionless, inactive, except listening, often rather gloomily, to Daun’s and Montalembert’s suasive eloquences and advices,—and once, August 22d, in the little Town of Guben, holding Conference with Daun [of which by and by]. In consequence of which, *August 28th*, Soltikof and his Russians and Austrians got under way again; southward, but only a few marches: first to Müllrose, then to Lieberose:—whom, the instant he heard of their movements, Friedrich, *August 30th*, hastened to follow; but had not to follow very far. Whereupon ensues

“*Encampment Second* (Waldau, till September 15th). *August 30th*, Friedrich, we say, rose from Fürstenwalde; hastened to follow this Russian movement, and keep within wind of it: up the valley of the Spree; first to Müllrose neighborhood [where the Russians, loitering some time, spoiled the canal-locks of the Friedrich-Wilhelm Canal, if nothing more],—thence to Lieberose neighborhood; Waldau, the King’s new place of encampment,—Waldau, with Spree Forest to rear of it: silent both parties till September 15th, when Soltikof did fairly march, not towards Berlin, but quite in the opposite direction.”

By the middle of September, when the Russians did get on foot, and moved eastward; especially on and after September 25th, when Henri made his famous March westward; then it will behoove us to return to Friedrich and these localities. For the present we must turn to Saxony, where, and not here,

the scene of action is. Take, farther, only the following bits of Note, which will now be readable. First, these Utterances to D'Argens; direct glimpses into the heavy-laden, indeed haggard and nearly desperate inner man of Friedrich, during the first three weeks after his defeat at Kunersdorf:—

The King to Marquis D'Argens (at Berlin): Six Notes.

1°. "*Madlitz* [road from Reitwein to Fürstenwalde], 16th August, 1759. We have been unfortunate, my dear Marquis; but not by my fault. The victory was ours, and would even have been a complete one, when our infantry lost patience, and at the wrong moment abandoned the field of battle. The enemy to-day is on march to Müllrose, to unite with Haddick [not to Müllrose for ten days yet; Haddick had already got united with *them*]. The Russian infantry is almost totally destroyed. Of my own wrecks, all that I have been able to assemble amounts to 32,000 men; with these I am pushing on to throw myself across the enemy's road, and either perish or save the Capital. That is not what you [you Berliners] will call a deficiency of resolution.

"For the event I cannot answer. If I had more lives than one, I would sacrifice them all to my Country. But if this stroke fail, I think I am clear-scores with her, and that it will be permissible to look a little to myself. There are limits to everything. I support my misfortune; courage not abated by it: but I am well resolved, after this stroke, if it fail, to open an outgate for myself [that small glass tube which never quits me], and no longer be the sport of any chance."

2°. *Fürstenwalde*, 20th August. . . . "Remain at Berlin, or retire to Potsdam; in a little while there will come some catastrophe: it is not fit that you suffer by it. If things take a good turn, you can be back to Berlin [from Potsdam] in four hours. If ill-luck still pursue us, go to Hanover or to Zelle, where you can provide for your safety.

"I protest to you, that in this late Action I did what was humanly possible to conquer: but my people"—Oh, your Majesty!

3°. *Fürstenwalde, 21st August.* . . . "The enemy is intrenching himself near Frankfurt; a sign he intends no attempt. If you will do me the pleasure to come out hither, you can in all safety. Bring your bed with you; bring my Cook Noël; and I will have you a little chamber ready. You will be my consolation and my hope." —

This day, — let readers mark the circumstance, — Friedrich, in better spirits, detaches Wunsch with some poor 6,000, to try if he can be of help in Saxony; where the Reichs Army, now arrived in force, and with nothing whatever in the field against them, is taking all the Northward Garrison-Towns, and otherwise proceeding at a high rate. Too possibly with an eye towards Dresden itself! Wunsch sets out August 21st.¹ And we shall hear of him in those Saxon Countries before long.

4°. *Fürstenwalde, 22d August.* "Yesterday I wrote to you to come; but to-day I forbid it. Daun is at Kotbus; he is marching on Lüben and Berlin [nothing like so rash!]. — Fly these unhappy Countries! — This news obliges me again to attack the Russians between here and Frankfurt. You may imagine if this is a desperate resolution. It is the sole hope that remains to me, of not being cut off from Berlin on the one side or the other. I will give the discouraged troops some brandy" — alas! — "but I promise myself nothing of success. My one consolation is, that I shall die sword in hand."

5°. *Same place and day* (after a Letter from D'Argens). "You make the panegyric, *mon cher*, of an Army that does not deserve any. The soldiers had good limbs to run with, none to attack the enemy. [Alas, your Majesty; after fifteen hours of such marching and fighting!]

"For certain I will fight; but don't flatter yourself about the event. A happy chance alone can help us. Go, in God's name, to Tangermünde [since the Royal Family went, D'Argens and many Berliners are thinking of flight], to Tangermünde, where you will be well; and wait there how Destiny shall have disposed of us. I will go to reconnoitre the enemy to-morrow. Next day, if there is anything to do, we will try it

¹ Tempelhof, iii. 211.

But if the enemy still holds to the Wine-Hills of Frankfurt, I shall never dare to attack him.

"No, the torment of Tantalus, the pains of Prometheus, the doom of Sisyphus, were nothing like what I suffer for the last ten days [from Kunersdorf till now, when destruction has to be warded off again, and the force wanting]. Death is sweet in comparison to such a life. Have compassion on me and it; and believe that I still keep to myself a great many evil things, not wishing to afflict or disquiet anybody with them; and that I would not counsel you to fly these unlucky Countries, if I had any ray of hope. Adieu, *mon cher*."

Four days after, *August 25th*, from this same Fürstenwalde, the Russians still continuing stagnant, Friedrich despatches to Schmettau, Commandant of Dresden (by some industrious hand, for the roads are all blocked), a Second Letter, "That Dresden is of the highest moment; that in case of Siege there, relief [Wunsch, namely, and perhaps more that may follow] *is* on the road; and that Schmettau must defend himself to the utmost." Let us hope this Second Missive may counteract the too despondent First, which we read above, should that have produced discouragement in Schmettau! ¹ — D'Argens does run to Wolfenbüttel; stays there till September 9th. Nothing more from Friedrich till 4th September, when matters are well cooled again.

6°. *Waldau, 4th September*. "I think Berlin is now in safety; you may return thither. The Barbarians [Russians] are in the Lausitz; I keep by the side of them, between them and Berlin, so that there is nothing to fear for the Capital. The imminency of danger is past; but there will still be many bad moments to get through, before reaching the end of the Campaign. These, however, only regard myself; never mind these. My martyrdom will last two months yet; then the snows and the ices will end it." ²

Thus at Fürstenwalde, then at Waldau, keeping guard, forlorn but resolute, against the intrusive Russian-Austrian del-

¹ Second Letter is given in *Schmettau's Leben*, pp. 436, 437.

² *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 78, 82, 83, 85, 86.

uges, Friedrich stands painfully vigilant and expectant, — still for about a fortnight more. With bad news coming to him latterly, as we shall hear. He is in those old moorland Wusterhausen Countries, once so well known under far other circumstances. Thirty years ago, in fine afternoons, we used to gallop with poor Duhan de Jandun, after school-tasks done, towards Mittenwalde, Fürstenwalde and the furzy environs, far and wide; at home, our Sister and Mother waiting with many troubles and many loves, and Papa sleeping, Pan-like, under the shadow of his big tree: — Thirty years ago, ah me, gone like a dream is all that; and there is solitude and desolation and the Russian-Austrian death-deluges instead! These, I suppose, were Friedrich's occasional remembrances; silent always, in this locality and time. The Sorrows of *Werter*, of the *Giaour*, of the Dyspeptic Tailor in multifarious forms, are recorded in a copious heart-rending manner, and have had their meed of weeping from a sympathetic Public: but there are still a good few Sorrows which lie wrapt in silence, and have never applied there for an idle tear! — Let us look now into Daun's side of things.

Daun, after Negotiation, has an Interview with Soltikof (at Guben, August 22d). — “Daun, who had moved to Priebus, with a view to be nearer Soltikof, had scarcely got his tent pitched there (August 13th), when a breathless horseman rode in, with a Note from Loudon, dated the night before: ‘King of Prussia beaten, to the very bone, beyond mistake this time, — utterly ruined, if one may judge!’ What a vision of the Promised Land! Delighted Daun moves forward, one march, to Triebel on the morrow; to be one march nearer the scene of glory, and endeavor to forge this biggest of the hot irons to advantage.

“At Triebel Soltikof's own account, elucidated by oral messengers, eye-witnesses, and, in short, complete conspectus of this ever memorable Victory, await the delighted Daun. Who despatches messengers, one and another; Lacy, the first, not succeeding quite: To congratulate with enthusiasm the most illustrious of Generals; who has beaten King Friedrich as

none else ever did or could; beaten to the edge of extinction; — especially to urge him upon trampling out this nearly extinct King, before he gleam up again. Soltikof understands the congratulations very well; but as to that of trampling out, snorts an indignant negative: ‘Nay, you, why don’t you try it? Surely it is more your business than my Imperial Mistress’s or mine. We have wrenched two victories from him this season. Kay and Kunersdorf have killed near the half of us: go you in, and wrench something!’ This is Soltikof’s logic; which no messenger of Daun’s, Lacy or another, aided by never such melodies and suasions from Montalembert and Loudon, who are permanently diligent that way, can shake.

“And truly it is irrefragable. How can Daun, if himself merely speculative, calculative, hope that Soltikof will continue acting? Men who have come to help you in a heavy job of work need example. If you wish me to weep, be grieved yourself first of all. Soltikof angrily wipes his countenance at this point, and insists on a few tears from Daun. Without metaphor, Soltikof has shot away all his present ammunition, his staff of bread is quite precarious in these parts; and Soltikof thinks always, ‘Is it my business, then, or is it yours?’

“Soltikof has intrenched himself on the Wine-Hills at Losow, comfortably out of Friedrich’s way, and contiguous to Oder and the provision-routes; sits there, angrily deaf to the voice of the charmer; nothing to be charmed out of him, but gusts of indignation, instead of consent. A proud, high-going, indignant kind of man, with a will of his own. And sees well enough what is what, in all this symphony of the Lacys, the Montalemberts and surrounding adorers. Montalembert, who is here this season, our French best man (unprofitable Swedes must put up with an inferior hand), is extremely persuasive, tries all the arts of French rhetoric, but effects nothing. ‘To let the Austrians come in for the finishing stroke, — Excellence, it will be to let them gain, in History, a glory which is of your earning. Daun and Austria, not Soltikof and Russia, will be said to have extinguished this pestilent King; whom

History will have to remember!’¹ ‘With all my heart,’ answers Soltikof; ‘I make the Austrians and History perfectly welcome! Monsieur, my ammunition is in Posen; my bread is fallen searee; in Frankfurt can you find me one horse more?’ Indignant Soltikof is not to be taken by chaff; growls now and then, if you stir him to the bottom: ‘Why should we, who are volunteer assistants, take all the burden of the work? I will fall back to Posen, and home to Poland and East Preussen, if this last much longer.’

“Austria has a good deal disgusted these Soltikofs and Russian Chief Officers;—who are not so stupid as Austria supposes. Austria’s steady wish is, ‘Let them do their function of cat’s-paw for us; we are here to eat the chestnuts; not, if we can help it, to burn our own poor fingers for them!’ After every Campaign hitherto, Austria has been in use to raise eager accusations at Petersburg; and get the Apraxins, Fermors into trouble: this is not the way to conciliate Russian General Officers. Austria, taught probably by Daun, now tries the other tack: heaps Soltikof with eulogies, flatteries, magnificent presents. All which Soltikof accepts, but with a full sense of what they mean. An unmanageable Soltikof; his answer always,—‘Your turn now to fight a victory! I will go my ways to Posen again, if you don’t.’ And, in these current weeks, in Soltikof’s audience-room, if anybody were curious about it, we could present a very lively solicitation going on, with answers very gruff and negatory. No suasion of Montalembert, Laey, and Daun Embassies, backed by diamond-hilted swords, and splendor of gifts from Vienna itself, able to prevail on the barbarous people.

“Daun at length resolves to go in person; solicits an Interview with the distinguished Russian Conqueror; gets it, meets Soltikof at Guben, half-way house between Frankfurt and Triebel; select suite attending both Excellencies (August 22d); and exerts whatever rhetoric is in him on the barbarous man.

¹ Choiseul’s Letter (not *Duc de Choiseul*, but *Comte*, now Minister at Vienna) to Montalembert, “Vienna, 16th August;” and Montalembert’s Answer, “Lieberhausen [means *Lieberose*], 31st August, 1759:” in *Montalembert, Correspondance*, ii. 58–65.

The barbarous man is stiff as brass; but Daun comes into all his conditions: 'Saxony, Silesia, — Excellenz, we have them both within clutch; such our exquisite angling and manœuvring, in concert with your immortal victory, which truly gives the life-breath to everything. Oh, suffer us to clutch them: keep that King away from us; and see if they are not ours, Saxony first, Silesia next! Provisions of meal? I will myself undertake to furnish bread for you [though I have to cart it from Bohemia all the way, and am myself terribly off; but fixed to do the impossible]; ration of bread shall fail no Russian man, while you escort us as protective friend. Towards Saxony first, where the Reichs Army is, and not a Prussian in the field; the very Garrisons mostly gone by this time. Dresden is to be besieged, within a week; Dresden itself is ours, if only *you* please! Come into the Lausitz with us, Magazines are there, loaves in abundance: Saxony done, Dresden ours, cannot we turn to Silesia together; besiege Glogau together (I am myself about trying Neisse, by Harsch again); capture Glogau as well as Neisse; and crown the successfulest campaign that ever was? Oh, Excellenz —!'"

In a word, Excellenz, strictly fixing that condition of the loaves, consents. Will get ready to leave those Frankfurt Wine-Hills in about a week. "But the loaves, you recollect: no Bread, no Russian!" Daun returns to Triebel a victorious man, — though with an onerous condition incumbent. Tempelhof, minutely computing, finds that to cart from Bohemia such a cipher of human rations daily into these parts, will surpass all the vehiculatory power of Daun.¹

The "Reichs Army" so called has entered Saxony, under fine Omens; does some Feats of Sieging (August 7th–23d), — with an Eye on Dresden as the crowning one.

The Reichs Army, though it had been so tumbled about, in Spring, with such havoc on its magazines and preparations, could not wait to refit itself, except superficially; and showed

¹ Tempelhof, iii. 225.

face over the Mountains almost earlier than usual. The chance was so unique: a Saxony left to its mere Garrisons, — as it continued to be, for near two months this Year. On such golden opportunity the Reichs Army — first, in light mischievous precursor parties, who roamed as far as Halle or even as Halberstadt; then the Army itself, well or ill appointed, under Generalissimo the Prince von Zweibrück, — did come on, winding through Thüringen towards the North-western Towns; various Austrian Auxiliary-Corps making appearance on the Dresden side. Eight Austrian regiments, as a permanency, are in the Reichs Army itself. Commander, or part Commander, of the eight is (what alone I find noteworthy in them) “Herr General Thomas von Blonquet:” Irish by nation, says a foot-note;¹ — sure enough some adventurous “Thomas *Plunket*,” visible this once, soldiering, in those circumstances; never heard of by a sympathetic reader before or after. It was while the King was hunting the Haddick-Loudon people in Sagan Country in such vehement fashion, that Zweibrück came trumpeting into Saxony, — King, Prince Henri and everybody, well occupied otherwise, far away!

The Reichs Army has a camp at Naumburg (Rossbach neighborhood): and has light troops out in Halle neighborhood; which have seized Halle; are very severe upon Halle, and other places thereabouts, till chased away. August 7th, the Reichs Army begirt Leipzig; summoned the weak garrison there. It is a Town capable of ruin, but not of defence: “Free-withdrawal,” proposes the Reichs Army, — and upon these terms gets hold of Leipzig, for the time being. Leipzig, Torgau, Witzenberg; in a fortnight or less, all the Prussian posts in those parts fall to the Reichs Army. Its marchings and siegings, among those Northwestern places, not one of them capable of standing above a few days’ siege, are worth no mention, except to Parish History: enough that, by little after the middle of August, Zweibrück had got all these places, “Free-withdrawal” the terms for all; and that, except it be the following feature in their Siege of Torgau, feature mainly Biographic, and belonging to a certain Colonel Wolfersdorf

¹ Seyfarth, ii. 831 n.

concerned, there is not one of those Sieges now worth a moment's attention from almost any mortal. This is the Torgau feature, — feature of human nature, soldiering under difficulties : —

Colonel von Wolfersdorf beautifully defends himself in Torgau (August 9th–14th). Two days after Leipzig was had, there appeared at Torgau a Body of Pandours, 2,000 and more ; who attempted some kind of scalade on Torgau and its small Garrison (of 700 or so), — where are a Magazine, a Hospital and other properties : not capable, by any garrison, of standing regular siege ; but important to defend till you have proper terms offered. The multitudinous Pandours, if I remember, made a rush into the Suburbs, in their usual vociferous way ; but were met by the 700 silent Prussians, — silent except through their fire-arms and field-pieces, — in so eloquent a style as soon convinced the Pandour mind, and sent it traveling again. And in the evening of the same day (August 9th), Colonel Wolfersdorf arrives, as new Commandant, and with reinforcements, small though considerable in the circumstances.

Wolfersdorf, one dimly gathers, had marched from Wittenberg on this errand ; the whole force in Torgau is now of about 3,000, still with only field-cannon, but with a Captain over them ; — who, as is evident, sets himself in a very earnest manner to do his utmost in defence of the place. Next morning Reichs General Kleefeld (“Cloverfield”), with 6 or 8,000 Pandour and Regular, summons Wolfersdorf : “Surrender instantly ; or — !” “We will expect you !” answers Wolfersdorf. Whereupon, same morning (August 10th), general storm ; storm No. 1 : beautifully handled by Wolfersdorf ; who takes it in rear (to its astonishment), as well as in front ; and sends it off in haste. On the morrow, Saturday, a second followed ; and on Sunday a third ; both likewise beautifully handled. This third storm, readers see, was “Sunday, August 12th :” a very busy stormful day at Torgau here, — and also, for some others of us, during the heats of Kunersdorf, over the horizon far away ! Wolfersdorf tumbles back all storms ; furthermore

makes mischievous sallies: a destructive, skilled person; altogether prompt, fertile in expedients; and evidently is not to be managed by Kleefeld. So that Prince von Stolberg, Second to supreme Zweibrück himself, has to take it in hand. And,

Monday, 13th, at break of day, Stolberg arrives with a train of battering guns and 6,000 new people; summons Wolfersdorf: "No," as before. Storms him, a fourth time; likewise "No," as before: attacks, thereupon, his Elbe Bridge, and his Redoubt across the River; finds a Wolfersdorf party rush destructively into his rear there. And has to withdraw, and try battering from behind the Elbe Dam. Continues this, violently for about two hours; till again Wolfersdorf, whose poor field-pieces, the only artillery he has, "cannot reach so far with leaden balls" (the iron balls are done, and the powder itself is almost done), manages, by a flank attack, to quench this also. Which produces entire silence, and considerable private reflection, on the part of indignant Stolberg. Stolberg offers him the favorablest terms devisable: "Withdraw freely, with all your honors, all your properties; only withdraw!" Which Wolfersdorf, his powder and ball being in such a state of ebb, and no relief possible, agrees to; with stipulations very strict as to every particular.¹

Colonel von Wolfersdorf withdraws, also beautifully (August 15th). Accordingly, Wednesday, August 15th, at eight in the morning, Wolfersdorf by the Elbe Gate moves out; across Elbe Bridge, and the Redoubt which is on the farther shore yonder. Near this Redoubt, Stolberg and many of his General Officers are waiting to see him go. He goes in state; flags flying, music playing. Battalion Hessen-Cassel, followed by all our Packages, Hospital convalescents, King's Artillery, and whatever is the King's or ours, marches first. Next comes, as rear-guard to all this, Battalion Grollmann; — along with which is Wolfersdorf himself, knowing Grollmann for a ticklish article (Saxons mainly); followed on the heel by Battalion Hofmann, and lastly by Battalion Salmuth, trusty Prussians both of these.

¹ In *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iii. 350) the Capitulation, "August 14th," given *in extenso*.

Battalion Hessen-Cassel and the Baggage are through the Redoubt, Prince of Stolberg handsomely saluting as saluted. But now, on Battalion Grollmann's coming up, Stolberg's Adjutant cries out with a loud voice of proclamation, many Officers repeating and enforcing: "Whoever is a brave Saxon, whoever is true to his Kaiser, or was of the Reichs Army, let him step out: Durchlaucht will give him protection!" At sound of which Grollmann quivers as if struck by electricity; and instantly begins dissolving; — dissolves, in effect, nearly all, and is in the act of vanishing like a dream! Wolfersdorf is a prompt man; and needs to be so. Wolfersdorf, in Olympian rage, instantly stops short; draws pistol: "I will shoot dead every man that quits rank!" vociferates he; and does, with his pistol, make instant example of one; inviting every true Prussian to do the like: "Jagers, Hussars, a ducat for every traitor you shoot down!" continues Wolfersdorf (and punctually paid it afterwards): unable to prevent an almost total dissolution of Grollmann. For some minutes, there is a scene indescribable: storm of vociferation, menace, musket-shot, pistol-shot; Grollmann disappearing on every side, — "behind the Redoubt, under the Bridge, into Elbe Boats, under the cloaks of the Croats;" — in spite of Wolfersdorf's Olympian rages and efforts.

At sight of the shooting, Prince Stolberg, a hot man, had said indignantly, "Herr, that will be dangerous for you (*das wird nicht gut gehn*)!" Wolfersdorf not regarding him a whit; regarding only Grollmann, and his own hot business of coercing it at a ducat per head. Grollmann gone, and Battalions Hofmann in due sequence come up, Wolfersdorf — who has sent an Adjutant, with order, "Hessen-Cassel, *halt*" — gives Battalion Hofmann these three words of command: "Whole Battalion, halt! — Front! — Make ready!" (with due simultaneous click of every firelock, on utterance of that last); — and turning to Prince Stolberg, with a brow, with a tone of voice: "Durchlaucht, Article 9 of the Capitulation is express on this point; '*All desertion strictly prohibited; no deserter to be received either on the Imperial or on the Prussian side!*' [Durchlaucht silently gives, we suppose, some faint sniff.]

Since your Durchlaucht does not keep the Capitulation, neither will I regard it farther. I will now take you and your Suite prisoners, return into the Town, and again begin defending myself. Be so good as ride directly into that Redoubt, or I will present, and give fire !”

A dangerous moment for the Durchlaucht of Stolberg ; Battalion Salmuth actually taking possession of the wall again ; Hofmann here with its poised firelock on the cock, “ready” for that fourth word, as above indicated. A General Lusinsky of Stolberg’s train, master of those Croats, and an Austrian of figure, remarks very seriously : “Every point of the Capitulation must be kept !” Upon which Durchlaucht has to renounce and repent ; eagerly assists in recovering Grollmann, restores it (little the worse, little the *fewer*) ; will give Wolfersdorf “*command* of the Austrian Escort you are to have,” and every satisfaction and assurance ; — wishful only to get rid of Wolfersdorf. Who thereupon marches to Wittenberg, with colors flying again, and a name mentionable ever since.¹

This Wolfersdorf was himself a Pirna Saxon ; serving Polish Majesty, as Major, in that Pirna time ; perhaps no admirer of “Feldmarschall Brühl” and Company ? — at any rate, he took Prussian service, as then offered him ; and this is his style of keeping it. A decidedly clever soldier, and comes out, henceforth, more and more as such, — unhappily not for long. Was taken at Maxen, he too, as will be seen. Rose, in after times, to be Lieutenant-General, and a man famous in the Prussian military circles ; but given always, they say, to take the straight line (or shortest distance between self and object), in regard to military matters, to recruiting and the like, and thus getting himself into trouble with the Civil Officials.

Wolfersdorf, at Wittenberg or farther on, had a flattering word from the King ; applauding his effective procedures at Torgau ; and ordering him, should Wittenberg fall (as it did, August 23d), to join Wunsch, who is coming with a small Party to try and help in those destitute localities. Wunsch

¹ Tempelhof, iii. 201-204 ; Seyfarth, ii. 562 n., and *Beylagen*, ii. 587 ; *Militair-Lexikon*, iv. 283.

the King had detached (21st August), as we heard already. Finck the King finds, farther, that he can detach (from Waldau Country, September 7th);¹ Russians being so languid, and Saxony fallen into such a perilous predicament.

“Few days after Kunersdorf,” says a Note, which should be inserted here, “there had fallen out a small Naval matter, which will be consolatory to Friedrich, and go to the other side of the account, when he hears of it: Kunersdorf was Sunday, August 12th; this was Saturday and Sunday following. Besides their Grand Brest Fleet, with new Flat-bottoms, and world-famous land-preparations going on at Vannes, for Invasion of proud Albion, all which are at present under Hawke’s strict keeping, the French have, ever since Spring last, a fine subsidiary Fleet at Toulon, of very exultant hopes at one time; which now come to finis.

“*Sea-Fight (properly Sea-Hunt of 200 miles), in the Cadiz Waters, August 18th–19th.* The fine Toulon Fleet, which expected at one time, Pitt’s ships being so scattered over the world, to be ‘mistress of the Mediterranean,’ has found itself, on the contrary (such were Pitt’s resources and promptitudes); cooped in harbor all Summer; Boscawen watching it in the usual strict way. No egress possible; till, in the sultry weather (8th July–4th August), Boscawen’s need of fresh provisions, fresh water and of making some repairs, took him to Gibraltar, and gave the Toulon Fleet a transient opportunity, which it made use of.

“August 17th, at 8 in the evening, Boscawen, at Gibraltar (some of his ships still in deshabelle or under repair), was hastily apprised by one of his Frigates, That the Toulon Fleet had sailed; been seen visibly at Ceuta Point so many hours ago. ‘Meaning,’ as Boscawen guesses, ‘to be through the Straits this very night!’ By power of despatch, the deshabelle ships were rapidly got buttoned together (in about two hours); and by 10 P.M. all were under sail. And soon were in hot chase; the game being now in view,—going at its utmost through the Straits, as anticipated. At 7 next morning (*Sat-*

¹ Tempelhof, iii. 211, 237.

urday, August 18th) Boscawen got clutch of the Toulon Fleet; still well east of Cadiz, somewhere in the Trafalgar waters, I should guess. Here Boscawen fought and chased the Toulon Fleet for 24 hours coming; drove it finally ashore, at Lagos on the coast of Portugal, with five of its big ships burnt or taken, its crews and other ships flying by land and water, its poor Admiral mortally wounded; and the Toulon Fleet a ruined article. The wind had been capricious, here fresh, there calm; now favoring the hunters, now the hunted; both Fleets had dropped in two. De la Clue, the French Admiral, complained bitterly how his Captains lagged, or shore off and forsook him. Boscawen himself, who for his own share had gone at it eagle-like, was heard grumbling, about want of speed in some people; and said: 'It is well; but it might have been better!'¹

"De la Clue — fallen long ago from all notions of 'dominating the Mediterranean' — had modestly intended to get through, on any terms, into the Ocean; might then, if possible, have joined the Grand 'Invasion Squadron,' now lying at Brest, till Vannes and the furnishings are ready, or have tried to be troublesome in the rear of Hawke, who is blockading all that. A modest outlook in comparison; — and this is what it also has come to. As for the Grand Invasion Squadron, Admiral Conflans, commanding it, still holds up his head in Brest Harbor, and talks big. Makes little of Rodney's havoc on the Flat-bottoms at Havre, 'Will soon have Flat-bottoms again: and you shall see!' — if only Hawke, and wind and weather and Fortune, will permit."

Austrian Reichs Army does its crowning Feat (August 26th-September 4th): Diary of what is called the "Siege" of Dresden.

Since the first weeks of August there have been Austrian detachments, Wehla's Corps, Brentano's Corps, entering Saxony from the northeast or Daun-ward side, and posting themselves in the strong points looking towards Dresden; waiting

¹ Beatson, ii. 313-319; ib. iii. 237-238, De la Clue, the French Admiral's Despatch; — Boscawen's Despatch, &c., in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxix. 434.

there till the Reichs Army should capture its Leipzigs, Torgaus, Wittenbergs, and roll forward from northwest. To all which it is easy to fancy what an impetus was given by Kunersdorf and August 12th; the business, after that, going on double-quick, and pointing to immediate practical industry on Dresden. The Reichs Army hastens to settle its northwestern Towns, puts due garrison in each, leaves a 10 or 12,000 movable for general protection, in those parts; and, August 23d, marches for Dresden. There are only some 15,000 left of it now; almost half the Reichs Army drunk up in that manner; were not Daun now speeding forth his Maguire with a fresh 12,000; who is to command the Wehlas and Brentanos as well. And, in effect, to be Austrian Chief, and as regards practical matters, Manager of this important Enterprise, — all-important to Daun just now. Schmettau in Dresden sees clearly what mischief is at hand.

To Daun this Siege of Dresden is the alpha to whatever omegas there may be: he and his Soltikof are to sit waiting this; and can attempt nothing but eating of provender, till this be achieved. As the Siege was really important, though not quite the alpha to all omegas, and has in it curious points and physiognomic traits, we will invite readers to some transient inspection of it, — the rather as there exist ample contemporary Narratives, *Diariums* and authentic records, to render that possible and easy.¹

“Ever since the rumor of Kunersdorf,” says one *Diarium*, compiled out of many, “in the last two weeks of August, Schmettau’s need of vigilance and diligence has been on the increase, his outlooks becoming grimmer and grimmer. He has a poorish Garrison for number (3,700 in all²), and not of the best quality; deserters a good few of them: willing enough for strokes; fighting fellows all, and of adventurous turn, but uncertain as to loyalty in a case of pinch. He has endless stores

¹ In *Tempelhof* (iii. 210–216–222) complete and careful Narrative; in *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iii. 371–377) express “*Day-Book*” by some Eye-witness in Dresden.

² *Schmettau’s Leben* (by his Son), p. 408.

in the place; for one item, almost a million sterling of ready money. Poor Schmettau, if he knew it, has suddenly become the Leonidas of this campaign, Dresden its Thermopylæ; and " — But readers can conceive the situation.

"*August 20th*, Schmettau quits the Neustadt, or northern part of Dresden, which lies beyond the River: unimportant that, and indefensible with garrison not adequate; Schmettau will strengthen the River-bank, blow up the Stone Bridge if necessary, and restrict himself to Dresden Proper. The Court is here; Schmettau does not hope that the Court can avert a Siege from him; but he fails not to try, in that way too, and may at least gain time.

"*August 25th*, He has a Mine put under the main arch of the Bridge: 'mine ill-made, uncertain of effect,' reports the Officer whom he sent to inspect it. But it was never tried, the mere rumor of it kept off attacks on that side. Same day, August 25th, Schmettau receives that unfortunate Royal Missive¹ written in the dark days of Reitwein, morrow of Kunersdorf (14th or 13th August)," which we read above. "That there is another Letter on the road for him, indicating 'Relief shall be tried,' is unknown to Schmettau, and fatally continues unknown. While Schmettau is reading this (August 25th), General Wunsch has been on the road four days: Wunsch and Wolfersdorf with about 8,000, at their quickest pace, and in a fine winged frame of mind withal, are speeding on: will cross Elbe at Meissen to-morrow night, — did Schmettau only know. People say he did, in the way of rumor, understand that Kunersdorf had not been the fatal thing it was thought; and that efforts would be made by a King like his. In his place one might have, at least, shot out a spy or two? But he did not, then or afterwards.

"Already, ever since the arrival of Wehla and Brentano in those parts, he has been laboring under many uncertainties; too many for a Leonidas! Hanging between Yes and No, even about that of quitting the Neustadt, for example: carrying over portions of his goods, but never heartily the whole; unable to resolve; now lifting visibly the Bridge pavement, then

¹ Tempelhof, iii. 208; Schmettau's *Leben* (p. 421) has "August 27th."

again visibly restoring it;—and, I think, though the contrary is asserted, he had at last to leave in the Neustadt a great deal of stores, horse-provender and other, not needful to him at present, or impossible to carry, when dubiety got ended. He has put a mine under the Bridge; but knows it will not go off.

“Schmettau has been in many wars, but this is a case that tries his soldier qualities as none other has ever done. A case of endless intricacy,—if he be quite equal to it; which perhaps he was not altogether. Nobody ever doubted Schmettau’s high qualities as a man and captain; but here are requisite the very highest, and these Schmettau has not. The result was very tragical; I suppose, a pain to Friedrich all his life after; and certainly to Schmettau all his. This is Saturday night, 25th August: before Tuesday week (September 4th) there will have sad things arrived, irremediable to Schmettau. Had Schmettau decided to defend himself, Dresden had not been taken. What a pity Schmettau had not been spared this Missive, calculated to produce mere doubt! Whether he could not, and should not, after a ten days of inquiry and new discernment, have been able to read the King’s true meaning, as well as the King’s momentary humor, in this fatal Document, there is no deciding. Sure enough, he did not read the King’s true meaning in it, but only the King’s momentary humor; did not frankly set about defending himself to the death,—or ‘seeing’ in that way ‘whether he could not defend himself,’—with a good capitulation lying in the rear, after he had.

“*Sunday, August 26th*, Trumpet at the gates. Messenger from Zweibrück is introduced blindfold; brings formal Summons to Schmettau. Summons duly truculent: ‘Resistance vain; the more you resist, the worse it will be,—and there is a worst [that of being delivered to the Croats, and massacred every man], of which why should I speak? Especially if in anything you fail of your duty to the Kur-Prinz [Electoral Prince and Heir-Apparent, poor crook-backed young Gentleman, who has an excellent sprightly Wife, a friend of Friedrich’s and daughter of the late Kaiser Karl VII., whom we used so beautifully], imagine what your fate will be!’—To

which Schmettan answers: 'Can Durchlaucht think us ignorant of the common rules of behavior to Persons of that Rank? For the rest, Durchlaucht knows what our duties here are, and would despise us if we did *not* do them;' — and, in short, our answer again is, in polite forms, 'Pooh, pooh; you may go your way!' Upon which the Messenger is blindfolded again; and Schmettau sets himself in hot earnest to clearing out his goods from the Neustadt; building with huge intertwisted cross-beams and stone and earth-masses a Battery at his own end of the Bridge, batteries on each side of it, below and above; — locks the Gates; and is passionately busy all Sunday, — though divine service goes on as usual.

"Hardly were the Prussian guns got away, when Croat people in quantity came in, and began building a Battery at their end of the Bridge, the main defence-work being old Prussian meal-barrels, handily filled with earth. 'If you fire one cannon-ball across on us,' said Schmettau, 'I will bombard the Neustadt into flame in few minutes [I have only to aim at our Hay Magazine yonder]: be warned!' Nor did they once fire from that side; Electoral Highness withal and Royal Palace being quite contiguous behind the Prussian Bridge-Battery. Electoral Highness and Household are politely treated, make polite answer to everything; intend going down into the '*Apotheke*' (Kitchen suite), or vaulted part of the Palace, and will lodge there when the cannonade begins.

"This same *Sunday, August 26th*, Maguire arrived; and set instantly to building his bridge at Pillnitz, a little way above Dresden: at Uebigau, a little below Dresden, the Reichsfolk have another. Reichsfolk, Zweibrück in person, come all in on Wednesday; post themselves there, to north and west of the City. What is more important, the siege-guns, a superb stock, are steadily floating, through the Pirna regions, hitherward; get to hand on Friday next, the fifth day hence.¹ Korbitz (half-way out to Kesselsdorf) is Durchlaucht's head-quarter: — Chief General is Durchlaucht, conspicuously he, at least in theory, and shall have all the glory; though Maguire, glancing or these cannon, were it nothing more, has probably a good

¹ Tempelhof, p. 210.

deal to say. Maguire too, I observe, takes post on that north or Kesselsdorf side; contiguous for the Head General. Wehla and Brentano post themselves on the south or up-stream side; it is they that hand in the siege-guns: batteries are already everywhere marked out, 13 cannon-batteries and 5 howitzer. In short, from the morrow of that truculent Summons, Monday morning to Thursday, there is hot stir of multifarious preparation on Schmettau's part; and continual pouring in of the hostile force, who are also preparing at the utmost. Thursday, the Siege, if it can be called a Siege, begins. Gradually, and as follows:—

“*Thursday Morning* (August 30th), Schmettau, who is, night and day, ‘palisading the River,’ and much else,—discloses (that is, Break of Day discloses on his part) to the Dresden public a huge Gallows, black, huge, of impressive aspect; labelled ‘For Plunderers, Mutineers and their Helpers.’¹ The Austrian heavy guns are not yet in battery; but multitudes of loose Croat people go swarming about everywhere, and there is plentiful firing from such artilleries as they have. This same Thursday morning, two or three battalions of them rush into the Pirna Suburb; attack the Prussian Guard-parties there. Schmettau instantly despatches Captain Kollas and a Trumpet:—‘Durchlaucht, have the goodness to recall these Croat Parties; otherwise the Suburb goes into flame! And directly on arrival of this Messenger, may it please Durchlaucht. For we have computed the time; and will not wait beyond what is reasonable for his return!’ Zweibrück is mere indignation and astonishment; ‘will burn Halle,’ burn Quedlinburg, Berlin itself, and utterly ruin the King of Prussia’s Dominion in general:—the rejoinder to which is, burning of Pirna Suburb, as predicted; seventy houses of it, this evening, at six o’clock.

“Onward from which time there is on both sides, especially on Schmettau’s, diligent artillery practice; cannonade kept up wherever Schmettau can see the enemy busy; enemy responding with what artillery he has:—not much damage done, I should think, though a great deal of noise; and for one day (Saturday, September 1st), our Diarist notes, ‘Not safe to walk

¹ *Anonymous of Hamburg*, iii. 373.

the streets this day.' But, in effect, the Siege, as they call it, — which fell dead on the fifth day, and was never well alive, — consists mainly of menace and counter-menace, in the way of bargain-making and negotiation; — and, so far as I can gather, that superb Park of Austrian Artillery, though built into batteries, and talked about in a bullying manner, was not fired from at all.

"Schmettau affects towards the enemy (and towards himself, I dare say) an air of iron firmness; but internally has no such feeling, — 'Calls a Council of War,' and the like. Council of War, on sight of that King's Missive, confirms him with one voice: 'Surely, surely, Excellenz; no defence possible!' Which is a prophecy and a fulfilment, both in one. Why Schmettau did not shoot forth a spy or two, to ascertain for him What, or whether Nothing whatever, was passing outside Dresden? I never understand! Beyond his own Walls, the world is a vacancy and blank to Schmettau, and he seems content it should be so.

"*Sunday, September 2d.* Though Schmettau's cannonade was very loud, and had been so all night, divine service was held as usual, streets safe again, — Austrians, I suppose, not firing with cannon. About 4 P.M., after a great deal of powder spent, General Maguire, stepping out on Elbe Bridge, blows or beats Appeal, three times; 'wishes a moment's conversation with his Excellency.' Granted at once; witnesses attending on both sides. 'Defence is impossible; in the name of humanity, consider!' urges Maguire. 'Defence to the last man of us is certain,' answers Schmettau, from the teeth outwards; — but, in the end, engages to put on paper, in case he, by extremity of ill-luck, have at any time to accept terms, what his terms will inflexibly be. Upon which there is 'Armistice till To-morrow:' and Maguire, I doubt not, reports joyfully on this feeling of the enemy's pulse. Zweibrück and Maguire are very well aware of what is passing in these neighborhoods (General Wunsch back at Wittenberg by forced marches; blew it open in an hour); and are growing highly anxious that Dresden on any terms were theirs.

"*Monday, September 3d,* The death-day of the Siege; an

uncommonly busy day, — though Armistice lasted perfect till 3 P.M., and soon came back more perfect than ever. A Siege not killed by cannon, but by medical industry. Let us note with brevity the successive symptoms and appliances. About seven in the morning Maguire had his Messenger in Dresden, ‘Your Excellency’s Paper ready?’ ‘Nearly ready,’ answers Schmettau; ‘we will send it by a Messenger of our own.’ And about eleven of the day Maguire does get it; — the same Captain Kollas (whose name we recollect) handing it in; and statue-like waiting Answer. ‘Pshaw, this will never do,’ ejaculates Maguire; ‘terms irrationally high!’ Captain Kollas ‘knows nothing of what is *in* the Paper; and is charged only to bring a Written Answer from Excellenz.’ Excellenz, before writing, ‘will have to consult with Durchlaucht;’ can, however, as if confidentially and from feelings of friendship, can assure you, Sir, on my honor, That the Garrison will be delivered to the Croats, and every man of it put to the sword. ‘The Garrison will expect that (*wird Das erwarten*),’ said Kollas, statue-like; and withdrew, with the proper bow.¹ Something interesting to us in these Military diplomatic passages, with their square-elbowed fashions, and politeness stiff as iron!

“Not till three of the afternoon does the Written Answer reach Schmettau: ‘Such Terms never could be accepted.’ — ‘Good,’ answers Schmettau: ‘To our last breath no others will be offered.’ And commences cannonading again, not very violently, but with the order, ‘Go on, then, night and day!’

“About 10 at night, General Guasco, a truculent kind of man, whom I have met with up and down, but not admitted to memory, beats Appeal on the Bridge: ‘Inform the Commandant that there will now straightway 13 batteries of cannon, and 5 ditto of howitzers open on him, unless he bethinks himself!’ Which dreadful message is taken to Schmettau. ‘Wish the gentleman good-evening,’ orders Schmettau; ‘and say we will answer with 100 guns.’ Upon which Guasco vanishes; — but returns in not many minutes, milder in tone; requests ‘a sight of that Written Paper of Terms again.’

¹ Tempelhof, iii. 211.

‘There it still is,’ answers Schmettau, ‘not altered, nor ever shall be.’ And there is Armistice again:—and the Siege, as turns out, has fired its last shot; and is painfully expiring in paroxysms of negotiation, which continue a good many hours. Schmettau strives to understand clearly that his terms (of the King’s own suggesting, as Schmettau flatters himself) are accepted: nor does Durchlaucht take upon him to refuse in any point; but he is strangely slow to sign, still hoping to mend matters.

“Much hithering and thithering there was, till 4 next morning (Durchlaucht has important news from Torgau, at that moment); till 11 next day; till 4 in the afternoon and later,—Guasco and others coming with message after message, hasty and conciliatory: ‘Durchlaucht at such a distance, his signature not yet come; but be patient; all is right, upon my honor!’ Very great hurry evident on the part of Guasco and Company; but nothing suspected by Schmettau. Till, dusk or darkness threatening now to supervene, Maguire and Schmettau with respective suites have a Conference on the Bridge,—rain falling very heavy.’ Durchlaucht’s signature, Maguire is, astonished to say, has not yet come; but Maguire pledges his honor ‘that all shall be kept without chicane;’ and adds (what to some of us seemed not superfluous afterwards), ‘I am incapable of acting falsely or with chicane.’ In fact, till 9 in the evening there was no signature by Durchlaucht; but about 6, on such pledge by Maguire of his hand and his honor, the Siege entirely gave up the ghost; and Dresden belonged to Austria. Tuesday Evening, 4th September, 1759; Sun just setting, could anybody see him for the rain.

“Schmettan had been over-hasty; what need had Schmettau of haste? The terms had not yet got signature, perfection of settlement on every point; nor were they at all well kept, when they did! Considerable flurry, temporary blindness, needless hurry, and neglect of symptoms and precautions, must be imputed to poor Schmettau; whose troubles began from this moment, and went on increasing. The Austrians are already besetting Elbe Bridge, rooting up the herring-bone

balks ; and approaching our Block-house, — sooner than was expected. But that is nothing. On opening the Pirna Gate, to share it with the Austrians, Friedrich's Spy (sooner had not been possible to the man) was waiting ; who handed Schmettau that Second Letter of Friedrich's, 'Courage ; there is relief on the road !' Poor Schmettau !"

What Captain Kollas and the Prussian Garrison thought of all this, *they* were perhaps shy of saying, and we at such distance are not informed, — except by one symptom : that of Colonel Hoffman, Schmettau's Second, whose indignation does become tragically evident. Hoffman, a rugged Prussian veteran, is indignant at the Capitulation itself ; doubly and trebly indignant to find the Austrians on Elbe Bridge, busy raising our Balks and Battery : "How is this, Sir ?" inquires he of Captain Sydow, who is on guard at the Prussian end ; "How dared you make this change, without acquainting the Second in Command ? Order out your men, and come along with me to clear the Bridge again !" Sydow hesitates, haggles ; indignant Hoffman, growing loud as thunder, pulls out a pistol, fatal-looking to disobedient Sydow ; who calls to his men, or whose men spring out uncalled ; and shoot Hoffman down, — send two balls through him, so that he died at 8 that night. With noise enough, then and afterwards. Was drunk, said Schmettau's people. Friedrich answered, on report of it : "I think as Hoffman did. If he was 'drunk,' it is pity the Governor and all the Garrison had not been so, to have come to the same judgment as he."¹ Friedrich's unbearable feelings, of grief and indignation, in regard to all this Dresden matter, — which are not expressed except coldly in business form, — can be fancied by all readers. One of the most tragical bits of ill-luck that ever befell him. A very sore stroke, in his present condition ; a signal loss and affront. And most of all, unbearable to think how narrowly it has missed being a signal triumph ; — missed actually by a single hair's-breadth, which is as good as by a mile, or by a thousand miles !

¹ P. S. in Autograph of Letter to Schmettau, "Waldau, 11th September 1759" (Preuss, ii. : *Urkundenbuch*, p. 45)

Soon after 9 o'clock that evening, Durchlaucht in person came rolling through our battery and the herring-bone balks, to visit Electoral Highness, — which was not quite the legal time either. Durchlaucht had not been half an hour with Electoral Highness, when a breathless Courier came in : “General Wunsch within ten miles [took Torgau in no time, as Durchlaucht well knows, for a week past]; and will be here before we sleep!” Durchlaucht plunged out, over the herring-bone balks again (which many carpenters are busy lifting); and the Electoral Highnesses, in like manner, hurry off to Töplitz that same night, about an hour after. What a Tuesday Night! Poor Hoffman is dead at 8 o'clock; the Saxon Royalties, since 11, are galloping for Pirna, for Töplitz; Durchlaucht of Zweibrück we saw hurry off an hour before them, — Capitulation signature not yet dry, and terms of it beginning to be broken; and Wunsch reported to be within ten miles!

The Wunsch report is perfectly correct. Wunsch is at Grossenhayn this evening; all in a fiery mood of swiftness, his people and he; — and indeed it is, by chance, one of Wolfersdorf's impetuosities that has sent the news so fast. Wunsch had been as swift with Torgau as he was with Wittenberg: he blew out the poor Reichs Garrison there by instant storm, and packed it off to Leipzig, under charge of “an Officer and Trumpet:” — he had, greatly against his will, to rest two days there for a few indispensable cannon from Magdeburg. Cannon once come, Wunsch, burning for deliverance of Dresden, had again started at his swiftest, “Monday, 3d September [death-day of the Siege], very early.”

“He is under 8,000; but he is determined to do it; — and would have done it, think judges, half thinks Zweibrück himself: such a fire in that Wunsch and his Corps as is very dangerous indeed. At 4 this morning, Zweibrück heard of his being on march: ‘numbers uncertain’ — (numbers seemingly not the important point, — blows any number of *us* about our business!) — and since that moment Zweibrück has driven the capitulation at such a pace; though the flurried Schmettau suspected nothing.

“Afternoon of *Tuesday, 4th*, Wunsch, approaching Grossenhayn, had detached Wolfersdorf with 100 light horse rightwards to Grödel, a boating Village on Elbe shore, To seek news of Dresden; also to see if boats are procurable for carrying our artillery up thither. At Grödel, Wolfersdorf finds no boats that will avail: but certain boat-people, new from Dresden, report that no capitulation had been published when they left, but that it was understood to be going on. New spur to Wolfersdorf and Wunsch. Wolfersdorf hears farther in this Village, That there are some thirty Austrian horse in Grossenhayn:—‘Possible these may escape General Wunsch!’ thinks Wolfersdorf; and decides to have them. Takes thirty men of his own; orders the other seventy to hold rightward, gather what intelligence is going, and follow more leisurely; and breaks off for the Grossenhayn-Dresden Highway, to intercept those fellows.

“Getting to the highway, Wolfersdorf does see the fellows; sees also, — with what degree of horror I do not know, — that there are at least 100 of them against his 30! Horror will do nothing for Wolfersdorf, nor are his other 70 now within reach. Putting a bold face on the matter, he commands, Stentor-like, as if it were all a fact: ‘Grenadiers, *march*; Dragoons, to right forwards, *wheel*; Hussars, *forward*: MARCH!’ — and does terrifically dash forward with the thirty Hussars, or last item of the invoice; leaving the others to follow. The Austrians draw bridle with amazement; fire off their carbines; take to their heels, and do not stop for more. Wolfersdorf captures 68 of them, for behoof of Grossenhayn; and sends the remaining 32 galloping home.¹ Who bring the above news to Durchlaucht of Zweibrück: ‘12,000 of them, may it please your Durchlaucht; such the accounts we had!’ — Fancy poor Schmettau’s feelings!

“On the morrow Dresden was roused from its sleep by loud firing and battle, audible on the north side of the River: ‘before daybreak, and all day.’ It is Wunsch impetuously busy in the woody countries there. Durchlaucht had shot out Generals and Divisions, Brentano, Wehla, this General and

¹ Tempelhof, iii. 214.

then that, to intercept Wunsch: these the fiery Wunsch — almost as if they had been combustible material coming to quench fire — repels and dashes back, in a wonderful manner, General after General of them. And is lord of the field all day: — but cannot hear the least word from Dresden; which is a surprising circumstance.

“In the afternoon Wunsch summons Maguire in the Neustadt: ‘Will answer you in two hours,’ said Maguire. Wunsch thereupon is for attacking their two Pontoon Elbe-Bridges; still resolute for Dresden, — and orders Wolfersdorf on one of them, the Uebigau Bridge, who finds the enemy lifting it at any rate, and makes them do it faster. But night is now sinking; from Schmettau not a word or sign. ‘Silence over there, all day; not a single cannon to or from,’ say Wunsch and Wolfersdorf to one another. ‘Schmettau must have capitulated!’ conclude they, and withdraw in the night-time, still thunderous if molested; bivouac at Grossenhayn, after twenty-four hours of continual march and battle, not time even for a snatch of food.¹

“Resting at Grossenhayn, express reaches Wunsch from his Commandant at Torgau: ‘Kleefeld is come on me from Leipzig with 14,000; I cannot long hold out, unless relieved.’ Wunsch takes the road again; two marches, each of twenty miles. Reaches Torgau late; takes post in the ruins of the North Suburb, finds he must fight Kleefeld. Refreshes his men ‘with a keg of wine per Company,’ surely a judicious step; and sends to Wolfersdorf, who has the rear-guard, ‘Be here with me to-morrow at 10.’ Wolfersdorf starts at 4, is here at 10: and Wunsch, having scanned Kleefeld and his Position [a Position strong *if* you are dexterous to manœuvre in it; capable of being ruinous if you are not, — part of the Position of a bigger *Battle of Torgau*, which is coming], — flies at Kleefeld and his 14,000 like a cat-o’-mountain; takes him on the left flank: — Kleefeld and such overplus of thousands are standing a little to west-and-south of Torgau, with the *Entefang* [a desolate big reedy mere, or *Place of Ducks*,

¹ *Bericht von der Action des General-Majors von Wunsch, bey Reichenberg, den 5 September, 1759* in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 606–608.

still offering the idle Torgauer a melancholy sport there] as a protection to their right; but with no evolution-talent, or none in comparison to Wunsch's; — and accordingly are cut to pieces by Wunsch, and blown to the winds, as their fellows have all been.”¹

Wunsch, absolute Fate forbidding, could not save Dresden: but he is here lord of the Northern regions again, — nothing but Leipzig now in the enemy's hand; — and can await Finck, who is on march with a stronger party to begin business here. It is reckoned, there are few more brilliant little bits of Soldiering than this of Wunsch's. All the more, as his men, for most part, were not Prussian, but miscellaneous Foreign spirits of uncertain fealty: roving fellows, of a fighting turn, attracted by Friedrich's fame, and under a Captain who had the art of keeping them in tune. Wunsch has been soldiering, in a diligent though dim miscellaneous way, these five-and-twenty years; fought in the old Turk Wars, under disastrous Seekendorf, — Wunsch a poor young Würtemberg ensign, visibly busy there (1737–1739), as was this same Schmettau, in the character of staff-officer, far enough apart from Wunsch at that time! — fought afterwards, in the Bavarian service, in the Dutch, at Roucoux, at Lauffeld, again under disastrous people. Could never, under such, find anything but subaltern work all this while; was glad to serve, under the eye of Friedrich, as Colonel of a Free Corps; which he has done with much diligence and growing distinction: till now, at the long last, his chance does come; and he shows himself as a real General. Possibly a high career lying ahead; — a man that may be very valuable to Friedrich, who has now so few such left? Fate had again decided otherwise for Wunsch; in what way will be seen before this Campaign ends: “an infernal Campaign,” according to Friedrich, “*cette Campagne infernale*.”

Finck, whom Friedrich had just detached from Waldau (September 6th) with a new 8 or 6,000, to command in chief

¹ *Hofbericht von der am 8 September, 1759, bey Torgau, vorgefallenen Action* in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 609, 610. Tempelhof, iii. 219–222.

in those parts, and, along with Wunsch, put Dresden out of risk, as it were, — Finck does at least join Wunsch, as we shall mention in a little. And these Two, with such Wolfersdorfs and people under them, did prove capable of making front against Reichsfolk in great overplus of number. Nor are farther *sieges* of those Northern Garrisons, but recaptures of them, the news one hears from Saxony henceforth ; — only that Dresden is fatally gone. Irrecoverably, as turned out, and in that unbearable manner. Here is the concluding scene : —

Dresden, Saturday, September 8th ; Exit Schmettau. “ A thousand times over, Schmettau must have asked himself, ‘ Why was I in such a hurry ? Without cause for it I, only Maguire having cause ! ’ — The Capitulation had been ended in a huddle, without signature : an unwise Capitulation ; and it was scandalously ill kept. Schmettau was not to have marched till Monday, 10th, — six clear days for packing and preparing ; — but, practically, he has to make three serve him ; and to go half-packed, or not packed at all. Endless chicanes do arise, ‘ upon my honor ! ’ — not even the 800 wagons are ready for us ; ‘ Can’t your baggages go in boats, then ? ’ ‘ No, nor shall ! ’ answers Schmettau, with blazing eyes, and heart ready to burst ; a Schmettau living all this while as in Purgatory, or worse. Such bullyings from truculent Guasco, who is now without muzzle. Capitulation, most imperfect in itself, is avowedly infringed : King’s Artillery, — which we had haggled for, and ended by ‘ hoping for,’ to Maguire that rainy evening : why were we in such a hurry, too, and blind to Maguire’s hurry ! — King’s Artillery, according to Durchlaucht of Zweibrück, when he actually signed within the walls, is ‘ *Nicht accordirt* (Not granted), except the Field part.’ King’s regimental furnishings, all and sundry, were ‘ *accordirt*, and without visitation,’ — but on second thoughts, the Austrian Officials are of opinion there must really be visitation, must be inspection. ‘ May not some of them belong to Polish Majesty ? ’ In which sad process of inspection there was incredible waste, Schmettau protesting ; and above half of the new uniforms were lost to us. Our 80 pontoons, which

were expressly bargained for, are brazenly denied us: '20 of them are Saxon,' cry the Austrians: 'who knows if they are not almost all Saxon,' — upon my honor! At this rate, only wait a day or two, and fewer wagons than 800 will be needed! thinks Schmettau; and consents to 18 river-boats; Boats in part, then; and let us march at once. Accordingly,

"*Saturday, 8th*, at 5 in the morning, Schmettau, with goods and people, does at last file out: across Elbe Bridge through the Neustadt; Prussians five deep; a double rank of Austrians, ranged on each side, in 'espalier' they call it, — espalier with gaps in it every here and there, to what purpose is soon evident. The march was so disposed (likewise for a purpose) that, all along, there were one or two Companies of Prussian Foot; and then in the interval, carriages, cannon, cavalry and hussars. Schmettau's carriage is with the rear-guard, Madam Schmettau's well in the van: — in two other carriages are two Prussian War-and-Domain Ministers.¹ 'Managers of Saxon Finance,' these Two; — who will have to manage elsewhere than in Dresden henceforth. Zinnow, Borek, they sit veritably there, with their multiform Account Papers: of whom I know absolutely nothing, — except (if anybody cared) that Zinnow, who 'died of apoplexy in June following,' is probably of pursy red-nosed type; and that Borek, for certain, has a very fine face and figure; delicacy, cheerful dignity, perfect gentlemanhood in short, written on every feature of him; as painted by Pesne, and engraved by Schmidt, for my accidental behoof.² Curious to think of that elaborate court-coat and flowing periwig, with this specific Borek, 'old as the Devil' (whom I have had much trouble to identify), forming visible part of this dismal Procession: the bright eye of Borek not smiling as usual, but clouded, though impassive! But that of Borek or his Limners is not the point.

"The Prussians have been divided into small sections, with a mass of baggage-wagons and cavalry between every two.

¹ *Anonymous of Hamburg*, iii. 376.

² *Fredericus Wilhelmus Borek* (*Pesne pinxit*, 1732; *Schmidt, sculptor Regis, sculpsit, Berolini*, 1764): an excellent Print and Portrait.

And no sconer is the mass got in movement, than there rises from the Austrian part, and continues all the way, loud invitation, ‘Whosoever is a brave Saxon, a brave Austrian, Reichsman, come to us! Gaps in the espalier, don’t you see!’ And Schmettau, in the rear, with baggage and cavalry intervening, — nobody can reach Schmettau. Here is a way of keeping your bargain! The Prussian Officers struggle stoutly: but are bellowed at, struck at, menaced by bayonet and bullet, — none of them shot, I think, but a good several of them cut and wounded; — the Austrian Officers themselves in passionate points behaving shamefully, ‘Yes, shoot them down, the (were it nothing else) heretic dogs;’ and being throughout evidently in a hot shivery frame of mind, forgetful of the laws. Seldom was such a Procession; spite, rage and lawless revenge blazing out more and more. On the whole, there deserted, through those gaps of the espalier, about half of the whole Garrison. On Madam Schmettau’s hammercloth there sat, in the Schmettau livery, a hard-featured man, recognizable by keen eyes as lately a Nailer, of the Nailer Guild here; who had been a spy for Schmettau, and brought many persons into trouble: him they tear down, and trample hither and thither, — at last, into some Guard-house near by.”¹

Schmettau’s protest against all this is vehement, solemnly circumstantial: but, except in regard to the trampled Nailer (Zweibrück on that point “heartily sorry for the insult to your Excellency’s livery; and here the man is, with a thousand apologies”), Schmettau got no redress. Nor had Friedrich any, now or henceforth. Friedrich did at once, more to testify his disgust than for any benefit, order Schmettau: “Halt at Wittenberg, not at Magdeburg as was pretended to be bargained. Dismiss your Escort of Austrians there; bid them home at once, and out of your sight.” Schmettau himself he ordered to Berlin, to idle waiting. Never again employed Schmettau: for sixteen years that they lived together, never saw his face more.

¹ The Schmettau *Diarium* in *Anonymous of Hamburg*, iii. 364–376 (corrected chiefly from *Tempelhof*): Protest, and Correspondence in consequence, is in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 611–621; in *Helden-Geschichte*, &c. &c.

Schmettau's ill-fortune was much pitied, as surely it deserved to be, by all men. About Friedrich's severity there was, and still occasionally is, controversy held. Into which we shall not enter for Yes or for No. "You are like the rest of them!" writes Friedrich to him; "when the moment comes for showing firmness, you fail in it."¹ Friedrich expects of others what all Soldiers profess, — and what is in fact the soul of all nobleness in their trade, — but what only Friedrich himself, and a select few, are in the habit of actually performing. Tried by the standard of common practice, Schmettau is clearly absolvable; a broken veteran, deserving almost tears. But that is not the standard which it will be safe for a King of men to go by. Friedrich, I should say, would be ordered by his Office, if Nature herself did not order him, to pitch his ideal very high; and to be rather Rhadamanthine in judging about it. Friedrich was never accused of over-generosity to the unfortunate among his Captains.

After the War, Schmettau, his conduct still a theme of argument, was reduced to the Invalid List: age now sixty-seven, but health and heart still very fresh, as he pleaded; complaining that he could not live on his retiring Pension of £300 a year. "Be thankful you have not had your head struck off by sentence of Court-Martial," answered Friedrich. Schmettau, after some farther troubles from Court quarters, retired to Brandenburg, and there lived silent, poor but honorable, for his remaining fifteen years. Madam Schmettau came out very beautiful in those bad circumstances: cheery, thrifty, full of loyal patience; a constant sunshine to her poor man, whom she had preceded out of Dresden in the way we saw. Schmettau was very quiet, still studious of War matters;² "sent the King" once, — in 1772, while Polish Prussia, and How it could be fortified, were the interesting subject, — "a *Journal*," which he had elaborated for himself, "*of the Marches of Karl Twelfth in West Preussen*;" which was well received: "Apparently the King not angry with me farther?" thought Schmettau.

¹ "Waldau, 10th September, 1759:" in Preuss, ii. *Urkunden*. p. 44.

² See *Leben* (by his Son, "Captain Schmettau;" a modest intelligent Book). pp. 440-447.

A completely retired old man ; studious, soeial, — the best men of the Army still his friends and familiars : — nor, in his own mind, any mutiny against his Chief ; this also has its beauty in a human life, my friend. So long as Madam Schmettau lived, it was well ; after her death, not well, dark rather, and growing darker : and in about three years Schmettau followed (27th October, 1775), whither that good soul had gone. The elder Brother — who was a distinguished Academieian, as well as Feldmarschall and Negotiator — had died at Berlin, in Voltaire's time, 1751. Each of those Schmettaus had a Son, in the Prussian Army, who wrote Books, or each a short Book, still worth reading.¹ But we must return.

On the very morrow, September 5th, Daun heard of the glorious success at Dresden ; had not expected it till about the 10th at soonest. From Triebel he sends the news at gallop to Lieberose and Soltikof : “ Rejoice with us, Excellenz : did not I predict it ? Silesia and Saxony both are ours ; fruits chiefly of your noble successes. Oh, continue them a very little ! ” “ Umph ! ” answers Soltikof, not with much enthusiasm : “ Send us meal steadily ; and gain you, Exeellenz's self, some noble success ! ” Friedrich did not hear of it for almost a week later ; not till Monday, 10th, — as a certain small Aneedote would of itself indicate.

Sunday Evening, 9th September, General Finck, with his new 6,000, hastening on to join Wunsch for relief of Dresden, had got to Grossenhayn ; and was putting up his tents, when the Outposts brought him in an Austrian Officer, who had come with a Trumpeter inquiring for the General. The Austrian Officer “ is in quest of proper lodgings for General Schmettau and Garrison [faney Finck's sudden stare !] ; — last night they lodged at Gross-Döbritz, tolerably to their mind : but the question for the Escort is, Where to lodge this night, if your Exeelleney could advise me ? ” “ Herr, I will advise you to go back to Gross-Döbritz on the instant,” answers Finck grimly ; “ I shall be obliged to make you and your Trumpet prisoners,

¹ *Bavarian War of 1778*, by the Feldmarschall's Son ; and this *Leben* we have just been citing, by the Lieutenant-General's.

otherwise!" Exit Austrian Officer. That same evening, too, Captain Kollas, carrying Schmettau's sad news to the King, calls on Finck in passing; gives dismal details of the Capitulation and the Austrian way of keeping it; filling Finck's mind with sorrowful indignation.¹

Finck — let us add here, though in date it belongs a little elsewhere — pushes on, not the less, to join Wunsch at Torgau; joins Wunsch, straightway recaptures Leipzig, garrison prisoners (September 13th): recaptures all those northwestern garrisons, — multitudinous Reichsfolk trying, once, to fight him, in an amazingly loud, but otherwise helpless way (*"Action of Korbitz"* they call it); cannonading far and wide all day, and manœuvring about, here bitten in upon, there trying to bite, over many leagues of Country; principally under Haddick's leading;² who saw good to draw off Dresden-ward next day, and leave Finck master in those regions. To Daun's sad astonishment, — in a moment of crisis, — as we shall hear farther on! So that Saxony is not yet conquered to Daun; Saxony, no, nor indeed will be: — but Dresden is. Friedrich never could recover Dresden; though he hoped, and at intervals tried hard, for a long while to come.

CHAPTER VI.

PRINCE HENRI MAKES A MARCH OF FIFTY HOURS; THE RUSSIANS CANNOT FIND LODGING IN SILESIA.

THE eyes of all had been bent on Dresden latterly; and there had occurred a great deal of detaching thitherward, and of marching there and thence, as we have partly seen. And the end is, Dresden, and to appearance Saxony along with it,

¹ Tempelhof, iii. 237.

² *Hofbericht von der am 21 September bey Korbitz* (in Meissen Country, south of Elbe; Krögis too is a Village in this wide-spread "*Action*") *vorgefallenen Action* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 621–630). Tempelhof, iii. 248, 258.

is Daun's. Has not Daun good reason now to be proud of the cunetatory method? Never did his game stand better; and all has been gained at other people's expense. Daun has not played one trump card; it is those obliging Russians that have played all the trumps, and reduced the Enemy to nothing. Only continue that wise course, — and cart meal, with your whole strength, for the Russians! —

Safe behind the pools of Lieberose, Friedrich between them and Berlin, lie those dear Russians; extending, Daun and they, like an impassable military dike, with spurs of Outposts and cunningly devised Detachments, far and wide, — from beyond Bober or utmost Crossen on the east, to Hoyerswerda in Elbe Country on the west; — dike of eighty miles long, and in some eastern parts of almost eighty broad; so elaborate is Daun's detaching quality, in cases of moment. "The King's broken Army on one side of us," calculates Daun; "Princee Henri's on the other; incommunicative they; reduced to isolation, powerless either or both of them against such odds. They shall wait there, please Heaven, till Saxony be quite finished. Zweibrück, and our Detachments and Maguires, let them finish Saxony, while Soltikof keeps the King busy. Saxony finished, how will either Prince or King attempt to recover it! After which, Silesia for us; — and we shall then be near our Magazines withal, and this severe stress of carting will abate or cease." In fact, these seem sound calculations: Friedrich is 24,000; Henri 38,000; the military dike is, of Austrians 75,000, of Russians and Austrians together 120,000. Daun may fairly calculate on succeeding beautifully this Year: Saxony his altogether; and in Silesia some Glogau or strong Town taken, and Russians and Austrians wintering together in that Country.

If only Daun do not *too* much spare his trump cards! But there is such a thing as excess on that side too: and perhaps it is even the more ruinous kind, — and is certainly the more despised by good judges, though the multitude of bad may notice it less. Daun is unwearied in his vigilances, in his infinite cartings of provision for himself and Soltikof, — long chains of Magazines, big and little, at Guben, at Görlitz, at

Bautzen, Zittau, Friedland; and does, aided by French Montalibert, all that man can to keep those dear stupid Russians in tune.

Daun's problem of carting provisions, and guarding his multifarious posts, and sources of meal and defence, is not without its difficulties. Especially with a Prince Henri opposite; who has a superlative manœuvring talent of his own, and an industry not inferior to Daun's in that way. Accordingly, ever since August 11th-13th, when Daun moved northward to Triebel, and Henri shot out detachments parallel to him, "to secure the Bober and our right flank, and try to regain communication with the King," — still more, ever since August 22d, when Daun undertook that onerous cartage of meal for Soltikof as well as self, the manœuvring and mutual fencing and parrying, between Henri and him, has been getting livelier and livelier. Fain would Daun secure his numerous Roads and Magazines; assiduously does Henri threaten him in these points, and try all means to regain communication with his Brother. Daun has Magazines and interests everywhere; Henri is everywhere diligent to act on them.

Daun in person, ever since Kunersdorf time, has been at Triebel; Henri moved to Sagan after him, but has left a lieutenant at Schmöttseifen, as Daun has at Mark-Lissa: — here are still new planets, and secondary ditto, with revolving moons. In short, it is two interpenetrating solar systems, gyrating, osculating and colliding, over a space of several thousand square miles, — with an intricacy, with an embroiled abstruseness Ptolemean or more! Which indeed the soldier who would know his business — (and not knowing it, is not he of all solecisms in this world the most flagrant?) — ought to study, out of Tempelhof and the Books; but which, except in its results, no other reader could endure. The result we will make a point of gathering: carefully riddled down, there are withal in the details five or six little passages which have some shadow of interest to us; these let us note, and carefully omit the rest: —

Of Fouquet at Landshut. "Fouquet was twice attacked at Landshut; but made a lucky figure both times. Attack first was by Deville: attack second by Harsch. Early in July; not long after Friedrich had left for Schmöttseifen, rash Deville (a rash creature, and then again a laggard, swift where he should be slow, and *vice versâ*) again made trial on Landshut and Fouquet; but was beautifully dealt with; taken in rear, in flank, or I forget how taken, but sent galloping through the Passes again, with a loss of many Prisoners, most of his furnitures, and all his presence of mind: whom Daun there-upon summoned out of those parts, 'Hitherward to Mark-Lissa with your Corps; leave Fouquet alone!'"¹

"After which, Fouquet, things being altogether quiet round him, was summoned, with most part of his force, to Schmöttseifen; left General Goltz (a man we have met before) to guard Landshut; and was in fair hopes of proving helpful to Prince Henri,—when Harsch [Harsch by himself this time, not Harsch and Deville as usual] thought here was his opportunity; and came with a great apparatus, as if to swallow Landshut whole. So that Fouquet had to hurry off reinforcements thither; and at length to go himself, leaving Stutterheim in his stead at Schmöttseifen. Goltz, however, with his small handful, stood well to his work. And there fell out sharp fencings at Landshut:—especially one violent attack on our outposts; the Austrians quite triumphant; till 'a couple of cannon open on them from the next Hill,'—till some violent Werner or other charge in upon them with Prussian Hussars;—a desperate tussle, that special one of Werner's; not only sabres flashing furiously on both sides, but butts of pistols and blows on the face:² till, in short, Harsch finds he can make nothing of it, and has taken himself away, before Fouquet come." This Goltz, here playing Anti-Harsch, is the Goltz who, with Winterfeld, Schmettau and others, was in that melancholy Zittau march, of the Prince of Prussia's, in 1757: it was Goltz by whom the King sent his finishing com-

¹ *Hofbericht von den Unternehmungen des Fouquetschen Corps, im Julius 1759*: in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 582–586.

² Tempelhof, iii. 238: 31st August.

pliment, "You deserve, all of you, to be tried by Court-Martial, and to lose your heads!" Goltz is mainly concerned with Fouquet and Silesia, in late times; and we shall hear of him once again. Fouquet did not return to Schmöttseifen; nor was molested again in Landshut this year, though he soon had to detach, for the King's use, part of his Landshut force, and had other Silesian business which fell to him.

Fortress of Peitz. The poor Fortress of Peitz was taken again;—do readers remember it, "on the day of Zorndorf," last year? "This year, a fortnight after Kunersdorf, the same old Half-pay Gentleman with his Five-and-forty Invalids have again been set adrift, 'with the honors of war,' poor old creatures; lest by possibility they afflict the dear Russians and our meal-carts up yonder.¹ I will forget who took Peitz: perhaps Haddick, of whom we have lately heard so much? He was captor of Berlin in 1757, did the Inroad on Berlin that year,—and produced Rossbach shortly after. Peitz, if he did Peitz, was Haddick's last success in the world. Haddick has been most industrious, 'guarding the Russian flank,'—standing between the King and it, during that Soltikof march to Müllrose, to Lieberose; but that once done, and the King settled at Waldau, Haddick was ordered to Saxony, against Wunsch and Finck:—and readers know already what he made of these Two in the 'Action at Korbitz, September 21st,'—and shall hear soon what befell Haddick himself in consequence."

Colonel Hordt is captured. "It was in that final marching of Soltikof to Lieberose that a distinguished Ex-Swede, Colonel Hordt, of the Free Corps *Hordt*, was taken prisoner. At Trebatsch; hanging on Soltikof's right flank on that occasion. It was not Haddick, it was a swarm of Cossacks who laid Hordt fast; his horse having gone to the girths in a bog.² Hordt, an Ex-Swede of distinction,—a Royalist Exile, on whose head the Swedes have set a price (had gone into 'Brahe's

¹ Tempelhof, iii. 231: 27th August.

² *Mémoires du Comte de Hordt* (à Berlin, 1789), ii. 53-58 (not dated or intelligible there): in Tempelhof (iii. 235, 236) clear account, "Trebatsch, September 4th."

Plot,' years since, Plot on behalf of the poor Swedish King, which cost Brahe his life), — Hordt now might have fared ill, had not Friedrich been emphatic, 'Touch a hair of him, retaliation follows on the instant!' He was carried to Petersburg; 'lay twenty-six months and three days' in solitary durance there; and we may hear a word from him again."

Ziethen almost captured. "Prince Henri, in the last days of August, marched to Sagan in person; ¹ Ziethen along with him; multifariously manœuvring 'to regain communication with the King.' Of course, with no want of counter-manœuvring, of vigilant outposts, cunningly devised detachments and assiduous small measures on the part of Daun. Who, one day, had determined on a more considerable thing; that of cutting out Ziethen from the Sagan neighborhood. And would have done it, they say, — had not he been too cunctatory. September 2d, Ziethen, who is posted in the little town of Sorau, had very nearly been cut off. In Sorau, westward, Daun-ward, of Sagan a short day's march: there sat Ziethen, conscious of nothing particular, — with Daun secretly marching on him; Daun in person, from the west, and two others from the north and from the south, who are to be simultaneous on Sorau and the Zietheners. A well-laid scheme; likely to have finished Ziethen satisfactorily, who sat there aware of nothing. But it all miswent: Daun, on the road, noticed some trifling phenomenon (Prussian party of horse, or the like), which convinced his cautious mind that all was found out; that probably a whole Prussian Army, instead of a Ziethen only, was waiting at Sorau; upon which Daun turned home again, sorry that he could not turn the other two as well. The other two were stronger than Ziethen, could they have come upon him by surprise; or have caught him before he got through a certain Pass, or bit of bad ground, with his baggage. But Ziethen, by some accident, or by his own patrols, got notice; loaded his baggage instantly; and was through the Pass, or half through it, and in a condition to give stroke for stroke with interest, when his enemies came up. Nothing could be done upon Ziethen; who marched on, he and all his properties, safe to

¹ Tempelhof, iii. 231: 29th August.

Sagan that night, — owing to Daun's over-caution, and to Ziethen's own activity and luck." ¹

All this was prior to the loss of Dresden. During the crisis of that, when everybody was bestirring himself, Prince Henri made extraordinary exertions: "Much depends on me; all on me!" sighed Henri. A cautious little man; but *not* incapable of risking, in the crisis of a game for life and death. Friedrich and he are wedged asunder by that dike of Russians and Austrians, which goes from Bober river eastward, post after post, to Hoyerswerda westward, eighty miles along the Lausitz-Brandenburg Frontier, rooting itself through the Lausitz into Bohemia, and the sources of its meal. Friedrich and he cannot communicate except by spies ("the first *Jäger*," or regular express "from the King, arrived September 13th" ²): but both are of one mind; both are on one problem, "What is to be done with that impassable dike?" — and co-operate sympathetically without communicating. What follows bears date *after* the loss of Dresden, but while Henri still knew only of the siege, — that *Jäger* of the 13th first brought him news of the loss.

"A day or two after Ziethen's adventure, Henri quits Sagan, to move southward for a stroke at the Bohemian-Lausitz magazines; a stroke, and series of strokes. *September 8th*, Ziethen and (in Fouquet's absence at Landshut) Stutterheim are pushed forward into the Zittau Country; first of all upon Friedland, — the Zittau Friedland, for there are Friedlands many! *September 9th*, Stutterheim summons Friedland, gets it; gets the bit of magazine there; and next day hastens on to Zittau. Is refused surrender of Zittau; learns, however, that the magazine has been mostly set on wheels again, and is a stage forward on the road to Bohemia; whitherward Stutterheim, quitting Zittau as too tedious, hastens after it, and next day catches it, or the *unburnt* remains of it. A successful Stutterheim. Nor is Ziethen idle in the mean while; Ziethen and others; whom no Deville or Austrian Party thinks itself strong enough to meddle with, Prince Henri being so near.

"Here is a pretty tempest in the heart of our Bohemian meal-conduit! Continue that, and what becomes of Soltikof

¹ Tempelhof, iii. 233.

² Ib iii. 207.

and me ? Daun is off from Triebel Country to this dangerous scene ; indignantly cashiers Deville, ‘ Why did not you attack these Ziethen people ? Had not you 10,000, Sir ? ’ Cashiers poor Deville for not attacking ; — does not himself attack : but carts away the important Görlitz magazine, to Bautzen, which is the still more important one ; sits down on the lid of that (according to wont) ; shoots out O’Donnell (an Irish gentleman, Deville’s successor), and takes every precaution. Prince Henri, in presence of O’Donnell, coalesces again ; walks into Görlitz ; encamps there, on the Landskron and other Heights (Moys Hill one of them, poor Winterfeld’s Hill !), — and watches a little how matters will turn, and whether Daun, severely vigilant from Bautzen, seated on the lid of his magazine, will not perhaps rise.”

First and last, Daun in this business has tried several things ; but there was pretty much always, and emphatically there now is, only one thing that could be effectual : To attack Prince Henri, and abolish him from those countries ; — as surely might have been possible, with twice his strength at your disposal ? — This, though sometimes he seemed to be thinking of such a thing, Daun never would try : for which the subsequent *Facts*, and all good judges, were and are inexorably severe on Daun. Certain it is, no rashness could have better spilt Daun’s game than did this extreme caution.

Daun, Soltikof and Company again have a Colloquy (Bautzen, September 15th) ; after which Everybody starts on his special Course of Action.

Soltikof’s disgust at this new movement of Daun’s was great and indignant. “ Instead of going at the King, and getting some victory for himself, he has gone to Bautzen, and sat down on his meal-bags ! Meal ? Is it to be a mere fighting for meal ? I will march to-morrow for Poland, for Preussen, and find plenty of meal ! ” And would have gone, they say, had not Mercury, in the shape of Montalembert with his most zealous rhetoric, intervened ; and prevailed with difficulty. “ One hour of personal interview with Excellency Daun,” urges

Montalembert; "one more!" "No," answers Soltikof. — "Alas, then, send your messenger!" To which last expedient Soltikof does assent, and despatches Romanzof on the errand.

September 15th, at Bautzen, at an early hour, there is meeting accordingly; not Romanzof, Soltikof's messenger, alone, but Zweibrück in person, Daun in person; and most earnest council is held. "A noble Russian gentleman sees how my hands are bound," pleads Daun. "Will not Excellency Soltikof, who disdains idleness, go himself upon Silesia, upon Glogau for instance, and grant me a few days?" "No," answers Romanzof; "Excellency Soltikof by himself will not. Let Austria furnish Siege-Artillery; daily meal I need not speak of; 10,000 fresh Auxiliaries beyond those we have: on these terms Excellency Soltikof will perhaps try it; on lower terms, positively not." "Well then, yes!" answers Daun, not without qualms of mind. Daun has a horror at weakening himself to that extent; but what can he do? "General Campitelli, with the 10,000, let him march this night, then; join with General Loudon where you please to order: Excellency Soltikof shall see that in every point I conform."¹—An important meeting to us, this at Bautzen; and breaks up the dead-lock into three or more divergent courses of activity; which it will now behoove us to follow, with the best brevity attainable. "Bautzen, Saturday, 15th September, early in the morning," that is the date of the important Colloquy. And precisely eight-and-forty hours before, "on Thursday, 13th, about 10 A.M.," in the western Environs of Quebec, there has fallen out an Event, quite otherwise important in the History of Mankind! Of which readers shall have some notice at a time more convenient. —

Romanzof returning with such answer, Soltikof straightway gathers himself, September 15th–16th, and gets on march. To Friedrich's joy; who hopes it may be homeward; waits two days at Waldau, for the Yes or No. On the second day, alas, it is No: "Going for Silesia, I perceive; thither, by a wide sweep northward, which they think will be safer!" Upon which Friedrich also rises; follows, with another kind

¹ Tempelhof, iii 247–249.

of speed than Soltikof's; and, by one of his swift clutchings, lays hold of Sagan, which he, if Soltikof has not, sees to be a key-point in this operation. Easy for Soltikof to have seized this key-point, key of the real road to Glogau; easy for London and the new 10,000 to have rendezvoused there: but nobody has thought of doing it. A few Croats were in the place, who could make no debate.

From Sagan Friedrich and Henri are at length in free communication; Sagan to the Landskron at Görlitz is some fifty miles of country, now fallen vacant. From Henri, from Fouquet (the dangers of Landshut being over), Friedrich is getting what reinforcement they can spare (September 20th-24th); will then push forward again, industriously sticking to the flanks of Soltikof, thrusting out stumbling-blocks, making his march very uncomfortable.

Strange to say, from Sagan, while waiting two days for these reinforcements, there starts suddenly to view, suddenly for Friedrich and us, an incipient Negotiation about Peace! Actual Proposal that way (or as good as actual, so Voltaire thinks it), on the part of Choiseul and France; but as yet in Voltaire's name only, by a sure though a backstairs channel, of his discovering. Of which, and of the much farther corresponding that did actually follow on it, we purpose to say something elsewhere, at a better time. Meanwhile Voltaire's announcement of it to the King has just come in, through a fair and high Hand: how Friedrich receives it, what Friedrich's inner feeling is, and has been for a fortnight past — Here are some private utterances of his, throwing a straggle of light on those points: —

Four Letters of Friedrich's (10th-24th September).

No. 1. *To Prince Ferdinand* (at Berlin). Poor little Ferdinand, the King's Brother, fallen into bad health, has retired from the Wars, and gone to Berlin; much an object of anxiety to the King, who diligently corresponds with the dear little man, — giving earnest medical advices, and getting Berlin news in return.

“WALDAU, 10th September, 1759.

“Since my last Letter, Dresden has capitulated, — the very day while Wunsch was beating Maguire at The Barns [north side of Dresden, September 5th, day *after* the capitulation]. Wunsch went back to Torgau, which St. André, with 14,000 Reichs-people under him, was for retaking; him too Wunsch beat, took all his tents, kettles, haversacks and utensils, 300 prisoners, six cannon and some standards. Finck is uniting with Wunsch; they will march on the Prince of Zweibrück, and retake Dresden [hopes always, for a year and more, to have Dresden back very soon]. I trust before long to get all these people gathered round Dresden, and our own Country rid of them: that, I take it, will be the end of the Campaign.

“Many compliments to the Prince of Würtemberg [wounded at Kunersdorf], and to all our wounded Generals: I hope Seidlitz is now out of danger: that bleeding fit (*ébullition de sang*) will cure him of the cramp in his jaw, and of his colics; and as he is in bed, he won't take cold. I hope the viper-broth will do you infinite good; be assiduous in patching your constitution, while there is yet some fine weather left: I dread the winter for you; take a great deal of care against cold. I have still a couple of cruel months ahead of me before ending this Campaign. Within that time, there will be, God knows what upshot.”¹ — This is “September 10th:” the day of Captain Kollas's arrival with his bad Dresden news; Daun and Soltikof profoundly quiet for three days more.

No. 2. *To the Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha* (at Gotha). Voltaire has enclosed his Peace-Proposal to that Serene Lady, always a friend of Friedrich's and his; to whom Friedrich, directly on receipt of it, makes answer: —

“SAGAN, 22d September, 1759.

“MADAM, — I receive on all occasions proofs of your goodness, to which I am as sensible as a chivalrous man can be. Certainly it is not through your hands, Madam, that my Cor-

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 544.

respondence with V. [with Voltaire, if one durst write it in full] ought to be made to pass! Nevertheless, in present circumstances, I will presume to beg that you would forward to him the Answer here enclosed, on which I put no Address. The difficulty of transmitting Letters has made me choose my Brother," Ferdinand, at Berlin, "to have this conveyed to your hand.

"If I gave bridle to my feelings, now would be the moment for developing them; but in these critical times I judge it better not; and will restrict myself to simple assurances of—" F.

No. 3. *To Voltaire*, at the Délices (so her Serene Highness will address it). Here is part of the Enclosure to "V." Friedrich is all for Peace; but keeps on his guard with such an Ambassador, and writes in a proud, light, only half-believing style:—

"SAGAN, 22d September, 1759.

"The Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha sends me your Letter. I never received your packet of the 29th: communications all interrupted here; with much trouble I get this passed on to you, if it is happy enough to pass.

"My position is not so desperate as my enemies give out. I expect to finish my Campaign tolerably; my courage is not sunk:—it appears, however, there is talk of Peace. All I can say of positive on this article is, That I have honor for ten; and that, whatever misfortune befall me, I feel myself incapable of doing anything to wound, the least in the world, this principle,—which is so sensitive and delicate for one who thinks like a gentleman (*pense en preux chevalier*); and so little regarded by rascally politicians, who think like tradesmen.

"I know nothing of what you have been telling me about [your backstairs channels, your Duc de Choiseul and his humors]: but for making Peace there are two conditions which I never will depart from: 1°. To make it conjointly with my faithful Allies [Hessen and England; I have no other]; 2°. To make it honorable and glorious. Observe you,

I have still honor remaining; I will preserve that, at the price of my blood.

"If your people want Peace, let them propose nothing to me which contradicts the delicacy of my sentiments. I am in the convulsions of military operations; I do as the gamblers who are in ill-luck, and obstinately set themselves against Fortune. I have forced her to return to me, more than once, like a fickle mistress, when she had run away. My opponents are such foolish people, in the end I bid fair to catch some advantage over them: but, happen whatsoever his Sacred Majesty Chance may please, I don't disturb myself about it. Up to this point, I have a clear conscience in regard to the misfortunes that have come to me. As to you, the Battle of Minden, that of Cadiz" (*Boscawen versus De la Clue*; Toulon Fleet running out, and caught by the English, as we saw), these things perhaps, "and the loss of Canada, are arguments capable of restoring reason to the French, who had got confused by the Austrian hellebore.

"This is my way of thinking. You do not find me made of rose-water: but Henri Quatre, Louis Quatorze, — my present enemies even, whom I could cite [*Maria Theresa*, twenty years ago, when your *Belleisle* set out to cut her in Four], — were of no softer temper either. Had I been born a private man, I would yield everything for the love of Peace; but one has to take the tone of one's position. This is all I can tell you at present. In three or four weeks the ways of correspondence will be freer. — F." ¹

No. 4. *To Prince Ferdinand*. Two days later: has got on foot again, — end of his first march upon *Soltikof* again: —

"BAUNAU, 24th September, 1759.

"Thank you for the news you send of the wounded Officers," *Württemberg*, *Seidlitz* and the others. "You may well suppose that in the pass things are at, I am not without cares, inquietudes, anxieties; it is the frightfulest crisis I have had in my life. This is the moment for dying unless one conquer.

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 60, 61.

Daun and my Brother Henri are marching side by side [not exactly !]. It is possible enough all these Armies may assemble hereabouts, and that a general Battle may decide our fortune and the Peace. Take care of your health, dear Brother. — F.”¹

Baunau is on Silesian ground, as indeed Sagan itself is ; at Baunau Friedrich already, just on arriving, has done a fine move on Soltikof, and surprisingly flung the toll-gate in Soltikof’s face. As we shall see by and by ; — and likewise that Prince Henri, who emerges to-morrow morning (September 25th), has not been “marching side by side with Daun,” but at a pretty distance from that gentleman ! —

Soltikof is a man of his word ; otherwise one suspects he already saw his Siege of Glogau to be impossible. Russians are not very skilful at the War-minuet : fancy what it will be dancing to such a partner ! Friedrich, finding they are for Glogau, whisks across the Oder, gets there before them : “No Glogau for you !” They stand agape for some time ; then think, “Well then, Breslau !” Friedrich again whisks across from them, farther up, and is again ahead of them when they cross : “No Breslau either !” In effect, it is hopeless ; and we may leave the two manœuvring in those waste parts, astride of Oder, or on the eastern bank of it, till a fitter opportunity ; and attend to Henri, who is now the article in risk.

Zweibrück’s report of himself, on that day of the general Colloquy, was not in the way of complaint, like that of the Russians, though there did remain difficulties. “Dresden gloriously ours ; Maguire Governor there, and everything secure ; upon my honor. But in the northwest part, those Fincks and Wunsch’s, Excellenz ?” — And the actual truth is, Wunsch has taken Leipzig, day before yesterday (September 13th), as Daun sorrowfully knows, by news come in overnight. And six days hence (September 21st), Finck and Wunsch together will do their “*Action of Korbitz*,” and be

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 545.

sending Haddick a bad road! These things Zweibrück knows only in part; but past experience gives him ominous presentiment, as it may well do; and he thinks decidedly: "Excellenz, more Austrian troops are indispensable there; in fact, your Excellenz's self, were that possible; which one feels it is not, in the presence of these Russians!"

Russians and Reichsfolk, these are a pair of thumbscrews on both thumbs of Daun; screwing the cunctation out of him; painfully intimating: "Get rid of this Prince Henri; you must, you must!" And, in the course of the next eight days Daun has actually girt himself to this great enterprise. Goaded on, I could guess, by the "Action of Korbitz" (done on Friday, thirty hours ago); the news of which, and that Haddick, instead of extinguishing Finck, is retreating from him upon Dresden, — what a piece of news! thinks Daun: "You, Zweibrück, Haddick, Maguire and Company, you are 36,000 in Saxony; Finck has not 12,000 in the field: How is this?" — and indignantly dismisses Haddick altogether: "Go, Sir, and attend to your health!"¹ News poignantly astonishing to Daun, as would seem; — like an ox-goad in the lazy rear of Daun. Certain it is, Daun had marched out to Görlitz in collected form; and, on Saturday afternoon, *September 22d*, is personally on the Heights (not Moys Hill, I should judge, but other points of vision), taking earnest survey of Prince Henri's position on the Landskron there. "To-morrow morning we attack that Camp," thinks Daun; "storm Prince Henri and it: be rid of him, at any price!"²

"To-morrow morning," yes: — but this afternoon, and earlier, Prince Henri has formed a great resolution, his plans all laid, everything in readiness; and it is not here you will find Prince Henri to-morrow. This is his famous March of Fifty Hours, this that we are now come to; which deserves all our attention, — and all Daun's much more! Prince Henri was habitually a man cautious in War; not aggressive, like his Brother, but defensive, frugal of risks, and averse to the

¹ Tempelhof, iii. 276, 258–261.

² *Ib.* iii. 253–256 (for the March now ensuing): iii. 228–234, 241–247 (for Henri's anterior movements).

lion-springs usual with some people; though capable of them, too, in the hour of need. Military men are full of wonder at the bold scheme he now fell upon; and at his style of executing it. Hardly was Daun gone home to his meditations on the storm of the Landskron to-morrow, and tattoo beaten in Prince Henri's Camp there, when, at 8 that Saturday evening, issuing softly, with a minimum of noise, in the proper marching columns, baggage-columns, Henri altogether quitted this Camp; and vanished like a dream. Into the Night; men and goods, every item:—who shall say whitherward? Leaving only a few light people to keep up the watch-fires and sentry-cries, for behoof of Daun! Let readers here, who are in the secret, watch him a little from afar.

Straight northward goes Prince Henri, down Neisse Valley, 20 miles or so, to Rothenburg; in columns several-fold, with much delicate arranging, which was punctually followed: and in the course of to-morrow Prince Henri is bivouacked, for a short rest of three hours,—hidden in unknown space, 20 miles from Daun, when Daun comes marching up to storm him on the Landskron! Gone veritably; but whitherward Daun cannot form the least guess. Daun can only keep his men under arms there, all day; while his scouts gallop far and wide,—bringing in this false guess and the other; and at length returning with the eminently false one, misled by some of Henri's baggage-columns, which have to go many routes, That the Prince is on march for Glogau:—“Gone northeast; that way went his wagons; these we saw with our eyes.” “Northeast? Yes, to Glogau possibly enough,” thinks Daun: “Or may not he, cunning as he is and full of feints, intend a stroke on Bautzen, in my absence?”—and hastens thither again, and sits down on the Magazine-lid, glad to find nothing wrong there.

This is all that Daun hears of Henri for the next four days. Plenty of bad news from Saxony in these four days: the Finck-Haddick Action of Korbitz, a dismal certainty before one started,—and Haddick on his road to some Watering Place by this time! But no trace of Henri farther; since that of the wagons wending northeast. “Gone to Glogau, to his

Brother: no use in pushing him, or trying to molest him there!" thinks Daun; and waits, in stagnant humor, chewing the cud of bitter enough thoughts, till confirmation of that guess arrive: — as it never will in this world! Read an important Note: —

"To northward of Bautzen forty miles, and to westward forty miles, the country is all Daun's; only towards Glogau, with the Russians and Friedrich thereabouts, does it become disputable, or offer Prince Henri any chance. Nevertheless it is not to Glogau, it is far the reverse, that the nimble Henri has gone. Resting himself at Rothenburg 'three hours' (speed is of all things the vilest), Prince Henri starts again, *Sunday* afternoon, straight westward this time. Marches, with his best swiftness, with his best arrangements, through many sleeping Villages, to Klitten, not a wakeful one: a march of 18 miles from Rothenburg; — direct for the Saxon side of things, instead of the Silesian, as Daun had made sure.

"At Klitten, *Monday* morning, bivouac again, for a few hours, — 'has no Camp, only waits three hours,' is Archenholtz's phrase: but I suppose the meaning is, Waits till the several Columns, by their calculated routes, have all got together; and till the latest in arriving has had 'three hours' of rest, — the earliest having perhaps gone on march again, in the interim? There are 20 miles farther, still straight west, to Hoyerswerda, where the outmost Austrian Division is: 'Forward towards that; let us astonish General Wehla and his 3,000, and our March is over!' All this too Prince Henri manages; never anything more consummate, more astonishing to Wehla and his Master.

"Wehla and Brentano, readers perhaps remember them busy, from the Pirna side, at the late Siege of Dresden. Siege gloriously done, Wehla was ordered to Hoyerswerda, on the north-west frontier; Brentano to a different point in that neighborhood; where Brentano escaped ruin, and shall not be mentioned; but Wehla suddenly found it, and will require a word. Wehla, of all people on the War-theatre, had been the least expecting disturbance. He is on the remotest western flank; to westward of him nothing but Torgau and the Finck-Wunsch people,

from whom is small likelihood of danger : from the eastern what danger can there be ? A Letter of Daun's, some days ago, had expressly informed him that, to all appearance, there was none.

“ And now suddenly, on the Tuesday morning, What is this ? Prussians reported to be visible in the Woods ! ‘ Impossible ! ’ answered Wehla ; — did get ready, however, what he could ; Croat Regiments, pieces of Artillery behind the Elster River and on good points ; laboring more and more diligently, as the news proved true. But all his efforts were to no purpose. General Lentulus with his Prussians (the mute Swiss Lentulus, whom we sometimes meet), who has the Vanguard this day, comes streaming out of the woods across the obstacles ; cannonades Wehla both in front and rear ; entirely swallows Wehla and Corps : 600 killed ; the General himself, with 28 Field-Officers, and of subalterns and privates 1,785, falling prisoners to us ; and the remainder scattered on the winds, galloping each his own road towards covert and a new form of life. Wehla is eaten, in this manner, Tuesday, September 25th : — metaphorically speaking, the March of Fifty Hours ends in a comfortable *twofold* meal (military-cannibal, as well as of common culinary meat), and in well-deserved rest.” ¹

The turning-point of the Campaign is reckoned to be this March of Henri's ; one of the most extraordinary on record. Prince Henri had a very fast March *into* these Silesian-Lausitz Countries, early in July,² and another very fast, from Bautzen, to intersect with Sehmötteifen, in the end of July : but these were as nothing compared with the present. Tempelhof, the excellent solid man, — but who puts all things, big and little, on the same level of detail, and has unparalleled methods of arranging (what he reckons to be “arranging”), and no vestige of index, — is distressingly obscure on this grand Incident ; but at length, on compulsion, does yield clear account.³ In Arehenholtz it is not *dated* at all ; who merely says as follows : “ Most extraordinary march ever made ; went through 50 miles of Country wholly in the Enemy's possession ; lasted

¹ Tempelhof, iii. 255, 256 ; Seyfarth, *Beylagen* ; &c.

² Seyfarth, ii. 545.

³ Tempelhof, iii. 253-258.

56 hours, in which long period there was no camp pitched, and only twice a rest of three hours allowed the troops. During the other fifty hours the march, day and night, continually proceeded. Ended (*no date*) in surprise of General Wehla at Hoyerswerda, cutting up 600 of his soldiers, and taking 1,800 prisoners. Kalkreuth, since so famous," in the Anti-Napoleon Wars, "was the Prince's Adjutant."¹

This is probably Prince Henri's cleverest feat, — though he did a great many of clever; and his Brother used to say, glancing towards him, "There is but one of us that never committed a mistake." A highly ingenious dexterous little man in affairs of War, sharp as needles, vehement but cautious; though of abstruse temper, thin-skinned, capricious, and giving his Brother a great deal of trouble with his jealousies and shrewish whims. By this last consummate little operation he has astonished Daun as much as anybody ever did; shorn his elaborate tissue of cunctations into ruin and collapse at one stroke; and in effect, as turns out, wrecked his campaign for this Year.

Daun finds there is now no hope of Saxony, unless he himself at once proceed thither. At once thither; — and leave Glogau and the Russians to their luck, — which in such case, what is it like to be? Probably, to Daun's own view, ominous enough; but he has no alternative. To this pass has the March of Fifty Hours brought us. There is such a thing as being too cunctatory, is not there, your Excellency? Every mortal, and more especially every Feldmarschall, ought to strike the iron while it is hot. The remainder of this Campaign, we will hope, can be made intelligible in a more summary manner.

Friedrich manages (September 24th–October 24th) to get the Russians sent Home; and Himself falls lame'd with Gout.

Friedrich's manœuvres against Soltikof, — every reader is prepared to hear that Soltikof was rendered futile by them.

¹ Archenholtz, i. 426.

and none but military readers could take delight in the details. Two beautiful short-cuts he made upon Soltikof; pulled him up both times in mid career, as with hard check-bit. The first time was at Zöbelwitz: September 24th, Friedrich cut across from Sagan, which is string to bow of the Russian march; posted himself on the Heights of Zöbelwitz, of Baunau, Milkau (at Baunau Friedrich will write a *Letter* this night, if readers bethink themselves; Milkau is a place he may remember for rain-deluges, in the First Silesian War¹): "Let the Russians, if they now dare, try the Pass of Neustädtel here!" A fortunate hour, when he got upon this ground. Quartermaster-General Stoffel, our old Cüstrin acquaintance, is found marking out a Camp with a view to that Pass of Neustädtel;² is greatly astonished to find the Prussian Army emerge on him there; and at once vanishes, with his Hussar-Cossack retinues. "September 24th," it is while Prince Henri was on the last moiety of his March of Fifty Hours. This severe twitche flung Soltikof quite out from Glogau, — was like to fling him home altogether, had it not been for Montalembert's eloquence; — did fling him across the Oder. Where, again thanks to Montalembert, he was circling on with an eye to Breslau, when Friedrich, by the diameter, suddenly laid bridges, crossed at Köben, and again brought Soltikof to halt, as by turnpike suddenly shut: "Must pay first; must beat us first!"

These things had raised Friedrich's spirits not a little. Getting on the Heights of Zöbelwitz, he was heard to exclaim, "This is a lucky day; worth more to me than a battle with victory."³ Astonishing how he blazed out again, quite into his old pride and effulgence, after this, says Retzow. Had been so meek, so humbled, and even condescended to ask advice or opinion from some about him. Especially "from two Captains," says the Opposition Retzow, whose heads were nearly turned by this sunburst from on high. Captain Marquart and another, — I believe, he did employ them about Routes and marking of Camps, which Retzow calls consulting: a King fallen tragically scarce of persons to consult; all his

¹ Suprà, p. 323; ib. vol. vii. p. 311.

² Tempelhof, iii. 293; Retzow, ii. 163

³ Retzow, ii. 163.

Winterfelds, Schwerins, Keiths and Council of Peers now vanished, and nothing but some intelligent-looking Captain Marquart, or the like, to consult:—of which Retzow, in his splenetic Opposition humor, does not see the tragedy, but rather the comedy: how the poor Captains found their favor to be temporary, conditional, and had to collapse again. One of them wrote an "*Essay on the Coup-d'œil Militaire*," over which Retzow pretends to weep. This was Friedrich's marginal Note upon the MS., when submitted to his gracious perusal: "You (*Er*) will do better to acquire the Art of marking Camps than to write upon the Military Stroke of Eye." Beautifully written too, says Retzow; but what, in the eyes of this King, is beautiful writing, to knowing your business well? No friend he to writing, unless you have got something really special, and urgent to be written.

Friedrich crossed the Oder twice. Took Soltikof on both sides of the Oder, cut him out of this fond expectation, then of that; led him, we perceive, a bad life. Latterly the scene was on the right bank; Sophienthal, Köben, Herrnsstadt and other poor places, — on that big eastern elbow, where Oder takes his final bend, or farewell of Poland. Ground, naturally, of some interest to Friedrich: ground to us unknown; but known to Friedrich as the ground where Karl XII. gave Schulenburg his beating,¹ which produced the "beautiful retreat" of Schulenburg. The old Feldmarschall Schulenburg whom we used to hear of once, — whose Nephew, a pipeclayed little gentleman, was well known to Friedrich and us.

For the rest, I do not think he feels this out-manceuvring of the Russians very hard work. Already, from Zöbelwitz Country, 25th September, day of Henri at Hoyerswerda, Friedrich had written to Fouquet: "With 21,000 your beaten and maltreated Servant has hindered an Army of 50,000 from attacking him, and compelled them to retire on Neusatz!" Evidently much risen in hope; and Henri's fine news not yet come to hand. By degrees, Soltikof, rendered futile, got very angry;

¹ "Near Guhrau" (while chasing August the Strong and him out of Poland), '12th October, 1704:" vague account of it, dateless, and as good as placeless, in Voltaire (*Charles Douze*, liv. iii.), *Œuvres*, xxx. 142-145.

especially when Daun had to go for Saxony. "Meal was becoming impossible, at any rate," whimpers Daun: "O Excellency, do but consider, with the nobleness natural to you! Our Court will cheerfully furnish money, instead of meal." — "Money? My people cannot eat money!" growled Soltikof, getting more and more angry; threatening daily to march for Posen and his own meal-stores. What a time of it has Montalembert, has the melancholy Loudon, with temper so hot!

At Sophienthal, October 10th, Friedrich falls ill of gout; — absolutely lamed; for three weeks cannot stir from his room. Happily the outer problem is becoming easier and easier; almost bringing its own solution. At Sophienthal the lame Friedrich takes to writing about *Charles XII. and his Military Character*, — not a very illuminative Piece, on the first perusal, but I intend to read it again;¹ — which at least helps him to pass the time. Soltikof, more and more straitened, meal itself running low, gets angrier and angrier. His treatment of the Country, Montalembert rather encouraging, is described as "horrible." One day he takes the whim, whim or little more, of seizing Herrnstadt; a small Town, between the Two Armies, where the Prussians have a Free Battalion. The Prussian Battalion resists; drives Soltikof's people back. "Never mind," think they: "a place of no importance to us; and Excellency Soltikof has ridden else-whither." By ill-luck, in the afternoon, Excellency Soltikof happened to mention the place again. Hearing that the Prussians still have it, Soltikof mounts into a rage; summons the place, with answer still No; thereupon orders instant bombardment of it, fiery storms of grenadoes for it; and has the satisfaction of utterly burning poor Herrnstadt; the Prussian Free-Corps still continuing obstinate. It was Soltikof's last act in those parts, and betokens a sulphurous state of humor.

Next morning (October 24th), he took the road for Posen, and marched bodily home.² Home verily, in spite of Mon-

¹ *Réflexions sur les talens militaires et sur le caractère de Charles XII.* (*Œuvres de Frédéric* vii. 69–88).

² Tempelhof, iii. 299, 29f–300 (general account, abundantly minute).

talambert and all men. "And for me, what orders has Excellency?" Loudon had anxiously inquired, on the eve of that event. "None whatever!" answered Excellency: "Do your own pleasure; go whithersoever seems good to you." And Loudon had to take a wide sweep round, by Kalish, through the western parts of Poland; and get home to the Troppau-Teschén Country as he best could.

By Kalish, by Czenstochow, Cracow, poor Loudon had to go: a dismal march of 300 miles or more, — waited on latterly by Fouquet, with Werner, Goltz and others, on the Silesian Border; whom Friedrich had ordered thither for such end. Whom Loudon skilfully avoided to fight; having already, by desertion and by hardships, lost half his men on the road. Glad enough to get home and under roof, with his 20,000 gone to 10,000; and to make bargain with Fouquet: "Truce, then, through Winter; neither of us to meddle with the other, unless after a fortnight's warning given."¹ *November 1st*, a month before this, the King, carried on a litter by his soldiers, had quitted Sophienthal; and, crossing the River by Köben, got to Glogau.² The greater part of his force, 13,000 under Hülsen, he had immediately sent on for Saxony; he himself intending to wait recovery in Glogau, with this Silesian wing of the business happily brought to finis for the present.

On the Saxon side, too, affairs are in such a course that the King can be patient at Glogau till he get well. Everything is prosperous in Saxony since that March on Hoyerswerda; Henri, with his Fincks and Wunsches, beautifully posted in the Meissen-Torgau region; no dislodging of him, let Daun, with his big mass of forces, try as he may. Daun, through the month of October, is in various Camps, in Schilda last of all: Henri successively in two; in Strehla for some ten days; then in Torgau for about three weeks, carefully intrenched,³ — where traces of him will turn up (not too opportunely) next year. Daun, from whatever Camp, goes laboring on this side

¹ Tempelhof, iii. 328-331.

² Rödenbeck, i. 396.

³ Tempelhof, iii. 276, 281, 284 Henri in Strehla, October 4th-17th; thence to Torgau: 22d October, Daun "quits his Camp of Belgern" for that of Schilda, which was his last in those parts).

and on that; on every side the deft Henri is as sharp as needles; nothing to be made of him by the cunning movements and contrivances of Daun. Very fine manœuvring it was, especially on Henri's part; a charm to the soldier's mind;—given minutely in Tempelhof, and capable of being followed (if you have Maps and Patience) into the last details. Instructive really to the soldier;—but must be, almost all, omitted here. One beautiful slap to Duke d'Ahremberg (a poor old friend of Daun's and ours) we will remember: "Action of Pretsch" they call it; defeat, almost capture of poor D'Ahremberg; who had been sent to dislodge the Prince, by threatening his supplies, and had wheeled, accordingly, eastward, wide away; but, to his astonishment, found, after a march or two, Three select Prussian Corps emerging on him, by front, by rear, by flank, with Horse-artillery (quasi-miraculous) bursting out on hill-tops, too,—and, in short, nothing for it but to retreat, or indeed to run, in a considerably ruinous style: poor D'Ahremberg!¹ On the whole, Daun is reduced to a panting condition; and knows not what to do. His plans were intrinsically bad, says Tempelhof; without beating Henri in battle, which he cannot bring himself to attempt, he, in all probability, will, were it only for difficulties of the commissariat kind, have to fall back Dresden-ward, and altogether take himself away.²

After this sad slap at Pretsch, Daun paused for consideration; took to palisading himself to an extraordinary degree, slashing the Schilda Forests almost into ruin for this end; and otherwise sat absolutely quiet. Little to be done but take care of oneself. Daun knows withal of Hülsen's impending advent with the Silesian 13,000;—November 2d, Hülsen is actually at Muskau, and his 13,000 magnified by rumor to 20,000. Hearing of which, Daun takes the road (November 4th); quits his gloriously palisaded Camp of Schilda; feels that retreat on Dresden, or even home to Bohemia altogether, is the one course left.

¹ Seyfarth (*Beylagen*, ii. 634–637), "*Hofbericht von der am 29 October, 1759, bey Meuro [chiefly bey Pretsch] vorgefallenen Action;*" ib. ii. 543 n.

² Tempelhof, iii. 287–289.

And now, the important Bautzen Colloquy of *Saturday, September 15th*, having here brought its three or more Courses of Activity to a pause, — we will glance at the far more important *Thursday, 13th*, other side the Ocean : —

Above Quebec, Night of September 12th-13th, In profound silence, on the stream of the St. Lawrence far away, a notable adventure is going on. Wolfe, from two points well above Quebec ("As a last shift, we will try that way"), with about 5,000 men, is silently descending in boats; with purpose to climb the Heights somewhere on this side the City, and be in upon it, if Fate will. An enterprise of almost sublime nature; very great, if it can succeed. The cliffs all beset to his left hand, Montcalm in person guarding Quebec with his main strength.

Wolfe silently descends; mind made up; thoughts hushed quiet into one great thought; in the ripple of the perpetual waters, under the grim cliffs and the eternal stars. Conversing with his people, he was heard to recite some passages of Gray's *Elegy*, lately come out to those parts; of which, says an ear-witness, he expressed his admiration to an enthusiastic degree: "Ah, these are tones of the Eternal Melodies, are not they? A man might thank Heaven had he such a gift; almost as *we* might for succeeding here, Gentlemen!"¹ Next morning (*Thursday, 13th September, 1759*), Wolfe, with his 5,000, is found to have scrambled up by some woody Neck in the heights, which was not quite precipitous; has trailed one cannon with him, the seamen busy bringing up another; and by 10 of the clock stands ranked (really somewhat in the Friedrich way, though on a small scale); ready at all points for Montcalm, but refusing to be over-ready.

Montcalm, on first hearing of him, had made haste: "*Oui, je les vois où ils ne doivent pas être; je vais les écraser* (to smash

¹ Professor Robison, then a Naval Junior, in the boat along with Wolfe, afterwards a well-known Professor of Natural Philosophy at Edinburgh, was often heard, by persons whom I have heard again, to repeat this Anecdote. See Playfair, *Biographical Account of Professor Robison*, — in *Transactions of Royal Society of Edinburgh*, vii. 495 et seq.

them)!" said he, by way of keeping his people in heart. And marches up, beautifully skilful, neglecting none of his advantages. Has numerous Canadian sharpshooters, preliminary Indians in the bushes, with a provoking fire: "Steady!" orders Wolfe; "from you not one shot till they are within thirty yards." And Montcalm, volleying and advancing, can get no response, more than from Druidic stones; till *at* thirty yards the stones become vocal. — and continue so at a dreadful rate; and, in a space of seventeen minutes, have blown Montcalm's regulars, and the gallant Montcalm himself, and their second in command, and their third, into ruin and destruction. In about seven minutes more the agony was done; "English falling on with the bayonet, Highlanders with the claymore;" fierce pursuit, rout total: — and Quebec and Canada as good as finished. The thing is yet well known to every Englishman; ¹ and how Wolfe himself died in it, his beautiful death.

Truly a bit of right soldierhood, this Wolfe. Manages his small resources in a consummate manner; invents, contrives, attempts and re-attempts, irrepressible by difficulty or discouragement. How could a Friedrich himself have managed this Quebec in a more artistic way? The small Battle itself, 5,000 to a side, and such odds of Savagery and Canadians, reminds you of one of Friedrich's: wise arrangements; exact foresight, preparation corresponding; caution with audacity; inflexible discipline, silent till its time come, and then blazing out as we see. The prettiest soldiering I have heard of among the English for several generations. Amherst, Commander-in-chief, is diligently noosing, and tying up, the French military settlements, Niagara, Ticonderoga; Canada all round: but this is the heart or windpipe of it; keep this firm, and, in the circumstances, Canada is yours.

¹ The military details of it seem to be very ill known (witness Colonel Beatson's otherwise rather careful Pamphlet, *The Plains of Abraham*, written quite lately, which we are soon to cite farther); and they would well deserve describing in the *Seyfurth-Beylagen*, or even in the *Tempelhof* way, — could an English Officer, on the spot as this Colonel was, be found to do it! — Details are in Beatson (quite another "Beatson"), *Naval and Military History*, ii. 300–308; in *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1759, the Despatches and particulars: see also Walpole, *George the Second*, iii. 217–222.

Colonel Beatson, in his recent Pamphlet, *The Plains of Abraham*, — which, especially on the military side, is distressingly ignorant and shallow, though *not* intentionally incorrect anywhere, — gives Extracts from a Letter of Montcalm's ("Quebec, 24th August, 1759"), which is highly worth reading, had we room. It predicts to a hair's-breadth, not only the way "M. Wolfe, if he understands his trade, will take to beat and ruin me if we meet in fight;" but also, — with a sagacity singular to look at, in the years 1775-1777, and perhaps still more in the years 1860-1863, — what will be the consequences to those unruly English, Colonial and other. "If he beat me here, France has lost America utterly," thinks Montcalm: "Yes; — and one's only consolation is, In ten years farther, America will be in revolt against England!" Montcalm's style of writing is not exemplary; but his power of faithful observation, his sagacity, and talent of prophecy are so considerable, we are tempted to give the *ipsissima verba* of his long Letter in regard to those two points, — the rather as it seems to have fallen much out of sight in our day: —

Montcalm to a Cousin in France.

"CAMP BEFORE QUEBEC, 24th August, 1759.

"MONSIEUR ET CHER COUSIN, — Here I am, for more than three months past, at handgrips with M. Wolfe; who ceases not day or night to bombard Quebec, with a fury which is almost unexampled in the Siege of a Place one intends to retain after taking it." . . . Will never take it in that way, however, by attacking from the River or south shore; only ruins us, but does not enrich himself. Not an inch nearer his object than he was three months ago; and in one month more the equinoctial storms will blow his Fleet and him away. — Quebec, then, and the preservation of the Colony, you think, must be as good as safe? "Alas, the fact is far otherwise. The capture of Quebec depends on what we call a stroke-of-hand — [But let us take to the Original now, for Prediction First]: —

"La prise de Quebec dépend d'un coup de main. Les Anglais sont maîtres de la rivière: ils n'ont qu'à effectuer une descente

sur la rive où cette Ville, sans fortifications et sans défense, est située. Les voilà en état de me présenter la bataille ; que je ne pourrais plus refuser, et que je ne devrais pas gagner. M. Wolfe, en effet, s'il entend son métier, n'a qu'à essayer le premier feu, venir ensuite à grands pas sur mon armée, faire à bout portant sa décharge ; mes Canadiens, sans discipline, sourds à la voix du tambour et des instrumens militaires, dérangés par cette escarre, ne sauront plus reprendre leurs rangs. Ils sont d'ailleurs sans baionnettes pour répondre à celles de l'ennemi : il ne leur reste qu'à fuir, — et me voilà battu sans ressource. [This is a curiously exact Prediction ! I won't survive, however ; defeat here, in this stage of our affairs, means loss of America altogether :] il est des situations où il ne reste plus à un Général que de périr avec honneur. . . . Mes sentimens sont français, et ils le seront jusque dans le tombeau, si dans le tombeau on est encore quelque chose.

“Je me consolerais du moins de ma défaite, et de la perte de la Colonie, par l'intime persuasion où je suis [Prediction Second, which is still more curious], que cette défaite vaudra, un jour, à ma Patrie plus qu'une victoire ; et que le vainqueur, en s'agrandissant, trouvera un tombeau dans son agrandissement même.

“Ce que j'avance ici, mon cher Cousin, vous paraîtra un paradoxe : mais un moment de réflexion politique, un coup d'œil sur la situation des choses en Amérique, et la vérité de mon opinion brillera dans tout son jour. [Nobody will obey, unless necessity compel him : *voilà les hommes ; gêne of any kind a nuisance to them ; and of all men in the world les Anglais are the most impatient of obeying anybody.*] Mais si ce sont-là les Anglais de l'Europe, c'est encore plus les Anglais d'Amérique. Une grande partie de ces Colons sont les enfans de ces hommes qui s'expatrièrent dans ces temps de trouble où l'ancienne Angleterre, en proie aux divisions, était attaquée dans ses privilèges et droits ; et allèrent chercher en Amérique une terre où ils pussent vivre et mourir libres et presque indépendans : — et ces enfans n'ont pas dégénéré des sentimens républicains de leurs pères. D'autres sont des

hommes ennemis de tout frein, de tout assujétissement, que le gouvernement y a transportés pour leurs crimes. D'autres, enfin, sont un ramas de différentes nations de l'Europe, qui tiennent très-peu à l'ancienne Angleterre par le cœur et le sentiment; tous, en général, ne se soucient guères du Roi ni du Parlement d'Angleterre.

"Je les connais bien, — non sur des rapports étrangers, mais sur des correspondances et des informations secrètes, que j'ai moi-même menagées; et dont, un jour, si Dieu me prête vie, je pourrai faire usage à l'avantage de ma Patrie. Pour surcroît de bonheur pour eux, tous ces Colons sont parvenues, dans un état très-florissant; ils sont nombreux et riches: — ils recueillent dans le sein de leur patrie toutes les nécessités de la vie. L'ancienne Angleterre a été assez sotte, et assez dupe, pour leur laisser établir chez eux les arts, les métiers, les manufactures: — c'est à dire, qu'elle leur a laissé briser la chaîne de besoins qui les liait, qui les attachait à elle, et qui les fait dépendants. Aussi toutes ces Colonies Anglaises auraient-elles depuis longtemps secoué le joug, chaque province aurait formé une petite république indépendante, si la crainte de voir les Français à leur porte n'avait été un frein qui les avait retenu. Maîtres pour maîtres, ils ont préféré leurs compatriotes aux étrangers; prenant cependant pour maxime de n'obéir que le moins qu'ils pourraient. Mais que le Canada vînt à être conquis, et que les Canadiens et ces Colons ne fussent plus qu'un seul peuple, — et la première occasion où l'ancienne Angleterre semblerait toucher à leurs intérêts, croyez-vous, mon cher Cousin, que ces Colons obéiront? Et qu'auraient-ils à craindre en se révoltant? . . . Je suis si sûr de ce que j'écris, que je ne donnerais pas dix ans après la conquête du Canada pour en voir l'accomplissement.

"Voilà ce que, comme Français, me console aujourd'hui du danger imminent, que court ma Patrie, de voir cette Colonie perdue pour elle."¹

¹ In Beatson, Lieutenant-Colonel R.E., *The Plains of Abraham; Notes original and selected* (Gibraltar, Garrison Library Press, 1858), pp. 38 et seq.: Extract from "*Lettres de M. le Marquis de Montcalm à MM. De Berryer et De la Molé: 1757-1759* (Londres, 1777)," — which is not in the British-Museum

Montcalm had been in the Belleisle *Retreat from Prag* (December, 1742); in the terrible *Exilles* Business (July, 1747), where the Chevalier de Belleisle and 4 or 5,000 lost their lives in about an hour. Captain Cook was at Quebec, Master in the Royal Navy; "sounding the River, and putting down buoys." Bougainville, another famous Navigator, was Aide-de-Camp of Montcalm. There have been far-sounding Epics built together on less basis than lies ready here, in this *Capture of Quebec*; — which itself, as the Decision that America is to be English and not French, is surely an Epoch in World-History! Montcalm was 48 when he perished; Wolfe 33. Montcalm's skull is in the Ursulines Convent at Quebec, — shown to the idly curious to this day.¹

It was on October 17th, — while Friedrich lay at Sophienthal, lamed of gout, and Soltikof had privately fixed for home (went that day week), — that this glorious bit of news reached England. It was only three days after that other, bad and almost hopeless news, from the same quarter; news of poor Library, on applying; and seems to be a forgotten Book. (*Note of First Edition*, 1865.)

"A Copy is in the *Boston Athenæum Library*, New-England: it is a Pamphlet rather than a Book; contains Two Letters to Berryer *Ministre de la Marine*, besides this to Molé the Cousin: Publisher is the noted J. Almon, — in French and English." (From *Boston Sunday Courier*, of 19th April, 1868, where this Letter is reproduced.)

In the Temple Library, London, I have since found a Copy: and, on strict survey, am obliged to pronounce the whole Pamphlet a *Forgery*, — especially the Two Letters to "Berryer *Minister of Marine*;" who was not yet Minister of anything, nor thought of as likely to be, for many months after the date of these Letters addressed to him as such! Internal evidence too, were such at all wanted, is abundant in these *Berryer* Letters; which are of gross and almost stupid structure in comparison to the *Molé* one. As this latter has already got into various Books, and been argued of in Parliaments and high places (Lord Shelburne asserting it to be spurious, Lord Mansfield to be genuine: *Report of Parliamentary Debates in Gentleman's Magazine* for November and for December, 1777, pp. 515, 560), — it may be allowed to continue here in the *condemned* state. Forger, probably, some Ex-Canadian, or other American *Royalist*, anxious to do the Insurgent Party and their British Apologists an ill turn, in that critical year; — had shot off his Pamphlet to voracious Almon; who prints without preface or criticism, and even without correcting the press. (*Note of July*, 1868.)

¹ Lieutenant-Colonel Beatson, pp. 28, 15.

Wolfe's Repulse, on the other or eastern side of Quebec, July 31st, known to us already, not known in England till October 14th. Heightened by such contrast, the news filled all men with a strange mixture of emotions. "The incidents of Dramatic Fiction," says one who was sharer in it, "could not have been conducted with more address to lead an audience from despondency to sudden exultation, than Accident had here prepared to excite the passions of a whole People. They despaired; they triumphed; and they wept, — for Wolfe had fallen in the hour of victory! Joy, grief, curiosity, astonishment, were painted in every countenance: the more they inquired, the higher their admiration rose. Not an incident but was heroic and affecting." ¹ America ours; but the noble Wolfe now not!

What Pitt himself said of these things, we do not much hear. On the meeting of his Parliament, about a month hence, his Speech, somebody having risen to congratulate and eulogize him, is still recognizably of royal quality, if we evoke it from the Walpole Notes. Very modest, very noble, true; and with fine pieties and magnanimities delicately audible in it: "Not a week all Summer but has been a crisis, in which I have not known whether I should not be torn to pieces, instead of being commended, as now by the Honorable Member. The hand of Divine Providence; the more a man is versed in business, the more he everywhere traces that! . . . Success has given us unanimity, not unanimity success. For my own poor share, I could not have dared as I have done, except in these times. Other Ministers have hoped as well, but have not been so circumstanced to dare so much. . . . I think the stone almost rolled to the top of the hill; but let us have a care; it may rebound, and hideously drag us down with it again." ²

The essential truth, moreover, is, Pitt has become King of England; so lucky has poor England, in its hour of crisis, again been. And the difference between an England guided by some kind of Friedrich (temporary Friedrich, absolute, though of insecure tenure), and by a Newcastle and the Clack

¹ Walpole, iii. 215.

² Ib. iii 225; Thackeray, i. 446.

of Tongues, is very great ! But for Pitt, there had been no Wolfe, no Amherst ; Duke Ferdinand had been the Royal Highness of Cumberland, — and all things going round him in St. Vitus, at their old rate. This man is a King, for the time being, — King really of the Friedrich type ; — and rules, Friedrich himself not more despotically, where need is. Pitt's War-Offices, Admiralties, were not of themselves quick-going entities ; but Pitt made them go. Slow-paced Lords in Office have remonstrated, on more than one occasion : "Impossible, Sir ; these things cannot be got ready at the time you order !" "My Lord, they indispensably must," Pitt would answer (a man always reverent of coming facts, knowing how inexorable they are) ; and if the Negative continued obstinate in argument, he has been known to add : "My Lord, to the King's service, it is a fixed necessity of time. Unless the time is kept, I will impeach your Lordship !" Your Lordship's head will come to lie at your Lordship's feet ! Figure a poor Duke of Newcastle, listening to such a thing ; — and knowing that Pitt will do it ; and that he can, such is his favor with universal England ; — and trembling and obeying. War-requisites for land and for sea are got ready with a Prussian punctuality, — at what multiple of the Prussian expense, is a smaller question for Pitt.

It is about eighteen months ago that Pownal, Governor of New England, a kind of half-military person, not without sound sense, though sadly intricate of utterance, — of whom Pitt, just entering on Office, has, I suppose, asked an opinion on America, as men do of Learned Counsel on an impending Lawsuit of magnitude, — had answered, in his long-winded, intertangled, nearly inextricable way, to the effect, "Sir, I incline to fear, on the whole, that the Action will *not* lie, — that, on the whole, the French will eat America from us in spite of our teeth."¹ January 15th, 1758, that is the Pownal Opinion-of-Counsel ; — and on September 13th, 1759, this is what we have practically come to. And on September 7th, 1760, within

¹ In *Thackeray*, ii. 421–452, Pownal's intricate *Report* (his "*Discourse*," or whatever he calls it, "*on the Defence of the Inland Frontiers*," his &c. &c.), of date "15th January, 1758."

twelve months more, — Amherst, descending the Rapids from Ticonderoga side, and two other little Armies, ascending from Quebec and Louisburg, to meet him at Montreal, have proved punctual almost to an hour; and are in condition to extinguish, by triple pressure (or what we call noosing), the French Governor-General in Montreal, a Monsieur de Vaudreuil, and his Montreal and his Canada altogether; and send the French bodily home out of those Continents.¹ Which may dispense us from speaking farther on the subject.

From the Madras region, too, from India and outrageous Lally, the news are good. Early in Spring last, poor Lally, — a man of endless talent and courage, but of dreadfully emphatic loose tongue, in fact of a blazing ungoverned Irish turn of mind, — had instantly, on sight of some small Succors from Pitt, to raise his siege of Madras, retire to Pondicherry; and, in fact, go plunging and tumbling downhill, he and his India with him, at an ever-faster rate, till they also had got to the Abyss. “My policy is in these five words, *No Englishman in this Peninsula*,” wrote he, a year ago, on landing in India; and now it is to be *No Frenchman*, and there is one word in the five to be altered! — Of poor Lally, zealous and furious overmuch, and nearly the most unfortunate and worst-used “man of genius” I ever read of, whose lion-like struggles against French Official people, and against Pitt’s Captains and their sea-fights and siegings, would deserve a volume to themselves, we have said, and can here say, as good as nothing, — except that they all ended, for Lally and French India, in total surrender, 16th January, 1761; and that Lally, some years afterwards, for toils undergone and for services done, got, when accounts came to be liquidated, death on the scaffold. Dates I give below.² “Gained Fontenoy for us,” said many persons;

¹ Capitulation between Amherst and Vaudreuil (“Montreal, 8th September, 1760”), in 55 Articles: in *Beatson*, iii. 274–283.

² 28th April, 1758, Lands at Pondicherry; instantly proceeds upon Fort St. David. 2d June, 1758, Takes it: meant to have gone now on Madras; but finds he has no money; — goes extorting money from Black Potentates about, Rajah of Travancore, &c., in a violent and extraordinary style; and can get little. Nevertheless, 14th December, 1758, Lays Siege to Madras.

16th February, 1759, Is obliged to quit trenches at Madras, and retire dis-

—undoubtedly gained various things for us, fought for us Berserkir-like on all occasions; hoped, in the end, to be Maréchal de France, and undertook a Championship of India, which issues in this way! America and India, it is written, are both to be Pitt's. Let both, if possible, remain silent to us henceforth.

As to the Invasion-of-England Scheme, Pitt says he does not expect the French will invade us; but if they do, he is ready.¹

CHAPTER VII.

FRIEDRICH REAPPEARS ON THE FIELD, AND IN SEVEN DAYS
AFTER COMES THE CATASTROPHE OF MAXEN.

NOVEMBER 6th–8th, Daun had gone to Meissen Country: fairly ebbing homeward; Henri following, with Hülsen joined, —not vehemently attacking the rhinoceros, but judiciously pricking him forward. Daun goes at his slowest step: in many divisions, covering a wide circuit; sticking to all the strong posts, till his own time for quitting them: slow, sullenly cautious; like a man descending dangerous precipices back foremost, and will not be hurried. So it had lasted about a week; Daun for the last four days sitting restive, obstinate, but Henri pricking into him more and more, till the rhinoceros

mally upon Pondicherry, —to mere indigence, mutiny ("ten mutinies"), Official conspiracy, and chaos come again.

22d January, 1760, Makes outrush on Wandewash, and the English posted there; is beaten, driven back into Bondicherry. April, 1760, Is besieged in Pondicherry. 16th January, 1761, Is taken, Pondicherry, French India and he; —to Madras he, lest the French Official party kill him, as they attempt to do.

23d September, 1761, arrives, prisoner, in England; thence, on parole, to France and Paris, 21st October. November, 1762, To Bastille; waits trial nineteen months; trial lasts two years. 6th May, 1766, To be *beheaded*, —9th May *was*. See *Beatson*, ii. 369–372, 96–110, &c.; Voltaire (*Fragments sur l'Inde*), in *Œuvres*, xxix. 183–253; *Biographie Universelle*, § Lally.

¹ Speech, 4th November, *suprà*.

seemed actually about lifting himself, — when Friedrich in person arrived in his Brother's Camp.¹

At the Schloss of Herschstein, a mile or two behind Lomatsch, which is Henri's head-quarter (still to westward of Meissen ; Daun hanging on, seven or eight miles to southeastward ahead ; loath to go, but actually obliged), — it was there, Tuesday, November 13th, that the King met his Brother again. A King free of his gout ; in joyful spirits ; and high of humor, — like a man risen indignant, once more got to his feet, after three months' oppressions and miseries from the unworthy. "Too high," mourns Retzow, in a gloomy tone, as others do in perhaps a more indulgent one. Beyond doubt, Friedrich's farther procedures in this grave and weighty Daun business were more or less imprudent ; of a too rapid and rash nature ; and turned out bitterly unlucky to him. "Had he left the management to Henri !" sighed everybody, after the unlucky event.

Friedrich had not arrived above four-and-twenty hours, when news came in : "The Austrians in movement again ; actually rolling off Dresden-ward again." "Haha, do they smell me already !" laughed he : "Well, I will send Daun to the Devil," — not adding, "if I can." And instantly ordered sharp pursuit, — and sheer stabbing with the ox-goad, not soft and delicate pricking, as Henri's lately.² Friedrich, in fact, was in a fiery condition against Daun : "You trampled on me, you heavy buffalo, these three months ; but that is over now !" — and took personally the vanguard in this pursuit. And had a bit of hot fighting in the Village of Korbitz (scene of that Finck-Haddick "Action," 21st September last, and of poor Haddick's ruin, and retirement to the Waters) ; — where the Austrians now prove very fierce and obstinate ; and will not go, till well slashed into, and torn out by sheer beating : — which was visibly a kind of comfort to the King's humor. "Our Prussians do still fight, then, much as formerly ! And it was all a hideous Nightmare, all that, and Daylight and Fact are come, and Friedrich is himself again !"

¹ Tempelhof, iii. 301-305.

² Retzow, ii. 168 ; Tempelhof, iii. 306.

They say Prince Henri took the liberty of counselling him, even of entreating him: "Leave well alone; why run risks?" said Henri. Damn, it was pretty apparent, had no outlook at the present but that of sauntering home to Böhmen; leaving Dresden to be an easy prey again, and his whole Campaign to fall futile, as the last had. Under Henri's gentle driving he would have gone slower; but how salutary, if he only went! These were Henri's views: but Friedrich was not in the slow humor; impatient to be in Dresden; "will be quartered there in a week," writes he, "and more at leisure than now."¹ He is thinking of Leuthen, of Rossbach, of Campaign 1757, so gloriously restored after ruin; and, in the fire of his soul, is hoping to do something similar a second time. That is Retzow's notion: who knows but there may be truth in it? A proud Friedrich, got on his feet again after such usage; — nay, who knows whether it was quite so unwise to be impressive on the slow rhinoceros, and try to fix some thorn in his snout, or say (figuratively), to hobble his hind-feet; which, I am told, would have been beautifully ruinous; and, though riskish, was not impossible?² Ill it indisputably turned out; and we have, with brevity, to say how, and leave readers to their judgment of it.

It was in the Village of Krögis, about six miles forward, on the Meissen-Freyberg road, a mile or two on from Korbitz, and directly after the fierce little tussle in that Village, — that Friedrich, his blood still up, gave the Order for Maxen, which proved so unlucky to him. Wunsch had been shot off in pursuit of the beaten Austrians; but they ran too fast; and Wunsch came back without farther result, still early in the day. Back as far as Krögis, where the next head-quarter is to be; — and finds the King still in a fulminant condition, none the milder, it is likely, by Wunsch's returning without result. "Go straight to General Finck; bid him march at once!" orders the King; and rapidly gives Wunsch the

¹ "Wilsdruf, 17th November, 1759," and still more "19th November," Friedrich to Voltaire, in high spirits that way (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 66).

² Tempelhof, iii. 317, &c.

Instructions Finck is to follow. Finck and his Corps are near Nossen, some ten miles ahead of Krögis, some twenty west from Dresden. There, since yesterday, stands Finck, infesting the left or western flank of the Austrians, — what was their left, and will be again, when they call halt and face round on us : — Let Finck now march at once, quite round that western flank ; by Freyberg, Dippoldiswalde, thence east to Maxen ; plant himself at Maxen (a dozen miles south of Dresden, among the rocky hills), and stick diligently in the rear of those Austrians, cutting off, or threatening to cut off, their communications with Bohemia, and block the Pirna Country for them.

Friedrich calculates that, if Daun is for retreating by Pirna Country, this will, at lowest, be a method to quicken him in that movement ; or perhaps it may prove a method to cut off such retreat altogether, and force Daun to go circling by the Lausitz Hills and Wildernesses, exposed to tribulations which may go nigh to ruin him. That is Friedrich's proud thought : "an unfortunate Campaign ; winding up, nevertheless, as 1757 did, in blazes of success !" And truly, if Friedrich could have made himself into Two ; and, while flashing and charging in Daun's front, have been in command at Maxen in Daun's rear, — Friedrich could have made a pretty thing of this Maxen Enterprise ; and might in good part have realized his proud program. But there is no getting two Friedrichs. Finck, a General of approved quality, he is the nearest approach we can make to a second Friedrich ; — and he, ill-luck too superadding itself, proves tragically inadequate. And sets all the world, and Opposition Retzow, exclaiming, "See : Pride goes before a fall !" —

At 3 in the afternoon, Friedrich, intensely surveying from the heights of Krögis the new Austrian movements and positions, is astonished, not agreeably ("What, still only here, Herr General !"), by a personal visit from Finck. Finck finds the Maxen business intricate, precarious ; wishes farther instructions, brings forward this objection and that. Friedrich at last answers, impatiently : "You know I can't stand making of difficulties (*Er weiss dass ich die Difficultäten nicht*

leiden kann ; mache dass Er fort kommt) ; contrive to get it done ! ” With which poor comfort Finck has to ride back to Nossen ; and scheme out his dispositions overnight.

Next morning, Thursday, 15th, Finck gets on march ; drives the Reichsfolk out of Freyberg ; reaches Dippoldiswalde : — “ Freyberg is to be my Magazine,” considers Finck ; “ Dippoldiswalde my half-way house ; Four Battalions of my poor Eighteen shall stand there, and secure the meal-carts.” Friday, 16th, Finck has his Vanguard, Wunsch leading it, in possession of Maxen and the Heights ; and on Saturday gets there himself, with all his people and equipments. I should think about 12,000 men : in a most intersected, intertisted Hill Country ; full of gulleys, dells and winding brooks ; — it is forecourt of the Pirna rocks, our celebrated Camp of Gahmrig lies visible to north, Dohna and the Rothwasser bounding us to east ; — in grim November weather, some snow falling, or snow-powder, alternating with sleet and glazing frosts : by no means a beautiful enterprise to Finck. Nor one of his own choosing, had one a choice in such cases.

To Daun nothing could be more unwelcome than this news of Finck, embattled there at Maxen in the inextricable Hill Country, direct on the road of Daun’s meal-carts and Bohemian communications. And truly withal, — what Daun does not yet hear, but can guess, — there is gone, in supplement or as auxiliary to Finck, a fierce Hussar party, under *Grüne* Kleist, their fiercest Hussar since Mayer died ; who this very day, at Aussig, burns Daun’s first considerable Magazine ; and has others in view for the same fate.¹ An evident thing to Daun, that Finck being there, meal has ceased.

On the instant, Daun falls back on Dresden ; Saturday, 17th, takes post in the Dell of Plauen (*Plauen’sche Grund*) ; an impassable Chasm, with sheer steepes on both sides, stretching southward from Dresden in front of the Hill Country : thither Daun marches, there to consider what is to be done with Finck. Amply safe this position is ; none better in the world : a Village, Plauen, and a Brook, Weistritz, in the bottom of this

¹ Friedrich’s second Letter to Voltaire, Wilsdruf, “ 19th November, 1759.”

exquisite Chasm; sheer rock-walls on each side, — high especially on the Daun, or south side; — head-quarters can be in Dresden itself; room for your cavalry on the plain ground between Dresden and the Chasm. A post both safe and comfortable; only you must not loiter in making up your mind as to Finck; for Friedrich has followed on the instant. Friedrich's head-quarter is already Wilsdruf, which an hour or two ago was Daun's: at Kesselsdorf vigilant Ziethen is vanguard. So that Friedrich looks over on you from the northern brow of your Chasm; delays are not good near such a neighbor.

Daun — urged on by Lacy, they say — is not long in deciding that, in this strait, the short way out will be to attack Finck in the Hills. Daun is in the Hills, as well as Finck (this Plauen Chasm is the boundary-ditch of the Hills): Daun with 27,000 horse and foot, moving on from this western part; 3,000 light people (one Sincere the leader of them) moving simultaneously from Dresden itself, that is, from northward or northwestward; 12,000 Reichsfolk, horse and foot, part of them already to southeastward of Finck, other part stealing on by the Elbe bank thitherward: here, from three different points of the compass, are 42,000. These simultaneously dashing in, from west, north, south, upon Finck, may surely give account of his 12,000 and him! If only we can keep Friedrich dark upon it; which surely our Pandours will contrive to do.

Finck, directly on arriving at Maxen, had reported himself to the King; and got answer before next morning: "Very well; but draw in those Four Battalions you have left in Dippoldiswalde; hit with the whole of your strength, when a chance offers." Which order Finck, literally and not too willingly, obeys; leaves only some light remnant in Dippoldiswalde, and reinforcement to linger within reach, till a certain Bread-convoy come to him, which will be due next morning (Monday, 19th); and which does then safely get home, though under annoyances from cannonading in the distance.

Sunday, 18th, Finck fails not to reconnoitre from the highest Hill-top; to inquire by every method: he finds, for certain,

that the enemy are coming in upon him. With his own eyes he sees Reichsfolk marching, in quantity, southeastward by the Elbe shore: "Intending towards Dohna, as is like?" — and despatched Wunsch, who, accordingly, drove them out of Dohna. Of all this Finck, at once, sent word to Friedrich. Who probably enough received the message; but who would get no new knowledge from it, — vigilant Ziethen having, by Austrian deserters and otherwise, discovered this of the Reichsfolk; and furthermore that Sincere with 3,000 was in motion, from the north, upon Finck. Sunday evening, Friedrich despatches Ziethen's Report; which punctually came to Finck's hand; but was the last thing he received from Friedrich, or Friedrich from him. The intervening Pandours picked up all the rest. The Ziethen *Report*, of two or three lines, most succinct but sufficient, like a cutting of hard iron, is to be read in many Books: we may as well give the Letter and it: —

Friedrich's Letter (Wilsdruf, 18th November, 1759). "My dear General-Licutenant von Finck, — I send you the enclosed *Report* from General Ziethen, showing what is the lie of matters as seen from this side; and leave the whole to your disposition and necessary measures. I am your well-affectioned King, — F." The Enclosure is as follows: —

General Ziethen's Report (Kesselsdorf, 18th November, 1759). "To your Royal Majesty, send [no pronoun "I" allowed] herewith a Corporal, who has deserted from the Austrians. He says, Sincere with the Reserve did march with the Reichs Army; but a league behind it, and turned towards Dippoldiswalde. General Brentano [Wehla's old comrade, luckier than Wehla], as this Deserter heard last night in Daun's head-quarter, — which is in the southern Suburb of Dresden, in the Countess Moschinska's Garden, — was yesterday to have been in Döhlen [looking into our outposts from the hither side of their Plauen Dell], but was not there any longer," as our Deserter passed, "and it was said that he had gone to Maxen at three in the afternoon." ¹

Thus curtly is Finck authorized to judge for himself in the new circumstances. Marginally is added, in Friedrich's own

¹ Tempelhof, iii. 309.

hand: "*Er wird entweder mit den Reichern oder mit Sinceren einen Gang haben*, — Either with the Reichers or with Sincere you will have a bout, I suppose."

Finck, from his own Hill-top, on Sunday and Monday, sees all this of Ziethen, and much more. Sees the vanguard of Daun himself approaching Dippoldiswalde, cannonading his meal-carts as they issue there; on all sides his enemies encompassing him like bees;—and has a sphinx-riddle on his mind, such as soldier seldom had. Shall he manœuvre himself out, and march away, bread-carts, baggages and all entire? There is still time, and perfect possibility, by Dippoldiswalde there, or by other routes and methods. But again, did not his Majesty expect, do not these words "a bout" still seem to expect, a bit of fighting with somebody or other? Finck was an able soldier, and his skill and courage well known; but probably another kind of courage was wanted this day, of which Finck had not enough. Finck was not king of this matter; Finck was under a King who perhaps misjudged the matter. If Finck saw no method of doing other than hurt and bad service to his King by staying here, Finck should have had the courage to come away, and front the King's unreasonable anger, expecting redress one day, or never any redress. That was Finck's duty: but everybody sees how hard it was for flesh and blood.

Finck, truer to the letter than to the spirit, determined to remain. Did, all that Monday, his best to prepare himself; called in his outposts ("Was not I ordered?" thinks Finck, too literally); and sees his multitudes of enemies settle round him;—Daun alone has 27,000 men, who take camp at Dippoldiswalde; and in sum-total they are as 4 to 1 of Finck:—a Finck still resolute of face, though internally his thoughts may be haggard enough. Doubtless he hopes, too, that Friedrich will do something:—unaware that none of his messages reach Friedrich. As for Daun, having seen his people safely encamped here, he returns to Dresden for the night, to see that Friedrich is quiet. Friedrich is quiet enough: Daun, at seven next morning (*Tuesday, 20th*), appeared on the ground

again; and from all sides Finck is assaulted, — from Daun's side nearest and soonest, with Daun's best vigor.

Dippoldiswalde is some seven miles from Maxen. Difficult hill-road all the way: but the steepest, straitest and worst place is at Reinhartsgrimma, the very first Hamlet after you are out of Dippoldiswalde. There is a narrow gullet there, overhung with heights all round. The roads are slippery, glazed with sleet and frost; Cavalry, unroughened, make sad sliding and sprawling; hardly the Infantry are secure on their feet: a terrible business getting masses of artillery-wagons, horse and man, through such a Pass! It is thought, had Finck garnished this Pass of Reinhartsgrimma with the proper batteries, the proper musketries, Daun never would have got through. Finck had not a gun or a man in it: "Had not I order?" said he, — again too literally. As it was, Daun, sliding and sprawling in the narrow steep, had difficulties almost too great; and, they say, would have given it up, had it not been that a certain Major urged, "Can be done, Excellenz, and shall!" and that the temper of his soldiers was everywhere excellent. Unfortunate Finck had no artillery to bear on Daun's transit through the Pass. Nothing but some weak body of hussars and infantry stood looking into it, from the Hill of Hausdorf: even these might have given him some slight hindrance; but these were played upon by endless Pandours, "issuing from a wood near by," with musketries, and at length with cannon batteries, one and another; — and had to fall back, or to be called back, to Maxen Hill, where the main force is.

In the course of yesterday, by continual reconnoitring, by Austrian deserters, and intense comparison of symptoms, Finck had completely ascertained where the Enemy's Three Attacks were to be, — "on Maxen, from Dippoldiswalde, Troh-nitz, Dohna, simultaneously three attacks," it appears; — and had with all his skill arranged himself on the Maxen summits to meet these. He stands now elaborately divided into Three groups against those Three simultaneities; forming (sadly wide apart, one would say, for such a force as Finck's) a very obtuse-angled triangle: — the obtuse vertex of which (if read-

ers care to look on their Map) is Trohnitz, the road Brentano and Sincere are coming. On the base-angles, Maxen and Dohna, Finck expects Daun and the Reich. From Trohnitz to Maxen is near two miles; from Maxen to Dohna above four. At Dohna stands Wunsch against the Reich; Finck himself at Maxen, expecting Daun, as the pith of the whole affair. In this triangular way stands Finck at the topmost heights of the country, — “Maxen highest, but Hausdorf only a little lower,” — and has not thought of disputing the climb upwards. Too literal an eye to his orders: alas, he was not himself king, but only king’s deputy!

The result is, about 11 A.M., as I obscurely gather, Daun has conquered the climb; Daun’s musketries begin to glitter on the top of Hausdorf; and 26 or 32 heavy cannon open their throats there; and the Three Attacks break loose. Finck’s Maxen batteries (scarcely higher than Daun’s, and far inferior in weight) respond with all diligence, the poor regimental field-pieces helping what they can. Mutual cannonade, very loud for an hour and half; terrific, but doing little mischief; after which Daun’s musketries (the ground now sufficiently clear to Daun), which are the practical thing, begin opening, first from one point, then from another: and there ensues, for five hours coming, at Maxen and at the other two points of Finck’s triangle, such a series of explosive chargings; wheelings, worryings and intricate death-wrestlings, as it would provoke every reader to attempt describing to him. Except indeed he were a soldier, bound to know the defence of posts; in which case I could fairly promise him that there are means of understanding the affair, and that he might find benefit in it.¹

Daun’s Grenadiers, and Infantry generally, are in triumphant spirits; confident of victory, as they may reasonably be. Finck’s people, too, behave well, some of them conspicuously well, though in gloomier mood; and make stubborn fight, successful here and there, but, as a whole, not capable of succeeding. By 3 in the afternoon, the Austrians have forced the

¹ Tempelhof, iii. 307–317. *Journal und Nachricht von der Gefangennehmung des Finck’schen Corps bey Maxen, im Jahre 1759* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 637–654).

Maxen Post; they "enter Maxen with great shoutings;" extrude the obstinate Prussian remnants; and, before long, have the poor Village "on fire in every part." Finck retreating northward to Schmörsdorf, towards the obtuse angle of his triangle, if haply there may be help in that quarter for him. Daun does not push him much; has Maxen sately burning in every part.

From Schmörsdorf Finck pushes out a Cavalry charge on Brentano. "Could we but repulse Brentano yonder," thinks he, "I might have those Four Battalions to hand, and try again!" But Brentano makes such cannonading, the Cavalry swerve to a Hollow on their right; then find they have not ground, and retire quite fruitless. Finck's Cavalry, and the Cavalry generally, with their horses all sliding on the frosty mountain-gnarls, appear to be good for little this day. Brentano, victorious over the Cavalry, comes on with such storm, he sweeps through the obtuse angle, home upon Finck; and sweeps him out of Schmörsdorf Village to Schmörsdorf Hill, there to take refuge, as the night sinks, — and to see himself, if his wild heart will permit him to be candid, a ruined man. Of the Three Attacks, Two have completely succeeded on him; only Wunsch, at Dohna, stands victorious; he has held back the Reich all day, and even chased it home to its posts on the Rothwasser (*Red Water*), multitudinous as it was.

Finck's mood, as the November shadows gathered on him, — the equal heart may at least pity poor Finck! His resolution is fixed: "Cut ourselves through, this night: Dohna is ours: other side that Red Water there are roads; — perish or get through!" And the Generals (who are rallied now "on the Heights of Falkenhain and Bloschwitz," midway between Maxen and Dohna) get that Order from him. And proceed to arrange for executing it, — though with outlook more and more desperate, as their scouts report that every pass and post on the Red Water is beset by Reichsfolk. "Wunsch, with the Cavalry, he at least may thread his way out, under cloud of night, by the opposite or Daun side," calculates Finck. And Wunsch sets out accordingly: a very question-

able, winding, subterranean march; difficult in the extreme,—the wearied *slipshod* horses going at a snail's pace; and, in the difficult passes, needing to be dragged through with bridle, and even to be left altogether:—in which, withal, it will prove of no use for Wunsch to succeed! Finck's Generals, endeavoring to rank and rearrange through the night, find that their very cartridges are nearly spent, and that of men, such wounding, such deserting has there been, they have, at this time, by precise count, 2,836 rank and file. Evidently desperate.

At daylight, Daun's cannon beginning again from the Maxen side, Finck sends to capitulate. "Absolute surrender," answers Daun: "prisoners of war, and you shall keep your private baggage. General Wunsch with the Cavalry, he too must turn back and surrender!" Finck pleaded hard, on this last score: "General Wunsch, as head of the Cavalry, is not under me; is himself chief in that department." But it was of no use: Wunsch had to return (not quite got through Daun's Lines, after such a night), and to surrender, like everybody else. Like Eight other Generals; like Wolfersdorf of Torgau, and many a brave Officer and man. Wednesday morning, 21st November, 1759: it is Finck's fourth day on Maxen; his last in the Prussian Service.

That same Wednesday Afternoon there were ranked in the *Grosse Garten* at Dresden, of dejected Prussian Prisoners from Maxen, what exact number was never known: the Austrians said 15,000; but nobody well believed them; their last certain instalment being only, in correct numbers, 2,836. Besides the killed, wounded and already captured, many had deserted, many had glided clear off. It is judged that Friedrich lost, by all these causes, about 12,000 men. Gone wholly,—with their equipments and appurtenances wholly, which are not worth counting in comparison. Finck and the other Generals, 8 of them, and 529 Officers,—Finck, Wunsch, Wolfersdorf, Mosel (of the Olmütz Convoy), not to mention others of known worth, this is itself a sore loss to Friedrich, and in present circumstances an irreparable.¹

¹ Seyfarth, ii. 576; in *Helden-Geschichte* (v. 1115), the Vienna Account.

The outburst and paroxysm of Gazetteer rumor, which arose in Europe over this, must be left to the imagination; still more the whirlwind of astonishment, grief, remorse and indignation that raged in the heart of Friedrich on first hearing of it. "The Caudine Forks;" "Scene of Pirna over again, in reverse form;" "Is not your King at last over with it?" said and sang multifariously the Gazetteers. As counter-chorus to which, in a certain Royal Heart: "That miserable purblind Finck, unequal to his task;—that overhasty I, who drove him upon it! This disgrace, loss nigh ruinous; in fine, this infernal Campaign (*cette Campagne infernale*)!" The Anecdote-Books abound in details of Friedrich's behavior at Wilsdruf that day; mythical all, or in good part, but symbolizing a ease that is conceivable to everybody. Or would readers care to glance into the very fact with their own eyes? As happens to be possible.

1°. *Before Maxen: Friedrich to D'Argens and Others.*

To D'Argens (Krögis, 15th November, order for Maxen just given). "Yesterday I joined the Army [day before yesterday, but took the field yesterday], and Daun decamped. I have followed him thus far, and will continue it to the frontiers of Bohemia. Our measures are so taken [Finck, to wit], that he will not get out of Saxony without considerable losses. Yesterday cost him 500 men taken at Krögis here. Every movement he makes will cost him as many." ¹

To Voltaire (Wilsdruf, 17th November). "We are verging on the end of our Campaign: and I will write to you in eight days from Dresden, with more composure and coherency than now." ²

To the same (Wilsdruf, 19th November). "The Austrians are packing off to Bohemia,—where, in reprisal for the incendiary operations they have done in my countries, I have burnt them two big magazines. I render the beatified Hero's

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 101.

² *Ib.* xxiii. 66.

retreat as difficult as possible; and I hope he will come upon some bad adventures within a few days.”¹

Same day and place, to D'Argens. A volley of most rough-paced off-hand Rhyming, direct from the heart; “*Ode* [as he afterwards terms it, or irrepressible extempore *Lilt*] *to Fortune* :”

“*Marquis, quel changement*, what a change! I, a poor heretic creature, never blessed by the Holy Father; indeed, little frequenting Church, nor serving either Baal or the God of Israel; held down these many months, and reported by more than one shaven scoundrel [priest-pamphleteer at Vienna] to be quite extinct, and gone vagabond over the world, — see how capricious Fortune, after all her hundred preferences of my rivals, lifts me with helpful hand from the deep, and packs this Hero of the Hat and Sword, — whom Popes have blessed what they could, and who has walked in Pilgrimage before now [to Marienzell once, I believe, publicly at Vienna], — out of Saxony; panting, harassed goes he, like a stranger dog from some kitchen where the cook had flogged him out!”² . . . (A very exultant *Lilt*, and with a good deal more of the chanticleer in it than we are used to in this King!)

2°. *After Maxen.*

To D'Argens (Wilsdruf, 22d November). “Do with that [some small piece of business] whatever you like, my dear Marquis. I am so stupefied (*étourdi*) with the misfortune which has befallen General Finck, that I cannot recover from my astonishment. It deranges all my measures; it cuts me to the quick. Ill-luck, which persecutes my old age, has followed me from the Mark [Kunersdorf, in the Mark of Brandenburg] to Saxony. I will still strive what I can. The little *Ode* I sent you, addressed *To Fortune*, had been written too soon! One should not sing victory till the battle is over. I am so crushed down by these incessant reverses and disasters, that I wish a thousand times I were dead; and from day

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 66.

² *Ib.* xix. 103–106

to day I grow wearier of dwelling in a body worn out and condemned to suffer. I am writing to you in the first moment of my grief. Astonishment, sorrow, indignation, scorn, all blended together, lacerate my soul. Let us get to the end, then, of this execrable Campaign; I will then write to you what is to become of me; and we will arrange the rest. Pity me;—and make no noise about me; bad news go fast enough of themselves. Adieu, dear Marquis.”¹

All this, of course, under such pressing call of actualities, had very soon to transform itself into silence; into new resolution, and determinate despatch of business. But the King retained a bitter memory of it all his days. To Finck he was inexorable:—ordered him, the first thing on his return from Austrian Captivity, Trial by Court-Martial; which (Ziethen presiding, June, 1763) censured Finck in various points, and gave him, in supplement to the Austrian detention, a Year’s Imprisonment in Spandau. No ray of pity visible for him, then or afterwards, in the Royal mind. So that the poor man had to beg his dismissal; get it, and go to Denmark for new promotion and appreciation. — “Far too severe!” grumbled the Opposition voices, with secret counter-severity. And truly it would have been more beautiful to everybody, for the moment, to have made matters soft to poor Finck,—had Friedrich ever gone on that score with his Generals and Delegates; which, though the reverse of a cruel man, he never did. And truly, as we often observe, the Laws of Fact are still severer than Friedrich was:—so that, in the long-run, perhaps it is beautifulest of all for a King, who is just, to be rhadamanthine in important cases.

Exulting Daun, instead of Bohemia for winter-quarters, pushes out now for the prize of Saxony itself. Daun orders Beck to attack suddenly another Outpost of Friedrich’s, which stands rearward of him at Meissen, under a General Dierecke, — the same whom, as Colonel Dierecke, we saw march out of flaming Zittau, summer gone two years. Beck goes in accord-

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 107.

ingly, 3d December; attacks Dierecke, not by surprise, but with overwhelming superiority; no reinforcement possible: Dierecke is on the wrong side of the Elbe, no retreat or reinforcement for him; has to fight fiercely all day, Meissen Bridge being in a broken state; then, at night, to ship his people across in Elbe boats, which are much delayed by the floating ice, so that daylight found 1,500 of them still on that northern side; all of whom, with General Dierecke himself, were made prisoners by Beck.¹ A comfortable supplement to Maxen, though not of the same magnificence.

After which, Daun himself issued minatory from the Plauen Chasm; expecting, as all the world did, that Friedrich, who is 36,000 of Unfortunate against, say, 72,000 of Triumphant, will, under penalty, take himself away. But it proved otherwise. "If you beat us, Excellency Feldmarschall, yes; but till then —!" Friedrich draws out in battalia; Leo in wild ragged state and temper, *versus* Bos in the reverse: "Come on, then!" Rhinoceros Bos, though in a high frame of mind, dare not, on cool survey; but retires behind the Plauen Chasm again. Will at least protect Dresden from recapture; and wait here, in the interim; carting his provision out of Bohemia, — which is a rough business, with Elbe frozen, and the passes in such a choked wintry state. Upon whom Friedrich, too, has to wait under arms, in grim neighborhood, for six weeks to come: such a time as poor young Archenholtz never had before or after.² It was well beyond New-year's day before Friedrich could report of himself, and then only in a sense, as will be seen: "We retired to this poor cottage [cottage still standing, in the little Town of Freyberg]; Daun did the like; and this unfortunate Campaign, as all things do, came actually to an end."

Daun holds Dresden and the Dell of Plauen; but Saxony, to the world's amazement, he is as far as ever from holding. "Daun's front is a small arc of a circle, bending round from Dresden to Dippoldiswalde; Friedrich is at Freyberg in a bigger concave arc, concentric to Daun, well overlapping Daun

¹ Tempelhof, iii. 321: "3d-4th December, 1759."

² Archenholtz, ii. 11-13.

on that southward or landward side, and ready for him, should he stir out; Kesselsdorf is his nearest post to Daun; and the Plauen Chasm for boundary, which was not overpassed by either." In Dresden, and the patch of hill-country to the southeastward of it by Elbe side, which is instep or glacis of the Pirna rock-country, seventy square miles or so, there rules Daun; and this — with its heights of Gahmig, valuable as a defence for Dresden against Austria, but not otherwise of considerable value — was all that Daun this year, or pretty much in any coming year, could realize of conquest in Saxony.

Fabius Cunctator has not succeeded, as the public expected. In fact, ever since that of Hochkirch and the Papal Hat, he has been a waning man, more and more questionable to the undiscerning public. Maxen was his last gleam upwards; a round of applause rose again on Maxen, feeble in comparison with Hochkirch, but still arguing hope, — which, after this, more and more died out; so that in two years more, poor Madam Daun, going to Imperial Levee, "had her state-carriage half filled with nightcaps, thrown into it by the Vienna people, in token of her husband's great talent for sleep."¹

CHAPTER VIII.

MISCELLANEA IN WINTER-QUARTERS, 1759-1760.

FRIEDRICH was very loath to quit the field this Winter. In spite of Maxen and ill-luck and the unfavorable weather, it still was, for about two months, his fixed purpose to recapture Dresden first, and drive Daun home. "Had I but a 12,000 of Auxiliaries to guard my right flank, while trying it!" said he. Ferdinand magnanimously sent him the Hereditary Prince with 12,000, who stayed above two months;² and Friedrich

¹ Archenholtz (Anno 1762, "last Siege of Schweidnitz").

² "Till February 15th;" List of the Regiments (German all), in *Seyfarth*, ii. 578 n.

did march about, attempting that way,¹—pushed forward to Maguire and Dippoldiswalde, looked passionately into Maguire on all sides; but found him, in those frozen chasms, and rock-labyrinths choked with snow, plainly unattackable; him and everybody, in such frost-element;—and renounced the passionate hope.

It was not till the middle of January that Friedrich put his troops into partial cantonments, Head-quarter Freyberg; troops still mainly in the Villages from Wilsdruf and southward, close by their old Camp there. Camp still left standing, guarded by Six Battalions; six after six, alternating week about: one of the grimmest camps in Nature; the canvas roofs grown mere ice-plates, the tents mere sanctuaries of frost:—never did poor young Archenholtz see such industry in dragging wood-fuel, such boiling of biscuits in broken ice, such crowding round the embers to roast one side of you, while the other was freezing.² But Daun's people, on the opposite side of Plauen Dell, did the like; their tents also were left standing in the frozen state, guarded by alternating battalions, no better off than their Prussian neighbors. This of the Tents, and Six frost-bitten Battalions guarding them, lasted till April. An extraordinary obstinacy on the part both of Daun and of Friedrich; alike jealous of even seeming to yield one inch more of ground.

The Hereditary Prince, with his 12,000, marched home again in February; indeed, ever after the going into cantonments, all use of the Prince and his Force here visibly ceased; and, on the whole, no result whatever followed those strenuous antagonisms, and frozen tents left standing for three months; and things remained practically what they were. So that, as the grand "Peace Negotiations" also came to nothing, we might omit this of Winter-quarters altogether; and go forward to the opening of Campaign Fifth;—were it not that characteristic features do otherwise occur in it, curious little unveilings of the secret hopes and industries of

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 32. Old Newspaper rumors: in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxix. 605, "29th December," &c.

² Archenholtz (*ut supra*), ii. 11-15.

Friedrich :— besides which, there have minor private events fallen out, not without interest to human readers. For whose behoof mainly a loose intercalary Chapter may be thrown together here.

Serene Highness of Würtemberg, at Fulda (November 30th, 1759), *is just about "firing Victoria," and giving a Ball to Beauty and Fashion, in Honor of a certain Event ;— but is unpleasantly interrupted.*

November 21st, the very day while Finck was capitulating in the Hills of Maxen, Duke Ferdinand, busy ever since his Victory at Minden, did, after a difficult Siege of Münster, Siege by Imhof, with Ferdinand protecting him, get Münster into hand again, which was reckoned a fine success to him. Very busy has the Duke been : industriously reaping the fruits of his Victory at Minden ; and this, the conclusive rooting out of the French from that Westphalian region, is a very joyful thing ; and puts Ferdinand in hopes of driving them over the Mayn altogether. Which some think he would have done ; had not he, with magnanimous oblivion of self and wishes, agreed to send the Hereditary Prince and those 12,000 to assist in Friedrich's affairs, looking upon that as the vital point in these Allied Interests. Friedrich's attempts, we have said, turned out impossible ; nor would the Hereditary Prince and his 12,000, though a good deal talked about in England and elsewhere,¹ require more than mention ; were it not that on the road thither, at Fulda ("Fulda is half-way house to Saxony," thinks Ferdinand, "should Pitt and Britannie Majesty be pleased to consent, as I dare presume they will"), the Hereditary Prince had, in his swift way, done a thing useful for Ferdinand himself, and which caused a great emotion, chiefly of laughter, over the world, in those weeks.

"No Enemy of Friedrich's," says my Note, "is of feller humor than the Serenity of Würtemberg, Karl Eugen, Reigning Duke of that unfortunate Country ; for whom, in past

¹ Walpole, *George Second*, iii. 248 (in a sour Opposition tone) ; &c. &c.

days, Friedrich had been so fatherly, and really took such pains. 'Fatherly? *Step*-fatherly, you mean; and for his own vile uses!' growled the Serenity of Würtemberg:—always an ominous streak of gloom in that poor man; streak which is spread now to whole skies of boiling darkness, owing to deliriums there have been! Enough, Karl Eugen, after divorcing his poor Wife, had distinguished himself by a zeal without knowledge, beyond almost all the enemies of Friedrich;—and still continues in that bad line of industry. His poor Wife he has made miserable in some measure; also himself; and, in a degree, his poor soldiers and subjects, who are with him by compulsion in this Enterprise. The Würtembergers are Protestants of old type; and want no fighting against 'the Protestant Hero,' but much the reverse! Serene Karl had to shoot a good few of these poor people, before they would march at all; and his procedures were indeed, and continued to be, of a very crying nature, though his poor Populations took them silently. Always something of perverse in this Serene Highness; has it, I think, by kind.

"Besides his quota to the Reich, Karl Eugen has 12,000 more on foot,—and it is of them we are treating at present. In 1757 he had lent these troops to the Empress Queen, for a consideration; it was they that stood on the Austrian left, at Leuthen; and were the first that got beaten, and had to cease standing,—as the Austrians were abundantly loud in proclaiming. To the disgust of Serene Highness: 'Which of you did stand, then? Was it their blame, led as they were?' argued he. And next year, 1758, after Crefeld, he took his 12,000 to the French ('subsidy,' or consideration, 'to be paid in *salt*,' it appears¹); with whom they marched about, and did nothing considerable. The Serenity had pleaded, 'I must command them myself!' 'You?' said Belleisle, and would not hear of it. Next year again, however, that is 1759, the Duke was positive, 'I must;' Belleisle not less so, 'You cannot;'—till Minden fell out; and then, in the wreck of Conrads, Belleisle had to consent. Serenity of Würtemberg, at that late season, took the field accordingly; and Broglio now

¹ *Œuvre de Frédéric*, v. 10.

has him at Fulda, 'To cut off Ferdinand from Cassel;' to threaten Ferdinand's left flank and his provision-carts in that quarter. May really become unpleasant there to Ferdinand;—and ought to be cut out by the Hereditary Prince. 'To Fulda, then, and cut him out!'

"*Fulda, Friday, 30th November, 1759.* Serene Highness is lying here for a week past; abundantly strong for the task on hand, — has his own 12,000, supplemented by 1,000 French Light Horse; — but is widely scattered withal, posted in a kind of triangular form; his main posts being Fulda itself, and a couple of others, each thirty miles from Fulda, and five miles from one another, — with 'patrols to connect them,' better or worse. Abundantly strong for the task, and in perfect security; and indeed intends this day to 'fire *victoria*' for the Catastrophe at Maxen, and in the evening will give a Ball in farther honor of so salutary an event: — when, about 9 A.M., news arrives at the gallop, 'Brunswickers in full march; are within an hour of the Town-Bridge!' Figure to what flurry of Serene Highness; to the *victoria*-shooting apparatus; of busy man-milliner people, and the Beauty and Fashion of Fulda in general!

"The night before, a rumor of the French Post being driven in by somebody had reached Serene Highness; who gave some vague order, not thinking it of consequence. Here, however, is the Fact come to hand in a most urgent and undeniable manner! Serene Highness gets on horseback; but what can that help? One cannon (has nothing but light cannon) he does plant on the Bridge; but see, here come premonitory bomb-shells one and another, terrifying to the mind; — and a single Hessian dragoon, plunging forward on the one unready cannon, and in the air making horrid circles, — the gunners leave said cannon to him, take to their heels; and the Bridge is open. The rest of the affair can be imagined. Retreat at our swiftest, 'running fight,' we would fain call it, by various roads; lost two flags, two cannon; prisoners were above 1,200, many of them Officers. 'A merciful Providence saved the Duke's Serene Person from hurt,' say the Stuttgart Gazetteers: which was true, — Serene Highness having been in-

spired to gallop instantly to rearward and landward, leaving an order to somebody, 'Do the best you can!'

"So that the Ball is up; dress-pumps and millineries getting all locked into their drawers again, — with abundance of te-hee-ing (I hope, mostly in a light vein) from the fair creatures disappointed of their dance for this time. Next day Serene Highness drew farther back, and next day again farther, — towards Frankenland and home, as the surest place; — and was no more heard of in those localities."¹

Making his first exit, not yet quite his final, from the War-Theatre, amid such tempests of haha-ing and te-hee-ing. With what thoughts in his own lofty opaque mind; — like a crowned mule, of such pace and carriage, who had unexpectedly stepped upon galvanic wires! —

As to those poor Würtembergers, and their notion of the "Protestant Hero," I remark farther, that there is a something of real truth in it. Friedrich's Creed, or Theory of the Universe, differed extremely, in many important points, from that of Dr. Martin Luther: but in the vital all-essential point, what we may call the heart's core of all Creeds which are human, human and not simious or diabolic, the King and the Doctor were with their whole heart at one: That it is not allowable, that it is dangerous and abominable, to attempt believing what is not true. In that sense, Friedrich, by nature and position, was a Protestant, and even the chief Protestant in the world. What kind of "Hero," in this big War of his, we are gradually learning; — in which too, if you investigate, there is not wanting something of "*Protestant Heroism*," even in the narrow sense. For it does appear, — Maria Theresa having a real fear of God, and poor Louis a real fear of the Devil, whom he may well feel to be getting dangerous purchase over him, — some hope-gleams of acting upon Schism, and so meriting Heaven, did mingle with their high terrestrial combinations, on this unique opportunity, more than are now supposed in careless History-Books.

¹ Buchholz, ii. 332; Mauvillon, ii. 80; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 1184–1193; Old Newspapers, in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxix. 603.

What is Perpetual President Maupertuis doing, all this While? Is he still in Berlin; or where in the Universe is he? Alas, poor Maupertuis!

In the heat of this Campaign, "July 27th," — some four days after the Battle of Züllichau, just while Friedrich was hurrying off for that Intersection at Sagan, and breathless Hunt of Loudon and Haddick, — poor Maupertuis had quitted this world. July 27th, 1759; at Basel, on the Swiss Borders, in his friend Bernouilli's house, after long months of sickness painfully spent there. And our poor Perpetual President, at rest now from all his Akakia burns, and pains and labors in flattening the Earth and otherwise, is gone.

Many beautifuler men have gone within the Year, of whom we can say nothing. But this is one whose grandly silent, and then occasionally fulminant procedures, Akakia controversies, Olympian solemnities and flamy pirouettings under the contradiction of sinners, we once saw; and think with a kind of human pathos that we shall see no more. From his goose of an adorer, La Beaumelle, I have riddled out the following particulars, chiefly chronological, — and offer them to susceptible readers. La Beaumelle is, in a sort, to be considered the speaker; or La Beaumelle and this Editor in concert.

Final Pilgrimings of the Perpetual President. "Maupertuis had quitted Berlin soon after Voltaire. That threat of visiting Voltaire with pistols, — to be met by 'my syringe and vessel of dishonor' on Voltaire's part, — was his last memorability in Berlin. His last at that time; or indeed altogether, for he saw little of Berlin farther.

"End of April, 1753, he got leave of absence; set out homewards, for recovery of health. Was at Paris through summer and autumn: very taciturn in society; 'preferred pretty women to any man of science;' would sententiously say a strong thing now and then, 'bitter but not without *bonhomie*,' shaking slightly his yellow wig. Disdainful, to how high a degree, of *Akakia* brabbles, and Voltaire gossip for or against! In

winter went to St. Malo; found his good Father gone; but a loving Sister still there.

"June, 1754, the King wrote to him, '*Venez vite*, Come quickly:' July, 1754, he came accordingly,¹ saw Berlin again; did nothing noticeable there, except get worse in health; and after eleven months, June, 1756, withdrew again on leave, — never to return this time, though he well intended otherwise. But at St. Malo, when, after a month or two of Paris, he got thither (Autumn, 1756), and still more, next summer, 1757, when he thought of leaving St. Malo, — what wars, and rumors of war, all over the world!

"June, 1757, he went to Bordeaux, intending to take ship for Hamburg, and return; but the sea was full of English cruisers [Pitt's Descents lying in store for St. Malo itself]. No getting to Berlin by the Hamburg or sea route! 'Never mind, then,' wrote the King: 'Improve your health; go to Italy, if you can.'

"Summer, 1757, Maupertuis made for Italy; got as far as Toulouse; — stayed there till May following; sad, tragically stoical; saying, sparingly, and rather to women than men, strong things, admired by the worthier sort. Renounced thoughts of Italy: 'Europe bleeding, and especially France and Prussia, how go idly touring?'

"May, 1758, Maupertuis left Toulouse: turned towards Berlin; slow, sad, circuitous; — never to arrive. Saw Narbonne, Montpellier, Nîmes; with what meditations! At Lyons, under honors sky-high, health getting worse, stays two months; vomits clots of blood there. Thence, July 24th, to Neuchâtel and the Lord Marischal; happy there for three months. Hears there of Professor König's death (*Akakia* König): 'One scoundrel less in the world,' ejaculated he; 'but what is one!' — October 16th, to the road again, to Basel; stays perforce, in Bernouilli's house there, all Winter; health falling lower and lower.

"April, 1759, one day he has his carriage at the door ('Homeward, at all rates!'): but takes violent spasms in the carriage; can't; can no farther in this world. Lingers here, under kind

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 49.

care, for above three months more : dying slowly, most painfully. With much real stoicism ; not without a stiff-jointed algebraic kind of piety, almost pathetic in its sort. 'Two Capuchins from a neighboring Convent daily gave him consolations,' not entirely satisfactory ; for daily withal, 'unknown to the Capuchins, he made his Valet, who was a Protestant, read to him from the Geneva Bible ;' — and finds many things hard to the human mind. July 27th, 1759, he died." ¹

Poor Maupertuis ; a man of rugged stalwart type ; honest ; of an ardor, an intelligence, not to be forgotten for La Beaumelle's pulings over them. A man of good and even of high talent ; unlucky in mistaking it for the highest ! His poor Wife, a born Borck, — hastening from Berlin, but again and again delayed by industry of kind friends, and at last driving on in spite of everything, — met, in the last miles, his Hearse and Funeral Company. Adieu, a pitying adieu to him forever, — and even to his adoring La Beaumelle, who is rather less a blockhead than he generally seems.

This of the Two Capuchins, the last consummation of collapse in man, is what Voltaire cannot forget, but crows over with his shrillest mockery ; and seldom mentions Maupertuis without that last touch to his life-drama.

Grand French Invasion-Scheme comes entirely to Wreck (Quiberon Bay, 20th November, 1759) : of Controller-General Silhouette, and the Outlooks of France, financial and other.

On the very day of Maxen, Tuesday, November 20th, the grand French Invasion found its terminus, — not on the shores of Britain, but of Brittany, to its surprise. We saw Rodney burn the Flat-bottom manufactory at Havre ; Boscawen chase the Toulon Squadron, till it ended on the rocks of Lagos. From January onwards, as was then mentioned, Hawke had been keeping watch, off Brest Harbor, on Admiral Conflans, who presides there over multifarious preparations, with the

¹ La Beaumelle, *Vie de Maupertuis*, pp. 196–216.

last Fleet France now has. At Vannes, where Hawke likewise has ships watching, are multifarious preparations; new Flat-bottoms, 18,000 troops, — could Conflans and they only get to sea. At the long last, they did get; — in manner following: —

“November 9th, a wild gale of wind had blown Hawke out of sight; away home to Torbay, for the moment. ‘Now is the time!’ thought Conflans, and put to sea (November 14th); met by Hawke, who had weighed from Torbay to his duty; and who, of course, crowded every sail, after hearing that Conflans was out. At break of day, November 20th [in the very hours when poor Finck was embattling himself round Maxen, and Daun sprawling up upon him through the Passes], Hawke had had signal, ‘A Fleet in sight;’ and soon after, ‘Conflans in sight,’ — and the day of trial come.

“Conflans is about the strength of Hawke, and France expects much of him; but he is not expecting Hawke. Conflans is busy, at this moment, in the mouth of Quiberon Bay, opening the road for Vannes and the 18,000; — in hot chase, at the moment, of a Commodore Duff and his small Squadron, who have been keeping watch there, and are now running all they can. On a sudden, to the astonishment of Conflans, this little Squadron whirls round, every ship of it (with a sky-rending cheer, could he hear it), and commences chasing! Conflans, taking survey, sees that it is Hawke; he, sure enough, coming down from windward yonder at his highest speed; and that chasing will not now be one’s business! —

“About 11 A.M. Hawke is here; eight of his vanward ships are sweeping on for action. Conflans, at first, had determined to fight Hawke; and drew up accordingly, and did try a little: but gradually thought better of it; and decided to take shelter in the shoaly coasts and nooks thereabouts, which were unknown to Hawke, and might ruin him if he should pursue, the day being short, and the weather extremely bad. Weather itself almost to be called a storm. ‘Shoreward, then; eastward, every ship!’ became, ultimately, Conflans’s plan. On the whole, it was 2 in the afternoon before Hawke, with those vanward Eight, could get clutch of Conflans. And truly he

did then strike his claws into him in a thunderously fervid manner, he and all hands, in spite of the roaring weather:—a man of falcon, or accipitral, nature as well as name.

“Conflans himself fought well; as did certain of the others, —all, more or less, so long as their plan continued steady:—thunderous miscellany of cannon and tempest; Conflans with his plan steady, or Conflans with his plan wavering, *versus* those vanward Eight, for two hours or more. But the scene was too dreadful; this ship sinking, that obliged to strike; things all going awry for Conflans. Hawke, in his own Flag-ship, bore down specially on Conflans in his, —who did wait, and exchange a couple of broadsides; but then sheered off, finding it so heavy. French Vice-Admiral next likewise gave Hawke a broadside; one only, and sheered off, satisfied with the return. Some Four others, in succession, did the like; ‘One blast, as we hurry by’ (making for the shore, mostly)! So that Hawke seemed swallowed in volcanoes (though, indeed, their firing was very bad, such a flurry among them), and his Blue Flag was invisible for some time, and various ships were hastening to help him,—till a Fifth French ship coming up with her broadside, Hawke answered her in particular (*La Superbe*, a Seventy-four) with all his guns together; which sent the poor ship to the bottom, in a hideously sudden manner. One other (the *Thésée*) had already sunk in fighting; two (the *Soleil* and the *Héros*) were already running for it,—the *Héros* in a very *unheroic* manner! But on this terrible plunge-home of the *Superbe*, the rest all made for the shore;—and escaped into the rocky intricacies and the darkness. Four of Conflans’s ships were already gone, —struck, sunk, or otherwise extinct, —when darkness fell, and veiled Conflans and his distresses. ‘Country people, to the number of 10,000,’ crowded on the shore, had been seen watching the Battle; and, ‘as sad witnesses of the White Flag’s disgrace,’ disappeared into the interior.”¹

It was such a night as men never witnessed before. Walpole says: “The roaring of the elements was redoubled by the

¹ Beatson, ii. 327–345; and Ib. iii. 244–250. In *Gentleman’s Magazine*, (xxix. 557), “A Chaplain’s Letter,” &c.

thunder from our ships; and both concurred in that scene of horror to put a period to the Navy and hopes of France. Seven ships of the line got into the River Vilaine [lay there fourteen months, under strict watching, till their backs were broken, "thumping against the shallow bottom every tide," and only "three, with three frigates," ever got out again]; eight more escaped to different ports," into the River Charente ultimately. "Conflans's own ship and another were run on shore, and burnt. One we took." Two, with their crews, had gone to the bottom; one under Hawke's cannon; one partly by its own mismanagement. "Two of ours were lost in the storm [chasing that *Soleil* and *Héros*], but the crews saved. Lord Howe, who attacked *La Formidable*, bore down on her with such violence, that her prow forced in his lower tier of guns. Captain Digby, in the *Dunkirk*, received the fire of twelve of the enemy's ships, and lost not a man. Keppel's was full of water, and he thought it sinking: a sudden squall emptied his ship; but he was informed all his powder was wet; 'Then,' said he, 'I am sorry I am safe.' They came and told him a small quantity was undamaged; 'Very well,' said he; 'then attack again.' Not above eight of our ships were engaged in obtaining that decisive victory. The Invasion was heard of no more."¹

Invasion had been fully intended, and even, in these final days, considerably expected. In the old London Newspapers we read this notice: *Monday, November 19th*: "To-day there came Three Expresses," — Three Expresses, with what haste in their eyes, testifying successively of Conflans's whereabouts. But it was believed that Hawke would still manage. And, at any rate, Pitt wore such a look, — and had, in fact, made such preparation on the coasts, even in failure of Hawke, — there was no alarm anywhere. Indignation rather; — and naturally,

¹ Walpole, *George Second*, iii. 232. — Here is the List, accurately riddled out: 1. *Formidable*, struck (about 4 P.M.): 2. *Thésée*, sunk (by a tumble it made, while in action, under an unskilful Captain): 3. *Superbe*, sunk: 4. *Héros*, struck; could not be boarded, such weather; and recommenced next day, but had to run and strand itself, and be burnt by the English; — as did (5.) the *Soleil Royal* (Conflans's Flagship), Conflans and crew (like those of the *Héros*) getting out in time.

when the news did come, what an outburst of Illumination in the windows and the hearts of men !

“Hawke continued watching the mouths of the Vilaine and Charente Rivers for a good while after, and without interruption henceforth, — till the storms of Winter had plainly closed them for one season. Supplies of fresh provisions had come to him from England all Summer ; but were stopped latterly by the wild weather. Upon which, in the Fleet, arose this gravely pathetic Stave of Sea-Poetry, with a wrinkle of briny humor grinning in it : —

Till Hawke did bang Monsieur Conflans [*Congflang*],
You sent us beef and beer ;
Now Monsieur 's beat, we've nought to eat,
Since you have nought to fear.”¹

The French mode of taking this catastrophe was rather peculiar. Hear Barbier, an Eye-witness ; dating *Paris, December, 1759* : “Since the first days of December, there has been cried, and sold in the streets, a Printed Detail of all that concerns the *Grand Invasion* projected this long while : to wit, the number of Ships of the Line, of Frigates, Galiots, — among others 500 Flat-bottomed Boats, which are to carry over, and land in England, more than 54,000 men ; — with list of the Regiments, and number of the King's Guards, that are also to go : there are announced for Generals-in-Chief, M. le Prince de Conti [do readers remember him since the Broglio-Maillebois time, and how King Louis prophesied in autograph that he would be “the Grand Conti” one day ?] — Prince de Conti, Prince de Soubise [left his Conquest of Frankfurt for this greater Enterprise], and Milord Thomont [Irish Jacobite, whom I don't know]. As sequel to this Detail, there is a lengthy Song on the *Disembarkment in England*, and the fear the English must have of it !” Calculated to astonish the practical forensic mind.

“It is inconceivable,” continues he, “how they have permitted such a Piece to be printed ; still more to be cried, and sold price one halfpenny (*deux liards*). This Song is indecent,

¹ Beatson, ii. 342 n.

in the circumstances of the actual news from our Fleet at Brest (20th of last month);—in regard to which bad adventure M. le Marquis de Conflans has come to Versailles, to justify himself, and throw the blame on M. le Marquis de Beauffremont [his Rear-Admiral, now safe in the Charente, with eight of our poor ships]. Such things are the more out of place, as we are in a bad enough position,—no Flat-bottoms stirring from the ports, no Troops of the *Maison du Roi* setting out; and have reason to believe that we are now to make no such attempt.”¹

Silhouette, the Controller-General, was thought to have a creative genius in finance: but in the eighth month of his gestation, what phenomena are these? October 26th, there came out Four Decrees of Council, setting forth, That, “as the expenses of the War exceed not only the King’s ordinary revenues, but the extraordinaries he has had to lay on his people, there is nothing for it but,” in fact, Suspension of Payment; actual Temporary Bankruptcy:—“Cannot pay you; part of you not for a year, others of you not till the War end; will give you 5 per cent interest instead.” Coupled with which, by the same creative genius, is a Declaration in the King’s name, “That the King compels nobody, but does invite all and sundry of loyal mind to send their Plate (on loan, of course, and with due receipt for it) to the Mint to be coined, lest Majesty come to have otherwise no money,”—his very valets, as is privately known, having had no wages from him for ten months past.

Whereupon the rich Princes of the Blood, Duc d’Orléans foremost, and Official persons, Pompadour, Belleisle, Choiseul, do make an effort; and everybody that has Plate feels uneasily that he cannot use it, and that he ought to send it. And, November 5th, the King’s own Plate, packed ostentatiously in carts, went to the Mint;—the Dauphiness, noble Saxon Lady, had already volunteered with a silver toilet-table of hers, brand-new and of exquisite costly pattern; but the King forbade her. On such examples, everybody had to make an effort, or uneasily

¹ Barbier, iv. 336.

try to make one. King Friedrich, eight days after Maxen, is somewhat amused at these proceedings in the distance : —

“The kettles and spoons of the French seem to me a pleasant resource for carrying on War!” writes he to D’Argens.¹ “A bit of mummerly to act on the public feeling, I suppose. The result of it will be small: but as the Belleisle *Letters* [taken in Contades’s baggage, after Minden, and printed by Duke Ferdinand for public edification] make always such an outcry about poverty, those people are trying to impose on their enemies, and persuade them that the carved and chiselled silver of the Kingdom will suffice for making a vigorous Campaign. I see nothing else that can have set them on imagining the farce they are now at. There is Münster taken from them by the English-Hanoverian people; it is affirmed that the French, on the 25th, quitted Giessen, to march on Friedberg and repass the Rhine [might possibly have done so;—but the Hereditary Prince and his 12,000 come to be needed elsewhere!] — Poor we are opposite our enemies here, cantoned in the Villages about; the last truss of straw, the last loaf of bread will decide which of us is to remain in Saxony. And as the Austrians are extremely squeezed together, and can get nothing out of Böhmen,” — one hopes it will not be they!

All through November, this sending of Plate, I never knew with what net-result of moneys coinable, goes on in Paris; till, at the highest tables, there is nothing of silver dishes left; — and a new crockery kind (rather clumsy; “*culs noirs*,” as we derisively call them, pigment of *bottom* part being *black*) has had to be contrived instead. Under what astonishments abroad and at home, and in the latter region under what execrations on Silhouette, may be imagined. “*Tout le monde jure beaucoup contre M. de Silhouette*, All the world swears much against him,” says Barbier; — but I believe probably he was much to be pitied: “A creative genius, you; and this is what you come to?”

November 22d, the poor man got dismissed; France swearing at him, I know not to what depth; but howling and

¹ “Wilsdruf, 28th November, 1759,” *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 103.

hissing, evidently, with all its might. The very tailors and milliners took him up,—trousers without pockets, dresses without flounce or fold, which they called *à la Silhouette*:—and, to this day, in France and Continental Countries, the old-fashioned Shadow-Profile (mere outline, and vacant black) is practically called a *silhouette*. So that the very Dictionaries have him; and, like bad Count Reinhart, or *Reynard*, of earlier date, he has become a Noun Appellative, and is immortalized in that way. The first of that considerable Series of Creative Financiers, Abbé Terray and the rest,—brought in successively with blessings, and dismissed with cursings and hissings,—who end in Calonne, Loménie de Brienne, and what Mirabeau Père called “the General Overturn (*Culbute Générale*).” Thitherward, privately, straight towards the General Overturn, is France bound;—and will arrive in about thirty years.

Friedrich, strange to say, publishes (March-June, 1760) an Edition of his Poems. Question, “Who wrote Matinées du Roi de Prusse?”—for the second, and positively the last Time.

In this avalanche of impending destructions, what can be more surprising than to hear of the Editing of Poems on his Majesty’s part! Actual publication of that *Œuvre de Poésie*, for which Voltaire, poor gentleman, suffered such tribulation seven years ago. Now coming out from choice: Reprint of it, not now to the extent of twelve copies for highly special friends, but in copious thousands, for behoof of mankind at large! The thing cost Friedrich very little meditating, and had become necessary,—and to be done with speed.

Readers recollect the *Œuvre de Poésie*, and satirical hits said to be in it. At Paris, about New-year’s time 1760, some helpful Hand had contrived to bring out, under the pretended date “Potsdam,” a cheap edition of that interesting Work.¹ Merely in the way of theft, as appeared to cursory readers, to

¹ “*Œuvres du Philosophe de Sans-Souci*:” 1 vol. 12 mo, “Potsdam [Paris, in truth], 1760.”

D'Argens, for example:¹ but, in deeper fact, for the purpose of apprising certain Crowned Heads, friendly and hostile, — Czarish Majesty and George II. of England the main two, — what this poetizing King was pleased to think of them in his private moments. D'Argens declares himself glad of this theft, so exquisitely clever is the Book. But Friedrich knows better: "March 17th, when a Copy of it came to him," Friedrich sees well what is meant, — and what he himself has to do in it. He instantly sets about making a few suppressions, changes of phrase; sends the thing to D'Argens: "Publish at once, with a little prefatory word." And, at the top of his speed, D'Argens has, in three weeks' time, the suitable *Avant-propos*, or *Avis au Libraire*, "circulating in great quantities, especially in London and Petersburg" ("Thief Editor has omitted; and, what is far more, has malignantly interpolated: here is the poor idle Work itself, not a Counterfeit of it, if anybody care to read it"), and an Orthodox Edition ready.² The diligent Pirate Booksellers, at Amsterdam, at London, copiously reproduced this authorized Berlin Edition too, — or added excerpts from it to their reprints of the Paris one, by way of various-readings. And everybody read and compared, what nobody will now do; theme, and treatment of theme, being both now so heartily indifferent to us.

Who the Perpetrator of this Parisian maleficence was, remained dark; — and would not be worth inquiring into at all, except for two reasons intrinsically trifling, but not quite without interest to readers of our time. First, that Voltaire, whom some suspected (some, never much Friedrich, that I hear of), appears to have been perfectly innocent; — and indeed had been incapacitated for guilt, by Schmidt and Freytag, and their dreadful Frankfurt procedures! This is reason *first*; poor Voltaire mutely asking us, Not to load him with more

¹ His Letter to the King, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 138.

² "Came out April 9th [see *Mitchell*, ii. 153], and a second finer Edition in June:" in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, x. p. x, xix. 137 n., 138; especially in *Preuss*, i. 467, 468 (if you will compare him with *himself* on these different occasions, and patiently wind out his bit of meaning), all manner of minute details.

sins than his own. Reason *second* is, that, by a singular opportunity, there has, in these very months,¹ a glimmering of light risen on it to this Editor; illustrating two other points as well, which readers here are acquainted with, some time ago, as riddles of the insignificant sort. The *Demon Newswriter*, with his "*Idea*" of Friedrich, and the "*Matinées du Roi de Prusse*:" readers recollect both those Productions; both enigmatic as to authorship; — but both now become riddles which can more or less be read.

For the surprising circumstance (though in certain periods, when the realm of very Chaos re-emerges, fitfully, into upper sunshine now and then, nothing ought to surprise one as happening there) is, That, only a few months ago, the incomparable *Matinées* (known to my readers five years since) has found a new Editor and reviver. Editor illuminated "by the Secretary of the Great Napoleon," "by discovery of manuscripts," "by the Duc de Rovigo," and I know not what; animated also, it is said, by religious views. And, in short, the *Matinées* is again abroad upon the world, — "your London Edition twice reprinted in Germany, by the Jesuit party since" (much good may it do the Jesuit party!) — a *Matinées* again in comfortable circumstances, as would seem. Probably the longest-eared Platitude now walking the Earth, though there are a good many with ears long. Unconscious, seemingly, that it has been killed thrice and four times already; and that indeed, except in the realm of Nightmare, it never was alive, or needed any killing; belief in it, doubt upon it (I must grieve to inform the Duc de Rovigo and honorable persons concerned), being evidence conclusive that you have not yet the faintest preliminary shadow of correct knowledge about Friedrich or his habits or affairs, and that you ought first to try and acquire some.

To me argument on this subject would have been too unendurable. But argument there was on it, by persons capable and willing, more than one: and in result this surprising brand-new London moon-calf of a *Matinées* was smitten through, and slit in pieces, for the fifth time, — as if that could have hurt

¹ Spring, 1863.

it much! "*Mit der Dummheit*," sings Schiller; "Human Stupidity is stronger than the very Gods." However, in the course of these new inspections into matters long since obsolete, there did — what may truly be considered as a kind of profit by this Resuscitating of the moon-calf *Matinées* upon afflicted mankind, and is a net outcome from it, real, though very small — some light rise as to the origin and genesis of *Matinées*; some twinkles of light, and, in the utterly dark element, did disclose other monstrous extinct shapes looming to right and left of said monster: and, in a word, the Authorship of *Matinées*, and not of *Matinées* only, becomes now at last faintly visible or guessable. To one of those industrious Matadors, as we may call them, Slayers of this moon-calf for the fourth or fifth time, I owe the following Note; which, on verifying, I can declare to be trustworthy: —

"The Author of *Matinées*, it is nearly certain," says my Correspondent, "is actually a 'M. de Bonneville,' — contrary to what you wrote five years ago.¹ Not indeed the Bonneville who is found in Dictionaries, who is visibly impossible; but a Bonneville of the preceding generation, who was Maréchal de Saxe's Adjutant or Secretary, old enough to have been the Uncle or the Father of that revolutionary Bonneville. Maréchal de Saxe died November 30th, 1750; this senior Bonneville, still a young man, had been with him to Potsdam on visit there. Bonneville, conscious of genius, and now out of employment, naturally went thither again; lived a good deal there, or went between France and there: and authentic History knows of him, by direct evidence, and by reflex, the following Three Facts (the *second* of them itself threefold), of which I will distinguish the indubitable from the inferentially credible or as good as certain: —

"1°. Indubitable, That Bonneville sold to Friedrich certain Papers, military Plans, or the like, of the late Maréchal, and was paid for them; but by no means met the recognition his genius saw itself to merit. These things are certain, though not dated, or datable except as of the year 1750 or 1751. After which, for above twenty years, Bonneville entered upon

¹ A.D. 1858 (*suprà*, v. 165, 166).

a series of adventures, caliginous, underground, for most part; 'soldiering in America,' 'writing anonymous Pamphlets or Books,' roaming wide over the world; and led a busy but obscure and uncertain life, hanging by Berlin as a kind of centre, or by Paris and Berlin as his two centres; and had a miscellaneous series of adventures, subterranean many of them, unluminous all of them, not courting the light; which lie now in naturally a very dark condition. Dimly discernible, however, in the general dusk of Bonneville, dim and vague of outline, but definitely steady beyond what could have been expected, it does appear farther, — what alone entitles Bonneville to the least memory here, or anywhere in Nature now or henceforth, —

"2°. Inferentially credible, That, shortly after that first rebuff in Potsdam, he, not another, in 1752, was your '*Demon Newswriter*,' whom we gazed at, some time since, devoutly crossing ourselves, for a little while!

"Likewise that, in 1759-1760, after or before his American wanderings, he, the same Bonneville, as was suspected at the time,¹ stole and edited this surreptitious mischief-making *Œuvres du Philosophe de Sans-Souci* (Paris or Lyon, pretending to be 'Potsdam,' January, 1760)," which we are now considering! "Encouraged, probably enough, by Choiseul himself, who, in any case, is now known to have been the promoter of this fine bit of mischief,² — and who may thereupon [or may as probably, *not* "thereupon," if it were of the least consequence to gods or men] have opened to Bonneville a new military career in America? Career which led to as good as nothing; French soldiering in America being done for, in the course of 1760. Upon which Bonneville would return to his old haunts, to his old subterranean industries in Paris and Berlin.

¹ "Nicolai, *Ueber Zimmermanns Fragmente*, i. 181, 182, ii. 253, 254. Sketch of what is authentically known about Bonneville: 'suspected both of *Matinées* and of the *Stolen Edition*.'"

² Choiseul's own Note, "To M. de Malesherbes, *Directeur de la Librairie*, 10th December, 1759: 'By every method screen the King's Government from being suspected; — and get the Edition out at once.' " (Published in the *Constitutionnel*, 2d December, 1850, by M. Sainte-Beuve; copied in Preuss, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 168 n.)

"And that, finally, in 1765, he, as was again suspected at the time,¹ he and no other, did write those *Matinées*, which appeared next year in print (1766), and many times since; and have just been reprinted, as a surprising new discovery, at London, in Spring, 1863.

"3°. Again indubitable, That either after or before those Editorial exploits, Bonneville had sold the Maréchal de Saxe's Plans and Papers, which were already the King's, to some second person, and been a second time paid for them. And was, in regard to this Swindling exploit, found out; and by reason of that sale, or for what reason is not known, was put into Spandau, and, one hopes, ended his life there."²

Faet No. 2, which alone concerns us here, — and which, in its three successive stages, does curiously cohere with itself and with other things, — comes, therefore, not by direct light, which indeed, by the nature of the case, would be impossible. Not by direct light, but by various reflex lights, and convergence of probabilities old and new, which become the stronger the better they are examined; and may be considered as amounting to what is called a moral certainty, — "certain"

¹ "Nicolai, *Ueber Zimmermanns Fragmente*, i. 181, 182, ii. 253, 254. Sketch of what is authentically known about Bonneville: 'suspected both of *Matinées* and of the Stolen *Edition*.'

² "Nicolai, *ubi supra*; — and besides him, only the two following references, out of half a cart-load: 1°. Bachaumont, *Mémoires secrets*, '7th February, 1765' (see Barbier, *Dictionnaire des Anonymes*, § *Matinées*), who calls *Matinées* 'a development of the *Idée de la Personne*,' &c. (that is, of your '*Demon Newswriter*;' already known to Bachaumont, this '*Idée*,' it seems, as well as the *Matinées* in Manuscript). 2°. *Letter* of Grimm to Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha [*our* Duchess], dated 'Paris, 15th April, 1765:' not in printed *Correspondance de Grimm*, but still in the Archives of Gotha, in company with a MS. of *Matinées*, probably the oldest extant (see, — in the *Grenzboten* Periodical, Leipzig, 1863, pp. 473-484, 500-519, — K. Samwer, who is Chief *Malleus* of this new London moon-calf, and will inform the curious of every particular)."

Matinées was first printed 1766 (no place), and seven or eight times since, in different Countries; twice or thrice over, as "an interesting new discovery:" — very wearisome to this Editor; who read *Matinées* (in poor London print, that too) many years ago, — with complete satisfaction as to *Matinées*, and sincere wish not to touch it again even with a pair of tongs; — and has since had three "priceless MSS. of it" offered him, at low rates, as a guerdon to merit.

enough for an inquiry of that significance. To a kind of moral certainty : kind of moral consolation too ; only One individual of Adam's Posterity, not Three or more, having been needed in these multifarious acts of scoundrelism ; and that One receiving payment, or part payment, so prompt and appropriate, in the shape of a permanent cannon-ball at his ankle.

This is the one profit my readers or I have yet derived from the late miraculous Resuscitation of *Matinées Royales* ; the other items of profit in that Enterprise shall belong, not to us in the least measure, but to Bonneville, and to his well or ill disposed Coadjutors and Copartners in the Adventure. Adieu to it, and to him and to them, forever and a day !

Peace-Negotiations hopeful to Friedrich all through Winter ; but the French won't. Voltaire, and his Style of Corresponding.

This Winter there was talk of Peace, more specifically than ever. November 15th, at the Hague, as a neutral place, there had been, by the two Majesties, Britannic and Prussian, official *Declaration*, " We, for our part, deeply lament these horrors, and are ready to treat of Peace." This Declaration was presented November 15th, 1759, by Prince Ludwig of Brunswick (Head General of the Dutch, and a Brother of Prince Ferdinand our General's, suitable for such case), to the Austrian-French Excellencies at the Hague. By whom it had been received with the due politeness, " Will give it our profoundest consideration ; " ¹ — which indeed the French, for some time, privately did ; though the Austrians privately had no need to do so, being already fixed for a negative response to the proposal. But hereby rose actual talk of a " Congress ; " and wagging of Diplomatic wigs as to where it shall be. " In Breda," said some ; " Breda a place used to Congresses." " Why not in Nanci here ? " said poor old Ex-Polish Stanis-

¹ *Declaration* (by the two Majesties) that they are ready to treat of Peace, 15th November, 1759, presented by, &c. (as above) ; *Answer* from France, in stingy terms, and not till 3d April, 1760 : are in *London Gazette* ; in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxix. 603, xxx. 188 ; in &c. &c.

laus, alive to the calls of benevolence, poor old Titular soul. Others said "Leipzig;" others "Augsburg;" — and indeed in Augsburg, according to the Gazetteers, at one time, there were "upholsterers busy getting ready the apartments." So that, with such rumor in the Diplomatic circles, the Gazetteer and outer world was full of speculation upon Peace; and Friedrich had lively hopes of it, and had been hoping three months before, as we transiently saw, though again it came to nothing. All to nothing; and is not, in itself, worth the least attention from us here, — a poor extinct fact, loud in those months and filling the whole world, now silent and extinct to everybody, — except, indeed, that it offers physiognomic traits here and there of a certain King, and of those about him. For which reason we will dwell on it a few minutes longer.

Nobody, in that Winter 1759-1760, could guess where, or from whom, this big world-interesting Peace-Negotiation had its birth; as everybody now can, when nobody now is curious on the question! At Sagan, in September last, we all saw the small private source of it, its first outspurt into daylight; and read Friedrich's *Answers* to Voltaire and the noble Duchess on it: — for the sake of which Two private Correspondents, and of Friedrich's relation to them, possibly a few more Excerpts may still have a kind of interest, now when the thing corresponded on has ceased to have any. To the Duchess, a noble minded Lady, beautifully zealous to help if she could, by whose hand these multifarious Peace-Papers have to pass, this is always Friedrich's fine style in transmitting them. Out of many specimens, following that of Sagan which we gave, here are the Next Three: —

Friedrich to the Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha (Three other Letters on the "Peace").

1.

"WILSDRUF, 21st November, 1759 [day after Maxen, *surrender* was *this* morning — of which he has not heard].

"MADAM, — Nothing but your generosities and your indulgence could justify my incongruity [*incongruité*, in troubling you with the Enclosed]. You will have it, Madam, that I

shall still farther abuse those bounties, which are so precious to me: at least remember that it is by your order, if I forward through your hand this Letter, which does not merit such honor.

“Chance, which so insolently mocks the projects of men, and delights to build up and then pull down, has led us about, thus far, — to the end of the Campaign [not quite ended yet, if we knew]. The Austrians are girt in by the Elbe on this side; I have had two important Magazines of theirs in Bohemia destroyed [Kleist’s doing]. There have been some bits of fighting (*affaires*), that have turned entirely to our advantage: — so that I am in hopes of forcing M. Daun to repass the Elbe, to abandon Dresden, and to take the road for Zittau and Bohemia.

“I talk to you, Madam, of what I am surrounded with; of what, being in your neighborhood, may perhaps have gained your attention. I could go to much greater length, if my heart dared to explain itself on the sentiments of admiration, gratitude and esteem, with which I am, — Madam my Cousin, — Your most faithful Cousin, Friend and Servant, — F.”

2.

“FREYBERG, 18th December, 1759.

“MADAM, — You spoil me so by your indulgence, you so accustom me to have obligations to you, that I reproach myself a hundred times with this presumption. Certainly I should not continue to enclose these Letters to your care, had not I the hope that perhaps the Correspondence may be of some use to England, and even to Europe, — for without doubt Peace is the desirable, the natural and happy state for all Nations. It is to accelerate Peace, Madam, that I abuse your generosities. This motive excuses me to myself for the incongruity of my procedures.

“The goodness you have to take interest in my situation obliges me to give you some account of it. We have undergone all sorts of misfortune here [Maxen, what not], at the moment we were least expecting them. Nevertheless, there remains to us courage and hope; here are Auxiliaries [Heredi-

tary Prince and 12,000] on the point of arriving; there is reason to think that the end of our Campaign will be less frightful than seemed likely three weeks ago. May you, Madam, enjoy all the happiness that I wish you. May all the world become acquainted with your virtues, imitate them, and admire you as I do. May you be persuaded that . . . — F.”

3.

“FREYBERG, 16th February, 1760.

“MADAM, — It is to my great regret that I importune Your Highness so often with my Letters. Your bounties, Madam, have spoiled me; — it will teach you to be more chary of them to others. I regard you as an estimable Friend, to whose friendship I have recourse in straits. The question is still Peace, Madam; and were not the object of my importunities so beautiful, Madam, I should be inexcusable.” — Goes then into practical considerations, about “Cocceji” (King’s Aide-de-Camp, once Keith’s, who carries this Letter), about a “Herr von Edelsheim,” a “Bailli de Froulay,” and the possible “Conditions of Peace,” — not of consequence to us just now.¹

As to Voltaire again, and the new Friedrich-Voltaire Style of Correspondence, something more of detail will be requisite. Ever since the black days of 1757, when poor Wilhelmina, with Rossbach and Leuthen still hidden from her in a future gloomy as death, desperately brought Voltaire to bear upon Cardinal Tencin in this matter, without success, there has been a kind of regular corresponding between Voltaire and Friedrich; characteristic on both sides. A pair of Lovers hopelessly estranged and divorced; and yet, in a sense, unique and priceless to one another. The Past, full of heavenly radiances, which issued, alas, in flames and sooty conflagrations as of Erebus, — let us forget it, and be taught by it! The Past

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 174, 173, 172. Correspondence on this subject lasts from 22d September, 1759, to 8th May, 1760: *ib.* pp. 170-186. In that final Letter of 8th May is the phrase, hardly worth restoring to its real ownership, though the context considerably redeems it there, — “the prejudice I can’t get rid of, that, in war, *Dieu est pour les gros escadrons.*”

is painful, and has been too didactic to some of us : but here still is the Present with its Future ; better than blank nothing. Pleasant to hear the sound of that divine voice of my loved one, were it only in commonplace remarks on the weather, — perhaps intermixed with secret gibings on myself : — let us hear it while we can, amid those world-wide crashing discords and piping whirlwinds of war.

Friedrich sends his new Verses or light Proses, which he is ever and anon throwing off ; Voltaire sends his, mostly in print, and of more elaborate turn : they talk on matters that are passing round them, round this King, the centre of them, — Friedrich usually in a rather swaggering way (lest his Correspondent think of blabbing), and always with something of banter audible in him ; — as has Voltaire too, but in a finer *treble* tone, being always female in this pretty duet of parted lovers. It rarely comes to any scolding between them ; but there is or can be nothing of cordiality. Nothing, except in the mutual admiration, which one perceives to be sincere on both sides ; and also, in the mutual practical estrangement : “ Nothing more of you, — especially of *you*, Madam, — as a practical domestic article ! ”

After long reading, with Historical views, in this final section of the Friedrich-Voltaire Correspondence, at first so barren otherwise and of little entertainment, one finds that this too, when once you *can* “ read ” it (that is to say, when the scene and its details are visible to you), becomes highly dramatic, Shakspearean-comic or more, for this is Nature’s self, who far excels even Shakspeare ; — and that the inextricably dark condition of these Letters is a real loss to the ingenuous reader, and especially to the student of Friedrich. Among the frequently recurring topics, one that oftenest turns up on Voltaire’s side is that of Peace : Oh, if your Majesty would but make Peace ! Does it depend on me ? thinks Friedrich always ; and is, at last, once provoked to say so : —

Friedrich to Voltaire.

“REICH-HENNERSDORF, 2d July, 1759 [shortly before Schmöttseifen, while waiting Daun’s slow movements].

“Asking *me* for Peace: there is a bitter joke!—[In versé, this; flings off a handful of crackers on the *Bien-Aimé*, whose Chamberlain you are, on the *Hongroise qu’il adore*, on the Russian *que j’abhorre*;—then continues in prose]:

“It is to him,” the Well-beloved Louis, “that you must address yourself, or to his Amboise in Petticoats [his Pompadour, acting the Cardinal-Premier on this occasion]. But these people have their heads filled with ambitious projects: these people are the difficulty; they wish to be the sovereign arbiters of sovereigns;—and that is what persons of my way of thinking will by no means put up with. I love Peace quite as much as you could wish; but I want it good, solid and honorable. Socrates or Plato would have thought as I do on this subject, had they found themselves placed in the accursed position which is now mine in the world.

“Think you there is any pleasure in leading this dog of a life [*chienne*, she-dog]? In seeing and causing the butchery of people you know nothing of; in losing daily those you do know and love; in seeing perpetually your reputation exposed to the caprices of chance; in passing year after year in inquietudes and apprehensions; in risking, without end, your life and your fortune?

“I know right well the value of tranquillity, the sweets of society, the charms of life; and I love to be happy, as much as anybody whatever. But much as I desire these blessings, I will not purchase them by basenesses and infamies. Philosophy enjoins us to do our duty; faithfully to serve our Country, at the price of our blood, of our repose, and of every sacrifice that can be required of us. The illustrious *Zadig* went through a good many adventures which were not to his taste, *Candide* the like; and nevertheless took their misfortune in patience. What finer example to follow than that of those heroes?

“Take my word, our ‘curt jackets,’ as you call them [*habits*

écourtés, peculiar to the Prussian soldier at that time], are as good as your red heels, as the Hungarian pelisses, and the green frocks of the Roxelans [Russians]. We are actually on the heels of the latter [at least poor Dohna is, and poor Dictator Wedell will be, not with the effect anticipated!] — who by their stupidities give us fine chance. You will see I shall get out of the scrape this Year too, and deliver myself both from the Greens and the Dirty-Whites [Austrian color of coat]. My neighbor of the Sacred Hat, — I think, in spite of Holy Father's benediction, the Holy Ghost must have inspired him the reverse way; he seems to have a great deal of lead in his bottom. . . . F."¹

Voltaire in Answer.

"THE DÉLICES," guessed to be some time in "August, 1759."

"In whatever state you are, it is very certain that you are a great man. It is not to weary your Majesty that I now write; it is to confess myself, — on condition you will give me absolution! I have betrayed you; that is the fact" — (really guilty this time, and *have* shown something of your writing; as your Majesty, oh how unjustly, is often suspecting that I do, and with mischievous intention, instead of good, ah, Sire!) — In fact, I have received that fine "*Marcus-Aurelius*" Letter (Letter we have just read); exquisite Piece, though with biting "*Juvenal*" qualities in it too; and have shown it, keeping back the biting parts, to a beautiful gillflirt of the Court, *minaudière* (who seems to be a Mistress of Choiseul's), who is here attending Tissot for her health: *minaudière* charmed with it; insists on my sending to Choiseul, "He admires the King of Prussia, as he does all nobleness and genius; send it!" And I did so; — and look here, what an Answer from Choiseul (Answer lost): and may it not have a fine effect, and perhaps bring Peace — Oh, forgive me, Sire. But read that Note of the great man. "Try if you can decipher his writing. One may have very honest sentiments, and a great deal of *esprit*, and yet write like a cat. . . .

"Sire, there was once a lion and a mouse (*rat*); the mouse

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 53.

fell in love with the lion, and went to pay him court. The lion, tired of it, gave him a little scrape with his paw. The mouse withdrew into his mouse-hole (*souricière*); but he still loved the lion; and seeing one day a net they were spreading out to catch the lion and kill him, he gnawed asunder one mesh of it. Sire, the mouse kisses very humbly your beautiful claws, in all submissiveness:—he will never die between two Capuchins, as, at Bâle, the mastiff (*dogue*) of St. Malo has done [27th July last]. He would have wished to die beside his lion. Believe that the mouse was more attached than the mastiff.” — V.¹

To which we saw the Answer, pair of Answers, at Sagan, in September last. This Note from Choiseul, conveyed by Voltaire, appears to have been the trifling well-spring from which all those wide-spread waters of Negotiation flowed. Pitt, when applied to, on the strength of Friedrich's hopes from this small Document of Choiseul's, was of course ready, “How welcome every chance of a just Peace!” and agreed to the Joint Declaration at the Hague; and took what farther trouble I know not, — probably less sanguine of success than Friedrich. Friedrich was ardently industrious in the affair; had a great deal of devising and directing on it, a great deal of corresponding with Voltaire and the Duchess, only small fractions of which are now left. He searched out, or the Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha did it for him, a proper Secret Messenger for Paris: Secret Messenger, one Baron von Edelsheim, properly veiled, was to consult a certain Bailli de Froulay, a friend of Friedrich's in Paris; — which loyal-hearted Bailli did accordingly endeavor there; but made out nothing. Only much vague talking; part of it, or most of it, subdolous on Choiseul's side. Pitt would hear of no Peace which did not include Prussia as well as England: some said this was the cause of failure; — the real cause was that Choiseul never had any serious intention of succeeding. Light Choiseul, a clever man, but an unwise, of the sort called “dashing,” had entertained the matter merely in the optative form, — and when it

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 59, 60.

came nearer, wished to use it for making mischief between Pitt and Friedrich, and for worming out Edelsheim's secrets, if he had any, — for which reason he finally threw Edelsheim into the Bastille for a few days.¹

About the end of March I guess it to have been that Choiseul, by way of worming out poor Edelsheim's secrets, flung him into the Bastille for a day or two. Already in December foregoing, we have seen Choiseul's Black-Artist busy upon the Stolen *Edition* of Friedrich's Verses. A Choiseul full of intrigues; adroit enough, ambitious enough; restlessly industrious in making mischief, if there were nothing else to be made; who greatly disgusted Friedrich, now and afterwards.

And this was what the grand Voltaire Pacification came to, though it filled the world with temporary noise, and was so interesting to Voltaire and another. What a heart-affecting generosity, humility and dulcet pathos in that of the poor Mouse gnawing asunder a mesh of the Lion's net! There is a good deal of that throughout, on the Voltaire side, — that is to say, while writing *to* Friedrich. But while writing *of* him, to third parties, sometimes almost simultaneously, the contrast of styles is not a little startling; and the beautiful affectionately chirping Mouse is seen suddenly to be an injured Wild-cat with its fur up. All readers of Voltaire are aware of this; and how Voltaire handles his "*Luc*" (mysterious nickname for *King Friedrich*), when *Luc*'s back is turned. For alas, there is no man or thing but has its wrong side too; least of all, a Voltaire, — doing *treble* voice withal, if you consider it, in such a Duet of estranged Lovers! Suppose we give these few Specimens, — treble mostly, and a few of bass as well, — to illustrate the nature of this Duet, and of the noises that went on round it, in a war-convulsed world? And first of all, concerning the enigma "What is *Luc*?"

What the *Luc* in Voltaire is? Shocking explanations have been hit upon: but Wagnière (*Wagner*, an intelligent Swiss man), Voltaire's old Secretary, gives this plain reading of the riddle: "M. de Voltaire had, at The *Délices* [near by Ferney,

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 38-41, detailed account of the Affair.

till the Château got built], a big Ape, of excessively mischievous turn; who used to throw stones at the passers-by, and sometimes would attack with its teeth friend or foe alike. One day it thrice over bit M. de Voltaire's own leg. . He had called it *Luc* (Luke); and in conversation with select friends, as also in Letters to such, he sometimes designated the King of Prussia by that nickname: '*He is like my Luc here; bites whoever caresses him!*' — In 1756 M. de Voltaire, having still on his heart the Frankfurt Outrage, wrote curious *Mémoires* [ah, yes, *Vie Privée*]; and afterwards wished to burn them; but a Copy had been stolen from him in 1768," — and they still afflict the poor world.

To the same effect speaks Johannes von Müller: "Voltaire had an Ape called *Luc*; and the spiteful man, in thus naming the King, meant to stigmatize him as the mere *ape* of greater men; as one without any greatness of his own." — No; *Luc* was mischievous, flung stones after passengers; had, according to Clogenson, "bitten Voltaire himself, while being caressed by him;" that was the analogy in Voltaire's mind. Preuss says, this Nickname first occurs "12th December, 1757." Suppose 11th December to have been the day of getting one's leg bitten thrice over; and that, in bed next morning, — stiff, smarting, fretful against the sad ape-tricks and offences of this life, — before getting up to one's Works and Correspondences, the angry similitude had shot, slightly fulgurous and consolatory, athwart the gloom of one's mood? ¹ That will account for *Luc*.

Many of the Voltaire-Friedrich *Letters* are lost; and the remainder lie in sad disorder in all the Editions, their sequence unintelligible without lengthy explanation. So that the following Snatches cannot well be arranged here in the way of Choral Strophe and Antistrophe, as would have been desirable. We shall have to group them loosely under heads; with less respect to date than to subject-matter, and to the reader's convenience for understanding them.

¹ Longchamp et Wagnière *Mémoires*, i. 34; Johannes von Müller, *Werke* (12mo, Stuttgart, 1821), xxxi. 140 (*Letters to his Brother*, No. 218, "July, 1796"); Clogenson's Note, in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxvii. 103; Preuss, ii. 71.

*Voltaire on Friedrich, to different Third-Parties, during
this War.*

To D'Argental (Has not yet heard of *Leuthen*, which happened five days before). . . . "I have tasted the vengeance of consoling the King of Prussia, and that is enough for me. He goes beating on the one side, and getting beaten on the other: except for another miracle [like *Rossbach*], he will be ruined. Better have really been a philosopher, as he pretended to be."¹

To the Reverend Comte de Bernis (outwardly still our flourishing Prime-Minister, by grace of *Pompadour*, but soon to be extinguished under a Red Hat. Date is six days before *Zorn-dorf*). . . . "I cannot imagine how some people have gone into suspecting that my heart might have the weakness to lean a little towards *whom* you know, towards my Ingrate that was! One is bound to have politeness; but one has memory as well; —and one is attached, as warmly as superfluously, to the Good Cause, which it belongs only to you to defend. Certain it is, poor I am not like the three-fourths of the Germans in these days [since *Rossbach*, above all]! I have everywhere seen Ladies'-fans with the Prussian Eagle painted on them, eating the *Fleur-de-Lis*; the Hanover Horse giving a kick to M. de Richelieu's bottom; a Courier carrying a bottle of Queen-of-Hungary Water to Madame de Pompadour. My Nieces shall certainly not have that fashion of Fans, at my poor little *Délices*, whither I am just returning."²

To Madame d'Argental (on occasion of *Minden*: *Kunersdorf* three days ago, but not yet heard of). . . . "Truly, Madame, when M. de Contades leads to the butchery all the descendants of our ancient chevaliers, and sets them to attack eighty pieces of cannon [not in the least, if you knew it; the reverse, if you knew it], — as Don Quixote did the windmills! This horrible day pierces my soul. I am French to excess,

¹ *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxvii. 139 ("The *Délices*, 10th December, 1757").

² *Ib.* lxxvii. 35 ("Soleure, 19th August, 1758").

especially since those new favors [not worth mentioning here], which I owe to my divine Angels and to M. le Duc de Choiseul.

"Luc—you know who Luc is [as do we]—is probably giving Battle to the Austrians and Russians [*Kunersdorf* 12th; three days ago, did it, and was beaten to your mind] at the moment while I have the honor of writing to you: at least, he told me such was his Royal intention. If they beat him, as may happen, what a shame for us to have been beaten by the Duke of Brunswick! I wish you knew this Duke [as I have done; a Duke of no *esprit*, no gift of tongue, in fact no talent at all that I could discern], you would be much astonished; and would say, 'The people whom he beats must be great blockheads.' The truth of the fact is, that all these troops are better disciplined than ours:"¹—Yes indeed, my esteemed Voltaire; and also, perhaps, that *esprit*, or gift of tongue, is not the sole gift for Battles and Campaigns?—

To D'Argental (seventh day after *Kunersdorf*: "mouse upon lion's net" nearly contemporaneous). "At last, then, I think my Russians must be near Great Glogau [might have been, one thinks, after such a *Kunersdorf*; did not start for a month yet; never could get very near at all]. Who would have thought that Barberina [*Mackenzie's* Dancer once; sent to Glogau, Cocceji and she, when their marriage became public] was going to be besieged by the Russians, and in Glogau: O Destiny!—

"I don't love Luc, far from it: I never will pardon him his infamous procedure with my Niece [at Frankfurt that time]; nor the face he has to write me flattering things twice a month; without having ever repaired his wrongs. I desire much his entire humiliation. the chastisement of the sinner: whether his eternal damnation. I don't quite know."² (Hear, hear!)

To the same (a month after *Maxen*: "Peace" Negotiation very lively). . . . "Meanwhile, if Luc could be punished before this happy Peace! If, by this last stroke of General Beck

¹ *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxviii, 186, 187 ("Délices, 15th August, 1759").

² *Ib.* lxxviii. 195 ("19th August, 1759").

[tussle with Dierecke at Meissen, 4th December, capture of Dierecke and 1,500; stroke not of an overwhelming nature, but let us be thankful for our mereies], which has opened the road from the Lausitz to Berlin [alas, not in the least], some Haddick could pay Berlin a visit again! You see, in Tragedy I wish always to have crime punished.

"There is talk of a great Battle fought the 6th [not a word of truth in it] between Lue and him of the Conseerated Hat: said to have been very murderous. I interest myself very much in this Piece" now playing under the Sun. "Whenever the Austrians have any advantage, Kaunitz says to Madame de Bentinck [litigant wandering Lady, known to me at Berlin and elsewhere], 'Write that to our Friend Voltaire.' Whenever Luc has the least suecess, he tells me, 'I have battered the oppressors of mankind.' Dear Angel, in these horrors I am the only one that has room to laugh: — and yet I don't laugh either; owing to the *Culs-noirs* [base erockery; one's Dinner Plate all vanished¹], to the Annuities, Lotteries, and to Pondicherry, — for I am always afraid about that latter!" (Going, that, for certain; going, gone, and your East Indies along with it!)²

To Perpetual Secretary Formey (in forwarding a "Letter left with me"). "Health and peace, Monsieur; and be *Secrétaire Eternel*. Your King is always a man unique, astonishing, imitable. He makes charming verses, in times when another could not write a line of prose; he deserves to be happy: but will he be so? And if not, what becomes of you? For my own part, I will not die between two Capuchins. Hardly worth while, exalting one's soul for such a future as that. What a stupid and detestable farce this world is!"³

To D'Argental ("Peace" Negotiations still at their briskest).
... "But, my dear Angel, you will see on Tuesday the great

¹ Suprà, p. 374.

² *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxviii. 346 ("22d December, 1759").

³ *Ib.* lxxviii. 348 (from *Souvenirs d'un Citoyen*, i. 302), "11th January 1760."

man who has turned my head (*dont je suis fou*), M. le Duc de Choiseul. The Letters he honors me with enchant me. God will bless him, don't doubt it," — after all! "We have at Pondicherry a Lally, a devil of an Irish spirit, — who will cost me, sooner or later, above 20,000 livres annually [have rents in our *India Company*, say £1,000 a year, as my Angels know], which used to be the readiest item of my Pittance. But M. le Duc de Choiseul will triumph over Luc in one way or other; then what joy! I suppose he shows you my impertinent reveries. Do you know, Luc is so mad, that I don't despair of bringing him to reason [persuading him to give up Clève, and knuckle as he should, in this Peace Affair]. That were what I should call the true Comedy! I should like to have your advices on the conduct of that Dramatic Piece." ¹

The late "mouse" gnawing its mesh of net, what a subtle and mighty hunter has it grown! This of Clève, however, and of knuckling, would not do. Hear the stiff Answer that comes: " 'Conditions of Peace,' do you call them? The people that propose such can have no wish to see Peace. What a logic theirs! 'I might yield the Country of Clève, because the inhabitants are stupid'! What would your Ministers say if one required the Province of Champagne from them, because the Proverb says, Ninety-nine sheep and one Champagner make a Hundred head of cattle? " ²

Again to D'Argental (three or four months after; Luc having proved obstinate, and still unsuccessful). . . . "I conjure you make use of all your eloquence to tell him [the supreme Duc de Choiseul], that if Luc misgo, it will be no misfortune to France. That Brandenburg will always remain an Electorate; that it is good there be no Elector in it strong enough to do without the protection of our King; and that all the Princes of the Empire will always have recourse to that august protection (Most Christian Majesty's) *contra l'aquila grifagna*, — were the Prussian Kingship but abolished. *Nota bene*, if

¹ *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxviii. 375 ("Délices, 15th February, 1760").

² Friedrich to Voltaire, "Freyberg, 3d April, 1760:" *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 73, 74.

Luc were discomfited this Year, we should have Peace next Winter.”¹

To supreme Choiseul (a year later). . . . “He has been a bad man, this Luc; and now, if one were to bet, — by the law of probability it would be 3 to 1 that Luc will go to pot (*sera perdu*), with his rhymings and his banterings, and his injustices and politics, all ‘as bad as himself.”²

Voltaire on surrounding Objects, chiefly on Maupertuis, and the Battles.

To D’Alembert (in the Rossbach-Leuthen interval: on the Battle of *Breslau*, 22d November, 1757; called by the Austrians “a Malplaquet,” and believed by Voltaire to be a Malplaquet and more). . . . “The Austrians do avenge us, and humble us [us, and our miserable Rossbachs], in ‘a terrible manner. Thirteen attacks on the Prussian intrenchments, lasted six hours; never was Victory bloodier, or more horribly beautiful [in the brain of certain men]. We pretty French fellows, we are more expeditious, our job is done in five minutes. The King of Prussia is always writing me Verses, now like a desperado, now like a hero; and as for me, I try to live like a philosopher in my hermitage. He has obtained what he always wished: to beat the French, to be admired by them, to mock them; but the Austrians are mocking him in a very serious way. Our shame of November 5th has given him glory; and with such glory, which is but transient and dearly bought, he must content himself. He will lose his own Countries, with those he has seized, unless the French again discover [which they will] the secret of losing all their Armies, as they did in 1741.”³

To Clairaut, the Mathematician (Maupertuis lately dead). An excellent Treatise, this you have sent me, Monsieur!

¹ *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxix. 110 (“July, 1760”).

² *Ib.* lxxx. 313 (“Château de Ferney, 13th July, 1761”).

³ *Ib.* lxxvii. 133, 134 (“Délices, 6th December, 1757,” day after *Leuthen*).

"Your war with the Geometers on the subject of this Comet appears to me like a war of the gods in Olympus, while on Earth there is going on a fight of dogs and cats. . . . Would to Heaven our friend Moreau-Maupertuis had cultivated his art like you! That he had predicted comets, instead of exalting his soul to predict the future; of dissecting the brains of giants to know the nature of the soul; of japanning people with pitch to cure them of every malady; of persecuting König; and of dying between Two Capuchins" (dead three weeks ago, on those terms, poor soul)!¹

To D'Alembert (a week later). . . . "What say you of Maupertuis dying between Two Capuchins! He was ill, this long while, of a repletion of pride; but I had not reckoned him either a hypocrite or an imbecile. I don't advise you ever to go and fill his place at Berlin; you would repent that. I am Astolpho warning Roger (Ruggiero) not to trust himself to the Enchantress Alcina; but Roger was unadvisable."²

To the same (two years later: Luc, on certain grounds, may as well be saved). "With regard to Luc, though I have my just causes of anger against him, I own to you, in my quality of Frenchman and thinking being, I am glad that a certain most Orthodox House has not swallowed Germany, and that the Jesuits are not confessing in Berlin. Over towards the Danube superstition is very powerful. . . . The *infâme* — You are well aware that I speak of superstition only; for as to the Christian religion, I respect and love it, like you. Courage, Brethren! Preach with force, and write with address: God will bless you. — Protect, you my Brother, the Widow Calas all you can! She is a poor weak-minded Huguenot, but her Husband was the victim of the *White Penitents*. It is the concern of Human Nature that the Fanatics of Toulouse be confounded." (The case of Calas, *second* act of it, getting on the scene: a case still memorable to everybody. Stupendous bit of French judicature; and Voltaire's noblest

¹ *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxviii. 191 ("Délices, 19th August, 1759").

² *Ib.* lxxviii. 197 ("Délices, 25th August, 1759").

outburst, into mere transcendent blaze of pity, virtuous wrath, and determination to bring rescue and help against the whole world.)¹

Friedrich to Voltaire, before and during these Peace Negotiations.

At Schmöttseifen, five days before Züllichau, ten days before that hunt of Loudon and Haddick (Voltaire, under rebuke for indiscretion, has been whimpering a little. My discreet Niece burnt those *last* verses, Sire; no danger there, at least! Truculent Bishop Something-*ac* tried to attack your Majesty; but was done for by a certain person). Friedrich answers: "In truth, you are a singular creature. When I think of scolding you, you say two words, and the reproach expires. Impossible to scold you, even when you deserve it. . . .

"As to your Niece, let her burn me or roast me, I care little. Nor are you to think me so sensitive to what your Bishops in *ie* or in *ac* may say of me. I have the lot of all actors who play in public; applauded by some, despised by others. One must prepare oneself for satires, for calumnies, for a multitude of lies, which will be sent abroad into currency against one: but need that trouble my tranquillity? I go my road; I do nothing against the interior voice of my conscience; and I concern myself very little in what way my actions paint themselves in the brain of beings, not always very thinking, with two legs and without feathers."²

At Wilsdruf, just before Maxen (an exultant exuberant curious Letter; too long for insertion, — part of it given above). . . . "For your Tragedy of *Socrate*, thanks. At Paris they are going to burn it, the wretched fools, — not aware that absurd fanaticism is their dominant vice. Better burn the dose of medicine, however, than the useful Doctor. I, can I join myself to that set? If I bite you, as you complain, it is without my knowledge. But I am surrounded with enemies, one hitting me, another pricking me, another daubing me with

¹ *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxviii. 52, 53 ("Ferney, 28th November, 1762").

² "Schmöttseifen, 18th July, 1759;" *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 55, 56.

mud;—patience at last yields, and one flies abroad into a general rage, too indiscriminate perhaps.”

You talk of my Verses on Rossbach (my *Adieu to the Hoopers* on finding their Bridge burnt¹). “This Campaign I have had no beatific vision, in the style of Moses. The barbarous Cosacks and Tartars, infamous to look at on any side, have burnt and ravaged countries, and committed atrocious inhumanities. This is all I saw of *them*. Such melancholy spectacles don’t tend to raise one’s spirits. [Breaks off into metre:] *La fortune inconstante et fière*, Fortune inconstant and proud Does not treat her suitors Always in an equal manner. Those fools called heroes, who run the country,

*Ces fous nommés héros, et qui courent les champs,
Couverts de sang et de poussière,
Voltaire, n’ont pas tous les ans
La fureur de voir le derrière
De leurs ennemis insolents.*

Can’t expect that pleasure every year”! . . .

Maupertuis, say you? “Don’t trouble the ashes of the dead; let the grave at least put an end to your unjust hatreds. Reflect that even Kings make peace after long battling; cannot you ever make it? I think you would be capable, like Orpheus, of descending to Hell, not to soften Pluto and bring back your beautiful Emilie, but to pursue into that Abode of Woe an enemy whom your wrath has only too much persecuted in the world: for shame!”²—and rebukes him, more than once elsewhere, in very serious terms.

In Winter-quarters, on Peace and the Stolen Edition. (Starts in verse, which we abridge:) With how many laurels you have covered yourself in all the fields of Literature! One laurel yet is wanting to the brow of Voltaire. If, as the crown of so many perfect works, he could by a skilful manœuvre bring back Peace, I, and Europe with me, would think that his masterpiece! [Takes to prose:]

“This is my thought and all Europe’s. Virgil made as fine Verses as you; but he never made a Peace. It will be a distinc-

¹ Suprà, p. 21.

² *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 61-65 (“Wilsdruf, 17th November, 1759”).

tion you will have over all your brethren of Parnassus, if you succeed.

"I know not who has betrayed me, and thought of printing [the *Edition*; — not you, surely!] a pack of rhapsodies which were good enough to amuse myself, but were never meant for publication. After all, I am so used to treacheries and bad manœuvres," — what matters this insignificant one?

"I know not who the Bredow is [whom you speak of having met]; but he has told you true. The sword and death have made frightful ravages among us. And the worst is, we are not yet at the end of the tragedy. You may judge what effect these cruel shocks made on me. I wrap myself in my stoicism, the best I can. Flesh and blood revolt against such tyrannous command; but it must be followed. If you saw me, you would scarcely know me again: I am old, broken, gray-headed, wrinkled; I am losing my teeth and my gayety: if this go on, there will be nothing of me left, but the mania of making verses, and an inviolable attachment to my duties and to the few virtuous men whom I know."¹

In Winter-quarters, a month later (comes still on "Peace" again). . . . "I will have you paid that bit of debt [perhaps of postage or the like], that Louis of the Mill (*Louis du Moulin*," at Fontenoy, who got upon a Windmill with his Dauphin, and caught that nickname from the common men) "may have wherewithal to make war on me. Add tenth-penny tax to your tax of twentieth-penny; impose new capitations, make titular offices to get money; do, in a word, whatever you like. In spite of all your efforts, you will not get a Peace signed by my hands, except on conditions honorable to my Nation. Your people, blown up with self-conceit and folly, may depend on these words. Adieu, live happy; and while you make all your efforts to destroy Prussia, think that nobody has less deserved it than I, either of you or of your French."²

Still in Winter-quarters (on "Peace" still; but begins with "Maupertuis," which is all we will give). "What rage animates you against Maupertuis? You accuse *him* of having

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 69 ("Freyberg, 24th Feb. 1760").

² *Ib.* xxiii. 72 ("Freyberg, 20th March, 1760").

published that Furtive *Edition*. Know that his Copy, well sealed by him, arrived here after his death, and that he was incapable of such an indiscretion. [Breaks into verse:]

Leave in peace the cold ashes of Maupertuis :
Truth can defend him, and will.
His soul was faithful and noble :
He pardoned you that scandalous Akakia (*ce vil libelle*
Que votre fureur criminelle
Prit soin chez moi de griffonner) ; he did : —
And you ? Shame on such delirium as Voltaire's !
What, this beautiful, what, this grand genius,
Whom I admired with transport,
Soils himself with calumny, and is ferocious on the dead ?
Flocking together, in the air uttering cries of joy,
Vile ravenous pounce down upon sepulchres,
And make their prey of corpses : ” —

Blush, repent, alas !

These Specimens will suffice. “The King of Prussia ? ” Voltaire would sometimes say : “He is as potent and as malignant as the Devil ; but he is also as unhappy, not knowing friendship,” — having such a chance, too, with some of us !

*Friedrich has sent Lord Marischal to Spain : other fond
Hopes of Friedrich's.*

In the beginning of this Year, 1759, Earl Marischal had been called out of his Neufehâtel stagnancy, and launched into the Diplomatic field again ; sent on mission into Spain, namely. The case was this : Ferdinand VI. of Spain (he who would not pay Friedrich the old Spanish debt, but sent him merino rams, and a jar of Queen-Dowager snuff) had fallen into one of his gloomy fits, and was thought to be dying ; — did, in fact, die, in a state nearly mad, on the 10th August following. By Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, and by all manner of Treaties, Carlos of Naples, his Half-Brother (Termagant's Baby Carlos, whom we all knew), was to succeed him in Spain ; Don Philip, the next Brother, now of Parma and Piacenza, was to follow as King in Naples, — ceding those two litigious

Duchies to Austria, after all. Friedrich, vividly awake to every chance, foresaw, in case of such disjunctures in Italy, good likelihood of quarrel there. And has despatched the experienced old Marischal to be on the ground, and have his eyes open. Marischal knows Spain very well; and has often said, "He left a dear old friend there, the Sun." Marischal was under way, about New-year's time; but lingered by the road, waiting how Ferdinand would turn, — and having withal an important business of his own, as he sauntered on. Did not arrive, I think, till Summer was at hand, and his dear Old Friend coming out in vigor.

August 10th, 1759, Ferdinand died; and the same day Carlos became King of Spain. But, instead of giving Naples to Don Philip, Carlos gave it to a junior Son of his own; and left poor Philip to content himself with Parma and Piacenza, as heretofore. Clear against the rights of Austria; Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle is perfectly explicit on that point! Will not Austria vindicate its claim? Politicians say, Austria might have recovered not only Parma and Piacenza, but the kingdom of Naples itself, — no France at present able to hinder it, no Spain ever able. But Austria, contrary to expectation, would not: a Country tenacious enough of its rights, real and imaginary; greedy enough of Italy, but of Silesia much more! The matter was deliberated in Council at Vienna; but the result was magnanimously, No. "Finish this Friedrich first; finish this Silesia. Nothing else till that!"

The Marischal's legationary function, therefore, proved a sinecure; no Carlos needing Anti-Austrian assistance from Friedrich or another; Austria magnanimously having let him alone. Doubtless a considerable disappointment to Friedrich. Industrious Friedrich had tried, on the other side of this affair, Whether the King of Sardinia, once an adventurous fighting kind of man, could not be stirred up, having interests involved? But no; he too, grown old, devotional, apprehensive, held by his rosaries, and answered, No. Here is again a hope reasonable to look at, but which proves fallacious.

Marischal continued in Spain, corresponding, sending news (the Prussian Archives alone know what), for nearly a couple

of years.¹ His Embassy had one effect, which is of interest to us here. On his way out, he had gone by London, with a view of getting legal absolution for his Jacobitism, — so far, at least, as to be able to inherit the Earldom of Kintore, which is likely to fall vacant soon. By blood it is his, were the Jacobite incapacities withdrawn. Kintore is a cadet branch of the Keiths; “John, younger Son of William Sixth Lord Marischal,” was the first Kintore. William Sixth’s younger Son, yes; — and William’s Father, a man always venerable to me, had (A.D. 1593) founded Marischal College, Aberdeen, — where, for a few, in those stern granite Countries, the Diviner Pursuits are still possible (thank God and this Keith) on frugal oatmeal. *Marischal-College* Keith, or *Fifth* Lord Marischal, was grandfather’s grandfather of our Potsdam Friend, who is tenth and last.² Honor to the brave and noble, now fallen silent under foot *not* of the nobler! In a word, the fourth Kintore was about dying childless; and Marischal had come by London on that heritage business.

He carried, naturally, the best recommendations. Britannic Majesty, Pitt and everybody met him with welcome and furtherance; what he wished was done, and in such a style of promptness and cordiality, Pitt pushing it through, as quite gained the heart of old Marischal. And it is not doubted, though particulars have not been published, That he sent important Spanish notices to Pitt, in these years; — and especially informed him that King Carlos and the French Bourbon had signed a *Family Compact* (15th August, 1761), or solemn covenant, to stand by one another as brothers. Which was thenceforth, to Pitt privately, an important fact, as perhaps we shall see; though to other men it was still only a painful rumor and dubiety. Whether the old Marischal informed him, That King Carlos hated the English; that he never had, in his royal mind, forgiven that insult of Commodore Martin’s (watch laid on the table, in the Bay of Naples, long ago), I do not know; but that also was a fact. A diligent, indignant

¹ Returned “April, 1762” (Friedrich’s Letter to him, “10th April, 1762:” in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 285).

² Douglas’s *Scotch Peerage*, pp. 448 et seq., 387 et seq.

kind of man, this Carlos, I am told; by no means an undeserving King of Spain, though his Portraits declare him as ugly: we will leave him in the discreet Marischal's hands, with the dear Old Friend shining equally on both.

Singular to see how, in so veracious an intellect as Friedrich's, so many fallacies of hope are constantly entertained. War in Italy, on quarrel with King Carlos; Peace with France and the Pompadour, by help of Edelsheim and the Bailli de Froulay; Peace with Russia and the *infâme Catin*, by help of English briberies (Friedrich sent an agent this winter with plenty of English guineas, but he got no farther than the Frontier, not allowed even to try): sometimes, as again this winter, it is hope of Denmark joining him (in alarm against the Russian views on Holstein; but that, too, comes to nothing); above all, there is perennially, budding out yearly, the brighter after every disappointment, a hope in the Grand Turk and his adherencies. Grand Turk, or failing him, the Cham of Tartary, — for certain, some of these will be got to fasten on the heels of Austria, of Russia; and create a favorable diversion? Friedrich took an immense deal of trouble about this latter hope. It is almost pathetic to see with what a fond tenacity he clings to it; and hopes it over again, every new Spring and Summer.¹

The hope that an *infâme Catin* might die some day (for she is now deep in chaotic ailments, deepish even in brandy) seems never to have struck him; at least there is nowhere any articulate hint of it, — the eagle-flight of one's imagination soaring far above such a pettiness! Hope is very beautiful; and even fallacious hope, in such a Friedrich. The one hope that did not deceive him, was hope in his own best exertion to the very death; and no fallacy ever for a moment slackened him in that. Stand to thyself: in the wide domain of Imagination, there is no other certainty of help. No other certainty; — and yet who knows through what pettinesses Heaven may send help!

¹ Preuss, ii. 121 et seq., 292 &c.; Schöning, ii. iii. *passim*.

CHAPTER IX.

PRELIMINARIES TO A FIFTH CAMPAIGN.

IT was April 25th before Friedrich quitted Freyberg, and took Camp; not till the middle of June that anything of serious Movement came. Much discouragement prevails in his Army, we hear: and indeed, it must be owned, the horoscope of these Campaigns grows yearly darker. Only Friedrich himself must not be discouraged! Nor is;—though there seldom lay ahead of any man a more dangerous-looking Year than this that is now dimly shaping itself to Friedrich. His fortune seems to have quitted him; his enemies are more confident than ever.

This Year, it seems, they have bethought them of a new device against him. “We have 90 million Population,” count they; “he has hardly 5; in the end, he must run out of men! Let us cease exchanging prisoners with him.” At Jägern-dorf, in April, 1758 (just before our march to Ölmütz), there had been exchange; not without haggles; but this was the last on Austria’s part. Cartel of the usual kind, values punctually settled: a Field-marshal is worth 3,000 common men, or £1,500; Colonel worth 130 men, or £65; common man is worth 10s. sterling, not a high figure.¹ The Russians haggled still more, no keeping of them to their word; but they tried it a second time, last year (October, 1759); and by careful urging and guiding, were got dragged through it, and the prisoners on both sides sent to their colors again. After which, it was a settled line of policy, “No more exchanging or cartelling; we will starve him out in that article!” And had Friedrich had nothing but his own 5 millions to go upon, though these contributed liberally, he had in truth been starved out. Nor could Saxony, with Mecklenburg, Anhalt, Erfurt, and their

¹ Archenholtz, ii. 53.

10,000 men a year, have supplied him, — “had not there,” says Archenholtz (a man rather fond of superlatives), —

“Had not there risen a Recruiting system,” or Crimping system, “the like of which for kind and degree was never seen in the Earth before. Prisoners, captive soldiers, if at all likely fellows, were by every means persuaded, and even compelled, to take Prussian service. Compelled, cudgel in hand,” says Archenholtz (who is too indiscriminating, I can see, — for there were Pfalzers, Würtembergers, Reichsfolk, who had *first* been compelled the other way): “not asked if they wished to serve, but dragged to the Prussian colors, obliged to swear there, and fight against their countrymen.” Say at least, against their countrymen’s Governors, contumacious Serene Highnesses of Würtemberg, Mecklenburg and the like. Würtemberg, we mentioned lately, had to shoot a good few of his first levy against the Protestant Champion, before they would march at all! — I am sorry for these poor men; and wish the Reich had been what it once was, a Veracity and Practical Reality, not an Imaginary Entity and hideously contemptible Wiggery, as it now is! Contemptible, and hideous as well; — setting itself up on that fundamental mendacity; which is eternally tragical, though little regarded in these days, and which entails mendacities without end on parties concerned! — But, apart from all this, certain it is,

“The whole German Reich was deluged with secret Prussian Enlisters. The greater part of these were not actual Officers at all, but hungry Adventurers, who had been bargained with, and who, for their own profit, allowed themselves every imaginable art to pick up men. Head and centre of them was the Prussian Colonel Colignon,” one of the Free-Corps people; “a man formed by nature for this business [what a beautiful man!] — who gave all the others their directions, and taught them by his own example. Colignon himself,” in winter-time, “travelled about in all manner of costumes and characters; persuading hundreds of people into the Prussian service. He not only promised Commissions, but gave such, — nominating loose young fellows (*Laffen*), students, merchants’ clerks and the like, to Lieutenancies and Cap-

taincies in the Prussian Army [about as likely as in the Seraphim and Cherubim, had they known it]: in the Infantry, in the Cuirassiers, in the Hussars, — it is all one, you have only to choose. The renown of the Prussian arms was so universal, and combined with the notion of rich booty, that Colignon's Commission-manufactory was continually busy. No need to provide marching-money, hand-money [shillings for earnest]; Colignon's recruits travelled mostly of will and at their own charge. In Franken, in Schwaben, in the Rhine Countries, a dissolute son would rob his father, — as shopmen their masters' tills, and managers their cash-boxes, — and hie off to those magnanimous Prussian Officials, who gave away companies like kreutzers, and had a value for young fellows of spirit. They hastened to Magdeburg with their Commissions; where they were received as common recruits, and put by force into the regiments suitable. No use in resisting: the cudgel and the drill-sergeant," — who doubts it? — "till complete submission. By this and other methods Colignon and his helpers are reckoned to have raised for the King, in the course of this War, about 60,000 recruits." ¹

This Year, Daun, though his reputation is on the decline lately, is to have the chief command, as usual; the Grand Army, with Saxony for field of conquest, and the Reichsfolk to assist, is to be Daun's. But, what is reckoned an important improvement, Loudon is to have a separate command, and Army of his own. Loudon, hot of temper, melancholic, shy, is not a man to recommend himself to Kriegshofrath people; but no doubt Imperial Majesty has had her own wise eye on him. His merits are so undeniable; the need of some Commander *not* of the Cunctator type is become so very pressing. "Army of Silesia, 50,000;" that is to be Loudon's, with 40,000 Russians to co-operate and unite themselves with Loudon; and try actually for conquest of Silesia, this Year; while Daun, conquering Saxony, keeps the King busy.

At Petersburg, Versailles, Vienna, much planning there has been, and arduous consulting: first at Petersburg, in time and in importance, where Montalembert has again been very

¹ Archenholtz, ii. 53.

urgent in regard to those poor Swedish people, and the getting of them turned to some kind of use: "Stettin in conjunction with the Swedes; oh, listen to reason, and take Stettin!" "Would not Dantzic by ourselves be the advisable thing?" answers Soltikof: "Dantzic is an important Town, and the grand Baltic Haven; and would be so convenient for our Preussen, since we have determined to maintain that fine Conquest." So thinks Czarish Majesty, as well as Soltikof, privately, though there are difficulties as to Dantzic; and, in fine, except Colberg over again, there can be nothing attempted of sieging thereabouts. A Siege of Colberg, however, there is actually to be: Second Siege,—if perhaps it will prove luckier than the First was, two years since? Naval Armament Swedish-Russian, specific Land Armament wholly Russian, are to do this Second Siege, at a favorable time; except by wishes, Soltikof will not be concerned in it; nor, it is to be hoped, shall we, — in such pressure of haste as is probably ahead for us.

"Silesia would be the place for sieges!" say the Vienna people always; and Imperial Majesty is very urgent; and tries all methods, — eloquence, flatteries, bribes, — to bring Petersburg to that view. Which is at last adopted; heartily by Czarish Majesty, ever ready for revenge on Friedrich, the more fatal and the more direct, the better. Heartily by her; not so heartily by Soltikof and her Army people, who know the Austrian habits; and privately decide on *not* picking chestnuts from the fire, while the other party's paws keep idle, and only his jaws are ready.

Of Small-War there is nothing or little to be said; indeed there occurs almost none. Roving Cossack-Parties, under one Tottleben, whom we shall hear of otherwise, infest Pommern, bickering with the Prussian posts there; not ravaging as formerly, Tottleben being a civilized kind of man. One of these called at the Castle of Schwedt, one day; found Prince Eugen of Wurtemberg there (nearly recovered of his Kunersdorf wounds), who is a Son-in-law of the House, married to a Daughter of Schwedt; — ancestor of the now Russian Czars

too, had anybody then known it. Him these Cossaeks carried off with them, a mareh or two; then, taking his bond for a certain ransom, let him go. Bond and bondholder being soon after captured by the Prussians, Eugen paid no ransom; so that to us his adventure is without moment, though it then made some noise among the Gazetteers.

Two other little passages, and only two, we will mention; which have in themselves a kind of memorability. First, that of General Czetteritz and the *Manuscript* he lost. Of posts across the Elbe I find none mentionable here, and believe there is none, except only Czetteritz's; who stands at Cosdorf, well up towards Torgau Country, as sentry over Torgau and the Towns there. On Czetteritz there was, in February, an attempt made by the active General Beek, whom Daun had detached for that object. Extremely successful, according to the Austrian Gazetteers; but in reality amounting to as good as nothing:—Surprisal of Czetteritz's first vedette, in the dawn of a misty February morning (February 21st, 1760); non-surprisal of his second, which did give fire and alarm, whereupon debate; and Czetteritz springing into his saddle; retreat of his people to rearward, with loss of 7 Officers and 200 prisoners;—but ending in re-advance, with fresh force, a few hours after;¹—in repulse of Beek, in recovery of Cosdorf, and a general state of *As-you-were* in that part. A sputter of Post-War, not now worth mentioning at all,—except only for one small circumstance: That in the careering and swift ordering, such as there was, on the rear-guard especially, Major-General Czetteritz's horse happened to fall; whereby not only was the General taken prisoner, but his quarters got plundered, and in his luggage,—what is the notable circumstance,—there was found a small Manuscript, *Militairische Instrukzion für die Generale*, such as every Prussian General has, and is bound to keep religiously secret.² This, carried

¹ Seyfarth, ii. 655.

² Stands now in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxviii. 3 et. seq.; was finished (the revisal of it was), by the King, "2d April, 1748:" see *Preuss*, i. 478–480: and *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxviii. *Preface*, for endless indistinct details about the translations and editions of it. London Edition, 1818, calls itself the *Fifth*

to Daun's head-quarters, was duly prized, copied; and in the course of a year came to print, in many shapes and places; was translated into English, under the Title, *Military Instructions by the King of Prussia*, in 1762 (and again, hardly so well, in 1797); and still languidly circulates among the studious of our soldiers. Not a little admired by some of them; and unfortunately nearly all they seem to know of this greatest of modern Soldiers.¹

Next, about a month after, we have something to report of Loudon from Silesia, or rather of the Enemies he meets there; for it is not a victorious thing. But it means a starting of the Campaign by an Austrian invasion of Silesia; long before sieging time, while all these Montalembert-Soltikof pleadings and counter-pleadings hang dubious at Petersburg, and Loudon's "Silesian Army" is still only in a nascent or theoretic state, and only Loudon himself is in a practical one.

Friedrich has always Fouquet at Landshut, in charge of the Silesian Frontier; whose outposts, under Goltz as head of these, stretch, by Neisse, far eastward, through the Hills to utmost Mähren; Fouquet's own head-quarter being generally Landshut, the main gate of the Country. Fouquet, long since, rooted himself rather firmly into that important post; has a beautiful ring of fortified Hills around Landshut; battery crossing battery, girdling it with sure destruction, under an expert Fouquet, — but would require 30,000 men to keep it, instead of 13,000, which is Fouquet's allotment. Upon whom Loudon is fully intending a stroke this Year. Fouquet, as we know, has strenuously managed to keep ward there for a twelvemonth past; in spite, often enough, of new violent invadings and attemptings (violent, miscellaneous, but intermittent) by the Devilles and others; — and always under many difficulties of his own, and vicissitudes in his employment: a Fouquet coming and going, waxing and waning,

¹ See, for example, in *Life of General Sir Charles Napier, by his Brother* (London, 1857), iii. 365 and elsewhere, — one of the best judges in the world expressing his joy and admiration on discovery of Friedrich; discovery, if you read well, which amounts to these *Instructions*, and no more.

according to the King's necessities, and to the intermittency or constancy of pressures on Landshut. Under Loudon, this Year, Fouquet will have harder times than ever;—in the end, too hard! But will resist, judge how by the following small sample:—

“Besides Fouquet and his 13,000,” says my Note, “the Silesian Garrisons are all vigilant, are or ought to be; and there are far eastward of him, for guarding of the Jägerndorf-Troppau Border, some 4 or 6,000, scattered about, under Lieutenant-General Goltz, in various Hill Posts,—the chief Post of which, Goltz's own, is the little Town of Neustadt, northward of Jägerndorf [where we have billeted in the old Silesian Wars]: Goltz's Neustadt is the chief; and Leobschütz, southwestward of it, under ‘General Le Grand’ [once the Major *Grant* of Kolin Battle, if readers remember him, “Your Majesty and I cannot take the Battery ourselves!”] is probably the second in importance. Loudon, cantoned along the Moravian side of the Border, perceives that he can assemble 32,000 foot and horse; that the Prussians are 13,000 *plus* 6,000; that Silesia can be invaded with advantage, were the weather come. And that, in any kind of weather, Goltz and his straggle of posts might be swept into the interior, perhaps picked up and pocketed altogether, if Loudon were sharp enough. Swept into the interior Goltz was; by no means pocketed altogether, as he ought to have been!

“*March 13th*, 1760, Loudon orders general muster hereabouts for the 15th, everybody to have two days, bread and forage; and warns Goltz, as bound in honor: ‘Excellenz, to-morrow is March 14th; to-morrow our pleasant time of Truce is out,—the more the pity for both of us!’ ‘Yea, my esteemed neighbor Excellenz!’ answers Goltz, with the proper compliments; but judges that his esteemed neighbor is intending mischief almost immediately. Goltz instantly sends orders to all his posts: ‘You, Herr General Grant, you at Leobschütz, and all the rest of you, make your packages; march without delay; rendezvous at Steinau and Upper Glogau [far different from *Great-Glogau*], Neisse-ward; swift!’ And would have himself gone on the 14th, but could not,—

his poor little Bakery not being here, nor wagons for his baggages quite to be collected in a moment, — and it was Saturday, 15th, 5 A.M., that Goltz appointed himself to march.

“The last time we saw General Goltz was on the Green of Bautzen, above two years ago, — when he delivered that hard message to the King’s Brother and his party, ‘You deserve to be tried by Court-martial, and have your heads cut off!’ He was of that sad Zittau business of the late Prince of Prussia’s, — Goltz, Winterfeld, Ziethen, Schmettau and others Winterfeld and the Prince are both dead; Schmettau is fallen into disaster; Goltz is still in good esteem with the King. A stalwart, swift, flinty kind of man, to judge by the Portraits of him; considerable obstinacy, of a tacitly intelligent kind, in that steady eye, in that droop of the eyebrows towards the strong cheek-bones; plenty of sleeping fire in Lieutenant-General Goltz.

“His principal force, on this occasion, is one Infantry Regiment; *Regiment Manteuffel*: — readers perhaps recollect that stout Pommern Regiment, Manteuffel of Foot, and the little Dialogue it had with the King himself, on the eve of Leuthen: ‘Good-night, then, Fritz! To-morrow all dead, or else the Enemy beaten.’ Their conduct, I have heard, was very shining at Leuthen, where everybody shone; and since then they have been plunging about through the death-element in their old rugged way, — and re-emerge here into definite view again, under Lieutenant-General Goltz, issuing from the north end of Neustadt, in the dim dawn of a cold spring morning, March 15th, 5 A.M.; weather latterly very wet, as I learn. They intend Neisse-way, with their considerable stock of baggage-wagons; a company of Dragoons is to help in escorting: party perhaps about 2,000 in all. Goltz will have his difficulties this day; and has calculated on them. And, indeed, at the first issuing, here they already are.

“Loudon, with about 5,000 horse, — four Regiments drawn up here, and by and by with a fifth (happily not with the grenadiers, as he had calculated, who are detained by broken bridges, waters all in flood from the rain), — is waiting for him, at the very environs of Neustadt. Loudon, by a trum-

pet, politely invites him to surrender, being so outnumbered; Goltz, politely thanking, disregards it, and marches on: Loudon escorting, in an ominous way; till, at Buchelsdorf, the fifth Regiment (best in the Austrian service) is seen drawn out across the highway, plainly intimating, No thoroughfare to Goltz and Pommern. Loudon sends a second trumpet: 'Surrender prisoners; honorablest terms; keep all your baggage: refuse, and you are cut down every man.' 'You shall yourself hear the answer,' said Goltz. Goltz leads this second trumpet to the front; and, in Pommern dialect, makes known what General Loudon's proposal is. The Pommerners answer, as one man, a No of such emphasis as I have never heard; in terms which are intensely vernacular, it seems, and which do at this day astonish the foreign mind: 'We will for him something, *Wir wollen ihm was*—' But the powers of translation and even of typography fail; and feeble paraphrase must give it: 'We will for him *something ineffable concoct*,' of a surprisingly contrary kind! '*Wir wollen ihm was*' (with ineffable dissyllabic verb governing it)! growled one indignant Pommerner; 'and it ran like file-fire along the ranks,' says Archenholtz; everybody growling it, and bellowing it, in fierce bass chorus, as the indubitable vote of Pommern in those circumstances.

"Loudon's trumpet withdrew. Pommern formed square round its baggage; Loudon's 5,000 came thundering in, fit to break adamant; but met such a storm of bullets from Pommern, they stopped about ten paces short, in considerable amazement, and wheeled back. Tried it again, still more amazement; the like a third time; every time in vain. After which, Pommern took the road again, with vanguard, rear-guard; and had peace for certain miles,—Loudon gloomily following, for a new chance. How many times Loudon tried again, and ever again, at good places, I forget,—say six times in all. Between Siebenhufen and Steinau, in a dirty defile, the jewel of the road for Loudon, who tried his very best there, one of our wagons broke down, the few to rear of it, eighteen wagons and some country carts, had to be left standing. Nothing more of Pommern was left there or anywhere.

Near Steinau there, Loudon gave it up as desperate, and went his way. His loss, they say, was 300 killed, 500 wounded; Pommern's was 35 killed, and above 100 left wounded or prisoners. One of the stiffest day's works I have known: some twelve miles of march, in every two an attack. Pommern has really concocted something surprising, and kept its promise to Loudon! 'Thou knowest what the Pommerners can do,' said they once to their own King. An obstinate, strong-boned, heavy-browed people; not so stupid as you think. More or less of Jutish or Anglish type; highly deficient in the graces of speech, and, I should judge, with little call to Parliamentary Eloquence."¹

Friedrich is, this Year, considered by the generality of mankind, to be ruined: "Lost 60,000 men last Campaign; was beaten twice; his luck is done; what is to become of him?" say his enemies, and even the impartial Gazetteer, with joy or sorrow. Among his own people there is gloom or censure; hard commentaries on Maxen: "So self-willed, high, and deaf to counsel from Prince Henri!" Henri himself, they say, is sullen; threatening, as he often does, to resign "for want of health;" and as he quite did, for a while, in the end of this Campaign, or interval between this and next.

Friedrich has, with incredible diligence, got together his finance (copper in larger dose than ever, Jew Ephraim presiding as usual); and, as if by art-magic, has on their feet 100,000 men against his enemy's 280,000. Some higher Officers are secretly in bad spirits; but the men know nothing of discouragement. Friedrich proclaims to them at marching, "For every cannon you capture, 100 ducats; for every flag, 50; for every standard (cavalry flag), 40;" — which sums, as they fell due, were accordingly paid thenceforth.² But Friedrich, too, is abundantly gloomy, if that could help him; which he knows well it cannot, and strictly hides it from all but a few; — or

¹ Preuss, ii. 241 (incorrect in some small points); Archenholtz, ii. 61; Seyfarth, ii. 640, and *Beylagen*, ii. 657-660; Tempelhof, iv. 8-10; in *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iv. 68) the Austrian account.

² Stenzel, v. 236, 237; ib. 243

all but D'Argens almost alone, to whom it can do no harm. Read carefully by the light of contemporary occurrences, not vaguely in the vacant haze, as the Editors give it, his correspondence with D'Argens becomes interesting almost to a painful degree: an unaffected picture of one of the bravest human souls weighed down with dispiriting labors and chagrins, such as were seldom laid on any man; almost beyond bearing, but incurable, and demanding to be borne. Wilhelmina is away, away; to D'Argens alone of mortals does he whisper of these things; and to him not wearisomely, or with the least proximity, but in short sharp gusts, seldom now with any indignation, oftenest with a touch of humor in them, not soliciting any sympathy, nor expecting nearly as much as he will get from the faithful D'Argens.

"I am unfortunate and old, dear Marquis; that is why they persecute me: God knows what my future is to be this Year! I grieve to resemble Cassandra with my prophecies; but how augur well of the desperate situation we are in, and which goes on growing worse? I am so gloomy to-day, I will cut short. . . . Write to me when you have nothing better to do; and don't forget a poor Philosopher who, perhaps to expiate his incredulity, is doomed to find his Purgatory in *this* world."¹ . . . To another Friend, in the way of speech, he more deliberately says: "The difficulties I had, last Campaign, were almost infinite: such a multitude of enemies acting against me; Pommern, Brandenburg, Saxony, Frontiers of Silesia, alike in danger, often enough all at one time. If I escaped absolute destruction, I must impute it chiefly to the misconduct of my enemies; who gained such advantages, but had not the sense to follow them up. Experience often corrects people of their blunders: I cannot expect to profit by anything of that kind, on their part, in the course of this Campaign:" judge if it will be a light one, *mon cher*.²

The symptoms we decipher in these Letters, and otherwise, are those of a man drenched in misery; but used to his black

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 138, 139 ("Freyberg, 20th March, 1760").

² To Mitchell, one evening, "Camp of Schlettau, May 23d" (Mitchell, ii. 159).

element, unaffectedly defiant of it, or not at the pains to defy it; occupied only to do his very utmost in it, with or without success, till the end come. Prometheus, chained on the Ocean-cliffs, with the New Ruling-Powers in the upper hand, and their vultures gradually eating him; dumb Time and dumb Space looking on, apparently with small sympathy: Prometheus and other Titans, now and then, have touched the soul of some Æschylus, and drawn tones of melodious sympathy, far heard among mankind. But with this new Titan it is not so: nor, upon the whole, with the proper Titan, in this world, is it usually so; the world being a — what shall we say? — a poorish kind of world, and its melodies and dissonances, its loves and its hatreds worth comparatively little in the long-run. Friedrich does wonderfully without sympathy from almost anybody; and the indifference with which he walks along, under such a cloud of silky stupidities, of mendacities and misconceptions from the Lord of mankind, is decidedly admirable to me.

But let us look into the Campaign itself. Perhaps.— contrary to the world's opinion, and to Friedrich's own when, in ultra-lucid moments, he gazes into it in the light of cold arithmetic, and finds the aspect of it "frightful" — this Campaign will be a little luckier to him than the last? Unluckier it cannot well be: — or if so, it will at least be final to him!

BOOK XX.

FRIEDRICH IS NOT TO BE OVERWHELMED: THE SEVEN-YEARS WAR GRADUALLY ENDS.

25th April, 1760–15th February, 1763.

CHAPTER I.

FIFTH CAMPAIGN OPENS.

THERE were yet, to the world's surprise and regret, Three Campaigns of this War; but the Campaign 1760, which we are now upon, was what produced or rendered possible the other two;—was the crisis of them, and is now the only one that can require much narrative from us here. Ill-luck, which, Friedrich complains, had followed him like his shadow, in a strange and fateful manner, from the day of Kunersdorf and earlier, does not yet cease its sad company; but, on the contrary, for long months to come, is more constant than ever, baffling every effort of his own, and from the distance sending him news of mere disaster and discomfiture. It is in this Campaign, though not till far on in it, that the long lane does prove to have a turning, and the Fortune of War recovers its old impartial form. After which, things visibly languish: and the hope of ruining such a Friedrich becomes problematic, the effort to do it slackens also; the very will abating, on the Austrian part, year by year, as of course the strength of their resources is still more steadily doing. To the last, Friedrich, the weaker in material resources, needs all his talent,—all his luck too. But, as the strength, on both sides, is fast abating,—hard to say on which side faster (Friedrich's talent

25th April-15th June, 1760.

being always a *fixed* quantity, while all else is fluctuating and vanishing), — what remains of the once terrible Affair, through Campaigns Sixth and Seventh, is like a race between spent horses, little to be said of it in comparison. Campaign 1760 is the last of any outward eminence or greatness of event. Let us diligently follow that, and be compendious with the remainder.

Friedrich was always famed for his Marches ; but, this Year, they exceeded all calculation and example ; and are still the admiration of military men. Can there by no method be some distant notion afforded of them to the general reader ? They were the one resource Friedrich had left, against such overwhelming superiority in numbers ; and they came out like surprises in a theatre, — unpleasantly surprising to Daun. Done with such dexterity, rapidity and inexhaustible contrivance and ingenuity, as overset the schemes of his enemies again and again, and made his one army equivalent in effect to their three.

Evening of April 25th, Friedrich rose from his Freyberg cantonments ; moved back, that is, northward, a good march ; then encamped himself between Elbe and the Hill-Country ; with freer prospect and more elbow-room for work coming. His left is on Meissen and the Elbe ; his right at a Village called the Katzenhäuser, an uncommonly strong camp, of which one often hears afterwards ; his centre camp is at Schlettau, which also is strong, though not to such a degree. This line extends from Meissen southward about 10 miles, commanding the Reich-wald Passes of the Metal Mountains, and is defensive of Leipzig, Torgau and the Towns thereabouts.¹ Katzenhäuser is but a mile or two from Krögis — that unfortunate Village where Finck got his Maxen Order : “ *Er weiss.* — You know I can’t stand having difficulties raised ; manage to do it ! ”

Friedrich’s task, this Year, is to defend Saxony ; Prince Henri having undertaken the Russians, — Prince Henri and Fouquet, the Russians and Silesia. Clearly on very uphill

¹ Tempelhof, iv. 16 et seq.

terms, both of them : so that Friedrich finds he will have a great many things to assist in, besides defending Saxony. He lies here expectant till the middle of June, above seven weeks; Daun also, for the last two weeks, having taken the field in a sort. In a sort; — but comes no nearer; merely posting himself astride of the Elbe, half in Dresden, half on the opposite or northern bank of the River, with Lacy thrown out ahead in good force on that vacant side; and so waiting the course of other people's enterprises.

Well to eastward and rearward of Daun, where we have seen Loudon about to be very busy, Prince Henri and Fouquet have spun themselves out into a long chain of posts, in length 300 miles or more, "from Landshut, along the Bober, along the Queiss and Oder, through the Neumark, abutting on Stettin and Colberg, to the Baltic Sea." ¹ On that side, in aid of Loudon or otherwise, Daun can attempt nothing; still less on the Katzenhäuser-Schlettau side can he dream of an attempt: only towards Brandenburg and Berlin — the Country on that side, 50 or 60 miles of it, to eastward of Meissen, being vacant of troops — is Daun's road open, were he enterprising, as Friedrich hopes he is not. For some two weeks, Friedrich — not ready otherwise, it being difficult to cross the River, if Lacy with his 30,000 should think of interference — had to leave the cunctatory Feldmarschall this chance or unlikely possibility. At the end of the second week ("June 14th," as we shall mark by and by), the chance was withdrawn.

Daun and his Lacy are but one, and that by no means the most harassing, of the many cares and anxieties which Friedrich has upon him in those Seven Weeks, while waiting at Schlettau, reading the omens. Never hitherto was the augury of any Campaign more indecipherable to him, or so continually fluctuating with wild hopes, which proved visionary, and with huge practical fears, of what he knew to be the real likelihood. "Peace coming?" It is strange how long Friedrich clings to that fond hope: "My Edelsheim is in the Bastille, or packed home in disgrace: but will not the English

¹ Tempelhof, iv. 21-24.

25th April-15th June, 1760.

and Choiseul make Peace? It is Choiseul's one rational course; bankrupt as he is, and reduced to spoons and kettles. In which case, what a beautiful effect might Duke Ferdinand produce, if he marched to Eger, say to Eger, with his 50,000 Germans (Britannic Majesty and Pitt so gracious), and twitched Daun by the skirt, whirling Daun home to Bohemia in a hurry!" Then the Turks; the Danes, — "Might not the Danes send us a trifle of Fleet to Colberg (since the English never will), and keep our Russians at bay?" — "At lowest these hopes are consolatory," says he once, suspecting them all (as, no doubt, he often enough does), "and give us courage to look calmly for the opening of this Campaign, the very idea of which has mad me shudder!"¹

Meanwhile, by the end of May, the Russians are come across the Weichsel again, lie in four camps on the hither side; start about June 1st; — Henri waiting for them, in Sagan Country his head-quarter; and on both hands of that, Fouquet and he spread out, since the middle of May, in their long thin Chain of Posts, from Landshut to Colberg again, like a thin wall of 300 miles. To Friedrich the Russian movements are, and have been, full of enigma: "Going upon Colberg — Going upon Glogau; upon Breslau?" That is a heavy-footed certainty, audibly tramping forward on us, amid these fond visions of the air. Certain too, and visible to a duller eye than Friedrich's Loudon in Silesia is meditating mischief. "The inevitable Russians, the inevitable Loudon; and nothing but Fouquet and Henri on guard there, with their long thin chain of posts, infinitely too thin to do any execution!" thinks the King. To whom their modes of operating are but little satisfactory, as seen at Schlettau from the distance. "Conde se yourself," urges he always on Henri; "go forward on the Russians; attack sharply this Corps, that Corps, while they are still separate and on march!" Henri did condense himself, "took post between Sagan and Sprottau; post at Frankfurt," — poor Frankfurt, is it to have a Kunersdorf or Zorndorf every year, then? No; the cautious Henri never

¹ "To Prince Henri:" in *Schöning*, ii. 246 (3d April, 1760); ib. 263 (of the *Danish* outlook); &c. &c.

could see his way into these adventures; and did not attack any Corps of the Russians. Took post at Landsberg ultimately, — the Russians, as usual, having Posen as place-of-arms, — and vigilantly watched the Russians; without coming to strokes at all. A spectacle growing gradually intolerable to the King, though he tries to veil his feelings.

Neither was Fouquet's plan of procedure well seen by Friedrich in the distance. Ever since that of Regiment Manteuffel, which was a bit of disappointment, Loudon has been quietly industrious on a bigger scale. Privately he cherishes the hope, being a swift vehement enterprising kind of man, to oust Fouquet; and perhaps to have Glatz Fortress taken, before his Russians come! In the very end of May, Loudon, privately aiming for Glatz, breaks in upon Silesia again, — a long way to eastward of Fouquet, and as if regardless of Glatz. Upon which, Fouquet, in dread for Schweidnitz and perhaps Breslau itself, hastened down into the Plain Country, to manœuvre upon Loudon; but found no Loudon moving that way; and, in a day or two, learned that Landshut, so weakly guarded, had been picked up by a big corps of Austrians; and in another day or two, that Loudon (June 7th) had blocked Glatz, — Loudon's real intention now clear to Fouquet. As it was to Friedrich from the first; whose anger and astonishment at this loss of Landshut were great, when he heard of it in his Camp of Schlettau. "Back to Landshut," orders he (11th June, three days before leaving Schlettau); "neither Schweidnitz nor Breslau are in danger: it is Glatz the Austrians mean [as Fouquet and all the world now see they do!]; watch Glatz; retake me Landshut instantly!"

The tone of Friedrich, which is usually all friendliness to Fouquet, had on this occasion something in it which offended the punctual and rather peremptory Spartan mind. Fouquet would not have neglected Glatz; pity he had not been left to his own methods with Landshut and it. Deeply hurt, he read this Order (16th June); and vowing to obey it, and nothing but *it*, used these words, which were remembered afterwards, to his assembled Generals: "*Meine Herren*, it appears, then, we must take Landshut again. Loudon, as the

next thing, will come on us there with his mass of force ; and we must then, like Prussians, hold out as long as possible, think of no surrender on open field, but if even beaten, defend ourselves to the last man. In case of a retreat, I will be one of the last that leaves the field : and should I have the misfortune to survive such a day, I give you my word of honor never to draw a Prussian sword more.”¹ This speech of Fouquet’s (June 16th) was two days after Friedrich got on march from Schlettau. June 17th, Fouquet got to Landshut ; drove out the Austrians more easily than he had calculated, and set diligently, next day, to repair his works, writing to Friedrich : “ Your Majesty’s Order shall be executed here, while a man of us lives.” Fouquet, in the old Crown-Prince time, used to be called Bayard by his Royal friend. His Royal friend, now darker of face and scathed by much ill-weather, has just quitted Schlettau, three days before this recovery of Landshut ; and will not have gone far till he again hear news of Fouquet.

Night of June 14th-15th, Friedrich, “ between Zehren and Zabel,” several miles down stream, — his bridges now all ready, out of Lacy’s cognizance, — has suddenly crossed Elbe ; and next afternoon pitches camp at Broschwitz, which is straight towards Lacy again. To Lacy’s astonishment ; who is posted at Moritzburg, with head-quarter in that beautiful Country-seat of Polish Majesty, — only 10 miles to eastward, should Friedrich take that road. Broschwitz is short way north of Meissen, and lies on the road either to Grossenhayn or to Radeburg (Radeburg only four miles northward of Lacy), as Friedrich shall see fit, on the morrow. For the Meissen north road forks off there, in those two directions : straight northward is for Grossenhayn, right hand is for Radeburg. Most interesting to Lacy, which of these forks, what is quite optional, Friedrich will take ! Lacy is an alert man ; looks well to himself ; warns Daun ; and will not be caught if he can help it. Daun himself is encamped at Reichenberg, within two miles of him, inexpugnably intrenched as usual ; and the

¹ Stenzel, v. 239.

danger surely is not great: nevertheless both these Generals, wise by experience, keep their eyes open.

The *First* great Feat of Marching now follows, on Friedrich's part; with little or no result to Friedrich; but worth remembering, so strenuous, so fruitless was it, — so barred by ill news from without! Both this and the Second stand recorded for us, in brief intelligent terms by Mitchell, who was present in both; and who is perfectly exact on every point, and intelligible throughout, — if you will read him with a Map; and divine for yourself what the real names are, out of the inhuman blotchings made of them, not by Mitchell's blame at all.¹

Tuesday, June 17th, second day of Friedrich's stay at Broschwitz, Mitchell, in a very confidential Dialogue they had together, learned from him, under seal of secrecy, That it was his purpose to march for Radeburg to-morrow morning, and attack Lacy and his 30,000, who lie encamped at Moritzburg out yonder; for which step his Majesty was pleased farther to show Mitchell a little what the various inducements were: "One Russian Corps is aiming as if for Berlin; the Austrians are about besieging Glatz, — pressing need that Fouquet were reinforced in his Silesian post of difficulty. Then here are the Reichs-people close by; can be in Dresden three days hence, joined to Daun: 80,000 odd there will then be of Enemies in this part: I must beat Lacy, if possible, while time still is!" — and ended by saying: "Succeed here, and all may yet be saved; be beaten here, I know the consequences: but what can I do? The risk must be run; and it is now smaller than it will ever again be."

Mitchell, whose account is a fortnight later than the Dialogue itself, does confess, "My Lord, these reasons, though unhappily the thing seems to have failed, 'appear to me to be solid and unanswerable.'" Much more do they to Tempelhof, who sees deeper into the bottom of them than Mitchell did; and finds that the failure is only superficial.² The real suc-

¹ Mitchell, *Memoirs and Papers*, ii. 160 et seq.

² Mitchell, *Memoirs and Papers*, ii. 160 (Despatch, "June 30th, 1760") · Tempelhof, iv. 44.

cess, thinks Tempelhof, would be, Could the King manœuvre himself into Silesia, and entice a cunctatory Daun away with him thither. A cunctatory Daun to preside over matters *there*, in his superstitiously cautious way; leaving Saxony free to the Reichsfolk, — whom a Hülsen, left with his small remnant in Schlettau, might easily take charge of, till Silesia were settled? “The plan was bold, was new, and completely worthy of Friedrich,” votes Tempelhof; “and it required the most consummate delicacy of execution. To lure Daun on, always with the prospect open to him of knocking you on the head, and always by your rapidity and ingenuity to take care that he never got it done.” This is Tempelhof’s notion: and this, sure enough, was actually Friedrich’s mode of management in the weeks following; though whether already altogether planned in his head, or only gradually planning itself, as is more likely, nobody can say. We will look a very little into the execution, concerning which there is no dubiety: —

Wednesday, 18th June, “Friedrich,” as predicted to Mitchell, the night before, “did start punctually, in three columns, at 3 A.M. [Sun just rising]; and, after a hot march, got encamped on the southward side of Radeburg: ready to cross the Rödern Stream there to-morrow, as if intending for the Lausitz [should that prove needful for alluring Lacy], — and in the mean while very inquisitive where Lacy might be. One of Lacy’s outposts, those Saxon light horse, was fallen in with; was chased home, and Lacy’s camp discovered, that night. At Bernsdorf, not three miles to southward or right of us; Daun only another three to south of him. Let us attack Lacy to-morrow morning; wind round to get between Daun and him,¹ — with fit arrangements; rapid as light! In the King’s tent, accordingly, his Generals are assembled to take their Orders; brief, distinct, and to be done with brevity. And all are on the move for Bernsdorf at 4 next morning; when, behold, —

“*Thursday, 19th*, At Bernsdorf there is no Lacy to be found. Cautious Dorn has ordered him in, — and not for Lacy’s sake, as appears, but for his own: ‘Hitherward, you alert Lacy; to

¹ Tempelhof, iv. 47-49.

cover my right flank here, my Hill of Reichenberg, — lest it be not impregnable enough against that feline enemy!’ And there they have taken post, say 60,000 against 30,000 ; and are palisading to a quite extraordinary degree. No fight possible with Lacy or Daun.”

This is what Mitchell counts the failure of Friedrich’s enterprise : and certainly it grieved Friedrich a good deal. Who, on riding out to reconnoitre Reichenberg (Quintus Icilius and Battalion *Quintus* part of his escort, if that be an interesting circumstance], finds Reichenberg a plainly unattackable post ; finds, by Daun’s rate of palisading, that there will be no attack from Daun either. No attack from Daun ; — and, therefore, that Hülsen’s people may be sent home to Schlettau again ; and that he, Friedrich, will take post close by, and wearisomely be content to wait for some new opportunity.

Which he does for a week to come ; Daun sitting impregnable, intrenched and palisaded to the teeth, — rather wishing to be attacked, you would say ; or hopeful sometimes of doing something of the Hochkirch sort again (for the country is woody, and the enemy audacious) ; — at all events, very clear not to attack. A man erring, sometimes to a notable degree, by over-caution. “Could hardly have failed to overwhelm Friedrich’s small force, had he at once, on Friedrich’s crossing the Elbe, joined Lacy, and gone out against him,” thinks Tempelhof, pointing out the form of operation too.¹ Caution is excellent ; but not quite by itself. Would caution alone do it, an Army all of Druidic whinstones, or innocent clay-sacks, incapable of taking hurt, would be the proper one ! — Daun stood there ; Friedrich looking daily into him, — visibly in ill humor, says Mitchell ; and no wonder ; gloomy and surly words coming out of him, to the distress of his Generals : “Which I took the liberty of hinting, one evening, to his Majesty ;” hint graciously received, and of effect perceptible, at least to my imagining.

Wednesday, June 25th, After nearly a week of this, there rose, towards sunset, all over the Reichenberg, and far and wide, an exuberant joy-firing : “For what in the world ?”

¹ Tempelhof, iv. 42, 48.

thinks Friedrich. Alas, your Majesty, — since your own messenger has not arrived, nor indeed ever will, being picked up by Pandours, — here, gathered from the Austrian outposts or deserters, are news for you, fatal enough! Landshut is done; Fouquet and his valiant 13,000 are trodden out there. Indignant Fouquet has obeyed you, not wisely but too well. He has kept Landshut six nights and five days. On the morning of the sixth day, here is what befell: —

“*Landshut, Monday, 23d June*, About a quarter to two in the morning, Loudon, who had gathered 31,000 horse and foot for the business, and taken his measures, fired aloft, by way of signal, four howitzers into the gray of the summer morning; and burst loose upon Fouquet, in various columns, on his southward front, on both flanks, ultimately in his rear too: columns all in the height of fighting humor, confident as three to one, — and having brandy in them, it is likewise said. Fouquet and his people stood to arms, in the temper Fouquet had vowed they would: defended their Hills with an energy, with a steady skill, which Loudon himself admired; but their Hill-works would have needed thrice the number; — Fouquet, by detaching and otherwise, has in arms only 10,680 men. Toughly as they strove, after partial successes, they began to lose one Hill, and then another; and in the course of hours, nearly all their Hills. Landshut Town Loudon had taken from them, Landshut and its roads: in the end, the Prussian position is becoming permeable, plainly untenable; — Austrian force is moving to their rearward to block the retreat.

“Seeing which latter fact, Fouquet throws out all his Cavalry, a poor 1,500, to secure the Passes of the Bober; himself formed square with the wrecks of his Infantry; and, at a steady step, cuts way for himself with bayonet and bullet. With singular success for some time, in spite of the odds. And is clear across the Bober; when lo, among the knolls ahead, masses of Austrian Cavalry are seen waiting him, besetting every passage! Even these do not break him; but these, with infantry and cannon coming up to help them, do. Here, for some time, was the fiercest tug of all, — till a bullet having killed Fouquet’s horse, and carried the General himself

to the ground, the spasm ended. The Lichnowski Dragoons, a famed Austrian regiment, who had charged and again charged with nothing but repulse on repulse, now broke in, all in a foam of rage; cut furiously upon Fouquet himself; wounded Fouquet thrice; would have killed him, had it not been for the heroism of poor Trautsehke, his Groom [let us name the gallant fellow, even if unpronounceable], who flung himself on the body of his Master, and took the bloody strokes instead of him; shrieking his loudest, 'Will you murder the Commanding General, then!' Which brought up the Colonel of Lichnowski; a Gentleman and Ritter, abhorrent of such practices. To him Fouquet gave his sword; — kept his vow never to draw it again.

"The wrecks of Fouquet's Infantry were, many of them, massacred, no quarter given; such the unchivalrous fury that had risen. His Cavalry, with the loss of about 500, cut their way through. They and some stragglers of Foot, in whole about 1,500 of both kinds, were what remained of those 10,680 after this bloody morning's work. There had been about six hours of it; 'all over by 8 o'clock.'"¹

Fouquet has obeyed to the letter: "Did not my King wrong me?" Fouquet may say to himself. Truly, Herr General, your King's Order was a little unwise; as you (who were on the ground, and your King not) knew it to be. An unwise Order; — perhaps not inexcusable in the sudden circumstances. And perhaps a still more perfect Bayard would have preferred obeying such a King in spirit, rather than in letter, and thereby doing him vital service *against* his temporary will? It is not doubted but Fouquet, left to himself and his 13,000, with the Fortresses and Garrisons about him, would have maintained himself in Silesia till help came. The issue is, — Fouquet has probably lost this fine King his Silesia, for the time being; and beyond any question, has lost him 10,000 Prussian-Spartan

¹ *Hofbericht von der am 23 Junius, 1760, bey Landshuth vorgefallenen Action* (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 669–671); *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 258–284; Tempelhof, iv. 26–41; Stenzel, v. 241 (who, by oversight, — this Volume being posthumous to poor Stenzel, — protracts the Action to "half-past 7 in the evening").

fighters, and a fine General whom he could ill spare! — In a word, the Gate of Silesia is burst open; and Loudon has every prospect of taking Glatz, which will keep it so.

What a thunder-bolt for Friedrich! One of the last pillars struck away from his tottering affairs. “Inevitable, then? We are over with it, then?” One may fancy Friedrich’s reflections. But he showed nothing of them to anybody; in a few hours, had his mind composed, and new plans on the anvil. On the morrow of that Austrian Joy-Firing, — morrow, or some day close on it (ought to have been dated, but is not), — there went from him, to Magdeburg, the Order: “Have me such and such quantities of Siege-Artillery in a state of readiness.”¹ Already meaning, it is thought, or contemplating as possible a certain Siege, which surprised everybody before long! A most inventive, enterprising being; no end to his contrivances and unexpected outbreaks; especially when you have him jammed into a corner, and fancy it is all over with him!

“To no other General,” says Tempelhof, “would such a notion of besieging Dresden have occurred; or if it had suggested itself, the hideous difficulties would at once have banished it again, or left it only as a pious wish. But it is strokes of this kind that characterize the great man. Often enough they have succeeded, been decisive of great campaigns and wars, and become splendid in the eyes of all mankind; sometimes, as in this case, they have only deserved to succeed, and to be splendid in the eyes of judges. How get these masses of enemies lured away, so that you could try such a thing? There lay the difficulty; insuperable altogether, except by the most fine and appropriate treatment. Of a truth, it required a connected series of the wisest measures and most secret artifices of war; — and withal, that you should throw over them such a veil as would lead your enemy to see in them precisely the reverse of what they meant. How all this was to be set in action, and how the Enemy’s own plans, intentions and moods of mind were to be used as raw material for attainment

¹ Tempelhof, iv. 51.

of your object, — studious readers will best see in the manœuvres of the King in his now more than critical condition; which do certainly exhibit the completest masterpiece in the Art of leading Armies that Europe has ever seen.”

Tempelhof is well enough aware, as readers should continue to be, that, primarily, and onward for three weeks more, not Dresden, but the getting to Silesia on good terms, is Friedrich's main enterprise: Dresden only a supplement or substitute, a second string to his bow, till the first fail. But, in effect, the two enterprises or strings coincide, or are one, till the first of them fail; and Tempelhof's eulogy will apply to either. The initiatory step to either is a *Second Feat of Marching*; — still notabler than the former, which has had this poor issue. Soldiers of the studious or scientific sort, if there are yet any such among us, will naturally go to Tempelhof, and fearlessly encounter the ruggedest Documents and Books, if Tempelhof leave them dubious on any point (which he hardly will): to ingenuous readers of other sorts, who will take a little pains for understanding the thing, perhaps the following intermittent far-off glimpses may suffice.¹

On ascertaining the Landshut disaster, Friedrich falls back a little; northward to Gross-Döbritz. “Possibly Daun will think us cowed by what has happened; and may try something on us?” Daun is by no means sure of this *cowed* phenomenon, or of the retreat it has made; and tries nothing on it; only rides up daily to it, to ascertain that it is there; and diligently sends out parties to watch the Northeastward parts, where run the Silesian Roads. After about a week of this, and some disappointments, Friedrich decides to march in earnest. There had, one day, come report of Lacy's being detached, Lacy with a strong Division, to block the Silesian roads; but that, on trial, proved to be false. “Pshaw, nothing for us but to go ourselves!” concludes Friedrich, — and, *July 1st*, sends off his Bakery and Heavy Baggage; indicating to

¹ Mitchell, ii. 162 et seq.; and Tempelhof (iv. 50-53 et seq.), as a scientific check on Mitchell, or unconscious fellow-witness with him, — agreeing beautifully almost always.

Mitchell, "To-morrow morning at 3!" — Here is Mitchell's own account; accurate in every particular, as we find: ¹—

Wednesday, July 2d. "From Gross-Döbritz to Quosdorf [to Quosdorf, a poor Hamlet there, not Quoßdorf, as many write, which is a Town far enough from there] — the Army marched accordingly. In two columns; baggage, bakery and artillery in a third; through a country extremely covered with wood. Were attacked by some Uhlans and Hussars; whom a few cannon-shot sent to the road again. March lasted from 3 in the morning to 3 in the afternoon;" twelve long hours. "Went northeastward a space of 20 miles, leaving Radeburg, much more leaving Reichenberg, Moritzburg and the Daun quarters well to the right, and at last quite to rearward; crossed the Röder, crossed the Pulsnitz," small tributaries or sub-tributaries of the Elbe in those parts; "crossed the latter (which divides Meissen from the Lausitz) partly by the Bridge of Krakau, first Village in the Lausitz. Head-quarter was the poor Hamlet of Quosdorf, a mile farther on. 'This march had been carefully kept secret,' says Mitchell; 'and it was the opinion of the most experienced Officers, that, had the Enemy discovered the King of Prussia's design, they might, by placing their light troops in the roads with proper supports, have rendered it extremely difficult, if not impracticable.'"

Daun very early got to know of Friedrich's departure, and whitherward; which was extremely interesting to Daun: "Aims to be in Silesia before me; will cut out Loudon from his fine prospects on Glatz?" — and had instantly reinforced, perhaps to 20,000, Lacy's Division; and ordered Lacy, who is the nearest to Friedrich's March, to start instantly on the skirts of said March, and endeavor diligently to trample on the same. For the purpose of harassing said March, Lacy is to do whatever he with safety can (which we see is not much: "a few Uhlans and Hussars"); at lowest, is to keep it constantly in sight; and always encamp as near it as he dare; ² — Daun himself girding up his loins; and preparing, by a short-cut, to get ahead of it in a day or two. Lacy was alert enough, but could not do much with safety: a few Uhlans and Hussars, that was

¹ Mitchell, ii. 164; Tempelhof, iv. 54.

² Tempelhof, iv. 54.

all; and he is now encamped somewhere to rearward, as near as he dare.

Thursday, 3d July. "A rest-day; Army resting about Krakau, after such a spell through the woody moors. The King, with small escort, rides out reconnoitring, hither, thither, on the southern side or Lacy quarter: to the top of the Keulenberg (*Bludgeon Hill*), at last, — which is ten or a dozen miles from Krakau and Quosdorf, but commands an extensive view. Towns, village-belfries, courses of streams; a country of mossy woods and wild agricultures, of bogs, of shaggy moor. Southward 10 miles is Radeberg [not Radeburg, observe]; yonder is the town of Pulsnitz on our stream of Pulsnitz; to south-east, and twice as far, is Bischofswerda, chasmy Stolpen (too well known to us before this): behind us, Königsbrück, Kamenz and the road from Grossenhayn to Bautzen: these and many other places memorable to this King are discoverable from Bludgeon Hill. But the discovery of discoveries to him is Lacy's Camp, — not very far off, about a mile behind Pulsnitz; clearly visible, at Lichtenberg yonder. Which we at once determine to attack; which, and the roads to which, are the one object of interest just now, — nothing else visible, as it were, on the top of the Keulenberg here, or as we ride homeward, meditating it with a practical view. 'March at midnight,' that is the practical result arrived at, on reaching home."

Friday, July 4th. "Since the stroke of midnight we are all on march again; nothing but the baggages and bakeries left [with Quintus to watch them, which I see is his common function in these marches]; King himself in the Vanguard, — who hopes to give Lacy a salutation.¹ 'The march was full of de-files,' says Mitchell: and Mitchell, in his carriage, knew little what a region it was, with boggy intricacies, lakelets, tangly thickets, stocks and stumps; or what a business to pass with heavy cannon, baggage-wagons and columns of men! Such a march; and again not far from twenty miles of it: very hot, as the morning broke, in the breathless woods. Had Lacy known what kind of ground we had to march in, and been

¹ Tempelhof, iv. 56.

enterprising — ! thinks Tempelhof. The march being so retarded, Lacy got notice of it, and vanished quite away, — to Bischofswerda, I believe, and the protecting neighborhood of Daun. Nothing of him left when we emerge, simultaneously from this hand and from that, on his front and on his rear, to take him as in a vice, as in the sudden snap of a fox-trap ; — fox quite gone. Hardly a few hussars of him to be picked up ; and no chase possible, after such a march.”

Friedrich had done everything to keep himself secret : but Lacy has endless Pandours prowling about ; and, I suppose, the Country-people (in the Lausitz here, who ought to have loyalty) are on the Lacy side. Friedrich has to take his disappointment. He encamps here, on the Heights, head-quarter Pulsnitz, — till Quintus come up with the baggage, which he does punctually, but not till nightfall, not till midnight the last of him.

Saturday, July 5th. “To the road again at 3 A.M. Again to northward, to Kloster (*Cloister*) Marienstern, a 15 miles or so, — head-quarter in the Cloister itself. Daun had set off for Bautzen, with his 50 or 60,000, in the extremest push of haste, and is at Bautzen this night ; ahead of Friedrich, with Lacy as rear-guard of him, who is also ahead of Friedrich, and safe at Bischofswerda. A Daun hastening as never before. This news of a Daun already at Bautzen awakened Friedrich’s utmost speed : ‘Never do, that Daun be in Silesia before us ! Indispensable to get ahead of Bautzen and him, or to be waiting on the flank of his next march !’ Accordingly,

“*Sunday, July 6th,* Friedrich, at 3 A.M., is again in motion ; in three columns, streaming forward all day : straight eastward, Daun-ward. Intends to cross the Spree, leaving Bautzen to the right ; and take post somewhere to northeast of Bautzen, and on the flank of Daun. The windless day grows hotter and hotter ; the roads are of loose sand, full of jungles and impediments. This was such a march for heat and difficulty as the King never had before. In front of each Column went wagons with a few pontoons ; there being many brooks and little streams to cross. The soldier, for his own health’s sake, is strictly forbidden to drink ; but as the burning day rose

higher, in the sweltering close march, thirst grew irresistible. Crossing any of these Brooks, the soldiers pounce down, irrepressible, whole ranks of them; lift water, clean or dirty; drink it greedily from the brim of the hat. Sergeants may wag their tongues and their cudgels at discretion: 'showers of cudgel-strokes,' says Archenholtz; Sergeants going like threshers on the poor men; — 'though the upper Officers had a touch of mercy, and affected not to see this disobedience to the Sergeants and their cudgels,' which was punishable with death. War is not an over-fond Mother, but a sufficiently Spartan one, to her Sons. There dropt down, in the march that day, 105 Prussian men, who never rose again. And as to intercepting Daun by such velocity, — Daun too is on march; gone to Görlitz, at almost a faster pace, if at a far heavier, — like a cart-horse on gallop; faring still worse in the heat: '200 of Daun's men died on the road this day, and 300 more were invalided for life.'¹

"Before reaching the Spree, Friedrich, who is in the Vanguard, hears of this Görlitz March, and that the bird is flown. For which he has, therefore, to devise straightway a new expedient: 'Wheel to the right; cross Spree farther down, nolding towards Bautzen itself,' orders Friedrich. And settles within two miles of Bautzen; his left being at Doberschütz, — on the strong ground he held after Hochkirch, while Daun, two years ago, sat watching so quiescent. Daun knows what kind of march these Prussians, blocked out from relief of Neisse, stole on him *then*, and saved their Silesia, in spite of his watching and blocking; — and has plunged off, in the manner of a cart-horse scared into galloping, to avoid the like." What a Sabbath-day's journey, on both sides, for those Sons of War! Nothing in the Roman times, though they had less baggage, comes up to such modern marching: nor is this the fastest of Friedrich's, though of Daun's it unspeakably is. "Friedrich, having missed Daun, is thinking now to whirl round, and go into Lacy, — which will certainly bring Daun back, even better.

"This evening, accordingly, Ziethen occupies Bautzen;

¹ Tempelhof, iv. 58; Archenholtz. ii. 68; Mitchell, ii. 166.

sweeps out certain Lacy precursors, cavalry in some strength, who are there. Lacy has come on as far as Bischofswerda: and his Horse-people seem to be wide ahead; provokingly pert upon Friedrich's outposts, who determines to chastise them the first thing to-morrow. To-morrow, as is very needful, is to be a rest-day otherwise. For Friedrich's wearied people a rest-day; not at all for Daun's, who continues his heavy-footed galloping yet another day and another, till he get across the Queiss, and actually reach Silesia."

Monday, July 7th. "Rest-day accordingly, in Bautzen neighborhood; nothing passing but a curious Skirmish of Horse,—in which Friedrich, who had gone westward reconnoitring, seeking Lacy, had the main share, and was notably situated for some time. Gödau, a small town or village, six miles west of Bautzen, was the scene of this notable passage: actors in it were Friedrich himself, on the Prussian part; and, on the Austrian, by degrees Lacy's Cavalry almost in whole. Lacy's Cavalry, what Friedrich does not know, are all in those neighborhoods: and no sooner is Gödau swept clear of them, than they return in greater numbers, needing to be again swept; and, in fact, they gradually gather in upon him, in a singular and dangerous manner, after his first successes on them, and before his Infantry have time to get up and support.

"Friedrich was too impatient in this provoking little haggle, arresting him here. He had ordered on the suitable Battalion with cannon; but hardly considers that the Battalion itself is six miles off,—not to speak of the Order, which is galloping on horseback, not going by electricity:—the impatient Friedrich had slashed in at once upon Gödau, taken above 100 prisoners; but is astonished to see the slashed people return, with Saxon-Dragoon regiments, all manner of regiments, reinforcing them. And has some really dangerous fencing there;—issuing in dangerous and curious pause of both parties; who stand drawn up, scarcely beyond pistol-shot, and gazing into one another, for I know not how many minutes; neither of them daring to move off, lest, on the instant of turning, it be charged and overwhelmed. As the impatient Friedrich, at last, almost was,—had not his Infantry just then got in, and

given their cannon-salvo. He lost about 200, the Lacy people hardly so many; and is now out of a considerable personal jeopardy, which is still celebrated in the Anecdote-Books, perhaps to a mythical extent. ‘Two Uhlans [Saxon-Polish Light-Horse], with their truculent pikes, are just plunging in,’ say the Anecdote-Books: Friedrich’s Page, who had got unhorsed, sprang to his feet, bellowed in Polish to them: ‘What are you doing here, fellows?’ ‘Excellenz [for the Page is not in Prussian uniform, or in uniform at all, only well-dressed], Excellenz, our horses ran away with us,’ answer the poor fellows; and whirl back rapidly.” The story, says Retzow, is true.¹

This is the one event of July 7th, — and of July 8th withal; which day also, on news of Daun that come, Friedrich rests. Up to July 8th, it is clear Friedrich is shooting with what we called the first string of his bow, — intent, namely, on Silesia. Nor, on hearing that Daun is forward again, now hopelessly ahead, does he quit that enterprise; but, on the contrary, to-morrow morning, July 9th, tries it by a new method, as we shall see: method cunningly devised to suit the *second* string as well. “How lucky that we have a second string, in case of failure!” —

Tuesday, 8th July. “News that Daun reached Görlitz yesterday night; and is due to-night at Lauban, fifty miles ahead of us: — no hope now of reaching Daun. Perhaps a sudden clutch at Lacy, in the opposite direction, might be the method of recalling Daun, and reaching him? That is the method fallen upon.

“Sun being set, the drums in Bautzen sound *tattoo*, — audible to listening Croats in the Environs; — beat *tattoo*, and, later in the night, other passages of drum-music, also for Croat behoof (*general-march* I think it is); indicating That we have started again, in pursuit of Daun. And in short, every precaution being taken to soothe the mind of Lacy and the Croats, Friedrich silently issues, with his best speed, in Three columns, by Three roads, towards Lacy’s quarters, which go from that village of Gödau westward, in a loose way, several miles. In

¹ Retzow, ii. 215.

three columns, by three routes, all to converge, with punctuality, on Lacy. Of the columns, two are of Infantry, the leftmost and the rightmost, on each hand, hidden as much as possible; one is of Cavalry in the middle. Coming on in this manner — like a pair of triple-pincers, which are to grip simultaneously on Lacy, and astonish him, if he keep quiet. But Lacy is vigilant, and is cautious almost in excess. Learning by his Pandours that the King seems to be coming this way, Lacy gathers himself on the instant; quits Gödau, by one in the morning; and retreats bodily, at his fastest step, to Bischofswerda again; nor by any means stops there.”¹

For the third time! “Three is lucky,” Friedrich may have thought: and there has no precaution, of drum-music, of secrecy or persuasive finesse, been neglected on Lacy. But Lacy has ears that hear the grass grow: our elaborately accurate triple-pincers, closing simultaneously on Bischofswerda, after eighteen miles of sweep, find Lacy flown again; nothing to be caught of him but some 80 hussars. All this day and all next night Lacy is scouring through the western parts at an extraordinary rate; halting for a camp, twice over, at different places, — Dürre Fuchs (*Thirsty Fox*), Dürre Bühle (*Thirsty Sweetheart*), or wherever it was; then again taking wing, on sound of Prussian parties to rear; in short, hurrying towards Dresden and the Reichsfolk, as if for life.

Lacy’s retreat, I hear, was ingeniously done, with a minimum of disorder in the circumstances: but certainly it was with a velocity as if his head had been on fire; and, indeed, they say he escaped annihilation by being off in time. He put up finally, not at Thirsty Sweetheart, still less at Thirsty Fox, successive Hamlets and Public Houses in the sandy Wilderness which lies to north of Elbe, and is called *Dresden Heath*; but farther on, in the same Tract, at Weisse Hirsch (*White Hart*); which looks close over upon Dresden, within two miles or so; and is a kind of Height, and military post of advantage. Next morning, July 10th, he crosses Dresden Bridge, comes streaming through the City; and takes shelter with the Reichsfolk

¹ Tempelhof, iv. 61–63.

near there:—towards Plauen Chasm; the strongest ground in the world; hardly strong enough, it appears, in the present emergency.

Friedrich's first string, therefore, has snapt in two; but, on the instant, he has a second fitted on:—may that prove luckier!

CHAPTER II.

FRIEDRICH BESIEGES DRESDEN.

FROM and after the Evening of Wednesday, July 9th, it is upon a Siege of Dresden that Friedrich goes;—turning the whole war-theatre topsy-turvy; throwing Daun, Loudon, Lacy, everybody *out*, in this strange and sudden manner. One of the finest military feats ever done, thinks Tempelhof. Undoubtedly a notable result so far, and notably done; as the impartial reader (if Tempelhof be a little inconsistent) sees for himself. These truly are a wonderful series of marches, opulent in continual promptitudes, audacities, contrivances;—done with shining talent, certainly; and also with result shining, for the moment. And in a Fabulous Epic I think Dresden would certainly have fallen to Friedrich, and his crowd of enemies been left in a tumbled condition.

But the Epic of Reality cares nothing for such considerations; and the time allowable for capture of Dresden is very brief. Had Daun, on getting warning, been as prompt to return as he was to go, frankly fronting at once the chances of the road, he might have been at Dresden again perhaps within a week,—no Siege possible for Friedrich, hardly the big guns got up from Magdeburg. But Friedrich calculated there would be very considerable fcttling and haggling on Daun's part; say a good Fortnight of Siege allowed;—and that, by dead-lift effort of all hands, the thing was feasible within that limit. On Friedrich's part, as we can fancy, there was no want of effort; nor on his people's part,—in spite of his complainings, say Retzow and the Opposition party; who insinuate their

own private belief of impossibility from the first. Which is not confirmed by impartial judgments, — that of Archenholtz, and others better. The truth is, Friedrich was within an inch of taking Dresden by the first assault, — they say he actually could have taken it by storm the first day; but shuddered at the thought of exposing poor Dresden to sack and plunder; and hoped to get it by capitulation.

One of the rapidest and most furious Sieges anywhere on record. Filled Europe with astonishment, expectancy, admiration, horror: — must be very briefly recited here. The main chronological epochs, salient points of crisis and successive phases of occurrence, will sufficiently indicate it to the reader's fancy.

“It was Thursday Evening, 10th July, when Lacy got to his Reichsfolk, and took breath behind Plauen Chasm. Maguire is Governor of Dresden. The consternation of garrison and population was extreme. To Lacy himself it did not seem conceivable that Friedrich could mean a Siege of Dresden. Friedrich, that night, is beyond the River, in Daun's old impregnability of Reichenberg: ‘He has no siege-artillery,’ thinks Lacy; ‘no means, no time.’

“Nevertheless, Saturday, next day after to-morrow, — behold, there is Hülsen, come from Schlettau to our neighborhood, on our Austrian side of the River. And at Kaditz yonder, a mile below Dresden, are not the King's people building their Pontoons; in march since 2 in the morning, — evidently coming across, if not to besiege Dresden, then to attack us; which is perhaps worse! We outnumber them, — but as to trying fight in any form? Zweibrück leaves Maguire an additional 10,000; — every help and encouragement to Maguire; whose garrison is now 14,000: ‘Be of courage, Excellenz Maguire! Nobody is better skilled in siege-matters. Feldmarschall and relief will be here with despatch!’ — and withdraws, Lacy and he, to the edge of the Pirna Country, there to be well out of harm's way. Lacy and he, it is thought, would perhaps have got beaten, trying to save Dresden from its misery. Lacy's orders were, Not,

on any terms, to get into fighting with Friedrich, but only to cover Dresden. Dresden, without fighting, has proved impossible to cover, and Lacy leaves it bare.”¹

“At Kaditz,” says Mitchell, “where the second bridge of boats took a great deal of time, I was standing by his Majesty, when news to the above effect came across from General Hülsen. The King was highly pleased; and, turning to me, said: ‘Just what I wished! They have saved me a very long march [round by Dippoldiswalde or so, in upon the rear of them] by going of will.’ And immediately the King got on horseback; ordering the Army to follow as fast as it could.”² “Through Preisnitz, Plauen-ward, goes the Army; circling round the Western and the Southern side of Dresden; [a dread spectacle from the walls]; across Weistritz Brook and the Plauen Chasm [comfortably left vacant]; and encamps on the Southeastern side of Dresden, at Gruna, behind the *Great Garden*; ready to begin business on the morrow. Gruna, about a mile to southeast of Dresden Walls, is head-quarter during this Siege.

“Through the night, the Prussians proceed to build batteries, the best they can;—there is no right siege-artillery yet; a few accidental howitzers and 25-pounders, the rest mere field-guns;—but to-morrow morning, be as it may, business shall begin. Prince von Holstein [nephew of the Holstein Beck, or “Holstein *Silver-Plate*,” whom we lost long ago], from beyond the River, encamped at the White Hart yonder, is to play upon the Neustadt simultaneously.

Monday 14th, “At 6 A.M., cannonade began; diligent on Holstein’s part and ours; but of inconsiderable effect. Maguire has been summoned: ‘Will [with such a garrison, in spite of such trepidations from the Court and others] defend himself to the last man.’ Free-Corps people [not Quintus’s, who is on the other side of the River],³ with regulars to rear, advance on the Pirna Gate; hurl in Maguire’s Out-parties; and had near got in along with them,—might have done so, they and their supports, it is thought by some, had storm seemed the recommendable method.

¹ Tempelhof, iv. 65.

² Mitchell, ii. 168.

³ Tempelhof, v. 67.

“For four days there is livelier and livelier cannonading; new batteries getting opened in the Moschinska Garden and other points; on the Prussian part, great longing that the Magdeburg artillery were here. The Prussians are making diligently ready for it, in the mean while (refitting the old Trenches, ‘old Envelope’ dug by Maguire himself in the Anti-Schmettau time; these will do well enough): — the Prussians reinforce Holstein at the Weisse Hirsch, throw a new bridge across to him; and are busy day and night. Maguire, too, is most industrious, resisting and preparing: Thursday shuts up the Weistritz Brook (a dam being ready this long while back, needing only to be closed), and lays the whole South side of Dresden under water. Many rumors about Daun: coming, not coming; — must for certain come, but will possibly be slowish.”

Friday 18th. “Joy to every Prussian soul: here are the heavy guns from Magdeburg. These, at any rate, are come; beds for them all ready; and now the cannonading can begin in right earnest. As it does with a vengeance. To Mitchell, and perhaps others, ‘the King of Prussia says He will now be master of the Town in a few days. And the disposition he has made of his troops on the other side of the River is intended not only to attack Dresden on that side [and defend himself from Daun], but also to prevent the Garrison from retiring. . . . This morning, Friday, 18th, the Suburb of Pirna, the one street left of it, was set fire to, by Maguire; and burnt out of the way, as the others had been. Many of the wretched inhabitants had fled to our camp: “Let them lodge in Plauen, no fighting there, quiet artificial water expanses there instead.” Many think the Town will not be taken; or that, if it should, it will cost very dear, — so determined seems Maguire.’¹ And, in effect, from this day onwards, the Siege became altogether fierce, and not only so, but fiery as well; and, though lasting in that violent form only four, or at the very utmost seven, days more, had near ruined Dresden from the face of the world.”

¹ Mitchell, iii. 170, 171.

Saturday, 19th, "Maguire, touched to the quick by these new artilleries of the Prussians this morning, found good to mount a gun or two on the leads of the Kreuz-Kirche [Protestant High Church, where, before now, we have noticed Friedrich attending quasi-divine service more than once];—that is to say, on the crown of Dresden; from which there is view into the bottom of Friedrich's trenches and operations. Others say, it was only two or three old Saxon cannon, which stand there, for firing on gala-days; and that they hardly fired on Friedrich more than once. For certain, this is one of the desirabest battery-stations,—if only Friedrich will leave it alone. Which he will not for a moment; but brings terrific howitzers to bear on it; cannon-balls, grenadoes; tears it to destruction, and the poor Kreuz-Kirche along with it. Kirche speedily all in flames, street after street blazing up round it, again and again for eight-and-forty hours coming; hapless Dresden, during two days and nights, a mere volcano henceforth." "By mistake all that, and without order of mine," says Friedrich once;—meaning, I think, all that of the Kreuz-Kirche: and perhaps wishing he could mean the bombardment altogether,¹—who nevertheless got, and gets, most of the credit of the thing from a shocked outside world.

"This morning," same Saturday, 19th, "Daun is reported to have arrived; vanguard of him said to be at Schönfeld, over in *Thirsty-Sweetheart* Country yonder which Friedrich, going to reconnoitre, finds tragically indisputable: 'There, for certain; only five miles from Holstein's post at the *White Hart*, and no River between;—as the crow flies, hardly five from our own Camp. Perhaps it will be some days yet before he do anything?' So that Friedrich persists in his bombardment, only the more: 'By fire-torture, then! Let the bombarded Royalties assail Maguire, and Maguire give in;—it is our one chance left; and succeed we will and must!' Cruel, say you?—Ah, yes, cruel enough, not merciful at all. The soul of Friedrich, I perceive, is not in a bright mood at this time, but in a black and wrathful, worn

¹ Schöning, ii. 361: "To Prince Henri, at Giessen [Frankfurt Country], 23d July, 1760."

almost desperate against the slings and arrows of unjust Fate: 'Ahead, I say! If everybody will do miracles, cannot we perhaps still manage it, in spite of Fate?' " Mitchell is very sorry; but will forget and forgive those inexorable passages of war.

"I cannot think of the bombardment of Dresden without horror," says he; "nor of many other things I have seen. Misfortunes naturally sour men's temper [even royal men's]; and long continued, without interval, at last extinguish humanity." "We are now in a most critical and dangerous situation, which cannot long last: one lucky event, approaching to a miracle, may still save all: but the extreme caution and circumspection of Marshal Daun —!"¹

If Daun could be swift, and end the miseries of Dresden, surely Dresden would be much obliged to him. It was ten days yet, after that of the Kreuz-Kirche, before Dresden quite got rid of its Siege: Daun never was a sudden man. By a kind of accident, he got Holstein hustled across the River that first night (July 19th), — not annihilated, as was very feasible, but pushed home, out of his way. Whereby the North side of Dresden is now open; and Daun has free communication with Maguire.

Maguire rose thereupon to a fine pitch of spirits; tried several things, and wished Daun to try; but with next to no result. For two days after Holstein's departure, Daun sat still, on his safe Northern shore; stirring nothing but his own cunctations and investigations, leaving the bombardment, or cannonade, to take its own course. One attempt he did make in concert with Maguire (night of Monday 21st), and one attempt only, of a serious nature; which, like the rest, was unsuccessful. And would not be worth mentioning, — except for the poor Regiment *Bernburg's* sake; Bernburg having got into strange case in consequence of it.

"This Attempt [night of 21st-22d July] was a combined sally and assault — Sally by Maguire's people, a General

¹ Mitchell, ii. 184, 185.

Nugent heading them, from the South or Plauen side of Dresden, and Assault by 4,000 of Daun's from the North side — upon Friedrich's Trenches. Which are to be burst in upon in this double way, and swept well clear, as may be expected. Friedrich, however, was aware of the symptoms, and had people ready waiting, — especially, had Regiment *Bernburg*, Battalions 1st and 2d; a Regiment hitherto without stain.

“Bernburg accordingly, on General Nugent's entering their trenches from the south side, falls altogether heartily on General Nugent; tumbles him back, takes 200 prisoners, Nugent himself one of them [who is considered to have been the eye of the enterprise, worth many hundreds this night] — all this Bernburg, in its usually creditable manner, does, as expected of it. But after, or during all this, when the Daun people from the north come streaming in, say four to one, both south and north, Bernburg looked round for support; and seeing none, had, after more or less of struggle, to retire as a defeated Bernburg, — Austrians taking the battery. and ruling supreme there for some time. Till Wedell, or somebody with fresh Battalions, came up; and, rallying Bernburg to him, retook their Battery, and drove out the Austrians, with a heavy loss of prisoners.¹

“I did not hear that Bernburg's conduct was liable to the least fair censure. But Friedrich's soul is severe at this time; demanding miracles from everybody: ‘You runaway Bernburg, shame on you!’ — and actually takes the swords from them, and cuts off their Hat-tresses: ‘There!’ Which excited such an astonishment in the Prussian Army as was seldom seen before. And affected Bernburg to the length almost of despair, and breaking of heart, — in a way that is not ridiculous to me at all, but beautiful and pathetic. Of which there is much talk, now and long afterwards, in military circles. The sorrows of these poor Bernburgers, their desperate efforts to wash out this stigma, their actual washing of it out, not many weeks hence, and their magnificent joy on the occasion, — these are the one distinguishing point in Daun's relief of Dresden which was otherwise quite a cunctatory, sedentary matter.”

¹ Tempelhof, iv. 79.

Daun built three Bridges, — he had a broad stone one already, — but did little or nothing with them; and never himself came across at all. Merely shot out nocturnal Pandour Parties, and ordered up Lacy and the Reichsfolk to do the like, and break the night's rest of his Enemy. He made minatory movements, one at least, down the River, by his own shore, on Friedrich's Ammunition-Boats from Torgau, and actually intercepted certain of them, which was something; but, except this, and vague flourishings of the Pandour kind, left Friedrich to his own course.

Friedrich bombarded for a day or two farther; cannonaded out of more or fewer batteries, for eight, or I think ten days more. Attacks from Daun there were to be, now on this side now on that; many rumors of attack, but, except once only (midnight Pandours attempting the King's lodging, "a Farm house near Gruna," but to their astonishment rousing the whole Prussian Army "in the course of three minutes"¹) rumor was mainly all. For guarding his siege-lines, Friedrich has to alter his position; to shift slightly, now fronting this way, now the other way; is "called always at midnight" (against these nocturnal disturbances), and "never has his clothes off." Nevertheless, continues his bombardment, and then his cannonading, till his own good time, which I think is till the 26th. His "ricochet-battery," which is good against Maguire's people, innocent to Dresden, he continued for three days more; — while gathering his furniture about Plauen Country, making his arrangements at Meissen; — did not march till the night of June 29th. Altogether calmly; no Daun or Austrian molesting him in the least; his very sentries walking their rounds in the trenches till daylight; after which they also marched, unmolested, Meissen-ward.

Unfortunate Friedrich has made nothing of Dresden, then. After such a June and July of it, since he left the Meissen Country; after all these intricate manœuvrings, hot fierce

¹ Archenholtz, ii. 81 (who is very vivid, but does not date); Rüdénbeck, ii. 24 (quotes similar account by another Eye-witness, and guesses it to be "night of July 22d-23d").

marchings and superhuman exertions, here is he returning to Meissen Country poorer than if he had stayed. Fouquet lost, Glatz unrelieved — Nay, just before marching off, what is this new phenomenon? Is this by way of “Happy journey to you!” Towards sunset of the 29th, exuberant joy-firing rises far and wide from the usually quiet Austrian lines, — “Meaning what, once more?” Meaning that Glatz is lost, your Majesty; that, instead of a siege of many weeks (as might have been expected with Fouquet for Commandant), it has held out, under Fouquet’s Second, only a few hours; and is gone without remedy! Certain, though incredible. Imbecile Commandant, treacherous Garrison (Austrian deserters mainly), with stealthy Jesuits acting on them: no use asking what. Here is the sad Narrative, in succinct form.

Capture of Glatz (26th July, 1760).

“Loudon is a swift man, when he can get bridle; but the curb-hand of Daun is often heavy on him. Loudon has had Glatz blockaded since June 7th; since June 23d he has had Fouquet rooted away, and the ground clear for a Siege of Glatz. But had to abstain altogether, in the mean time; to take camp at Landshut, to march and manœuvre about, in support of Daun, and that heavy-footed gallop of Daun’s which then followed: on the whole, it was not till Friedrich went for Dresden that the Siege-Artillery, from Olmütz, could be ordered forward upon Glatz; not for a fortnight more that the Artillery could come; and, in spite of Loudon’s utmost despatch, not till break of day, July 26th, that the batteries could open. After which, such was Loudon’s speed and fortune, — and so diligent had the Jesuits been in those seven weeks, — the ‘Siege,’ as they call it, was over in less than seven hours.

“One Colonel D’O [Piedmontese by nation, an incompetent person, known to loud Trenck during his detention here] was Commandant of Glatz, and had the principal Fortress, — for there are two, one on each side the Neisse River; — his Second was a Colonel Quadt, by birth Prussian, seemingly not very competent he either, who had command of the Old Fortress,

round which lies the Town of Glatz: a little Town, abounding in Jesuits; — to whose Virgin, if readers remember, Friedrich once gave a new gown; with small effect on her, as would appear. The Quadt-D'O garrison was 2,400, — and, if tales are true, it had been well bejesuited during those seven weeks.¹ At four in the morning, July 26th, the battering began on Quadt; Quadt, I will believe, responding what he could, — especially from a certain Arrowhead Redoubt (or *Flèche*) he has, which ought to have been important to him. After four or five hours of this, there was mutual pause, — as if both parties had decided upon breakfast before going farther.

“Quadt's Fortress is very strong, mostly hewn in the rock; and he has that important outwork of a *Flèche*; which is excellent for enfilading, as it extends well beyond the glacis; and, being of rock like the rest, is also abundantly defensible. Loudon's people, looking over into this *Flèche*, find it negligently guarded; Quadt at breakfast, as would seem: — and directly send for Harsch, Captain of the Siege, and even for Loudon, the General-in-Chief. Negligently guarded, sure enough; nothing in the *Flèche* but a few sentries, and these in the horizontal position, taking their *unlawful* rest there, after such a morning's work. ‘Seize me that,’ eagerly orders Loudon; ‘hold that with firm grip!’ Which is done; only to step in softly, two battalions of you, and lay hard hold. Incompetent Quadt, figure in what a flurry, rushing out to recapture his *Flèche*, — explodes instead into mere anarchy, whole Companies of him flinging down their arms at their Officers' feet, and the like. So that Quadt is totally driven in again, Austrians along with him; and is obliged to beat *chamade*; — D'O following the example, about an hour after, without even a capitulation. Was there ever seen such a defence! Major Unruh, one of a small minority, was Prussian, and stanch; here is Unruh's personal experience, — testimony on D'O's Trial, I suppose, — and now pretty much the one thing worth reading on this subject.

“*Major Unruh testifies*: ‘At four in the morning, 26th July, 1760, the Enemy began to cannonade the Old Fortress [that of

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 55.

Quadt]; and about nine, I was ordered with 150 men to clear the Envelope from Austrians. Just when I had got to the Damm-Gate, halt was called. I asked the Commandant, who was behind me, which way I should march; to the Crown-work or to the Envelope? Being answered, To the Envelope, I found on coming out at the Field-Gate nothing but an Austrian Lieutenant-Colonel and some men. He called to me, "There had been chamade beaten, and I was not to run into destruction (*mich unglücklich machen*)!" I offered him Quarter; and took him in effect prisoner, with 20 of his best men; and sent him to the Commandant, with request that he would keep my rear free, or send me reinforcement. I shot the Enemy a great many people here; chased him from the Field-Gate, and out of both the Envelope and the Redoubt called the Crane [that is the *Flèche* itself, only that the Austrians are mostly not now there, but gone *through* into the interior there!] — Returning to the Field-Gate, I found that the Commandant had beaten chamade a second time; there were marching in, by this Field-Gate, two battalions of the Austrian Regiment *Andlau*; I had to yield myself prisoner, and was taken to General Loudon. He asked me, "Don't you know the rules of war, then; that you fire after chamade is beaten?" I answered in my heat, "I knew of no chamade; what poltroonery or what treachery had been going on, I knew not!" Loudon answered, "You might deserve to have your head laid at your feet, Sir! Am I here to inquire which of you shows bravery, which poltroonery?"¹ A blazing Loudon, when the fire is up! —

After the Peace, D'O had Court-Martial, which sentenced him to death, Friedrich making it perpetual imprisonment: "Perhaps not a traitor, only a blockhead!" thought Friedrich. He had been recommended to his post by Fouquet. What Trenck writes of him is, otherwise, mostly lies.

Thus is the southern Key of Silesia (one of the two southern Keys, Neisse being the other) lost to Friedrich, for the first time; and Loudon is like to drive a trade there. "Will

¹ Seyfarth, ii. 652.

absolutely nothing prosper with us, then ?” Nothing, seemingly, your Majesty ! Heavier news Friedrich scarcely ever had. But there is no help. This too he has to carry with him as he can into the Meissen Country. Unsuccessful altogether ; beaten on every hand. Human talent, diligence, endeavor, is it but as lightning smiting the Serbonian Bog ? Smite to the last, your Majesty, at any rate ; let that be certain. As it is, and has been. That is always something, that is always a great thing.

Friedrich intends no pause in those Meissen Countries. *July 30th*, on his march northward, he detaches Hülsen with the old 10,000 to take Camp at Schlettau as before, and do his best for defence of Saxony against the Reichsfolk, numerous, but incompetent ; he himself, next day, passes on, leaving Meissen a little on his right, to Schieritz, some miles farther down, — intending there to cross Elbe, and make for Silesia without loss of an hour. Need enough of speed thither ; more need than even Friedrich supposes ! Yesterday, *July 30th*, Loudon’s Vanguard came blockading Breslau, and this day Loudon himself ; — though Friedrich heard nothing, anticipated nothing, of that dangerous fact, for a week hence or more.

Soltikof’s and Loudon’s united intentions on Silesia he has well known this long while ; and has been perpetually dunning Prince Henri on the subject, to no purpose, — only hoping always there would probably be no great rapidity on the part of these discordant Allies. Friedrich’s feelings, now that the contrary is visible, and indeed all through the Summer in regard to the Soltikof-Loudon Business, and the Fouquet-Henri method of dealing with it, have been painful enough, and are growing ever more so. Cautious Henri never would make the smallest attack on Soltikof, but merely keep observing him ; — the end of which, what can the end of it be ? urges Friedrich always : “ Condense yourselves ; go in upon the Russians, while they are in separate corps ; ” — and is very dissatisfied with the languor of procedures there. As is the Prince with such reproaches, or implied reproaches, on said

languor. Nor is his humor cheered, when the King's bad predictions prove true. What has it come to? These Letters of King and Prince are worth reading, — if indeed you can, in the confusion of Schöning (a somewhat exuberant man, loud rather than luminous); — so curious is the Private Dialogue going on there at all times, in the background of the stage, between the Brothers. One short specimen, extending through the June and July just over, — specimen distilled faithfully out of that huge jumbling sea of Schöning, and rendered legible, — the reader will consent to.

Dialogue of Friedrich and Henri (from their Private Correspondence: June 7th–July 29th, 1760).

Friedrich (June 7th; before his first crossing Elbe: Henri at Sagan; he at Sehlettau, scanning the waste of fatal possibilities). . . . Embarrassing? Not a doubt of that! "I own, the circumstances both of us are in are like to turn my head, three or four times a day." Loudon aiming for Neisse, don't you think? Fouquet all in the wrong. — "One has nothing for it but to watch where the likelihood of the biggest misfortune is, and to run thither with one's whole strength."

Henri. . . . "I confess I am in great apprehension for Colberg:" — shall one make thither, think you? Russians, 8,000 as the first instalment of them, have *arrived*; got to Posen under Fermor, June 1st: — so the Commandant of Glogau writes me (see enclosed).

Friedrich (June 9th). Commandant of Glogau writes impossibilities: Russians are not on march yet, nor will be for above a week.

"I cross Elbe, the 15th. I am compelled to undertake something of decisive nature, and leave the rest to chance. For desperate disorders desperate remedies. My bed is not one of roses. Heaven aid us: for human prudence finds itself fall short in situations so cruel and desperate as ours."¹

Henri. Hm, hm, ha (Nothing but carefully collected rumors, and wire-drawn auguries from them, on the part of

¹ Schöning, ii. 313 ("Meissen Camp, 7th June, 1760"); ib. ii. 317 ("9th June").

Henri ; very intense inspection of the chicken-bowels, — hardly ever without a shake of the head).

Friedrich (June 26th ; has heard of the Fouquet disaster). . . . "Yesterday my heart was torn to pieces [news of Lands-hut, Fouquet's downfall there], and I felt too sad to be in a state for writing you a sensible Letter ; but to-day, when I have come to myself a little again, I will send you my reflections. After what has happened to Fouquet, it is certain Loudon can have no other design but on Breslau [he designs Glatz first of all] : it will be the grand point, therefore, especially if the Russians too are bending thither, to save that Capital of Silesia. Surely the Turks must be in motion : — if so, we are saved ; if not so, we are lost ! To-day I have taken this Camp of Döbritz, in order to be more collected, and in condition to fight well, should occasion rise, — and in case all this that is said and written to me about the Turks is *true* [which nothing of it was], to be able to profit by it when the time comes." ¹

Henri (simultaneously, June 26th : Henri is forward from Sagan, through Frankfurt, and got settled at Landsberg, where he remains through the rest of the Dialogue). . . . Tottleben, with his Cossacks, scouring about, got a check from us, — nothing like enough. "By all my accounts, Soltikof, with the gross of the Russians, is marching for Posen. The other rumors and symptoms agree in indicating a separate Corps, under Fermor, who is to join Tottleben, and besiege Colberg : if both these Corps, the Colberg and the Posen one, act in concert, my embarrassment will be extreme. . . . I have just had news of what has befallen General Fouquet. Before this stroke, your affairs were desperate enough ; now I see but too well what we have to look for." ² (How comforting !)

Friedrich. "Would to God your prayers for the swift capture of Dresden had been heard ; but unfortunately I must tell you, this stroke has failed me. . . . Dresden has been reduced to ashes, third part of the Altstadt lying burnt ; — contrary to my intentions : my orders were, To spare the City.

¹ Schöning, ii. 341 ("Gross-Döbritz, 26th June, 1760").

² *Ib.* ii. 339 ("Landsberg, 26th June, 1760").

and play the Artillery against the works. My Minister Graf von Finck will have told you what occasioned its being set on fire.”¹

Henri (July 26th; Dresden Siege gone awry). . . . “I am to keep the Russians from Frankfurt, to cover Glogau, and prevent a besieging of Breslau! All that forms an overwhelming problem; — which I, with my whole heart, will give up to somebody abler for it than I am.”²

Friedrich (29th July; quits the Trenches of Dresden this night). . . . “I have seen with pain that you represent everything to yourself on the black side. I beg you, in the name of God, my dearest Brother, don’t take things up in their blackest and worst shape: — it is this that throws your mind into such an indecision, which is so lamentable. Adopt a resolution rather, what resolution you like, but stand by it, and execute it with your whole strength. I conjure you, take a fixed resolution; better a bad than none at all. . . . What is possible to man, I will do; neither care nor consideration nor effort shall be spared, to secure the result of my plans. The rest depends on circumstances. Amid such a number of enemies, one cannot always do what one will, but must let *them* prescribe.”³

An uncomfortable little Gentleman; but full of faculty, if one can manage to get good of it! Here, what might have preceded all the above, and been preface to it, is a pretty passage from him; a glimpse he has had of Sans-Souci, before setting out on those gloomy marchings and cunctatory haggings. *Henri* writes (at Torgau, April 26th, just back from Berlin and farewell of friends): —

“I mean to march the day after to-morrow. I took arrangements with General Fouquet [about that long fine-spun Chain of Posts, where we are to do such service?] — the Black Husars cannot be here till to-morrow, otherwise I should have marched a day sooner. My Brother [poor little invalid Ferdi-

¹ Schöning, ii. 361 (“2d-3d July”).

² *Ib.* ii. 369-371 (“Landsberg, 26th July”).

³ *Ib.* ii. 370-372 (“Leubnitz, before Dresden, 29th July, 1760”).

nand] charged me to lay him at your feet. I found him weak and thin, more so than formerly. Returning hither, the day before yesterday, I passed through Potsdam; I went to Sans-Souci [April 24th, 1760]: — all is green there; the Garden embellished, and seemed to me excellently kept. Though these details cannot occupy you at present, I thought it would give you pleasure to hear of them for a moment.”¹ Ah, yes; all is so green and blessedly silent there: sight of the lost Paradise, actually *it*, visible for a moment yonder, far away, while one goes whirling in this manner on the illimitable wracking winds! —

Here finally, from a distant part of the War-Theatre, is another Note; which we will read while Friedrich is at Schieritz. At no other place so properly; the very date of it, chief date (July 31st), being by accident synchronous with Schieritz: —

Duke Ferdinand's Battle of Warburg (31st July, 1760).

Duke Ferdinand has opened his difficult Campaign; and especially — just while that Siege of Dresden blazed and ended — has had three sharp Fights, which were then very loud in the Gazettes, along with it. Three once famous Actions; which unexpectedly had little or no result, and are very much forgotten now. So that bare enumeration of them is nearly all we are permitted here. Pitt has furnished 7,000 new English, this Campaign, — there are now 20,000 English in all, and a Duke Ferdinand raised to 70,000 men. Surely, under good omens, thinks Pitt; and still more think the Gazetteers, judging by appearances. Yes: but if Broglio have 130,000, what will it come to? Broglio is two to one; and has, before this, proved himself a considerable Captain.

Fight *first* is that of *Korbach* (July 10th): of Broglio, namely, who has got across the River Ohm in Hessen (to Ferdinand's great disgust with the General Imhof in command there), and is streaming on to seize the Diemel River, and menace Hanover; of Broglio, in successive sections, at a certain “Pass of Korbach,” *versus* the Hereditary Prince (*Erbprinz* of Brunswick), who is waiting for him there in one good section, —

¹ Schöning, ii 263 (“Torgau, 26th April, 1760”).

and who beautifully hurls back one and another of the Broglio sections; but cannot hurl back the whole Broglio Army, *all* marching by sections that way; and has to retire, back foremost, fencing sharply, still in a diligently handsome manner, though with loss.¹ That is the Battle of Korbach, fought July 10th, — while Laey streamed through Dresden, panting to be at Plauen Chasm, safe at last.

Fight *second* (July 16th) was a kind of revenge on the Erbprinz's part: Affair of *Emsdorf*, six days after, in the same neighborhood; beautiful too, said the Gazetteers; but of result still more insignificant. Hearing of a considerable French Brigade posted not far off, at that Village of Emsdorf, to guard Broglio's meal-carts there, the indignant Erbprinz shoots off for that; light of foot, — English horse mainly, and Hill Scots (*Berg-Schotten* so called, who have a fine free stride, in summer weather); — dashes in upon said Brigade (Dragoons of Bauffremont and other picked men), who stood firmly on the defensive; but were cut up, in an amazing manner, root and branch, after a fierce struggle, and as it were brought home in one's pocket. To the admiration of military circles, — especially of mess-rooms and the junior sort. "Elliot's light horse [part of the new 7,000], what a regiment! Unparalleled for willingness, and audacity of fence; lost 125 killed," — in fact, the loss chiefly fell on Elliot.² The *Berg-Schotten* too, — I think it was here that these kilted fellows, who had marched with such a stride, "came home mostly riding:" poor Beaufremont Dragoons being entirely cut up, or pocketed as prisoners, and their horses ridden in this unexpected manner! But we must not linger, — hardly even on *Warburg*, which was the *third* and greatest; and has still points of memorability, though now so obliterated.

"Warburg," says my Note on this latter, "is a pleasant little Hessian Town, some twenty-five miles west of Cassel, standing on the north or left bank of the Diemel, among fruitful knolls

¹ Mauvillon, ii. 105.

² Ib. ii. 109 (Prisoners got "were 2,661, including General and Officers 179," with all their furnitures whatsoever. "400 horses, 8 cannon," &c.).

and hollows. The famous '*Battle of Warburg*,' — if you try to inquire in the Town itself, from your brief railway-station, it is much if some intelligent inhabitant, at last, remembers to have heard of it! The thing went thus: Chevalier du Muy, who is Broglio's Rear-guard or Reserve, 30,000 foot and horse, with his back to the Diemel, and eight bridges across it in case of accident, has his right flank leaning on Warburg, and his left on a Village of Ossendorf, some two miles to northwest of that. Broglio, Prince Xavier of Saxony, especially Duke Ferdinand, are all vehemently and mysteriously moving about, since that Fight of Korbach; Broglio intent to have Cassel besieged, Du Muy keeping the Diemel for him; Ferdinand eager to have the Diemel back from Du Muy and him.

"Two days ago (July 29th), the Erbprinz crossed over into these neighborhoods, with a strong Vanguard, nearly equal to Du Muy; and, after studious reconnoitring and survey had, means, this morning (July 31st), to knock him over the Diemel again, if he can. No time to be lost; Broglio near and in such force. Duke Ferdinand too, quitting Broglio for a moment, is on march this way; crossed the Diemel, about midnight, some ten miles farther down, or eastward; will thence bend southward, at his best speed, to support the Erbprinz, if necessary, and beset the Diemel when got; — Erbprinz not, however, in any wise, to wait for him; such the pressure from Broglio and others. A most busy swift-going scene that morning; — hardly worth such describing at this date of time.

"The Erbprinz, who is still rather to northeastward, that is to rightward, not directly frontward, of Du Muy's lines; and whose plan of attack is still dark to Du Muy, commences [about 8 A.M., I should guess] by launching his British Legion so called, — which is a composite body, of Free-Corps nature, British some of it ('Colonel Beckwith's people,' for example), not British by much the most of it, but an aggregate of wild strikers, given to plunder too: — by launching his British Legion upon Warburg Town, there to take charge of Du Muy's right wing. Which Legion, 'with great rapidity, not only pitched the French all out, but clean plundered the poor Town;' and is a sad sore on Du Muy's right, who cannot

• get it attended to, in the ominous aspects elsewhere visible. For the Erbprinz, who is a strategic creature, comes on, in the style of Friedrich, not straight towards Du Muy, but sweeps out in two columns round northward; privately intending upon Du Muy's left wing and front—left wing, right wing, (by British Legion), and front, all three;—and is well aided by a mist which now fell, and which hung on the higher ground, and covered his march, for an hour or more. This mist had not begun when he saw, on the knoll-tops, far off on the right, but indisputable as he flattered himself,—something of Ferdinand emerging! Saw this; and pours along, we can suppose, with still better step and temper. And bursts, pretty simultaneously, upon Du Muy's right wing and left wing, coercing his front the while; squelches both these wings furiously together; forces the coerced centre, mostly horse, to plunge back into the Diemel, and swim. Horse could swim; but many of the Foot, who tried, got drowned. And, on the whole, Du Muy is a good deal wrecked [1,500 killed, 2,000 prisoners, not to speak of cannon and flags], and, but for his eight bridges, would have been totally ruined.

“The fight was uncommonly furious, especially on Du Muy's left; ‘Maxwell's Brigade’ going at it, with the finest bayonet-practice, musketry, artillery-practice; obstinate as bears. On Du Muy's right, the British Legion, left wing, British too by name, had a much easier job. But the fight generally was of hot and stubborn kind, for hours, perhaps two or more;—and some say, would not have ended so triumphantly, had it not been for Duke Ferdinand's Vanguard, Lord Granby and the English Horse; who, warned by the noise ahead, pushed on at the top of their speed, and got in before the death. Granby and the Blues had gone at the high trot, for above five miles; and, I doubt not, were in keen humor when they rose to the gallop and slashed in. Mauvillon says, ‘It was in this attack that Lord Granby, at the head of the Blues, his own regiment, had his hat blown off; a big bald circle in his head rendering the loss more conspicuous. But he never minded; stormed still on,’ bare bald head among the helmets and sabres; ‘and made it very evident that had he, instead of Sackville, led at

Minden, there had been a different story to tell. The English, by their valor,' adds he, 'greatly distinguished themselves this day. And accordingly they suffered by far the most; their loss amounting to 590 men:' or, as others count, — out of 1,200 killed and wounded, 800 were English."¹

This of Granby and the bald head is mainly what now renders Warburg memorable. For, in a year or two, the excellent Reynolds did a Portrait of Granby; and by no means forgot this incident; but gives him bare-headed, bare and bald; the oblivious British connoisseur not now knowing why, as perhaps he ought. The Portrait, I suppose, may be in Belvoir Castle; the artistic Why of the baldness is this *Battle of Warburg*, as above. An Affair otherwise of no moment. Ferdinand had soon to quit the Diemel, or to find it useless for him, and to try other methods, — feneing gallantly, but too weak for Broglie; and, on the whole, had a difficult Campaign of it, against that considerable Soldier with forces so superior.

CHAPTER III.

BATTLE OF LIEGNITZ.

FRIEDRICH stayed hardly one day in Meissen Country; Silesia, in the jaws of destruction, requiring such speed from him. His new Series of Marches thitherward, for the next two weeks especially, with Daun and Lacy, and at last with Loudon too, for escort, are still more singular than the foregoing; a fortnight of Soldier History such as is hardly to be paralleled elsewhere. Of his inward gloom one hears nothing. But the Problem itself approaches to the desperate;

¹ Mauvillon, ii. 114. Or better, in all these three cases, as elsewhere, Tempelhof's specific Chapter on Ferdinand (Tempelhof, iv. 101-122). Ferdinand's Despatch (to King George), in *Knesebeck*, ii. 96-98; — or in the Old Newspapers (*Gentleman's Magazine*, xxx. 386, 387), where also is Lord Granby's Despatch.

needing daily new invention, new audacity, with imminent destruction overhanging it throughout. A March distinguished in Military Annals;—but of which it is not for us to pretend treating. Military readers will find it in *Tempelhof*, and the supplementary Books from time to time cited here. And, for our own share, we can only say, that Friedrich's labors strike us as abundantly Herculean; more Alcides-like than ever,—the rather as hopes of any success have sunk lower than ever. A modern Alcides, appointed to confront Tartarus itself, and be victorious over the Three-headed Dog. Daun, Lacy, Loudon coming on you simultaneously, open-mouthed, are a considerable Tartarean Dog! Soldiers judge that the King's resources of genius were extremely conspicuous on this occasion; and to all men it is in evidence that seldom in the Arena of this Universe, looked on by the idle Populaces and by the eternal Gods and Antigods (called Devils), did a Son of Adam fence better for himself, now and throughout.

This, his Third march to Silesia in 1760, is judged to be the most forlorn and ominous Friedrich ever made thither; real peril, and ruin to Silesia and him, more imminent than even in the old Leuthen days. Difficulties, complicacies very many, Friedrich can foresee: a Daun's Army and a Lacy's for escort to us; and such a Silesia when we do arrive. And there is one complicity more which he does not yet know of; that of Loudon waiting ahead to welcome him, on crossing the Frontier, and increase his escort thenceforth!—Or rather, let us say, Friedrich, thanks to the despondent Henri and others, has escaped a great Silesian Calamity;—of which he will hear, with mixed emotions, on arriving at Bunzlau on the Silesian Frontier, six days after setting out. Since the loss of Glatz (July 26th), Friedrich has no news of Loudon; supposes him to be trying something upon Neisse, to be adjusting with his slow Russians; and, in short, to be out of the dismal account-current just at present. That is not the fact in regard to Loudon; that is far from the fact.

Loudon is trying a Stroke-of-hand on Breslau, in the Glatz Fashion, in the Interim (July 30th–August 3d).

Hardly above six hours after taking Glatz, swift Loudon, no Daun now tethering him (Daun standing, or sitting, “in relief of Dresden” far off), was on march for Breslau — Vanguard of him “marched that same evening (July 26th):” in the liveliest hope of capturing Breslau; especially if Soltikof, to whom this of Glatz ought to be a fine symbol and pledge, make speed to co-operate. Soltikof is in no violent enthusiasm about Glatz; anxious rather about his own Magazine at Posen, and how to get it carted out of Henri’s way, in case of our advancing towards some Silesian Siege. “If we were not ruined last year, it was n’t Daun’s fault!” growls he often; and Montalembert has need of all his suasive virtues (which are wonderful to look at, if anybody cared to look at them, all flung into the sea in this manner) for keeping the barbarous man in any approach to harmony. The barbarous man had, after haggle enough, adjusted himself for besieging Glogau; and is surly to hear, on the sudden (order from Petersburg reinforcing Loudon), that it is Breslau instead. “Excellenz, it is not Cunctator Daun this time, it is fiery Loudon.” “Well, Breslau, then!” answers Soltikof at last, after much suasion. And marches thither; ¹ faster than usual, quickened by new temporary hopes, of Montalembert’s raising or one’s own: “What a place-of-arms, and place of victual, would Breslau be for us, after all!”

And really mends his pace, mends it ever more, as matters grow stringent; and advances upon Breslau at his swiftest: “To rendezvous with Loudon under the walls there, — within the walls very soon, and ourselves chief proprietor!” — as may be hoped. Breslau has a garrison of 4,000, only 1,000 of them stanch; and there are, among other bad items, 9,000 Austrian Prisoners in it. A big City with weak walls: another place to defend than rock-hewn little Glatz, — if there be no better than a D’O for Commandant in it! But perhaps there is.

¹ Tempelhof, iv. 87–89 (“Rose from Posen, July 26th”)

“ *Wednesday, 30th July*, Loudon’s Vanguard arrived at Breslau; next day Loudon himself; — and besieged Breslau very violently, according to his means, till the Sunday following. Troops he has plenty, 40,000 odd, which he gives out for 50 or even 60,000; not to speak of Soltikof, ‘with 75,000’ (read 45,000), striding on in a fierce and dreadful manner to meet him here. ‘Better surrender to Christian Austrians, had not you?’ Loudon’s Artillery is not come up, it is only struggling on from Glatz; Soltikof of his own has no Siege-Artillery; and Loudon judges that heavy-footed Soltikof, waited on by an alert Princee Henri, is a problematic quantity in this enterprise. ‘Speedy oneself; speedy and fiery!’ thinks Loudon: ‘by violence of speed, of bullying and bombardment, perhaps we can still do it!’ And Loudon tried all these things to a high stretch; but found in Tauentzien the wrong man.

“ *Thursday, 31st*, Loudon, who has two bridges over Oder, and the Town begirt all round, summons Tauentzien in an awful sounding tone: ‘Consider, Sir: no defence possible; a trading Town, you ought not to attempt defence of it: surrender on fair terms, or I shall, which God forbid, be obliged to burn you and it from the face of the world!’ ‘Pooh, pooh,’ answers Tauentzien, in brief polite terms; ‘you yourselves had no doubt it was a Garrison, when we besieged you here, on the heel of Leuthen; had you?’ ‘Go to!’ — Fiery Loudon cannot try storm, the Town having Oder and a wet ditch round it. He gets his bombarding batteries forward, as the one chance he has, aided by bullying. And to-morrow,

“ *Friday, August 1st*, sends, half officially, half in the friendly way, dreadful messages again: a warning to the Mayor of Breslau (which was not signed by Loudon), ‘Death and destruction, Sir, unless’ —! — warning to the Mayor; and, by the same private half-official messenger, a new summons to Tauentzien: ‘Bombardment infallible; universal massacre by Croats; I will not spare the child in its mother’s womb.’ ‘I am not with child,’ said Tauentzien, ‘nor are my soldiers! What is the use of such talk?’ And about 10 that night, Loudon does accordingly break out into all the fire of bombardment he is master of. Kindles the Town in various

places, which were quenched again by Tauentzien's arrangements; kindles especially the King's fine Dwelling-house (Palace they call it), and adjacent streets, not quenchable till Palace and they are much ruined. Will this make no impression? Far too little.

“Next morning Loudon sends a private messenger of conciliatory tone: ‘Any terms your Excellency likes to name. Only spare me the general massacre, and child in the mother’s womb!’ From all which Tauentzien infers that you are probably short of ammunition; and that his outlooks are improving. That day he gets guns brought to bear on General Loudon’s own quarter; blazes into Loudon’s sitting-room, so that Loudon has to shift else-whither. No bombardment ensues that night; nor next day anything but desultory cannonading, and much noise and motion;—and at night, *Sunday, 3d*, everything falls quiet, and, to the glad amazement of everybody, Loudon has vanished.”¹

Loudon had no other shift left. This Sunday his Russians are still five days distant; alert Henri, on the contrary, is, in a sense, come to hand. Crossed the Katzbach River this day, the Vanguard of him did, at Parchwitz; and fell upon our Bakery; which has had to take the road. “Guard the Bakery, all hands there,” orders Loudon; “off to Striegau and the Hills with it;”—and is himself gone thither after it, leaving Breslau, Henri and the Russians to what fate may be in store for them. Henri has again made one of his winged marches, the deft creature, though the despondent; “march of 90 miles in three days [in the last three, from Glogau, 90; in the whole, from Landsberg, above 200], and has saved the State,” says Retzow. “Made no camping, merely bivouacked;

¹ Tempelhof, iv. 90–100; Archenholtz, ii. 89–94; *Hofbericht von der Belagerung von Breslau im August 1760* (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 688–698); also in *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 299–309: in *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iv. 115–124), that is, in the *Old Newspapers*, extremely particular account, How “not only the finest Horse in Breslau, and the finest House [King’s Palace], but the handsomest Man, and, alas, also the prettiest Girl [poor Jungfer Müller, shattered by a bomb-shell on the streets], were destroyed in this short Siege,”—world-famous for the moment. Preuss, ii. 246.

halting for a rest four or five hours here and there ;”¹ and on August 5th is at Lissa (this side the Field of Leuthen) ; making Breslau one of the gladdest of cities.

So that Soltikof, on arriving (village of Hundsfeld, August 8th), by the other side of the River, finds Henri’s advanced guards intrenched over there, in Old Oder ; no Russian able to get within five miles of Breslau, — nor able to do more than cannonade in the distance, and ask with indignation, “Where are the siege-guns, then ; where is General Loudon ? Instead of Breslau capturable, and a sure Magazine for us, here is Henri, and nothing but steel to eat !” And the Soltikof risen into Russian rages, and the Montalembert sunk in difficulties : readers can imagine these. Indignant Soltikof, deaf to suasion, with this dangerous Henri in attendance, is gradually edging back ; always rather back, with an eye to his provisions, and to certain bogs and woods he knows of. But we will leave the Soltikof-Henri end of the line, for the opposite end, which is more interesting. — To Friedrich, till he got to Silesia itself, these events are totally unknown. His eunetatory Henri, by this winged march, when the moment came, what a service has he done ! —

Taumentzen’s behavior, also, has been superlative at Breslau ; and was never forgotten by the King. A very brave man, testifies Lessing of him ; true to the death : “Had there come but three, to rally with the King under a bush of the forest, Taumentzen would have been one.” Taumentzen was on the ramparts once, in this Breslau pinch, giving orders ; a bomb burst beside him, did not injure him. “Mark that place,” said Taumentzen ; and clapt his hat on it, continuing his orders, till a more permanent mark were put. In that spot, as intended through the next thirty years, he now lies buried.²

¹ Retzow, ii. 230 (very vague) ; in Tempelhof (iv. 89, 90, 95–97) clear and specific account.

² *Militair-Lexikon*, iv. 72–75 : Lessing’s *Werke* ; &c. &c.

Friedrich on March, for the Third Time, to rescue Silesia
(August 1st-15th).

August 1st, Friedrich crossed the Elbe at Zehren, in the Schieritz vicinity, as near Meissen as he could; but it had to be some six miles farther down, such the liabilities to Austrian disturbance. All are across that morning by 5 o'clock (began at 2); whence we double back eastward, and camp that night at Dallwitz, — are quietly asleep there, while Loudon's bombardment bursts out on Breslau, far away! At Dallwitz we rest next day, wait for our Bakeries and Baggages; and *Sunday, August 3d*, at 2 in the morning, set forth on the forlornest adventure in the world.

The arrangements of the March, foreseen and settled beforehand to the last item, are of a perfection beyond praise; — as is still visible in the General Order, or summary of directions given out; which, to this day, one reads with a kind of satisfaction like that derivable from the Forty-seventh of Euclid: clear to the meanest capacity, not a word wanting in it, not a word superfluous, solid as geometry. "The Army marches always in Three Columns, left Column foremost: our First Line of Battle [in case we have fighting] is this foremost Column; Second Line is the Second Column; Reserve is the Third. All Generals' chaises, money-wagons, and regimental Surgeons' wagons remain with their respective Battalions; as do the Heavy Batteries with the Brigades to which they belong. When the march is through woody country, the Cavalry regiments go in between the Battalions [to be ready against Pandour operations and accidents].

"With the First Column, the Ziethen Hussars and Free-Battalion Courbière have always the vanguard; Möhring Hussars and Free-Battalion Quintus [speed to you, learned friend!] the rear-guard. With the Second Column always the Dragoon regiments Normann and Krockow have the vanguard; Regiment Czetteritz [Dragoons, poor Czetteritz himself, with his lost *Manuscript*, is captive since February last], the rear-guard. With the Third Column always the Dragoon regiment Holstein as head, and the ditto Finkenstein to close the Column. —

During every march, however, there are to be of the Second Column 2 Battalions joined with Column Third; so that the Third Column consists of 10 Battalions, the Second of 6, while on march.

“Ahead of each Column go three Pontoon Wagons; and daily are 50 work-people allowed them, who are immediately to lay Bridge, where it is necessary. The rear-guard of each Column takes up these Bridges again; brings them on, and returns them to the head of the Column, when the Army has got to camp. In the Second Column are to be 500 wagons, and also in the Third 500, so shared that each battalion gets an equal number. The battalions —”¹ . . . This may serve as specimen.

The March proceeded through the old Country; a little to left of the track in June past: Röder Water, Pulsnitz Water; Kamenz neighborhood, Bautzen neighborhood, — Bunzlau on Silesian ground. Daun, at Bischofswerda, had foreseen this March; and, by his Light people, had spoiled the Road all he could; broken all the Bridges, *half*-felled the Woods (to render them impassable). Daun, the instant he heard of the actual March, rose from Bischofswerda: forward, forward always, to be ahead of it, however rapid; Lacy, hanging on the rear of it, willing to give trouble with his Pandour harpies, but studious above all that it should not whirl round anywhere and get upon his, Lacy’s, own throat. One of the strangest marches ever seen. “An on-looker, who had observed the march of these different Armies,” says Friedrich, “would have thought that they all belonged to one leader. Feldmarschall Daun’s he would have taken for the Vanguard, the King’s for the main Army, and General Lacy’s for the Rear-guard.”² Tempelhof says: “It is given only to a Friedrich to march on those terms; between Two hostile Armies, his equals in strength, and a Third [Loudon’s, in Striegau Country] waiting ahead.”

The March passed without accident of moment; had not, from Lacy or Daun, any accident whatever. On the second

¹ In *Tempelhof* (iv. 125, 126) the entire Piece.

² *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 56.

day, an Aide-de-Camp of Daun's was picked up, with Letters from Lacy (back of the cards visible to Friedrich). Once, — it is the third day of the March (August 6th, village of Rothwasser to be quarter for the night), — on coming toward Neisse River, some careless Officer, trusting to peasants, instead of examining for himself and building a bridge, drove his Artillery-wagons into the so-called ford of Neisse; which nearly swallowed the foremost of them in quicksands. Nearly, but not completely; and caused a loss of five or six hours to that Second Column. So that darkness came on Column Second in the woody intricacies; and several hundreds of the deserter kind took the opportunity of disappearing altogether. An unlucky, evidently too languid Officer; though Friedrich did not annihilate the poor fellow, perhaps did not rebuke him at all, but merely marked it in elucidation of his qualities for time coming. "This miserable village of Rothwasser" (head-quarters after the dangerous fording of Neisse), says Mitchell, "stands in the middle of a wood, almost as wild and impene-trable as those in North America. There was hardly ground enough cleared about it for the encampment of the troops."¹ Thursday, August 7th, Friedrich — traversing the whole Country, but more direct, by Königsbrück and Kamenz this time — is at Bunzlau altogether. "Bunzlau on the Bober;" the *Silesian* Bunzlau, not the Bohemian or any of the others. It is some 30 miles west of Liegnitz, which again lies some 40 northwest of Schweidnitz and the Strong Places. Friedrich has now done 100 miles of excellent marching; and he has still a good spell more to do, — dragging "2,000 heavy wagons" with him, and across such impediments within and without. Readers that care to study him, especially for the next few days, will find it worth their while.

Tempelhof gives, as usual, a most clear Account, minute to a degree; which, supplemented by Mitchell and a Reimann Map, enables us as it were to accompany, and to witness with our eyes. Hitherto a March toilsome in the extreme, in spite of everything done to help it; starting at 3 or at 2 in the morning; resting to breakfast in some shady place, while the

¹ Mitchell, ii. 190: Tempelhof, iv. 131.

sun is high, frugally cooking under the shady woods, — “*Burschen abzukochen* here,” as the Order pleasantly bears. All encamped now, at Bunzlau in Silesia, on Thursday evening, with a very eminent week’s work behind them. “In the last five days, above 100 miles of road, and such road; five considerable rivers in it” — Bober, Queiss, Neisse, Spree, Elbe; and with such a wagon-train of 2,000 teams.¹

Proper that we rest a day here; in view of the still swifter marchings and sudden dashings about, which lie ahead. It will be by extremely nimble use of all the limbs we have, — hands as well as feet, — if any good is to come of us now! Friedrich is aware that Daun already holds Striegau “as an outpost [Loudon thereabouts, unknown to Friedrich], these several days;” and that Daun personally is at Sehmödtseifen, in our own old Camp there, twenty or thirty miles to south of us: and has his Lacy to leftward of him, partly even to rearward: rather in advance of *us*, both of them, — if we were for Landshut; which we are not. “Be swift enough, may not we cut through to Jauer, and get ahead of Daun?” counts Friedrich: “To Jauer, southeast of us, from Bunzlau here, is 40 miles; and to Jauer it is above 30 east for Daun: possible to be there before Daun! Jauer ours, thence to the Heights of Striegau and Hohenfriedberg Country, within wind of Schweidnitz, of Breslau: magazines, union with Prince Henri, all secure thereby?” So reckons the sanguine Friedrich; unaware that Loudon, with his corps of 35,000, has been summoned hitherward; which will make important differences! Loudon, Beck with a smaller Satellite Corps, both these, unknown to Friedrich, lie ready on the east of him: Loudon’s Army on the east; Daun’s, Lacy’s on the south and west; three big Armies, with their Satellites, gathering in upon this King: here is a Three-headed Dog, in the Tartarus of a world he now has! On the fourth side of him is Oder, and the Russians, who are also perhaps building Bridges, by way of a supplementary or fourth head.

August 9th (Bunzlau to Goldberg), Friedrich, with his Three Columns and perfect arrangements, makes a long march: from

¹ Tempelhof, iv. 123–150.

Bunzlau at 3 in the morning; and at 5 afternoon arrives in sight of the Katzbach Valley, with the little Town of Goldberg some miles to right. Katzbach River is here; and Jauer, for to-morrow, still fifteen miles ahead. But on reconnoitring here, all is locked and bolted: Lacy strong on the Hills of Goldberg; Daun visible across the Katzbach; Daun, and behind him Loudon, inexpugnably posted: Jauer an impossibility! We have bread only for eight days; our Magazines are at Schweidnitz and Breslau: what is to be done? Get through, one way or other, we needs must! Friedrich encamps for the night; expecting an attack. If not attacked, he will make for Liegnitz leftward; cross the Katzbach there, or farther down at Parchwitz:—Parchwitz, Neumarkt, *Leuthen*, we have been in that country before now:—Courage!

August 10th-11th (to Liegnitz and back). At 5 A.M., Sunday, August 10th, Friedrich, nothing of attack having come, got on march again: down his own left bank of the Katzbach, straight for Liegnitz; unopposed altogether; not even a Pandour having attacked him overnight. But no sooner is he under way, than Daun too rises; Daun, Loudon, close by, on the other side of Katzbach, and keep step with us, on our right; Lacy's light people hovering on our rear:—three truculent fellows in buckram; fancy the feelings of the way-worn solitary fourth, whom they are gloomily dogging in this way! The solitary fourth does his fifteen miles to Liegnitz, unmolested by them; encamps on the Heights which look down on Liegnitz over the south; finds, however, that the Loudon-Daun people have likewise been diligent; that they now lie stretched out on their right bank, three or four miles up-stream or to rearward, and what is far worse, seven miles downwards, or ahead: that, in fact, they are a march nearer Parchwitz than he;—and that there is again no possibility. "Perhaps by Jauer, then, still? Out of this, and at lowest, into some vicinity of bread, it does behoove us to be!" At 11 that night Friedrich gets on march again; returns the way he came. And,

August 11th, At daybreak, is back to his old ground; nothing now to oppose him but Lacy, who is gone across from

Goldberg, to linger as rear of the Daun-Loudon march. Friedrich steps across on Lacy, thirsting to have a stroke at Lacy; who vanishes fast enough, leaving the ground clear. Could but our baggage have come as fast as we! But our baggage, Quintus guarding and urging, has to groan on for five hours yet; and without it, there is no stirring. Five mortal hours; — by which time, Daun, Lacy, Loudon are all up again; between us and Jauer, between us and everything helpful; — and Friedrich has to encamp in Seichau, — “a very poor Village in the Mountains,” writes Mitchell, who was painfully present there, “surrounded on all sides by Heights; on several of which, in the evening, the Austrians took camp, separated from us by a deep ravine only.”¹

Outlooks are growing very questionable to Mitchell and everybody. “Only four days’ provisions” (in reality six), whisper the Prussian Generals gloomily to Mitchell and to one another: “Shall we have to make for Glogau, then, and leave Breslau to its fate? Or perhaps it will be a second Maxen to his Majesty and us, who was so indignant with poor Finck?” My friends, no; a Maxen like Finck’s it will never be: a very different Maxen, if any! But we hope better things.

Friedrich’s situation, grasped in the Three-lipped Pincers in this manner, is conceivable to readers. Soltikof, on the other side of Oder, as supplementary or fourth lip, is very impatient with these three. “Why all this dodging, and fidgiting to and fro? You are above three to one of your enemy. Why don’t you close on him at once, if you mean it at all? The end is, He will be across Oder; and it is I that shall have the brunt to bear: Henri and he will enclose me between two fires!” And in fact, Henri, as we know, though Friedrich does not or only half does, has gone across Oder, to watch Soltikof, and guard Breslau from any attempts of his, — which are far from *his* thoughts at this moment; — a Soltikof fuming violently at the thought of such cunctations, and of being made cat’s-paw again. “Know, however, that I under-

¹ Mitchell, ii 194.

stand you," violently fumes Soltikof, "and that I won't. I fall back into the Trebnitz Bog-Country, on my own right bank here, and look out for my own safety." — "Patience, your noble Excellenz," answer they always; "oh, patience yet a little! Only yesterday (Sunday, 10th, the day after his arrival in this region), we had decided to attack and crush him; Sunday very early:¹ but he skipped away to Liegnitz. Oh, be patient yet a day or two: he skips about at such a rate!" Montalembert has to be suasive as the Muses and the Sirens. Soltikof gloomily consents to another day or two. And even, such his anxiety lest this swift King skip over upon *him*, pushes out a considerable Russian Division, 24,000 ultimately, under Czernichef, towards the King's side of things, towards Auras on Oder, namely, — there to watch for oneself these interesting Royal movements; or even to join with London out there, if that seem the safer course, against them. Of Czernichef at Auras we shall hear farther on, — were these Royal movements once got completed a little.

Morning of August 12th, Friedrich has, in his bad lodging at Seichau, laid a new plan of route: "Towards Schweidnitz let it be; round by Pombesen and the southeast, by the Hill-roads, make a sweep flankward of the enemy!" — and has people out reconnoitring the Hill-roads. Hears, however, about 8 o'clock, That Austrians in strength are coming between us and Goldberg! "Intending to enclose us in this bad pot of a Seichau; no crossing of the Katzbaeh, or other retreat to be left us at all?" Friedrich strikes his tents; ranks himself; is speedily in readiness for dispute of such extremity; — sends out new patrols, however, to ascertain. "Austrians in strength" there are *not* on the side indicated; — whereupon he draws in again. But, on the other hand, the Hill-roads are reported absolutely impassable for baggage; Pombesen an impossibility, as the other places have been. So Friedrich sits down again in Seichau to consider; does not stir all day. To Mitchell's horror, who, "with great labor," burns all the legationary

¹ Tempelhof, iv. 137, 148-150.

ciphers and papers ("impossible to save the baggage if we be attacked in this hollow pot of a camp"), and feels much relieved on finishing.¹

Towards sunset, General Bülow, with the Second Line (second column of march), is sent out Goldberg-way, to take hold of the passage of the Katzbach: and at 8 that night we all march, recrossing there about 1 in the morning; thence down our left bank to Liegnitz for the second time, — sixteen hours of it in all, or till noon of the 13th. Mitchell had been put with the Cavalry part; and "cannot but observe to your Lordship what a chief comfort it was in this long, dangerous and painful March," to have burnt one's ciphers and dread secrets quite out of the way.

And thus, *Wednesday, August 13th*, about noon, we are in our old Camp; Head-quarter in the southern suburb of Liegnitz (a wretched little Tavern, which they still show there, on mythical terms): main part of the Camp, I should think, is on that range of Heights, which reaches two miles southward, and is now called "*Siegesberg* (Victory Hill)," from a modern Monument built on it, after nearly 100 years. Here Friedrich stays one day, — more exactly, 30 hours; — and his shifting, next time, is extremely memorable.

Battle, in the Neighborhood of Liegnitz, does ensue
(Friday morning, 15th August, 1760).

Daun, Lacy and Loudon, the Three-lipped Pincers, have of course followed, and are again agape for Friedrich, all in scientific postures: Daun in the Jauer region, seven or eight miles south; Lacy about Goldberg, as far to southwest; Loudon "between Jeschkendorf and Koischwitz," north-eastward, somewhat closer on Friedrich, with the Katzbach intervening. That Czernichef, with an additional 24,000, to rear of Loudon, is actually crossing Oder at Auras, with an eye to junction, Friedrich does not hear till to-morrow.²

¹ Mitchell, ii. 144; Tempelhof, iv. 144.

² Tempelhof, iv. 148-151; Mitchell, ii. 197.

The scene is rather pretty, if one admired scenes. Liegnitz, a square, handsome, brick-built Town, of old standing, in good repair (population then, say 7,000), with fine old castellated edifices and aspects: pleasant meeting, in level circumstances, of the Katzbach valley with the Schwartz-wasser (*Black-water*) ditto, which forms the north rim of Liegnitz; pleasant mixture of green poplars and brick towers, — as seen from that “Victory Hill” (more likely to be “Immediate-Ruin Hill!”) where the King now is. Beyond Liegnitz and the Schwartzwasser, northwestward, right opposite to the King’s, rise other Heights called of Pfaffendorf, which guard the two streams *after* their uniting. Kloster Wahlstatt, a famed place, lies visible to southeast, few miles off. Readers recollect one Blücher “Prince of Wahlstatt,” so named from one of his Anti-Napoleon victories gained there? Wahlstatt was the scene of an older Fight, almost six centuries older,¹ — a then Prince of Liegnitz *versus* hideous Tartar multitudes, who rather beat him; and has been a *Cloister* Wahlstatt ever since. Till Thursday, 14th, about 8 in the evening, Friedrich continued in his Camp of Liegnitz. We are now within reach of a notable Passage of War.

Friedrich’s Camp extends from the Village of Schimmelwitz, fronting the Katzbach for about two miles, northeastward, to his Head-quarter in Liegnitz Suburb: Daun is on his right and rearward, now come within four or five miles; Loudon to his left and frontward, four or five, the Katzbach separating Friedrich and him; Lacy lies from Goldberg northeastward, to within perhaps a like distance rearward: that is the position on Thursday, 14th. Provisions being all but run out; and three Armies, 90,000 (not to count Czernichef and his 24,000 as a fourth) watching round our 30,000, within a few miles; there is no staying here, beyond this day. If even this day it be allowed us? This day, Friedrich had to draw out, and stand to arms for some hours; while the Austrians appeared extensively on the Heights about, apparently intending an attack; till it proved to be nothing: only an elaborate reconnoitring by Daun; and we returned to our tents again.

¹ April 9th, 1241 (Köhler, *Reichs-Historie*).

Friedrich understands well enough that Daun, with the facts now before him, will gradually form his plan, and also, from the lie of matters, what his plan will be: many are the times Daun has elaborately reconnoitred, elaborately laid his plan; but found, on coming to execute, that his Friedrich was off in the interim, and the plan gone to air. Friedrich has about 2,000 wagons to drag with him in these swift marches: Glogau Magazine, his one resource, should Breslau and Schweidnitz prove unattainable, is forty-five long miles northwestward. "Let us lean upon Glogau withal," thinks Friedrich; "and let us be out of this straightway! March to-night; towards Parchwitz, which is towards Glogau too. Army rest till daybreak on the Heights of Pfaffendorf yonder, to examine, to wait its luck: let the empty meal-wagons jingle on to Glogau; load themselves there, and jingle back to us in Parchwitz neighborhood, should Parchwitz not have proved impossible to our manœuvrings,—let us hope it may not!"—Daun and the Austrians having ceased reconnoitring, and gone home, Friedrich rides with his Generals, through Liegnitz, across the Schwartzwasser, to the Pfaffendorf Heights. "Here, Messieurs, is our first halting-place to be: here we shall halt till daybreak, while the meal-wagons jingle on!" And explains to them orally where each is to take post, and how to behave. Which done, he too returns home, no doubt a wearied individual; and at 4 of the afternoon lies down to try for an hour or two of sleep, while all hands are busy packing, according to the Orders given.

It is a fact recorded by Friedrich himself, and by many other people, That, at this interesting juncture, there appeared at the King's Gate, King hardly yet asleep, a staggering Austrian Officer, Irish by nation, who had suddenly found good to desert the Austrian Service for the Prussian—"Sorrow on them: a pack of"—what shall I say?)—Irish gentleman, bursting with intelligence of some kind, but evidently deep in liquor withal. "Impossible; the King is asleep," said the Adjutant on duty; but produced only louder insistence from the drunk Irish gentleman. "As much as all your heads are worth; the King's own safety, and not a moment to lose!"

What is to be done? They awaken the King: "The man is drunk, but dreadfully in earnest, your Majesty." "Give him quantities of weak tea [Tempelhof calls it tea, but Friedrich merely warm water]; then examine him, and report if it is anything." Something it was: "Your Majesty to be attacked, for certain, this night!" what his Majesty already guessed: — something, most likely little; but nobody to this day knows. Visible only, that his Majesty, before sunset, rode out reconnoitring with this questionable Irish gentleman, now in a very flaccid state; and altered nothing whatever in prior arrangements; — and that the flaccid Irish gentleman staggers out of sight, into dusk, into rest and darkness, after this one appearance on the stage of history.¹

From about 8 in the evening, Friedrich's people got on march, in their several columns, and fared punctually on; one column through the streets of Liegnitz, others to left and to right of that; to left mainly, as remoter from the Austrians and their listening outposts from beyond the Katzbach River; — where the camp-fires are burning extremely distinct to-night. The Prussian camp-fires, they too are all burning uncommonly vivid; country people employed to feed them; and a few hussar sentries and drummers to make the customary sounds for Daun's instruction, till a certain hour. Friedrich's people are clearing the North Suburb of Liegnitz, crossing the Schwartzwasser: artillery and heavy wagons all go by the Stone-Bridge at Töpferberg (*Potter-hill*) there; the lighter people by a few pontoons farther down that stream, in the Pfaffendorf vicinity. About one in the morning, all, even the right wing from Schimmelwitz, are safely across.

Schwartzwasser, a River of many tails (boggy most of them, Schnelle or *Swift* Deichsel hardly an exception), gathering itself from the southward for twenty or more miles, attains its maximum of north at a place called Waldau, not far northwest of Töpferberg. Towards this Waldau, Lacy is aiming all night; thence to pounce on our "left wing," — which he will find to consist of those empty watch-fires merely. Down from Waldau, past Töpferberg and Pfaffendorf (*Priest-town*, or as

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 63; Tempelhof, iv. 154.

we should call it, "Preston"), which are all on its northern or left bank, Schwartzwasser's course is in the form of an irregular horse-shoe; high ground to its northern side, Liegnitz and hollows to its southern; till in an angular way it do join Katzbach, and go with that, northward for Oder the rest of its course. On the brow of these horse-shoe Heights, — which run parallel to Schwartzwasser one part of them, and nearly parallel to Katzbach another (though above a mile distant, these latter, from *it*), — Friedrich plants himself: in Order of Battle; slightly altering some points of the afternoon's program, and correcting his Generals, "Front rather so and so; see where their fires are, yonder!" Daun's fires, Loudon's fires; vividly visible both:—and, singular to say, there is nothing yonder either but a few sentries and deceptive drums! All empty yonder too, even as our own Camp is; all gone forth, even as we are; we resting here, and our meal-wagons jingling on Glogau way!

Excellency Mitchell, under horse-escort, among the lighter baggage, is on Kuchelberg Heath, in scrubby country, but well north behind Friedrich's centre: has had a dreadful march; one comfort only, that his ciphers are all burnt. The rest of us lie down on the grass;—among others, young Herr von Archenholtz, ensign or lieutenant in Regiment *Forcade*: who testifies that it is one of the beautifullest nights, the lamps of Heaven shining down in an uncommonly tranquil manner; and that almost nobody slept. The soldier-ranks all lay horizontal, musket under arm; chatting pleasantly in an undertone, or each in silence revolving such thoughts as he had. The Generals amble like observant spirits, hoarsely imperative.¹ Friedrich's line, we observed, is in the horse-shoe shape (or *parabolic*, straighter than horse-shoe), fronting the waters. Ziethen commands in that smaller Schwartzwasser part of the line, Friedrich in the Katzbach part, which is more in risk. And now, things being moderately in order, Friedrich has himself sat down — I think, towards the middle or convex part of his lines — by a watch-fire he has found there; and, wrapt in his cloak, his many thoughts melting into haze, has

¹ Archenholtz, ii. 100–111.

sunk into a kind of sleep. Seated on a drum, some say ; half asleep by the watch-fire, time half-past 2, — when a Hussar Major, who has been out by the Bienowitz, the Pohlschildern way, northward, reconnoitring, comes dashing up full speed : “The King? where is the King?” “What is it, then?” answers the King for himself. “Your Majesty, the Enemy in force, from Bienowitz, from Pohlschildern, coming on our Left Wing yonder ; has flung back all my vedettes : is within 500 yards by this time !”

Friedrich springs to horse ; has already an Order speeding forth, “General Schenkendorf and his Battalion, their cannon, to the crown of the Wolfsberg, on our left yonder ; swift !” How excellent that every battalion (as by Order that we read) “has its own share of the heavy cannon always at hand !” ejaculate the military critics. Schenkendorf, being nimble, was able to astonish the Enemy with volumes of case-shot from the Wolfsberg, which were very deadly at that close distance. Other arrangements, too minute for recital here, are rapidly done ; and our Left Wing is in condition to receive its early visitors, — Loudon or whoever they may be. It is still dubious to the History-Books whether Friedrich was in clear expectation of Loudon here ; though of course he would now guess it was Loudon. But there is no doubt Loudon had not the least expectation of Friedrich ; and his surprise must have been intense, when, instead of vacant darkness (and some chance of Prussian baggage, which he had heard of), Prussian musketries and case-shot opened on him.

Loudon had, as per order, quitted his Camp at Jeschendorf, about the time Friedrich did his at Schimmelwitz ; and, leaving the lights all burning, had set forward on his errand ; which was (also identical with Friedrich’s), to seize the Heights of Pfaffendorf, and be ready there when day broke. Scouts having informed him that the Prussian Baggage was certainly gone through to Töpferberg, — more his scouts did not know, nor could Loudon guess, — “We will snatch that Baggage !” thought Loudon ; and with such view has been speeding all he could ; no vanguard ahead, lest he alarm the Baggage escort : Loudon in person, with the Infantry of the Reserve, striding

on ahead, to devour any Baggage-escort there may be. Friedrich's reconnoitring Hussar parties had confirmed this belief: "Yes, yes!" thought Loudon. And now suddenly, instead of Baggage to capture, here, out of the vacant darkness, is Friedrich in person, on the brow of the Heights where we intended to form! —

Loudon's behavior, on being hurled back with his Reserve in this manner, everybody says, was magnificent. Judging at once what the business was, and that retreat would be impossible without ruin, he hastened instantly to form himself, on such ground as he had, — highly unfavorable ground, uphill in part, and room in it only for Five Battalions (5,000) of front; — and came on again, with a great deal of impetuosity and good skill; again and ever again, three times in all. Had partial successes; edged always to the right to get the flank of Friedrich; but could not, Friedrich edging conformably. From his right-hand, or northeast part, Loudon poured in, once and again, very furious charges of Cavalry; on every repulse, drew out new Battalions from his left and centre, and again stormed forward: but found it always impossible. Had his subordinates all been Loudons, it is said, there was once a fine chance for him. By this edging always to the northeastward on his part and Friedrich's, there had at last a considerable gap in Friedrich's Line established itself, — not only Ziethen's Line and Friedrich's Line now fairly fallen asunder, but, at the Village of Panten, in Friedrich's own Line, a gap where anybody might get in. One of the Austrian Columns was just entering Panten when the Fight began: in Panten that Column has stood cogitative ever since; well to left of Loudon and his struggles; but does not, till the eleventh hour, resolve to push through. At the eleventh hour; — and lo, in the nick of time, Möllendorf (our Leuthen-and-Hochkirch friend) got his eye on it; rushed up with infantry and cavalry; set Panten on fire, and blocked out that possibility and the too cogitative Column.

Loudon had no other real chance: his furious horse-charges and attempts were met everywhere by corresponding counter-

fury. Bernburg, poor Regiment Bernburg, see what a figure it is making ! Left almost alone, at one time, among those horse-charges ; spending its blood like water, bayonet-charging, platooning as never before ; and on the whole, stemming invincibly that horse-torrent, — not unseen by Majesty, it may be hoped ; who is here where the hottest pinch is. On the third repulse, which was worse than any before, Loudon found he had enough ; and tried it no farther. Rolled over the Katzbach, better or worse ; Prussians catching 6,000 of him, but not following farther : threw up a fine battery at Bienowitz, which sheltered his retreat from horse : — and went his ways, sorely but not dishonorably beaten, after an hour and half of uncommonly stiff fighting, which had been very murderous to Loudon. Loss of 10,000 to him : 4,000 killed and wounded ; prisoners 6,000 ; 82 cannon, 28 flags, and other items ; the Prussian loss being 1,800 in whole.¹ By 5 o'clock, the Battle, this Loudon part of it, was quite over ; Loudon (35,000) wrecking himself against Friedrich's Left Wing (say half of his Army, some 15,000) in such conclusive manner. Friedrich's Left Wing alone has been engaged hitherto. And now it will be Ziethen's turn, if Daun and Lacy still come on.

By 11 last night, Daun's Pandours, creeping stealthily on, across the Katzbach, about Schimmelwitz, had discerned with amazement that Friedrich's Camp appeared to consist only of watch-fires ; and had shot off their speediest rider to Daun, accordingly ; but it was one in the morning before Daun, busy marching and marshalling, to be ready at the Katzbach by daylight, heard of this strange news ; which probably he could not entirely believe till seen with his own eyes. What a spectacle ! One's beautiful Plan exploded into mere imbroglio of distraction ; become one knows not what ! Daun's watch-fires too had all been left burning ; universal stratagem, on both sides, going on ; producing — tragically for some of us — a *Tragedy of Errors*, or the *Mistakes of a Night* ! Daun sallied out again, in his collapsed, upset condition, as soon as possible : pushed on, in the track of Friedrich ; warning Lacy to push on. Daun,

¹ Tempelhof, iv. 159.

though within five miles all the while, had heard nothing of the furious Fight and cannonade; "southwest wind having risen," so Daun said, and is believed by candid persons, — not by the angry Vienna people, who counted it impossible: "Nonsense; you were not deaf; but you loitered and haggled, in your usual way; perhaps not sorry that the brilliant Loudon should get a rebuff!"

Emerging out of Liegnitz, Daun did see, to northeastward, a vast pillar or mass of smoke, silently mounting, but could do nothing with it. "Cannon-smoke, no doubt; but fallen entirely silent, and not wending hitherward at all. Poor Loudon, alas, must have got beaten!" Upon which Daun really did try, at least upon Ziethen; but could do nothing. Poured cavalry across the Stone-bridge at the Töpferberg: who drove in Ziethen's picket there; but were torn to pieces by Ziethen's cannon. Ziethen across the Schwartzwasser is alert enough. How form in order of battle here, with Ziethen's batteries shearing your columns longitudinally, as they march up? Daun recognizes the impossibility; wends back through Liegnitz to his Camp again, the way he had come. Tide-hour missed again; ebb going uncommonly rapid! Laey had been about Waldau, to try farther up the Schwartzwasser on Ziethen's right: but the Schwartzwasser proved amazingly boggy; not accessible on any point to heavy people, — "owing to bogs on the bank," with perhaps poor prospect on the other side too!

And, in fact, nothing of Laey more than of Daun, could manage to get across: nothing except two poor Hussar regiments; who, winding up far to the left, attempted a snatch on the Baggage about Hummeln, — Hummeln, or Kuchel of the Scrubs. And gave a new alarm to Mitchell, the last of several during this horrid night; who has sat painfully blocked in his carriage, with such a Devil's tumult going on to eastward, and no sight, share or knowledge to be had of it. Repeated hussar attacks there were on the Baggage here, Loudon's hussars also trying: but Mitchell's Captain was miraculously equal to the occasion; and had beaten them all off. Mitchell, by magnanimous choice of his own ~~has~~ been in many Fights by the side

of Friedrich ; but this is the last he will ever be in or near ; — this miraculous one of Liegnitz, 3 to 4½ A.M., Friday, August 15th, 1760.

Never did such a luck befall Friedrich before or after. He was clinging on the edge of slippery abysses, his path hardly a foot's-breadth, mere enemies and avalanches hanging round on every side : ruin likelier at no moment of his life ; — and here is precisely the quasi-miracle which was needed to save him. Partly by accident too ; the best of management crowned by the luckiest of accidents.¹

Friedrich rested four hours on the Battle-field, — if that could be called rest, which was a new kind of diligence highly wonderful. Diligence of gathering up accurately the results of the Battle ; packing them into portable shape ; and marching off with them in one's pocket, so to speak. Major-General Saldern had charge of this, a man of many talents ; and did it consummately. The wounded, Austrian as well as Prussian, are placed in the empty meal-wagons ; the more slightly wounded are set on horseback, double in possible cases : only the dead are left lying : 100 or more meal-wagons are left, their teams needed for drawing our 82 new cannon ; — the wagons we split up, no Austrians to have them ; usable only as firewood for the poor Country-folk. The 4 or 5,000 good muskets lying on the field, shall not we take them also ? Each cavalry soldier slings one of them across his back, each baggage driver one : and the muskets too are taken care of. About 9 A.M., Friedrich, with his 6,000 prisoners, new cannon-teams, sick-wagon teams, trophies, properties, is afoot again. One of the succinctest of Kings.

I should have mentioned the joy of poor Regiment Bernburg ; which rather affected me. Loudon gone, the miracle of Battle done, and this miraculous packing going on, — Friedrich riding about among his people, passed along the front of Bernburg, the eye of him perhaps intimating, “I saw you, *Bursche* ;”

¹ Tempelhof, iv. 151–171 ; Archenholtz, ubi supra ; *Ho bericht von der Schlacht so am 15 August, 1760, bey Liegnitz, vorgefallen* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 698–703) ; &c. &c.

but no word coming from him. The Bernburg Officers, tragically tressless in their hats, stand also silent, grim as blackened stones (all Bernburg black with gunpowder): "In us also is no word; unless our actions perhaps speak?" But a certain Sergeant, Fugleman, or chief Corporal, stepped out, saluting reverentially: "Regiment Bernburg, *Ihro Majestät* —?" "Hm; well, you did handsomely. Yes, you shall have your side-arms back; all shall be forgotten and washed out!" "And you are again our Gracious King, then?" says the Sergeant, with tears in his eyes. — "*Gewiss*, Yea, surely!"¹ Upon which, fancy what a peal of sound from the ecstatic throat and heart of this poor Regiment. Which I have often thought of; hearing mutinous blockheads, "glorious Sons of Freedom" to their own thinking, ask their natural commanding Officer, "Are not we as good as thou? Are not all men equal?" Not a whit of it, you mutinous blockheads; very far from it indeed!

This was the breaking of Friedrich's imprisonment in the deadly rock-labyrinths; this success at Liegnitz delivered him into free field once more. For twenty-four hours more, indeed, the chance was still full of anxiety to him; for twenty-four hours Daun, could he have been rapid, still had the possibilities in hand; — but only Daun's Antagonist was usually rapid. About 9 in the morning, all road-ready, this latter Gentleman "gave three Salvos, as Joy-fire, on the field of Liegnitz;" and, in the above succinct shape, — leaving Ziethen to come on, "with the prisoners, the sick-wagons and captured cannon," in the afternoon, — marched rapidly away. For Parchwitz, with our best speed: Parchwitz is the road to Breslau, also to Glogau, — to Breslau, if it be humanly possible! Friedrich has but two days' bread left; on the Breslau road, at Auras, there is Czernichef with 24,000; there are, or there may be, the Loudon Remnants rallied again, the Lacy Corps untouched, all Daun's Force, had Daun made any despatch at all. Which Daun seldom did. A man slow to resolve, and seeking his luck in leisure.

¹ Tempelhof, iv. 162-164.

All judges say, Daun ought now to have marched, on this enterprise of still intercepting Friedrich, without loss of a moment. But he calculated Friedrich would probably spend the day in *Te-deum*-ing on the Field (as is the manner of some); and that, by to-morrow, things would be clearer to one's own mind. Daun was in no haste; gave no orders, — did not so much as send Czernichef a Letter. Czernichef got one, however. Friedrich sent him one; that is to say, sent him one *to intercept*. Friedrich, namely, writes a Note addressed to his Brother Henri: "Austrians totally beaten this day; now for the Russians, dear Brother; and swift, do what we have agreed on!"¹ Friedrich hands this to a Peasant, with instructions to let himself be taken by the Russians, and give it up to save his life. Czernichef, it is thought, got this Letter; and perhaps rumor itself, and the delays of Daun, would, at any rate, have sent him across. Across he at once went, with his 24,000, and burnt his Bridge. A vanished Czernichef; — though Friedrich is not yet sure of it: and as for the wandering Austrian Divisions, the Loudons, Lacys, all is dark to him.

So that, at Parchwitz, next morning (August 16th), the question, "To Glogau? To Breslau?" must have been a kind of sphinx-enigma to Friedrich; dark as that, and, in case of error, fatal. After some brief paroxysm of consideration, Friedrich's reading was, "To Breslau, then!" And, for hours, as the march went on, he was noticed "riding much about," his anxieties visibly great. Till at Neumarkt (not far from the Field of *Leuthen*), getting on the Heights there, — towards noon, I will guess, — what a sight! Before this, he had come upon Austrian Out-parties, Beck's or somebody's, who did not wait his attack: he saw, at one point, "the whole Austrian Army on march (the tops of its columns visible among the knolls, three miles off, impossible to say whitherward);" and fared on all the faster, I suppose, such a bet depending; — and, in fine, galloped to the Heights of Neumarkt for a view: "Dare we believe it? Not an Austrian there!" And might be, for the moment, the gladdest of Kings. Secure now of Breslau, of junction with Henri: fairly winner of the bet; —

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 67.

and can at last pause, and take breath, very needful to his poor Army, if not to himself, after such a mortal spasm of sixteen days ! Daun had taken the Liegnitz accident without remark ; usually a stoical man, especially in other people's misfortunes ; but could not conceal his painful astonishment on this new occasion, — astonishment at unjust fortune, or at his own sluggardly cunctations, is not said.

Next day (August 17th), Friedrich encamps at Hermannsdorf, head-quarter the Schloss of Hermannsdorf, within seven miles of Breslau ; continues a fortnight there, resting his wearied people, himself not resting much, watching the dismal miscellany of entanglements that yet remain, how these will settle into groups, — especially what Daun and his Soltikof will decide on. In about a fortnight, Daun's decision did become visible ; Soltikof's not in a fortnight, nor ever clearly at all. Unless it were To keep a whole skin, and gradually edge home to his victuals. As essentially it was, and continued to be ; creating endless negotiations, and futile overtures and mes-sagings from Daun to his barbarous Friend, endless suasions and troubles from poor Montalembert, — of which it would weary every reader to hear mention, except of the result only.

Friedrich, for his own part, is little elated with these bits of successes at Liegnitz or since ; and does not deceive himself as to the difficulties, almost the impossibilities, that still lie ahead. In answer to D'Argens, who has written ("at midnight," starting out of bed "the instant the news came"), in zealous congratulation on Liegnitz, here is a Letter of Friedrich's : well worth reading, — though it has been oftener read than almost any other of his. A Letter which D'Argens never saw in the original form ; which was captured by the Austrians or Cos-sacks ;¹ which got copied everywhere, soon stole into print, and is ever since extensively known.

¹ See *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 198 (D'Argens himself, "19th October" following), and ib. 191 n. ; Rödenbeck, ii. 31, 36 — mention of it in Voltaire, Montalembert, &c.

Friedrich to Marquis d'Argens (at Berlin).

“HERMANNSDORF, near Breslau, 27th August, 1760.

“In other times, my dear Marquis, the Affair of the 13th would have settled the Campaign; at present it is but a scratch. There will be needed a great Battle to decide our fate: such, by all appearance, we shall soon have; and then you may rejoice, if the event is favorable to us. Thank you, meanwhile, for all your sympathy. It has cost a deal of scheming, striving and much address to bring matters to this point. Don't speak to me of dangers; the last Action costs me only a Coat [torn, useless, only one skirt left, by some rebounding cannon-ball?] and a Horse [shot under me]: that is not paying dear for a victory.

“In my life, I was never in so bad a posture as in this Campaign. Believe me, miracles are still needed if I am to overcome all the difficulties which I still see ahead. And one is growing weak withal. ‘Herculean’ labors to accomplish at an age when my powers are forsaking me, my weaknesses increasing, and, to speak candidly, even hope, the one comfort of the unhappy, begins to be wanting. You are not enough acquainted with the posture of things, to know all the dangers that threaten the State: I know them, and conceal them; I keep all the fears to myself, and communicate to the Public only the hopes, and the trifle of good news I may now and then have. If the stroke I am meditating succeed [stroke on Daun's Anti-Schweidnitz strategies, of which anon], then, my dear Marquis, it will be time to expand one's joy; but till then let us not flatter ourselves, lest some unexpected bit of bad news depress us too much.

“I live here [Schloss of Hermannsdorf, a seven miles west of Breslau] like a Military Monk of La Trappe: endless businesses, and these done, a little consolation from my Books. I know not if I shall outlive this War: but should it so happen, I am firmly resolved to pass the remainder of my life in solitude, in the bosom of Philosophy and Friendship. When the roads are surer, perhaps you will write me oftener. I know not where our winter-quarters this time are to be! My

House in Breslau is burnt down in the Bombardment [London's, three weeks ago]. Our enemies grudge us everything, even daylight, and air to breathe: some nook, however, they must leave us; and if it be a safe one, it will be a true pleasure to have you again with me.

"Well, my dear Marquis, what has become of the Peace with France [English Peace]! Your Nation, you see, is blinder than you thought: those fools will lose their Canada and Pondicherry, to please the Queen of Hungary and the Czarina. Heaven grant Prince Ferdinand may pay them for their zeal! And it will be the innocent that suffer, the poor officers and soldiers, not the Choiseuls and — . . . But here is business come on me. Adieu, dear Marquis; I embrace you. — F."¹

Two Events, of opposite complexion, a Russian and a Saxon, Friedrich had heard of while at Hermannsdorf, before writing as above. The Saxon Event is the pleasant one, and comes first.

Hülsen on the Dürrenberg, August 20th. "August 20th, at Strehla, in that Schlettau-Meissen Country, the Reichsfolk and Austrians made attack on Hülsen's Posts, principal Post of them the Dürrenberg (*Dry-Hill*) there, — in a most extensive manner; filling the whole region with vague artillery-thunder, and endless charges, here, there, of foot and horse; which all issued in zero and minus quantities; Hülsen standing beautifully to his work, and Hussar Kleist especially, at one point, cutting in with masterly execution, which proved general overthrow to the Reichs Project; and left Hülsen master of the field and of his Dürrenberg, *plus* 1,217 prisoners and one Prince among them, and one cannon: a Hülsen who has actually given a kind of beating to the Reichsfolk and Austrians, though they were 30,000 to his 10,000, and had counted on making a new Maxen of it."² Friedrich writes a glad laudatory Letter to Hülsen: "Right, so; give them more of that when they apply next!"³

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 191.

² Archenholtz, ii. 114; *Bericht von der am 20 August 1760 bey Strehla vorgefallenen Action* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 703-719).

³ Letter in *Schöning*, ii. 396, "Hermsdorf" (Hermannsdorf), "27th August, 1760"

This is a bit of sunshine to the Royal mind, dark enough otherwise. Had Friedrich got done here, right fast would he fly to the relief of Hülsen, and recovery of Saxony. Hope, in good moments, says, "Hülsen will be able to hold out till then!" Fear answers, "No, he cannot, unless you get done here extremely soon!"—The Russian Event, full of painful anxiety to Friedrich, was a new Siege of Colberg. That is the sad fact; which, since the middle of August, has been becoming visibly certain.

Second Siege of Colberg, August 26th. "Under siege again, that poor Place; and this time the Russians seem to have made a vow that take it they will. Siege by land and by sea; land-troops direct from Petersburg, 15,000 in all (8,000 of them came by ship), with endless artillery; and near 40 Russian and Swedish ships-of-war, big and little, blackening the waters of poor Colberg. August 26th [the day before Friedrich's writing as above], they have got all things adjusted,—the land-troops covered by redoubts to rearward, ships moored in their battering-places;—and begin such a bombardment and firing of red-hot balls upon Colberg as was rarely seen. To which, one can only hope old Heyde will set a face of gray-steel character, as usual; and prove a difficult article to deal with, till one get some relief contrived for him.¹

CHAPTER IV.

DAUN IN WRESTLE WITH FRIEDRICH IN THE SILESIAN HILLS.

IN spite of Friedrich's forebodings, an extraordinary recoil, in all Anti-Friedrich affairs, ensued upon Liegnitz; everything taking the backward course, from which it hardly recovered, or indeed did not recover at all, during the rest of this Campaign. Details on the subsequent Daun-Friedrich movements

¹ Archenholtz, ii. 116: in *Helden-Geschichte* (vi. 73-83), "*Tagebuch of Siege, 26th August-18th September*," and other details.

— which went all aback for Daun, Daun driven into the Hills again, Friedrich hopeful to cut off his bread, and drive him quite through the Hills, and home again — are not permitted us. No human intellect in our day could busy itself with understanding these thousand-fold marchings, manœuvrings, assaults, surprisals, sudden facings-about (retreat changed to advance); nor could the powerfulest human memory, not exclusively devoted to study the Art Military under Friedrich, remember them when understood. For soldiers, desirous not to be sham-soldiers, they are a recommendable exercise; for them I do advise Tempelhof and the excellent German Narratives and Records. But in regard to others — A sample has been given: multiply that by the ten, by the threescore and ten; let the ingenuous imagination get from it what will suffice. Our first duty here to poor readers, is to elicit from that sea of small things the fractions which are cardinal, or which give human physiognomy and memorability to it; and carefully suppress all the rest.

Understand, then, that there is a general going-back on the Austrian and Russian part. Czernichef we already saw at once retire over the Oder. Soltikof bodily, the second day after, deaf to Montalembert, lifts himself to rearward; takes post behind bogs and bushy grounds more and more inaccessible;¹ followed by Prince Henri with his best impressiveness for a week longer, till he seem sufficiently remote and peaceably minded: "Making home for Poland, he," thinks the sanguine King; "leave Goltz with 12,000 to watch him. The rest of the Army over hither!" Which is done, August 27th; General Forcade taking charge, instead of Henri, — who is gone, that day or next, to Breslau, for his health's sake. "Prince Henri really ill," say some; "Not so ill, but in the sulks," say others: — partly true, both theories, it is now thought; impossible to settle in what degree true. Evident it is, Henri sat quiescent in Breslau, following regimen, in more or less pathetic humor, for two or three months to come; went afterwards to Glogau, and had private theatricals;

¹ "August 18th, to Trebnitz, on the road to Militsch" (Tempelhof, iv. 167).

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and was no more heard of in this Campaign. Greatly to his Brother's loss and regret; who is often longing for "your reeovery" (and return hither), to no purpose.

Soltikof does, in his heart, intend for Poland; but has to see the Siege of Colberg finish first; and, in deeney even to the Austrians, would linger a little: "Willing I always if only *you* prove feasible!" Which oocations sueh negotiating, and messaging aecross the Oder, for the next six weeks, as—as shall be omitted in this place. By intense suasion of Montalembert, Soltikof even eonsents to undertake som sham movement on Glogau, thereby to alleviate his Austrians aecross the River; and staggers gradually forward a little in that direetion:—sham merely; for he has not a siege-gun, nor the least possibility on Glogau; and Goltz with the 12,000 will sufficeiently take eare of him in that quarter.

Friedrich, on junction with Foreade, has risen to perhaps 50,000; and is now in some condition against the Daun-Loudon-Laey Armies, which cannot be double his number. These still hang about, in the Breslau-Parehwitz region; gloomy of humor; and seem to be aiming at Schweidnitz, — if that could still prove possible with a Friedrich present. Which it by no means does; though they try it by their best combinations; — by "a powerful Chain of Army-posts, isolating Schweidnitz, and uniting Daun and Loudon;" by "a Camp on the Zobtenberg, as crown of the same;" — and put Friedrich on his mettle. Who, after survey of said Chain, exeecutes (night of August 30th) a series of beautiful manœuvres on it, which unexpectedly conelude its existenee:—"with unaceountable hardihood," as Archenholtz has it, physiognomically *true* to Friedrich's general style just now, if a little inecorrect as to the ease in hand, "sees good to march direet, once for all, athwart said Chain; right aecross its explosive eannonadings and it,—ecounter-eannonading, and marehing rapidly on; such a mareh for insolenee, say the Austrians!"¹ Till, in this way,

¹ Archenholtz (ii. 115-116); who is in a hurry, dateless, and rather confuses a subsequent *day* (September 18th) with this "night of August 30th." See *Retzow*, ii. 26; and still better, *Tempelhof*, iv. 203.

the insolent King has Schweidnitz under his protective hand again; and forces the Chain to coil itself wholly together, and roll into the Hills for a safe lodging. Whither he again follows it: with continual changes of position, vying in inaccessibility with your own; threatening your meal-wagons; trampling on your skirts in this or the other dangerous manner; marching insolently up to your very nose, more than once ("Dittmannsdorf, September 18th," for a chief instance), and confusing your best schemes.¹

This "insolent" style of management, says Archenholtz, was practised by Julius Cæsar on the Gauls; and since his time by nobody, — till Friedrich, his studious scholar and admirer, revived it "against another enemy." "It is of excellent efficacy," adds Tempelhof; "it disheartens your adversary, and especially his common people, and has the reverse effect on your own; confuses him in endless apprehensions, and details of self-defence; so that he can form no plan of his own, and his overpowering resources become useless to him." Excellent efficacy, — only you must be equal to doing it; not unequal, which might be very fatal to you!

For about five weeks, Friedrich, eminently practising this style, has a most complex multifarious Briarean wrestle with big Daun and his Lacy-Loudon Satellites; who have a troublesome time, running hither, thither, under danger of slaps, and finding nowhere an available mistake made. The scene is that intricate Hill-Country between Schweidnitz and Glatz (kind of *glacis* from Schweidnitz to the Glatz Mountains): Daun, generally speaking, has his back on Glatz, Friedrich on Schweidnitz; and we hear of encampings at Kunzendorf, at *Bunzelwitz*, at *Burkersdorf*, — places which will be more famous in a coming Year. Daun makes no complaint of his Lacy-Loudon or other satellite people; who are diligently circumambient all of them, as bidden; but are unable, like Daun himself, to do the least good; and have perpetually, Daun and they, a bad life of it beside this Neighbor. The outer world, especially the Vienna outer world, is naturally a little

¹ Tempelhof, iv. 193-231; &c. &c.: in *Anonymous of Hamburg*, iv. 222-235, "Diary of the Austrian Army" (3d-8th September).

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surprised: "How is this, Feldmarschall Daun? Can you do absolutely nothing with him, then; but sit pinned in the Hills, eating sour herbs!"

In the Russians appears no help. Soltikof on Glogau, we know what that amounts to! Soltikof is evidently intending home, and nothing else. To all Austrian proposals, — and they have been manifold, as poor Montalembert knows too well, — the answer of Soltikof was and is: "Above 90,000 of you circling about, helping one another to do Nothing. Happy were you, not a doubt of it, could *we* be wiled across to you, to get worried in your stead!" Daun begins to be extremely ill-off; provisions scarce, are far away in Bohemia; and the roads daily more insecure, Friedrich aiming evidently to get command of them altogether. Think of such an issue to our once flourishing Campaign 1760! Daun is vigilance itself against such fatality; and will do anything, except risk a Fight. Here, however, is the fatal posture: Since September 18th, Daun sees himself considerably cut off from Glatz, his provision-road more and more insecure; — and for fourteen days onward, the King and he have got into a dead-lock, and sit looking into one another's faces; Daun in a more and more distressed mood, his provender becoming so uncertain, and the Winter season drawing nigh. The sentries are in mutual view: each Camp could cannonade the other; but what good were it? By a tacit understanding they don't. The sentries, outposts and vedettes forbear musketry; on the contrary, exchange tobaccos sometimes, and have a snatch of conversation. Daun is growing more and more unhappy. To which of the gods, if not to Soltikof again, can he apply?

Friedrich himself, successful so far, is abundantly dissatisfied with such a kind of success; — and indeed seems to be less thankful to his stars than in present circumstances he ought. Profoundly wearied we find him, worn down into utter disgust in the Small War of Posts: "Here we still are, nose to nose," exclaims he (see *Letters to Henri*), "both of us in unattackable camps. This Campaign appears to me more unsupportable than any of the foregoing. Take what trouble and care I like, I can't advance a step in regard to

great interests ; I succeed only in trifles. . . . Oh for good news of your health : I am without all assistance here ; the Army must divide again before long, and I have none to intrust it to.”¹

And to *D'Argens*, in the same bad days : “ Yes, yes, I escaped a great danger there [at Liegnitz]. In a common War it would have signified something ; but in this it is a mere skirmish ; my position little improved by it. I will not sing Jeremiads to you ; nor speak of my fears and anxieties, but can assure you they are great. The crisis I am in has taken another shape ; but as yet nothing decides it, nor can the development of it be foreseen. I am getting consumed by slow fever ; I am like a living body losing limb after limb. Heaven stand by us : we need it much.² . . . You talk always of my person, of my dangers. Need I tell you, it is not necessary that I live ; but it is that I do my duty, and fight for my Country to save it if possible. In many *little* things I have had luck : I think of taking for my motto, *Maximus in minimis, et minimus in maximis*. A worse Campaign than any of the others : I know not sometimes what will become of it. But why weary you with such details of my labors and my sorrows ? My spirits have forsaken me. All gayety is buried with the Loved Noble Ones whom my heart was bound to. Adieu.”

Or, again, to *Henri* : Berlin ? Yes ; I am trying something in bar of that. Have a bad time of it, in the interim. “ Our means, my dear Brother, are so eaten away ; far too short for opposing the prodigious number of our enemies set against us : — if we must fall, let us date our destruction from the infamous Day of Maxen ! ”

Is in such health, too, all the while : “ Am a little better, thank you ; yet have still the ” — what shall we say (dreadful biliary affair) ? — “ *hémorrhoides aveugles* : nothing that, were it not for the disquietudes I feel : but all ends in this world, and so will these. . . . I flatter myself your health is recovering. For these three days in continuance I have had so terri-

¹ Schöning, ii. 416.

² *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 193 (“ Dittmannsdorf, 18th September,” day after, or day of finishing, that cannonade).

18th Sept.-4th Oct. 1760.

ble a cramp, I thought it would choke me; — it is now a little gone. No wonder the chagrins and continual disquietudes I live in should undermine and at length overturn the robustest constitution.”¹

Friedrich, we observe, has heard of certain Russian-Austrian intentions on Berlin; but, after intense consideration, resolves that it will behoove him to continue here, and try to dislodge Daun, or help Hunger to dislodge him; which will be the remedy for Berlin and all things else. There are news from Colberg of welcome tenor: could Daun be sent packing, Soltikof, it is probable, will not be in much alacrity for Berlin! — September 18th, at Dittmannsdorf, was the first day of Daun’s dead-lock: ever since, he has had to sit, more and more hampered, pinned to the Hills, eating sour herbs; nothing but Hunger ahead, and a retreat (battle we will not dream of), likely to be very ruinous, with a Friedrich sticking to the wings of it. Here is the Note on Colberg: —

September 18th, Colberg Siege raised. “The same September 18th, what a day at Colberg too! it is the twenty-fourth day of the continual bombardment there. Colberg is black ashes, most of its houses ruins, not a house in it uninjured. But Heyde and his poor Garrison, busy day and night, walk about in it as if fire-proof; with a great deal of battle still left in them. The King, I know not whether Heyde is aware, has contrived something of relief; General Werner coming: — the fittest of men, if there be possibility. When, see, September 18th, uneasy motion in the Russian intrenchments (for the Russians too are intrenched against attack): Something that has surprised the Russians yonder. Climb, some of you, to the highest surviving steeple, highest chimney-top if no steeple survive: — Yonder *is* Werner come to our relief, O God the Merciful!”

“Werner, with 5,000, was detached from Glogau (September 5th), from Goltz’s small Corps there; has come as on wings, 200 miles in thirteen days. And attacks now, as with wings,

¹ Schöning, ii. 419: “2d October.” Ib. ii. 410: “16th September.” Ib. ii. 408.

the astonished Russian 15,000, who were looking for nothing like him, — with wings, with claws, and with beak; and in a highly aquiline manner, fierce, swift, skilful, storms these intrenched Russians straightway, scatters them to pieces, — and next day is in Colberg, the Siege raising itself with great precipitation; leaving all its artilleries and furnitures, rushing on shipboard all of it that can get, — the very ships-of-war, says Archenholtz, hurrying dangerously out to sea, as if the Prussian Hussars might possibly take *them*. A glorious Werner! A beautiful defence, and ditto rescue; which has drawn the world's attention.”¹

Heyde's defence of Colberg, Werner's swift rescue of it, are very celebrated this Autumn. Medals were struck in honor of them at Berlin, not at Friedrich's expense, but under Friedrich's patronage; who purchased silver or gold copies, and gave them about. Veteran Heyde had a Letter from his Majesty, and one of these gold Medals; — what an honor! I do not hear that Heyde got any other reward, or that he needed any. A beautiful old Hero, voiceless in History; though very visible in that remote sphere, if you care to look.

That is the news from Colberg; comfortable to Friedrich; not likely to inspire Soltikof with new alacrity in behalf of Daun. It remains to us only to add, that Friedrich, with a view to quicken Daun, shot out (September 24th, after night-fall, and with due mystery) a Detachment towards Neisse, — 4,000 or so, who call themselves 15,000, and affect to be for Mähren ultimately. “For Mähren, and my bit of daily bread!” Daun may well think; and did for some time think, or partly did. Pushed off one small detachment really thither, to look after Mähren; and (September 29th) pushed off another bigger; Lacy namely, with 15,000, pretending to be thither, — but who, the instant they were out of Friedrich's sight, have whirled, at a rapid pace, quite into the opposite direction: as will shortly be seen! Daun has now other irons in the fire. Daun, ever since this fatal Dead-lock in the Hills, has been

¹ Seyfarth, ii. 634; Archenholtz, ii. 116: in *Helden-Geschichte* (vi. 73–83). *Tagebuch of Siege*.

shrieking hoarsely to the Russians, day and night; who at last take pity on him, — or find something feasible in his proposals.

The Russians make a Raid on Berlin, for Relief of Daun and their own Behoof (October 3d–12th, 1760).

Powerful entreaties, influences are exercised at Petersburg, and here in the Russian Camp: “Noble Russian Excellencies, for the love of Heaven, take this man off my windpipe! A sally into Brandenburg: oh, could not you? Lacy shall accompany; seizure of Berlin, were it only for one day!” Soltikof has fallen sick, — and, indeed, practically vanishes from our affairs at this point; — Fermor, who has command in the interim, finally consents: “Our poor siege of Colberg, what an end is come to it! What an end is the whole Campaign like to have! Let us at least try this of Berlin, since our hands are empty.” The joy of Daun, of Montalembert, and of everybody in Austrian Court and Camp may be conceived.

Russians to the amount of 20,000, Czernichef Commander; Tottleben Second in command, a clever soldier, who knows Berlin: these are to start from Sagan Country, on this fine Expedition, and to push on at the very top of their speed. September 20th, Tottleben, with 3,000 of them as Vanguard, does accordingly cross Oder, at Beuthen in Sagan Country; and strides forward direct upon Berlin: Lacy, with 15,000, has started from Silesia, we saw how, above a week later (September 29th), but at a still more furious rate of speed. Soltikof, — theoretically Soltikof, but practically Fermor, should the dim German Books be ambiguous to any studious creature, — with the Main Army (which by itself is still a 20,000 odd), moves to Frankfurt, to support the swift Expedition, and be within two marches of it. Here surely is a feasibility! Berlin, for defence, has nothing but weak palisades; and of effective garrison 1,200 men.

And feasible, in a sort, this thing did prove; indisputably delivering Daun from strangulation in the Silesian Moun-

tains; filling the Gazetteer mind with loud emotion of an empty nature; and very much affecting many poor people in Berlin and neighborhood. Making a big Chapter in Berlin Local History; though compressible to small bulk for strangers, who have no specific sympathies in that locality.

“Friday, 3d October, 1760, Tottleben, with his hasty Vanguard of 3,000, preceded by hastier rumor, comes circling round Berlin environs; takes post at the Halle Gate [West side of the City]; summons Rochow [the same old Commandant of Haddick’s time]; — requires instant admittance; ransom of Four million Thalers, and other impossible things. Berlin has been putting itself in some posture; repairing its palisades, throwing up bits of redoubts in front of the gates; and, though sounding with alarms and uncertainties, shows a fine spirit of readiness for the emergency. Rochow is still Commandant, the same old Rochow who shrunk so questionably in Haddick’s time: but Rochow has no Court to tremble for at present; Queen and Royal Family, Archives, Principal Ministries, Directorium in a body, went all to Magdeburg again, on the Kunersdorf Disaster last year, and are safe from such insults. The spirit of the population, it appears, even of the rich classes, some of whom are very rich, is extraordinary. Besides Rochow, moreover, there are, by accident, certain Generals in Berlin: Seidlitz and two others, recovering from their Kunersdorf hurts, who step into the breach with heart admirably willing, if with limbs still lame. Then there is old Field-marshal Lehwald [Anti-Russian at Gross Jägersdorf, but dismissed as too old], who is official Governor of Berlin, who succeeded poor Keith in that honorable office: all these were strong for defence; — and do not now grudge, great men as they are, to take each his Gate of Berlin, his small redoubt thrown up there, and pass the night and the day in doing his utmost with it.

“Rochow refuses the surrender, and the Four Millions pure specie; and Tottleben, about 3 P.M. in an intermittent way, and about 5 in a constant, begins bombarding — grenadoes, red-hot balls, what he can; — and continues the same till 3

next morning. Without result to speak of; Seidlitz and Con-sorts making good counter-play; the poor old 1,200 of Garri-son growing almost young again with energy, under their Seidlitzes; and the population zealously co-operating, espe-cially quenching all fires that rose. What greatly contributed withal was the arrival of Prince Eugen overnight. Eugen of Württemberg [cadet of that bad Duke] had been engaged driv-ing home the Swedes, but instantly quitted that with a 5,000 he had; and has marched this day, — his Vanguard has, mostly Horse, whom the Foot will follow to-morrow, — a distance of forty miles, on this fine errand. Delicate ma-nœuvring, by these wearied horsemen, to enter Berlin amid uncertain jostlings, under the shine of Russian bombardment; ecstasie welcome to them, when they did get in, — instant sub-scription for fat oxen to them; a just abundance of beef to them, of generous beer I hope not more than an abundance: phenomena which, with others of the like, could be dwelt on, had we room.¹

“Tottleben, under these omens, found it would not do; wended off towards his Czernichef next morning; eastward again as far as Cöpenik, Prince Eugen attending him in a minatory manner: and, in Berlin for the moment, the bad ten hours were over. For four days more, the fate of things hung dubious; hope soon fading again, but not quite going out till the fifth day. And this, in fact, was mainly all of bombard-ment that the City had to suffer; though its fate of capture was not to be averted. Is not Tottleben gone? Yes; but Lacy, marching at a rate he never did before (except from Bischofswerda), is arrived in the environs this same even-ing, cautious but furious. The King is far away; what are Eugen’s 5,000 against these?

“On the other hand, Hülsen, leaving his Saxon affairs to their chance, — which, alas, are about extinct, at any rate; except Wittenberg, all Saxony gone from us! — Hülsen is on winged march hitherward with about 9,000. ‘How would the King come on wings, like an eagle from the Blue, if

¹ Tempelhof, iv. 266–290; Archenholtz, ii. 122–148; *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 103–149, 350–352; &c. &c.

he were but aware!’ thought everybody, and said. Hülsen did arrive on the 8th; so that there are now 14,000 of us. Hülsen did; — but no King could; the King is just starting (October 4th, the King, on these bad rumors about Saxony, about Berlin, quitted the attempt on Daun; October 7th, got on march hitherward; has finished his first march hitherward, — Daun gradually preparing to attend him in the distance), — when Hülsen arrives. And here are all their Lacys, Czernichefs fairly assembled; five to two of us, — 35,000 of them against our 14,000.

“Hülsen and Eugen, drawn out in their skilfulest way, manœuvred about, all this Wednesday, 8th; attempted, did not attempt; found on candid examination, That 14,000 *versus* 35,000 ran a great risk of being worsted; that, in such case, the fate of the City might be still more frightful; and that, on the whole, their one course was that of withdrawing to Spandau, and leaving poor Berlin to capitulate as it could. Capitulation starts again with Tottleben that same night Gotzkowsky, a magnanimous Citizen and Merchant-Prince, stepping forth with beautiful courageous furtherances of every kind; and it ends better than one could have hoped: Ransom — not of Four Millions pure specie (which would have been £600,000): ‘Gracious Sir, it is beyond our utmost possibility!’ — but of One and a Half Million in modern Ephraim coin; with a £30,000 of *douceur*-money to the common man, Russian and Austrian, for his forbearance; — ‘for the rest, we are at your Excellency’s mercy, in a manner!’ And so,

“*Thursday, October 9th*, about 7 in the morning, Tottleben marches in; exactly six days since he first came circling to the Halle Gate and began bombarding. Tottleben, knowing Friedrich, knew the value of despatch; and, they say, was privately no enemy to Berlin, remembering old grateful days here. For Tottleben has himself been in difficulties; indeed, was never long out of them, during the long stormy life he had. Not a Russian at all; though I suppose Father of the now Russian Tottlebens whom one hears of: this one was a poor Saxon Gentleman, Page once to poor old drunken Weisensfels, whom, for a certain fair soul’s sake, we sigh to re-

member! Weissenfels dying, Tottleben became a soldier of Polish Majesty's; — acceptable soldier, but disagreed with Brühl, for which nobody will like him worse. Disagreed with Brühl; went into the Dutch service (may have been in Fontenoy for what I know); was there till Aix-la-Chapelle, till after Aix-la-Chapelle; kindly treated, and promoted in the Dutch Army; but with outlooks, I can fancy, rather dull. Outlooks probably dull in such an element, — when, being a handsome fellow in epaulettes (Major-General, in fact, though poor), he, diligently endeavoring, caught the eye of a Dutch West-Indian Heiress; soft creature with no end of money; whom he privately wedded, and ran away with. To the horror of her appointed Dutch Lover and Friends; who prosecuted the poor Major-General with the utmost rigor, not of Law only. And were like to be the ruin of his fair West-Indian and him; when Friedrich, about 1754 as I guess, gave him shelter in Berlin; finding no insupportable objection in what the man had done. The rather, as his Heiress and he were rich. Tottleben gained general favor in Berlin society wished, in 1756, to take service with Friedrich on the breaking out of this War. 'A Colonel with me, yes,' said Friedrich. But Tottleben had been Major-General among the Dutch, and could not consent to sink; had to go among the Russians for a Major-Generaley; and there and elsewhere, for many years coming, had many adventures, mostly troublesome, which shall not be memorable to us here.¹

"Lacy, who, after hovering about in these vicinities for four days, had now actually come up, so soon as Eugen and Hülsen withdrew, — was deeply disgusted at the Terms of Capitulation; angry to find that Tottleben had concluded without him; and, in fact, flew into open rage at the arrangements Tottleben had made for himself and for others. 'No admittance, except on order from his Exeellency!' said the Russian Sentry to Lacy's Austrians: upon which, Lacy forced the Gate, and violently marched in. Took lodging, to his own mind, in the Friedrichstadt quarter; and was fearfully truculent upon person and property, during his short stay. A scandal to be

¹ Sketch of Tottleben's Life, in *Rödenbeck*, ii. 69-72.

seen, how his Croats and loose hordes went openly ravaging about, bent on mere housebreaking, street-robbery and insolent violence. So that Tottleben had fairly to fire upon the vagabonds once or twice; and force on the unwilling Lacy some coercion of them within limits. For the three days of his continuance, — it was but three days in all, — Lacy was as the evil genius of Berlin; Tottleben and his Russians the good. Their discipline was so excellent; all Cossacks and loose rabble strictly kept out beyond the Walls. To Bachmann, Russian Commandant, the Berliners, on his departure, had gratefully got ready a money-gift of handsome amount: ‘By no means,’ answered Bachmann: ‘your treatment was according to the mildness of our Sovereign Czarina. For myself, if I have served you in anything, the fact that for three days I have been Commandant of the Great Friedrich’s Capital is more than a reward to me.’

“Tottleben and Lacy, during those three days of Russian and Austrian joint dominion, had a stormy time of it together. ‘Destroy the *Lager-Haus*,’ said Lacy: *Lager-Haus*, where they manufacture their soldiers’ uniforms; it is the parent of all cloth-manufacturing in Prussia; set up by Friedrich Wilhelm, — not on free-trade principles. ‘The *Lager-Haus*, say you? I doubt, it is now private property; screened by our Capitulation;’ — which it proves to be. ‘You shall blow up the Arsenal!’ said Lacy, with vehemence and truculence. A noble edifice, as travellers yet know: fancy its fragments flying about among the populous streets, plunging through the roofs of Palaces, and great houses all round. Lacy was inexorable; Tottleben had to send a Russian Party (one wishes they had been Croats) on this sad errand. They proceeded to the Powder-Magazine for explosive material, as preliminary; they were rash in handling the gunpowder there, which blew up in their hands; sent itself and all of them into the air; and saved the poor Arsenal: ‘Not powder enough now left for our own artillery uses,’ urged Tottleben.

“Saxon and Austrian Parties were in the Palaces about, — at Potsdam, at Charlottenburg, Schönhausen (the Queen’s), at Friedrichsfeld (the Margraf Karl’s), some of whom behaved

well, some horribly ill. In Charlottenburg, certain Saxon Brühl-Dragoons, who by their conduct might have been Dragoons of Attila, smashed the furnitures, the doors, cutting the Pictures, much maltreating the poor people; and, what was reckoned still more tragical, upset the poor Polignac Collection of Antiques and Classicalities; not only knocking off noses and arms, but beating them small, lest reparation by cement should be possible. Their Officers, Pirna people, looking quietly on. A scandalous proceeding, thought everybody, friend or foe, — especially thought Friedrich; whose indignation at this ruin of Charlottenburg came out in way of reprisal by and by. At Potsdam, on the other hand, Prince Esterhazy, with perhaps Hungarians among his people, behaved like a very Prince; received from the Castellan an Attestation that he had scrupulously respected everything; and took, as souvenir, only one Picture of little value; Prince de Ligne, who was under him, carrying off, still more daintily, one goose-quill, immortal by having been a pen of the Great Friedrich's.

"Tottleben, with no feeling other than Official tempered by Human, was in great contrast with Lacy, and very beneficent to Berlin during the three days it lay under the *tribula*, or harrow of War. But the Tutelary Angel of Berlin, then and afterwards for weeks and months, till all scores got settled, was the Gotzkowsky mentioned above." Whom we shall see again helpful at Leipzig; a man worth marking in these tumults. "If Tottleben was the temporal Armed King, this Gotzkowsky was the Spiritual King, *Papa* or Universal Father, armed only with charities, pieties, prayers, ever shiningly attended by self-sacrifices on Gotzkowsky's part; which averted woes innumerable (Lager-Haus only one of a long list); and which 'surpassed all belief,' write the Berlin Magistracy, as if in tears over such heroism. Truly a Prince of Merchants, this Gotzkowsky, not for his vast enterprises, and the mere 1,500 workmen he employs, but for the still greater heart that dwells in him. Had begun as a travelling Pedler; used to call at Reinsberg, with female haberdasheries exquisitely chosen ('*gallanterie* wares' the Germans call them), for the then Princess Royal; not unnoticed by Friedrich, who recognized

the broad sense, solidity and great thoughts of the man. Of all which Friedrich has known far more since then, in various branches of Prussian commerce improved by Gotzkowsky's managements. A truly notable Gotzkowsky; became bankrupt at last, one is sorry to hear; and died in affliction and neglect, — short of the humblest wages for so much good work done in the world!¹

“Gotzkowsky's House was like a general storeroom for everybody's preciosities; his time, means, self were the refuge of all the needy. In Zorndorf time, when this Czernichef [if readers can remember], who is now so supreme, — Czernichef, Soltikof and others, — had nothing for it but to lodge in the cellars of burnt Cüstrin, Gotzkowsky, with ready money, with advice, with assuagement, had been their *Deus ex machinâ*: and now Czernichef remembers it; and Gotzkowsky, as Papa, has to go with continual prayers, negotiations, counsellings, expedients, and be the refuge of all unjustly suffering men Berlin has immensities of trade in war-furnitures: the capitals circulating are astonishing to Archenholtz; million on the back of million; no such city in Germany for trade. The desire of the Three-days Lacy Government is towards any Lager-Haus; any mass of wealth, which can be construed as Royal or connected with Royalty. Ephraim and Itzig, mint-masters of that copper-coinage; rolling in foul wealth by the ruin of their neighbors; ought not these to bleed? Well, yes, — if anybody; and copiously if you like! I should have said so: but the generous Gotzkowsky said in his heart, ‘No;’ and again pleaded and prevailed. Ephraim and Itzig, foul swollen creatures, were not broached at all; and their gratitude was, That, at a future day, Gotzkowsky's day of bankruptey, they were hardest of any on Gotzkowsky.

“Archenholtz and the Books are enthusiastically copious upon Gotzkowsky and his procedures; but we must be silent. This Anecdote only, in regard to Freedom of the Press, — to the so-called ‘air we breathe, not having which we die!’ Would modern Friends of Progress believe it? Because, in former

¹ Preuss, ii. 257, &c. &c.; *Geschichte eines Patriotischen Kaufmanns* (Berlin, 1769, by Gotzkowsky himself).

stages of this War, the Berlin Newspapers have had offensive expressions (scarcely noticeable to the microscope in our day, and below calculation for smallness) upon the Russian and Austrian Sovereigns or Peoples, — the Able Editors (there are only Two) shall now in person, here in the market-place of Berlin, actually run the gantlet for it, — ‘run the rods (*Gassenlaufen*)’, as the fashion now is; which is worse than *gantlet*, not to speak of the ignominy. That is the barbaric Russian notion: ‘who are you, ill-formed insolent persons, that give a loose to your tongue in that manner? Strip to the waistband, swift! Here is the true career opened for you: on each hand, one hundred sharp rods ranked waiting you; run your courses there, — no hurry more than you like!’ The alternative of death, I suppose, was open to these Editors; Roman death at least, and martyrdom for a new Faith (Faith in the Loose Tongue), very sacred to the Democratic Ages now at hand. But nobody seems to have thought of it; Editors and Public took the thing as a sorrow incident to this dangerous Profession of the Tongue Loose (or looser than usual); which nobody yet knew to be divine. The Editors made passionate enough lamentation, in the stript state; one of them, with loud weeping, pulled off his wig, showed ice-gray hair; ‘I am in my 68th year!’ But it seems nothing would have steaded them, had not Gotzkowsky been busy interceding. By virtue of whom there was pardon privately in readiness: to the ice-gray Editor complete pardon; to the junior quasi-complete; only a few switehes to assert the principle, and dismissal with admonition.”¹

The pleasant part of the fact is, that Gotzkowsky’s powerful intercessions were thenceforth no farther needed. The same day, Saturday, October 11th, a few hours after this of the *Gassenlaufen*, news arrived full gallop: “The King is coming!” After which it was beautiful to see how all things got to the gallop; and in a no-time Berlin was itself again. That same evening, Saturday, Lacy took the road, with extraordi-

¹ *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 103-148; Rödenbeck, ii. 41-54; Archenholtz, ii. 130-147; Preuss, *ubi supra*: &c. &c.

nary velocity, towards Torgau Country, where the Reichsfolk, in Hülsen's absence, are supreme; and, the second evening after, was got 60 miles thitherward. His joint dominion had been of Two days. On the morning of Sunday, 12th, went Tottleben, who had businesses, settlements of ransom and the like; before marching. Tottleben, too, made uncommon despatch; marched, as did all these invasive Russians, at the rate of thirty miles a day; their Main Army likewise moving off from Frankfurt to a safer distance. Friedrich was still five marches off; but there seemed not a moment to lose.

The Russian spoilings during the retreat were more horrible than ever: "The gallows gaping for us; and only this one opportunity, if even this!" thought the agitated Cossack to himself. Our poor friend Nüssler had a sad tale to tell of them;¹ as who had not? Terror and murder, incendiary fire and other worse unnamable abominations of the Pit. One old Half-pay gentleman, whom I somewhat respect, desperately barricaded himself, amid his domestics and tenancies, Wife and Daughters assisting: "Human Russian Officers can enter here; Cossacks no, but shall kill us first. Not a Cossack till all of us are lying dead!"² And kept his word; the human Russians owning it to be proper.

In Guben Country, "at Gross-Muckro, October 15th," the day after passing Guben, Friedrich first heard for certain, That the Russians had been in Berlin, and also that they were gone, and that all was over. He made two marches farther, — not now direct for Berlin, but direct for Saxony *and* it; — to Lübben, 50 or 60 miles straight south of Berlin; and halted there some days, to adjust himself for a new sequel. "These are the things," exclaims he, sorrowfully, to D'Argens, "which I have been in dread of since Winter last; this is what gave the dismal tone to my Letters to you. It has required not less than all my philosophy to endure the reverses, the provocations, the outrages, and the whole scene of atrocious things

¹ In Büsching, *Beitrage*, i. 400, 401, account of their sacking of Nüssler's pleasant home and estate, "Weissensee, near Berlin."

² Archenholtz, ii. 150.

that have come to pass.”¹ Friedrich’s grief about Berlin we need not paint; though there were murmurs afterwards, “Why did not he start sooner?” which he could not, in strict reason, though aware that these savageries were on march. He had hoped the Eugen-Hülsen appliances, even should all else fail, might keep them at bay. And indeed, in regard to these latter, it turned only on a hair. Montalembert calculating, vows, on his oath, “Can assure you, M. l’Ambassadeur, *puis bien vous assurer comme si j’étais devant Dieu*, as if I stood before God,”² that, from first to last, it was my doing; that but for me, at the very last, the Russians, on sight of Hülsen and Eugen, and no Lacy come, would have marched away!

Friedrich’s orderings and adjustings, dated Lübben, where his Army rested after this news from Berlin, were manifold; and a good deal still of wrecks from the Berlin Business fell to his share. For instance, one thing he had at once ordered: “Your Bill of a Million-and-half to the Russians, don’t pay it, or any part of it! . When Bamberg was ransomed, Spring gone a year, — Reich and Kaiser, did they respect our Bill we had on Bamberg? Did not they cancel it, and flatly refuse?” Friedrich is positive on the point, “Reprisal our clear remedy!” But Berlin itself was in alarm, for perhaps another Russian visit; Berlin and Gotzkowsky were humbly positive the other way. Upon which a visit of Gotskowsky to the Royal Camp: “Merchants’ Bills are a sacred thing, your Majesty!” urged Gotzkowsky. Who, in his zeal for the matter, undertook dangerous visits to the Russian Quarters, and a great deal of trouble, peril and expense, during the weeks following. Magnanimous Gotzkowsky, “in mere bribes to the Russian Officials, spent about £6,000 of his own,” for one item. But he had at length convinced his Majesty that Merchants’ Bills were a sacred thing, in spite of Bamberg and desecrative individualities; and that this Million-and-half must be paid. Friedrich was struck with Gotzkowsky and his view of the facts. Friedrich, from his own distressed funds, handed

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 199: “22d October.”

² Montalembert, ii. 108.

to Gotzkowsky the necessary Million-and-half, commanding only profound silence about it; and to Gotzkowsky himself a present of 150,000 thalers (£20,000 odd);¹ and so the matter did at last end.

It had been a costly business to Berlin, and to the King, and to the poor harried Country. To Berlin, bombardment of ten hours; alarm of discursive siege-work in the environs for five days; foreign yoke for three days; lost money to the amounts above stated; what loss in wounds to body or to peace of mind, or whether any loss that way, nobody has counted. The Berlin people rose to a more than Roman height of temper, testifies D'Argens;² so that perhaps it was a gain. The King's Magazines and War-furnitures about Berlin are wasted utterly, — Arsenal itself not blown up, we well know why; — and much Hunnish ruin in Charlottenburg, with damage to Antiques, — for which latter clause there shall, in a few months, be reprisal, if it please the Powers!

Of all this Montalembert declares, "Before God, that he, Montalembert, is and was the mainspring." And indeed, Tempelhof, without censure of Montalembert and his vocation, but accurately computing time and circumstance, comes to the same conclusion; — as thus: "*October 8th*, seeing no Lacy come, Czernichef, had it not been for Montalembert's eloquence, had fixed for returning to Cöpenik: whom cautious Lacy would have been obliged to imitate. Suppose Czernichef had, *October 9th*, got to Cöpenik, — Eugen and Hülsen remain at Berlin; Czernichef could not have got back thither before the 11th; on the 11th was news of Friedrich's coming; which set all on gallop to the right about."³ So that really, before God, it seems Montalembert must have the merit of this fine achievement: — the one fruit, so far as I can discover, of his really excellent reasonings, eloquences, patiences, sown broadcast, four or five long years, on such a field as fine human talent never had before. I declare to you, M. l'Ambassadeur,

¹ Archenholtz, ii. 146.

² *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 195–199: "D'Argens to the King: Berlin, 19th October, 1760," — an interesting Letter of details.

³ Tempelhof, iv. 277.

this excellent vulture-swoop on Berlin, and burning or reburning of the Peasantry of the Mark, is due solely to one poor zealous gentleman! —

What was next to follow out of *this*, — in Torgau neighborhood, where Daun now stands expectant, — poor M. de Montalembert was far from anticipating; and will be in no haste to claim the merit of before God or man.

CHAPTER V.

BATTLE OF TORGAU.

AFTER Hülsen's fine explosion on the Dürrenberg, August 20th, on the incompetent Reichs Generals, there had followed nothing eminent; new futilities, attemptings and desistings, advancings and recoilings, on the part of the Reich; Hülsen solidly maintaining himself, in defence of his Torgau Magazine and Saxon interests in those regions, against such overwhelming odds, till relief and reinforcement for them and him should arrive; and gaining time, which was all he could aim at in such circumstances. Had the Torgau Magazine been bigger, perhaps Hülsen might have sat there to the end. But having solidly eaten out said Magazine, what could Hülsen do but again move rearward? ¹ Above all, on the alarm from Berlin, which called him off double-quick, things had to go their old road in that quarter. Weak Torgau was taken, weak Wittenberg besieged. Leipzig, Torgau, Wittenberg, all that Country, by the time the Russians left Berlin, was again the Reich's. Eugen and Hülsen, hastening for relief of Wittenberg, the instant Berlin was free, found Wittenberg a heap of ruins, out of which the Prussian garrison, very hunger urging, had issued the day before, as prisoners of war. Nothing more to be done by Eugen, but take post, within reach of Magdeburg and victual, and wait new Order from the King.

¹ *Hofbericht von dem Rückzug des General-Lieutenants von Hülsen aus dem Lager bey Torgau* (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 755-784).

The King is very unquestionably coming on; leaves Lübben thitherward October 20th.¹ With full fixity of purpose as usual; but with as gloomy an outlook as ever before. Daun, we said, is now arrived in those parts: Daun and the Reich together are near 100,000; Daun some 60,000, — Loudon having stayed behind, and gone southward, for a stroke on Kosel (if Goltz will permit, which he won't at all!), — and the Reich 35,000. Saxony is all theirs; cannot they maintain Saxony? Not a Town or a Magazine now belongs to Friedrich there, and he is in number as 1 to 2. "Maintain Saxony; indisputably you can!" that is the express Vienna Order, as Friedrich happens to know. The Russians themselves have taken Camp again, and wait visibly, about Landsberg and the Warta Country, till they see Daun certain of executing said Order; upon which they intend, they also, to winter in those Elbe-Prussian parts, and conjointly to crush Friedrich into great confinement indeed. Friedrich is aware of this Vienna Order; which is a kind of comfort in the circumstances. The intentions of the hungry Russians, too, are legible to Friedrich; and he is much resolved that said Order shall be impossible to Daun. "Were it to be possible, we are landless. Where are our recruits, our magazines, our resources for a new Campaign? We may as well die, as suffer that to be possible!" Such is Friedrich's fixed view. He says to D'Argens: —

"You, as a follower of Epicurus, put a value on life; as for me, I regard death from the Stoic point of view. Never shall I see the moment that forces me to make a disadvantageous Peace; no persuasion, no eloquence, shall ever induce me to sign my dishonor. Either I will bury myself under the ruins of my Country, or if that consolation appears too sweet to the Destiny that persecutes me, I shall know how to put an end to my misfortunes when it is impossible to bear them any longer. I have acted, and continue to act, according to that interior voice of conscience and of honor which directs all my steps: my conduct shall be, in every time, conformable to

¹ Rödénbeck, ii. 35: in *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iv. 241–245) Friedrich's Two Marches, towards and from Berlin (7th–17th October, to Lübben thence, 20th October–3d November, to Torgau).

those principles. After having sacrificed my youth to my Father, my ripe years to my Country, I think I have acquired the right to dispose of my old age. I have told you, and I repeat it, Never shall my hand sign a humiliating Peace. Finish this Campaign I certainly will, resolved to dare all, and to try the most desperate things either to succeed or to find a glorious end (*fin glorieuse*)."¹

Friedrich had marched from Lübben, after three days' settling of affairs, *October 20th* ; arrived at Jessen, on the Elbe, within wind of Wittenberg, in two days more. "He formed a small magazine at Düben," says Archenholtz; "and was of a velocity, a sharpness," — like lightning, in a manner! Friedrich is uncommonly dangerous when crushed into a corner, in this way; and Daun knows that he is. Friedrich's manœuvres upon Daun — all readers can anticipate the general type of them. The studious military reader, if England boasts any such, will find punctual detail of them in *Tempelhof* and the German Books. For our poor objects, here is a Summary which may suffice: —

From Lübben, having winded up these bad businesses, — and reinforced Goltz, at Glogau, to a 20,000 for Silesia's sake, to look towards Kosel and Loudon's attempts there, — Friedrich gathered himself into proper concentration; and with all the strength now left to him pushed forward (20th October) towards Wittenberg, and recovery of those lost Saxon Countries. To Wittenberg from Lübben is some 60 miles; — can be done nearly, in a couple of days. With the King, after Goltz is furnished, there are about 30,000; Eugen and Hülsen, not idle for their own part, wait in those far Western or Ultra-Wittenberg regions (in and beyond Dessau Country), to join him with their 14,000, when they get signal. Joined with these, he will be 44,000; he will then cross Elbe somewhere, probably not where Daun and the Reich imagine, and be in contact with his Problem; with what a pitch of willingness nobody

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 202 ("Kemberg, 28th October, 1760," a week and a day before Torgau).

need be told! Daun, in Torgau Country, has one of the best positions; nor is Daun a man for getting flurried.

The poor Reichs Army, though it once flattered itself with intending to dispute Friedrich's passage of the Elbe, and did make some detachings and manœuvrings that way, on his approach to Wittenberg (October 22d-23d), — took a safer view, on his actual arrival there, on his re-seizure of that ruined place, and dangerous attitude on the right bank below and above. Safer view, on salutary second thoughts; — and fell back Leipzig-way, southward to Düben, 30 or 40 miles. Whence rapidly to Leipzig itself, 30 or 40 more, on his actually putting down his bridges over Elbe. Friedrich's crossing-place was Schanzhaus, in Dessau Country, between Roslau and Klikau, 12 or 15 miles below Wittenberg; about midway between Wittenberg and the inflow of the Mulda into Elbe. He crossed *October 26th*, no enemy within wind at all; Daun at Torgau in his inexpugnable Camp, Reichsfolk at Düben, making towards Leipzig at their best pace. And is now wholly between Elbe and Mulda; nothing but Mulda and the Anhalt Countries and the Halle Country now to rear of him.

At Jonitz, next march southward, he finds the Eugen-Hülsen people ready. We said they had not been idle while waiting signal: of which here is one pretty instance. Eugen's Brother, supreme Reigning Duke of Würtemberg, — whom we parted with at Fulda, last Winter, on sore terms; but who again, zealous creature, heads his own little Army in French-Austrian service, in still more eclipsed circumstances ("No subsidy at all, this Year, say your august Majesties? Well, I must do without: a volunteer; and shall need only what I can make by forced contributions!" which of course he is diligent to levy wherever possible), — has latterly taken Halle Country in hand, very busy raising contributions there: and Eugen hears, not without interest, that certain regiments or detachments of his, pushed out, are lying here, there, superintending that salutary work, — within clutch, perhaps, of Kleist the Hussar! Eugen despatches Kleist upon him; who pounces with his usual fierce felicity upon these people. To such alarm of his poor Serenity and poor Army, that Serenity flies off homeward

at once, and out of these Wars altogether; where he never had other than the reverse of business to be, and where he has played such a farce-tragedy for four years back. Eugen has been heard to speak, — theoretically, and in excited moments, — of “running such a fellow through the body, were one near him:” but it is actually Eugen in person that sends him home from these Wars: which may be counted a not unfraternal or unpatriotic procedure; being of indisputable benefit to the poor Sovereign man himself, and to everybody concerned with him.

Hearing that Friedrich was across, Daun came westward that same day (October 26th), and planted himself at Eilenburg; concluding that the Reichsfolk would now be in jeopardy first of all. Which was partly the fact; and indeed this Daun movement rather accelerated the completion of it. Without this the Reichs Army might have lived another day. It had quitted Düben, and gone in all haste for Leipzig, at 1 in the morning (not by Eilenburg, of which or of Daun’s arrival there it knows nothing), — “at 1 in the morning of the 27th,” or in fact, so soon as news could reach it at the gallop, That Friedrich was across. And now Friedrich, seeing Daun out in this manner, judged that a junction was contemplated; and that one could not be too swift in preventing it. October 29th, with one diligent march, Friedrich posted himself at Düben; there, in a sort now between Daun and the Reichsfolk, detached Hülsen with a considerable force to visit these latter in Leipzig itself; and began with all diligence forming “a small Magazine in Düben,” Magdeburg and the current of the Elbe being hitherto his only resource in that kind. By the time of Hülsen’s return, this little operation will be well forward, and Daun will have declared himself a little.

Hülsen, evening of October 30th, found Leipzig in considerable emotion, the Reichsfolk taking refuge in it: not the least inclined to stand a push, when Hülsen presented himself. Night of 30th–31st, there was summoning and menacing; Reich endeavoring to answer in firm style; but all the while industriously packing up to go. By 5 in the morning, things had come to extremity; — morning, happily for some of us.

was dark mist. But about 5 o'clock, Hülsen (or Hülsen's Second) coming on with menace of fire and sword upon these poor Reichspeople, found the Reichspeople wholly vanished in the mist. Gone bodily; in full march for the spurs of the Metal-Mountain Range again;—concluding, for the fourth time, an extremely contemptible Campaign. Daun, with the King ahead of him, made not the least attempt to help them in their Leipzig difficulty; but retired to his strong Camp at Torgau; feels his work to lie *there*,—as Friedrich perceives of him, with some interest.

Hülsen left a little garrison in Leipzig (friend Quintus a part of it);¹ and returned to the King; whose small Magazine at Düben, and other small affairs there, — Magdeburg with boats, and the King with wagons, having been so diligent in carrying grain thither, — are now about completed. From Daun's returning to Torgau, Friedrich infers that the cautious man has got Order from Court to maintain Torgau at all costs, — to risk a battle rather than go. "Good: he shall have one!" thinks Friedrich. And, *November 2d*, in four columns, marches toward Torgau; to Schilda, that night, which is some seven miles on the southward side of Torgau. The King, himself in the vanguard as usual, has watched with eager questioning eye the courses of Daun's advanced parties, and by what routes they retreat; discerns for certain that Daun has no views upon Düben or our little Magazine; and that the tug of wrestle for Torgau, which is to crown this Campaign into conquest of Saxony, or shatter it into zero like its foregoers on the Austrian part, and will be of death-or-life nature on the Prussian part, ought to ensue to-morrow. Forward, then!

This Camp of Torgau is not a new place to Daun. It was Prince Henri's Camp last Autumn; where Daun tried all his efforts to no purpose; and though hugely outnumbering the Prince, could make absolutely nothing of it. Nothing, or less; and was flowing back to Dresden and the Bohemian Frontier, uncheered by anything, till that comfortable Maxen Incident

¹ Tempelhof, iv. 290.

turned up. Daun well knows the strength of this position. Torgau and the Block of Hill to West, called Hill of Siptitz: — Hülsen, too, stood here this Summer; not to mention Finck and Wunsch, and their beating the Reichspeople here. A Hill and Post of great strength; not unfamiliar to many Prussians, nor to Friedrich's studious considerations, though his knowledge of it was not personal on all points; — as To-morrow taught him, somewhat to his cost.

“Tourists, from Weimar and the Thuringian Countries,” says a Note-book, sometimes useful to us, “have most likely omitted Rossbach in their screaming railway flight eastward; and done little in Leipzig but endeavor to eat dinner, and, still more vainly, to snatch a little sleep in the inhuman dormitories of the Country. Next morning, screaming Dresden-ward, they might, especially if military, pause at Oschatz, a stage or two before Meissen, where again are objects of interest. You can look at Hubertsburg, if given that way, — a Royal Schloss, memorable on several grounds; — at Hubertsburg, and at other features, in the neighborhood of Oschatz. This done, or this left not done, you strike off leftward, that is northward, in some open vehicle, for survey of Torgau and its vicinities and environs. Not above fifteen miles for you; a drive singular and pleasant; time enough to return and be in Dresden for dinner.

“Torgau is a fine solid old Town; Prussian military now abundant in it. In ancient Heathen times, I suppose, it meant the *Gau*, or District, of *Thor*; Capital of that *Gau*, — part of which, now under Christian or quasi-Christian circumstances, you have just been traversing, with Elbe on your right hand. Innocent rural aspects of Humanity, Boor's life, Gentry's life, all the way, not in any holiday equipment; on the contrary, somewhat unkempt and scraggy, but all the more honest and inoffensive. There is sky, earth, air, and freedom for your own reflections: a really agreeable kind of *Gau*; pleasant, though in part ugly. Large tracts of it are pine-wood, with pleasant Villages and fine arable expanses interspersed. Schilda and many Villages you leave to right and left. Old-fashioned Villages, with their village industries visible around; laboring

each in its kind, — not too fast; probably with extinct tobacco-pipe hanging over its chin (*kalt-rauchend*, ‘smoking cold,’ as they phrase it).

“Schilda has an absurd celebrity among the Germans: it is the Gotham of Teutschland; a fountain of old broad-grins and homely and hearty rustic banter; welling up from the serious extinct Ages to our own day; ‘*Schiltbürger*’ (Inhabitant of *Schilda*) meaning still, among all the Teutsch populations, a man of calmly obstinate whims and delusions, of notions altogether contrary to fact, and agreeable to himself only; resolutely pushing his way through life on those terms: amid horse-laughter, naturally, and general wagging of beards from surrounding mankind. Extinct mirth, not to be growled at or despised, in Ages running to the shallow, which have lost their mirth, and become all one snigger of mock-mirth. For it is observable, the more solemn is your background of *dark*, the brighter is the play of all human genialities and coruscations on it, — of genial mirth especially, in the hour for mirth. Who the *Doctor Bordel* of Schilda was, I do not know: but they have had their Bordel, as Gotham had; — probably various Bordels; industrious to pick up those Spiritual fruits of the earth. For the records are still abundant and current; fully more alive than those of Gotham here are. — And yonder, then, is actually Schilda of the absurd fame. A small, cheerful-looking human Village, in its Island among the Woods; you see it lying to the right: — a clean brick-slate congeries, with faint smoke-canopy hanging over it, indicating frugal dinner-kettles on the simmer; — and you remember kindly those good old grinnings, over good *Schiltbürger*, good *Wise Men of Gotham*, and their learned Chroniclers, and unlearned Peasant Producers, who have contributed a wrinkle of human Fun to the earnest face of Life.

“After Schilda, and before, you traverse long tracts of Pine Forest, all under forest management; with long straight stretches of sandy road (one of which is your own), straight like red tape-strings, intersecting the wide solitudes: dangerous to your topographies, — for the finger-posts are not always there, and human advice you can get none. Nothing but the

stripe of blue sky overhead, and the brown one of tape (or sand) under your feet: the trees poor and mean for most part, but so innumerable, and all so silent, watching you all like mute witnesses, mutely whispering together; no voice but their combined whisper or big forest *sough* audible to you in the world:—on the whole, your solitary ride there proves, unexpectedly, a singular deliverance from the mad railway, and its iron bedlamisms and shrieking discords and precipitances; and is soothing, and pensively welcome, though sad enough, and in outward features ugly enough. No wild boars are now in these woods, no chance of a wolf:”—what concerns us more is, that Friedrich's columns, on the 3d of November, had to march up through these long lanes, or tape-stripes of the Torgau Forest; and that one important column, one or more, took the wrong turn at some point, and was dangerously wanting at the expected moment!—

“Torgau itself stands near Elbe; on the shoulder, eastern or Elbe-ward shoulder, of a big mass of Knoll, or broad Height, called of Siptitz, the main Eminence of the Gau. Shoulder, I called it, of this Height of Siptitz; but more properly it is on a continuation, or lower ulterior height dipping into Elbe itself, that Torgau stands. Siptitz Height, nearly a mile from Elbe, drops down into a straggle of ponds; after which, on a second or final rise, comes Torgau dipping into Elbe. Not a shoulder strictly, but rather a *cheek*, with *neck* intervening;—neck *goitry* for that matter, or quaggy with ponds! The old Town stands high enough, but is enlaced on the western and southern side by a set of lakes and quagmires, some of which are still extensive and undrained. The course of the waters hereabouts, and of Elbe itself, has had its intricacies: close to northwest, Torgau is bordered, in a straggling way, by what they call *Old Elbe*; which is not now a fluent entity, but a stagnant congeries of dirty waters and morasses. The Hill of Siptitz abuts in that aqueous or quaggy manner; its fore-feet being, as it were, at or in Elbe River, and its sides, to the South and to the North for some distance each way, considerably enveloped in ponds and boggy difficulties.

“Plenty of water all about, but I suppose mostly of bad

quality ; at least Torgau has declined drinking it, and been at the trouble to lay a pipe, or *Röhrgraben*, several miles long, to bring its culinary water from the western neighborhoods of Siptitz Height. Along the southern side of Siptitz Height goes leisurely an uncomfortable kind of Brook, called the '*Röhrgraben* (Pipe-Ditch) ;' the meaning of which unexpected name you find to be, That there is a *Service-Pipe* laid cunningly at the bottom of this Brook ; lifting the Brook at its pure upper springs, and sending it along, in secret tubular quasi-bottled condition ; leaving the fouler drippings from the neighborhood to make what 'brook' they still can, over its head, and keep it out of harm's way till Torgau get it. This is called the *Röhrgraben*, this which comes running through Siptitz Village, all along by the southern base of Siptitz Hill ; to the idle eye, a dirtyish Brook, ending in certain notable Ponds eastward : but to the eye of the inquiring mind, which has pierced deeper, a Tube of rational Water, running into the throats of Torgau, while the so-called Brook disembogues at discretion into the *Entefang* (Duck-trap), and what Ponds or reedy Puddles there are," — of which, in poor Wunsch's fine bit of fighting, last Year, we heard mention. Let readers keep mind of them.

The Hill Siptitz, with this *Röhrgraben* at the southern basis of it, makes a very main figure in the Battle now imminent. Siptitz Height is, in fact, Daun's Camp ; where he stands intrenched to the utmost, repeatedly changing his position, the better to sustain Friedrich's expected attacks. It is a blunt broad-backed Elevation, mostly in vineyard, perhaps on the average 200 feet above the general level, and of five or six square miles in area : length, east to west, from Grosswig neighborhood to the environs of Torgau, may be about three miles ; breadth, south to north, from the Siptitz to the Zinna neighborhoods, above half that distance. The Height is steepish on the southern side, all along to the southwest angle (which was Daun's left flank in the great Action coming), but swells up with casier ascent on the west, north and other sides. Let the reader try for some conception of its environment and it, as the floor or arena of a great transaction this day.

Daun stands fronting southward along these Siptitz Heights, looking towards Schilda and his dangerous neighbor; heights, woods, ponds and inaccessibilities environing his Position and him. One of the strongest positions imaginable; which, under Prince Henri, proved inexpugnable enough to some of us. A position not to be attacked on that southern front, nor on either of its flanks: — where can it be attacked? Impregnable, under Prince Henri in far inferior force: how will you take it from Daun in decidedly superior? A position not to be attacked at all, most military men would say; — though One military man, in his extreme necessity, must and will find a way into it.

One fault, the unique military man, intensely pondering, discovers that it has: it is too small for Daun; not area enough for manœuvring 65,000 men in it; who will get into confusion if properly dealt with. A most comfortable light-flash, the *eureka* of this terrible problem. “We will attack it on rear and on front simultaneously; that is the way to handle it!” Yes; simultaneously, though that is difficult, say military judges; perhaps to Prussians it may be possible. It is the opinion of military judges who have studied the matter, that Friedrich’s plan, could it have been perfectly executed, might have got not only victory from Daun, but was capable to fling his big Army and him pell-mell upon the Elbe Bridge, that is to say, in such circumstances, into Elbe River, and swallow him bodily at a frightful rate! That fate was spared poor Daun.

Monday, 3d November, 1760, at half-past 6 in the morning Friedrich is on march for this great enterprise. The march goes northward, in Three Columns, with a Fourth of Baggage; through the woods, on four different roads; roads, or combinations of those intricate sandy avenues already noticed. Northward all of it at first; but at a certain point ahead (at crossing of the Eilenburg-Torgau Road, namely), the March is to divide itself in two. Half of the force is to strike off rightward there with Ziethen, and to issue on the south side of Siptitz Hill; other half, under Friedrich himself, to continue northward.

long miles farther, and then at last bending round, issue — simultaneously with Ziethen, if possible — upon Siptitz Hill from the north side. We are about 44,000 strong, against Daun, who is 65,000.

Simultaneously with Ziethen, so far as humanly possible: that is the essential point! Friedrich has taken every pains that it shall be correct, in this and all points; and to take double assurance of hiding it from Daun, he yesternight, in dictating his Orders on the other heads of method, kept entirely to himself this most important Ziethen portion of the Business. And now, at starting, he has taken Ziethen in his carriage with him a few miles, to explain the thing by word of mouth. At the Eilenburg road, or before it, Ziethen thinks he is clear as to everything; dismounts; takes in hand the mass intrusted to him; and strikes off by that rightward course: “Rightward, Herr Ziethen; rightward till you get to Klitschen, your first considerable island in this sea of wood; at Klitschen strike to the left into the woods again, — your road is called the Butter-Strasse (*Butter-Street*); goes by the northwest side of Siptitz Height; reach Siptitz by the Butter-Street, and then do your endeavor!”

With the other Half of his Army, specially with the First Column of it, Friedrich proceeds northward on his own part of the adventure. Three Columns he has, besides the Baggage one: in number about equal to Ziethen’s; if perhaps otherwise, rather the chosen Half; about 8,000 grenadier and foot-guard people, with Kleist’s Hussars, are Friedrich’s own Column. Friedrich’s Column marches nearest the Daun positions; the Baggage-column farthest; and that latter is to halt, under escort, quite away to left or westward of the disturbance coming; the other Two Columns, Hülsen’s of foot, Holstein’s mostly of horse, go through intermediate tracks of wood, by roads more or less parallel; and are all, Friedrich’s own Column, still more the others, to leave Siptitz several miles to right, and to end, not at Siptitz Height, but several miles past it, and then wheeling round, begin business from the northward or rearward side of Daun, while Ziethen attacks or menaces his front, — simultaneously, if possible. Friedrich’s

march, hidden all by woods, is more than twice as far as Ziethen's, — some 14 or 15 miles in all; going straight northward 10 miles; thence bending eastward, then southward through woods; to emerge about Neiden, there to cross a Brook (Striebach), and strike home on the north side of Daun. The track of march is in the shape somewhat of a shepherd's crook; the long *handle* of it, well away from Siptitz, reaches up to Neiden, this is the straight or wooden part of said crook; after which comes the bent, catching, or iron part, — intended for Daun and his fierce flock. Ziethen has hardly above six miles; and ought to be deliberate in his woodlands, till the King's party have time to get round.

The morning, I find, is wet; fourteen miles of march: fancy such a Promenade through the dripping Woods; heavy, toilsome, and with such errand ahead! The delays were considerable; some of them accidental. Vigilant Daun has Detachments watching in these Woods: — a General Ried, who fires cannon and gets off: then a General St. Ignon and the St. Ignon Regiment of Dragoons; who, being *between* Column First and Column Second, cannot get away; but, after some industry by Kleist and those of Column Two, are caught and pocketed, St. Ignon himself prisoner among the rest. This delay may perhaps be considered profitable: but there were other delays absolutely without profit. For example, that of having difficulties with your artillery-wagons in the wet miry lanes; that of missing your road, at some turn in the solitary woods; which latter was the sad chance of Column Third, fatally delaying it for many hours.

Daun, learning by those returned parties from the Woods what the Royal intentions on him are, hastily whirls himself round, so as to front north, and there receive Friedrich: best line northward for Friedrich's behoof; rear line or second-best will now receive Ziethen or what may come. Daun's arrangements are admitted to be prompt and excellent. Lacy, with his 20,000, — who lay, while Friedrich's attack was expected from south, at Loswig, as advanced guard, east side of the *Grosse Teich* (supreme pond of all, which is a continuation of the Duck-trap, *Entefang*, and hangs like a chief goitre

on the goitry neck of Torgau), — Lacy is now to draw himself north and westward, and looking into the Entefang over his left shoulder (so to speak), be rear-guard against any Ziethen or Prussian party that may come. Daun's baggage is all across the Elbe, all in wagons since yesterday; three Bridges hanging for Daun and it, in case of adverse accident. Daun likewise brings all or nearly all his cannon to the new front, for Friedrich's behoof: 200 new pieces hither; Archenholtz says 400 in whole; certainly such a weight of artillery as never appeared in Battle before. Unless Friedrich's arrangements prove punctual, and his stroke be emphatic, Friedrich may happen to fare badly. On the latter point, of emphasis, there is no dubiety for Friedrich: but on the former, — things are already past doubt, the wrong way! For the last hour or so of Friedrich's march there has been continual storm of cannonade and musketry audible from Ziethen's side: — "Ziethen engaged!" thinks everybody; and quickens step here, under this marching music from the distance. Which is but a wrong reading or mistake, nothing more; the real phenomenon being as follows: Ziethen punctually got to Klitschen at the due hour; struck into the *Butter-Strasse*, calculating his paces; but, on the edge of the Wood found a small Austrian party, like those in Friedrich's route; and, pushing into it, the Austrian party replied with cannon before running. Whereupon Ziethen, not knowing how inconsiderable it was, drew out in battle-order; gave it a salvo or two; drove it back on Lacy, in the Duck-trap direction, — a long way east of Butter-Street, and Ziethen's real place; — unlucky that he followed it so far! Ziethen followed it; and got into some languid dispute with Lacy: dispute quite distant, languid, on both sides, and consisting mainly of cannon; but lasting in this way many precious hours. This is the phenomenon which friends in the distance read to be, "Ziethen engaged!" Engaged, yes, and alas with what? What Ziethen's degree of blame was, I do not know. Friedrich thought it considerable: — "Stupid, stupid, *mein lieber!*" which Ziethen never would admit; — and, beyond question, it was of high detriment to Friedrich this day. Such accidents, say

military men, are inherent, not to be avoided, in that double form of attack: which may be true, only that Friedrich had no choice left of forms just now.

About noon Friedrich's Vanguard (Kleist and Hussars), about 1 o'clock Friedrich himself, 7 or 8,000 Grenadiers, emerged from the Woods about Neiden. This Column, which consists of choice troops, is to be Front-line of the Attack. But there is yet no Second Column under Hülßen, still less any Third under Holstein, come in sight: and Ziethen's cannonade is but too audible. Friedrich halts; sends Adjutants to hurry on these Columns; — and rides out reconnoitring, questioning peasants; earnestly surveying Daun's ground and his own. Daun's now right wing well eastward about Zinna had been Friedrich's intended point of attack; but the ground, out there, proves broken by boggy brooks and remnant stagnancies of the Old Elbe: Friedrich finds he must return into the Wood again; and attack Daun's left. Daun's left is carefully drawn down *en potence*, or gallows-shape there; and has, within the Wood, carefully built by Prince Henri last year, an extensive Abatis, or complete western wall, — only the north part of which is perhaps now passable, the Austrians having in the cold time used a good deal of it as fire-wood lately. There, on the northwest corner of Daun, across that weak part of the Abatis, must Friedrich's attack lie. But Friedrich's Columns are still fatally behind, — Holstein, with all the Cavalry we have, so precious at present, is wandering by wrong paths; took the wrong turn at some point, and the Adjutant can hardly find him at all, with his precept of "Haste, Haste!"

We may figure Friedrich's humor under these ill omens. Ziethen's cannonade becomes louder and louder; which Friedrich naturally fancies to be death or life to him, — not to mean almost nothing, as it did. "*Mein Gott*, Ziethen is in action, and I have not my Infantry up!"¹ cried he. And at length decided to attack as he was: Grenadiers in front, the chosen of his Infantry; Ramin's Brigade for second line; and, except

¹ Tempelhof, iv. 303.

about 800 of Kleist, no Cavalry at all. His battalions march out from Neiden hand, through difficult brooks, Striebach and the like, by bridges of Austrian build, which the Austrians are obliged to quit in hurry. The Prussians are as yet perpendicular to Daun, but will wheel rightward, into the Domitsch Wood again; and then form,—parallel to Daun's northwest shoulder; and to Prince Henri's Abatis, which will be their first obstacle in charging. Their obstacles in forming were many and intricate; ground so difficult, for artillery especially: seldom was seen such expertness, such willingness of mind. And seldom lay ahead of men such obstacles *after* forming! Think only of one fact: Daun, on sight of their intention, has opened 400 pieces of Artillery on them, and these go raging and thundering into the hem of the Wood, and to whatever issues from it, now and for hours to come, at a rate of deafening uproar and of sheer deadliness, which no observer can find words for.

Archenholtz, a very young officer of fifteen, who came into it perhaps an hour hence, describes it as a thing surpassable only by Doomsday: clangorous rage of noise risen to the infinite; the boughs of the trees raining down on you, with horrid crash; the Forest, with its echoes, bellowing far and near, and reverberating in universal death-peal; comparable to the Trump of Doom. Friedrich himself, who is an old hand, said to those about him: "What an infernal fire (*höllisches Feuer*)! Did you ever hear such a cannonade before? I never."¹ Friedrich is between the Two Lines of his Grenadiers, which is his place during the attack: the first Line of Grenadiers, behind Prince Henri's Abatis, is within 800 yards of Daun; Ramin's Brigade is to rear of the Second Line, as a Reserve. Horse they have none, except the 800 Kleist Hussars; who stand to the left, outside the Wood, fronted by Austrian Horse in hopeless multitude. Artillery they have, in effect, none: their Batteries, hardly to be got across these last woody difficulties of trees growing and trees felled, did rank outside the Wood, on their left; but could do absolutely nothing (gun-carriages and gunners, officers and men, being alike blown away); and when

¹ Tempelhof, iv. 304; Archenholtz, ii. 164.

Tempelhof saw them afterwards, they never had been fired at all. The Grenadiers have their muskets, and their hearts and their right-hands.

With amazing intrepidity, they, being at length all ready in rank within 800 yards, rush into the throat of this Fire-volcano; in the way commanded,—which is the alone way: such a problem as human bravery seldom had. The Grenadiers plunge forward upon the throat of Daun; but it is into the throat of his iron engines and his tearing billows of cannon-shot that most of them go. Shorn down by the company, by the regiment, in those terrible 800 yards,—then and afterwards. Regiment *Stutterheim* was nearly all killed and wounded, say the Books. You would fancy it was the fewest of them that ever got to the length of selling their lives to Daun, instead of giving them away to his 400 cannon. But it is not so. The Grenadiers, both Lines of them, still in quantity, did get into contact with Daun. And sold him their lives, hand to hand, at a rate beyond example in such circumstances;—Daun having to hurry up new force in streams upon them; resolute to purchase, though the price, for a long while, rose higher and higher.

At last the 6,000 Grenadiers, being now reduced to the tenth man, had to fall back. Upon which certain Austrian Battalions rushed down in chase, counting it Victory come: but were severely admonished of that mistake; and driven back by Ramin's people, who accompanied them into their ranks, and again gave Daun a great deal of trouble before he could overpower them. This is Attack First, issuing in failure first: one of the stiffest bits of fighting ever known. Began about 2 in the afternoon; ended, I should guess, rather after 3.

Dann, by this time, is in considerable disorder of line; though his 400 fire-throats continue belching ruin, and deafening the world, without abatement. Daun himself had got wounded in the foot or leg during this Attack, but had no time to mind it: a most busy, strong and resolute Daun; doing his very best. Friedrich, too, was wounded,—nobody will tell me in which of these attacks;—but I think not now, at least will not speak of it now. What his feelings were, as this

Grenadier Attack went on, — a struggle so unequal, but not to be helped, from the delays that had risen, — nobody, himself least of all, records for us: only by this little symptom: Two Grandsons of the Old Dessauer's are Adjutants of his Majesty, and well loved by him; one of them now at his hand, the other heading his regiment in this charge of Grenadiers. Word comes to Friedrich that this latter one is shot dead. On which Friedrich, turning to the Brother, and not hiding his emotion, as was usual in such moments, said: "All goes ill to-day; my friends are quitting me. I have just heard that your Brother is killed (*Tout va mal aujourd'hui; mes amis me quittent. On vient de m'annoncer la mort de votre frère*)!"¹ Words which the Anhalt kindred, and the Prussian military public, treasured up with a reverence strange to us. Of Anhalt perhaps some word by and by, at a fitter season.

Shortly after 3, as I reckon the time, Hülsen's Column did arrive: choice troops these too, the Pomeranian *Manteuffel*, one regiment of them; — young Archenholtz of *Forcade* (first Battalion here, second and third are with Ziethen, making vain noise) was in this Column; came, with the others, winding to the Wood's edge, in such circuits, poor young soul; rain pouring, if that had been worth notice; cannon-balls plunging, boughs crashing, such a *Todes-Posaune*, or Doomsday-Thunder, broken loose: — they did emerge steadily, nevertheless, he says, "like sea-billows or flow of tide, under the smoky hurricane." Pretty men are here too, Manteuffel Pommerners; no hearts stouter. With these, and the indignant Remnants which waited for them, a new assault upon Daun is set about. And bursts out, on that same northwest corner of him; say about half-past 3. The rain is now done, "blown away by the tremendous artillery," thinks Archenholtz, if that were any matter.

The Attack, supported by a few more Horse (though Column Three still fatally lingers), and, I should hope, by some practicable weight of Field-batteries, is spurred by a grimmer kind of indignation, and is of fiercer spirit than ever. Think how Manteuffel of Foot will blaze out; and what is the humor of

¹ Preuss. ii. 226.

those once overwhelmed Remnants, now getting air again! Daun's line is actually broken in this point, his artillery surmounted and become useless; Daun's potence and north front are reeling backwards, Prussians in possession of their ground. "The field to be ours!" thinks Friedrich, for some time. If indeed Ziethen had been seriously busy on the southern side of things, instead of vaguely cannonading in that manner! But resolute Daun, with promptitude, calls in his Reserve from Grosswig, calls in whatsoever of disposable force he can gather; Daun rallies, rushes again on the Prussians in overpowering number; and, in spite of their most desperate resistance, drives them back, ever back; and recovers his ground.

A very desperate bout, this Second one; probably the toughest of the Battle: but the result again is Daun's; the Prussians palpably obliged to draw back. Friedrich himself got wounded here; — poor young Arehenholtz too, *only* wounded, not killed, as so many were: — Friedrich's wound was a contusion on the breast; came of some spent bit of case-shot, deadened farther by a famed pelisse he wore, — "which saved my life," he said afterwards to Henri. The King himself little regarded it (mentioning it only to Brother Henri, on inquiry and solicitation), during the few weeks it still hung about him. The Books intimate that it struck him to the earth, void of consciousness for some time, to the terror of those about him; and that he started up, disregarding it altogether in this press of business, and almost as if ashamed of himself, which imposed silence on people's tongues. In military circles there is still, on this latter point, an Anecdote; which I cannot confirm or deny, but will give for the sake of Berenhorst and his famed Book on the *Art of War*. Berenhorst — a natural son of the Old Dessauer's, and evidently enough a chip of the old block, only gone into the articulate-speaking or intellectual form — was, for the present, an Adjutant or Aide-de-camp of Friedrich's; and at this juncture was seen bending over the swooned Friedrich, perhaps with an over-pathos or elaborate something in his expression of countenance: when Friedrich reopened his indignant eyes: "*Was macht Er hier?*" cried Friedrich: "*Er sammle Fuyards!*" What have you to do here? Go and

gather runaways" (be of some real use, can't you)! — which unkind cut struck deep into Berenhorst, they say; and could never after be eradicated from his gloomy heart. It is certain he became Prince Henri's Adjutant soon after, and that in his *Kriegskunst*, amidst the clearest orthodox admiration, he manifests, by little touches up and down, a feeling of very fell and pallid quality against the King; and belongs, in a peculiarly virulent though taciturn way, to the Opposition Party. His Book, next to English Lloyd's (or perhaps superior, for Berenhorst is of much the more cultivated intellect, highly condensed too, though so discursive and far-read, were it not for the vice of perverse diabolic temper), seemed, to a humble outsider like myself, greatly the strongest-headed, most penetrating and humanly illuminative I had had to study on that subject. Who the weakest-headed was (perhaps *Jomini*, among the widely circulating kind?), I will not attempt to decide, so great is the crush in that bad direction. To return.

This Second Attack is again a repulse to the indignant Friedrich; though he still persists in fierce effort to recover himself: and indeed Daun's interior, too, it appears, is all in a whirl of confusion; his losses too having been enormous: — when, see, here at length, about half-past 4, Sun now down, is the tardy Holstein, with his Cavalry, emerging from the Woods. Comes wending on yonder, half a mile to north of us; straight eastward or Elbe-ward (according to the order of last night), leaving us and our death-struggles unregarded, as a thing that is not on his tablets, and is no concern of Holstein's. Friedrich halts him, not quite too late; organizes a new and third Attack. Simultaneous universal effort of foot and horse upon Daun's Front; Holstein himself, who is almost at Zinna by this time, to go upon Daun's right wing. This is Attack Third; and is of sporadic intermittent nature, in the thickening dusk and darkness: part of it successful, none of it beaten, but nowhere the success complete. Thus, in the extreme west or leftmost of Friedrich's attack, *Spaen* Dragoons, — one of the last Horse Regiments of Holstein's Column, — *Spaen* Dragoons, under their Lieutenant-Colonel Dalwig (a beautiful manœuvrer, who has stormed through many fields, from Mollwitz onwards),

cut in, with an admired impetuosity, with an audacious skill, upon the Austrian Infantry Regiments there; broke them to pieces, took two of them in the lump prisoners; bearded whole torrents of Austrian cavalry rushing up to the rescue,—and brought off their mass of prisoner regiments and six cannon;—the Austrian rescuers being charged by some new Prussian party, and hunted home again.¹ “Had these Prussian Horse been on their ground at 2 o’clock, and done as now, it is very evident,” says Tempelhof, “what the Battle of Torgau had by this time been!”

Near by, too, farther rightwards, if in the bewildering indistinctness I might guess where (but the where is not so important to us), Baireuth Dragoons, they of the 67 standards at Striegau long since, plunged into the Austrian Battalions at an unsurpassable rate; tumbled four regiments of them (Regiment *Kaiser*, Regiment *Neipperg*,—nobody now cares which four) heels over head, and in few minutes took the most of them prisoners; bringing them home too, like Dalwig, through crowds of rescuers. Eastward, again, or Elbe-ward, Holstein has found such intricacies of ground, such boggy depths and rough steep, his Cavalry could come to no decisive sabring with the Austrian; but stood exchanging shot;—nothing to be done on that right wing of Daun.

Daun’s left flank, however, does appear, after Three such Attacks, to be at last pretty well ruined: Tempelhof says, “Daun’s whole Front Line was tumbled to pieces; disorder had, sympathetically, gone rearward, even in those eastern parts; and on the western and northwestern the Prussian Horse Regiments were now standing in its place.” But, indeed, such charging and recharging, pulsing and repulsing, has there been hercabouts for hours past, the rival Hosts have got completely interpenetrated; Austrian parties, or whole regiments, are to rear of those Prussians who stand ranked here, and in victorious posture, as the Night sinks. Night is now sinking on this murderous day: “Nothing more to be made of it; try it again to-morrow!” thinks the King; gives Hülsen charge of bivouacking and re-arranging these scattered people;

¹ Tempelhof, iv. 305.

and rides with escort northwestward to Elsnig, north of Neiden, well to rear of this bloody arena, — in a mood of mind which may be figured as gloomy enough.

Daun, too, is home to Torgau, — I think, a little earlier, — to have his wound dressed, now that the day seems to him secure. Bueeow, Daun's second, is killed; Daun's third is an Irish Graf O'Donnell, memorable only on this one occasion; to this O'Donnell, and to Laey, who is firm on his ground yonder, untouehed all day, the charge of matters is left. Which cannot be a difficult one, hopes Daun. Daun, while his wound is dressing, speeds off a courier to Vienna. Courier did enter duly there, with glorious trumpeting postilions, and universal Hep-hep-hurrah; kindling that ardently loyal City into infinite triumph and illumination, — for the space of certain hours following.

Hülsen meanwhile has been doing his best to get into proper bivouac for the morrow; has drawn back those eastward horse regiments, drawn forward the infantry battalions; forward, I think, and well rightward, where, in the daytime, Daun's left flank was. On the whole, it is northwestward that the general Prussian Bivouac for this night is; the extremest *southwestern*-most portion of it is Infantry, under General Lestwitz; a gallant useful man, who little dreams of becoming famous this dreary uncertain night.

It is 6 o'clock. Damp dusk has thickened down into utter darkness, on these terms: — when, lo, cannonade and musketade from the south, audible in the Lestwitz-Hülsen quarters: seriously loud; red glow of conflagration visible withal, — some unfortunate Village going up ("Village of Siptitz, think you?"); and need of Hülsen at his fastest! Hülsen, with some readiest Foot Regiments, eireling round, makes thitherward; Lestwitz in the van. Let us preceede him thither, and explain a little what it was.

Ziethen, who had stood all day making idle noises, — of what a fatal quality we know, if Ziethen did not, — waiting for the King's appearanee, must have been considerably displeased with himself at nightfall, when the King's fire gradu-

ally died out farther and farther north, giving rise to the saddest surmises. Ziethen's Generals; Saldern and the Leuthen Möllendorf, are full of gloomy impatience, urgent on him to try something. "Push westward, nearer the King? Some stroke at the enemy on their south or southwestern side, where we have not molested them all day? No getting across the Röhrgraben on them, says your Excellenz? Siptitz Village, and their Battery there, is on *our* side of the Röhrgraben: — *um Gottes Willen*, something, Herr General!" Ziethen does finally assent: draws leftward, westward; unbuckles Saldern's people upon Siptitz; who go like sharp hounds from the slip; fasten on Siptitz and the Austrians there, with a will; wrench these out, force them to abandon their Battery, and to set Siptitz on fire, while they run out of it. Comfortable bit of success, so far, — were not Siptitz burning, so that we cannot get through. "Through, no: and were we through, is not there the Röhrgraben?" thinks Ziethen, not seeing his way.

How lucky that, at this moment, Möllendorf comes in, with a discovery to westward; discovery of our old friend "the Butter-Street," — it is nothing more, — where Ziethen should have marched this morning: there would he have found a solid road across the Röhrgraben, free passage by a bridge between two bits of ponds, at the *Schäferei* (Sheep-Farm) of Siptitz yonder. "There still," reports Möllendorf, "the solid road is; unbeset hitherto, except by me Möllendorf!" Thitherward all do now hasten, Austrians, Prussians: but the Prussians are beforehand; Möllendorf is master of the Pass, deploying himself on the other side of it, and Ziethen and everybody hastening through to support him there, and the Austrians making fierce fight in vain. The sound of which has reached Hülsen, and set Lestwitz and him in motion thither.

For the thing is vital, if we knew it. Close ahead of Möllendorf, when he is through this Pass, close on Möllendorf's left, as he wheels round on the attacking Austrians, is the southwest corner of Siptitz Height. Southwest corner, highest point of it; summit and key of all that Battle area; rules it all, if you get cannon thither. It hangs steepish on the

southern side, over the Röhrgraben, where this Möllendorf-Austrian fight begins; but it is beautifully accessible, if you bear round to the west side, — a fine saddle-shaped bit of clear ground there, in shape like the outside or seat of a saddle; Domitsch Wood the crupper part; summit of this Height the pommel, only nothing like so steep: — it is here (on the southern saddle-flap, so to speak), gradually mounting westward to the crupper-and-pommel part, that the agony now is.

And here, in utter darkness, illuminated only by the musketry and cannon blazes, there ensued two hours of stiff wrestling in its kind: not the fiercest spasm of all, but the final which decided all. Lestwitz, Hülsen, come sweeping on, led by the sound and the fire; “beating the Prussian march, they,” sharply on all their drums, — Prussian march, rat-tat-tan, sharply through the gloom of Chaos in that manner; and join themselves, with no mistake made, to Möllendorf’s, to Ziethen’s left and the saddle-flap there, and fall on. The night is pitch-dark, says Archenholtz; you cannot see your hand before you. Old Hülsen’s bridle-horses were all shot away, when he heard this alarm, far off: no horse left; and he is old, and has his own bruises. He seated himself on a cannon; and so rides, and arrives; right welcome the sight of him, doubt not! And the fight rages still for an hour or more.

To an observant Möllendorf, watching about all day, the importance and all-importance of Siptitz Summit, if it can be got, is probably known; to Daun it is alarmingly well known, when he hears of it. Daun is zealously urgent on Lacy, on O’Donnell; who do try what they can; send reinforcements, and the like; but nothing that proves useful. O’Donnell is not the man for such a crisis: Lacy, too, it is remarked, has always been more expert in ducking out of Friedrich’s way than in fighting anybody.¹ In fine, such is the total darkness, the difficulty, the uncertainty, most or all of the reinforcements sent halted short, in the belly of the Night, uncertain where; and their poor friends got altogether beaten and driven away.

About 9 at night, all the Austrians are rolling off, eastward,

¹ Archenholtz’s sour remark.

eastward. Prussians goading them forward what they could (firing not quite done till 10); and that all-important pommel of the saddle is indisputably won. The Austrians settled themselves, in a kind of half-moon shape, close on the suburbs of Torgau; the Prussians in a parallel half-moon posture, some furlongs behind them. The Austrians sat but a short time; not a moment longer than was indispensable. Daun perceives that the key of his ground is gone from him; that he will have to send a second Courier to Vienna. And, above all things, that he must forthwith get across the Elbe and away. Lucky for him that he has Three Bridges (or Four, including the Town Bridge), and that his Baggage is already all across and standing on wheels. With excellent despatch and order Daun winds himself across, — all of him that is still coherent; and indeed, in the distant parts of the Battle-field, wandering Austrian parties were admonished hitherward by the River's voice in the great darkness, — and Daun's loss in prisoners, though great, was less than could have been expected: 8,000 in all.

Till towards one in the morning, the Prussians, in their half-moon, had not learned what he was doing. About one they pushed into Torgau, and across the Town Bridge; found 26 pontoons, — all the rest packed off except these 26; — and did not follow farther. Lacy retreated by the other or left bank of the River, to guard against attempts from that side. Next day there was pursuit of Lacy; some prisoners and futilities got from him, but nothing of moment: Daun and Lacy joined at Dresden; took post, as usual, behind their inaccessible Plauen Chasms. Sat there, in view of the chasing Prussians, without farther loss than this of Torgau, and of a Campaign gone to water again. What an issue, for the third time! ¹—

On Torgau-field, behind that final Prussian half-moon, there reigned, all night, a confusion which no tongue can express.

¹ Tempelhof, iv. 291–318; Archenholtz, ii. 159–174; Retzow, ii. 299 et seq.; *Umständliche Beschreibung des &c.* (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 823–848): in *Helden-Geschichte*, or in *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iv. 245–300), the *Daun Despatches*, the Lists, &c.

Poor wounded men by the hundred and the thousand, weltering in their blood, on the cold wet ground; not surgeons or nurses, but merciless predatory sutlers, equal to murder if necessary, waiting on them and on the happier that were dead. "Unutterable!" says Archenholtz; who, though wounded, had crawled or got carried to some village near. The living wandered about in gloom and uncertainty; lucky he whose haversack was still his, and a crust of bread in it: water was a priceless luxury, almost nowhere discoverable. Prussian Generals roved about with their Staff-Officers, seeking to re-form their Battalions; to little purpose. They had grown indignant, in some instances, and were vociferously imperative and minatory; but in the dark who needed mind them? — they went raving elsewhere, and, for the first time, Prussian word-of-command saw itself futile. Pitch darkness, bitter cold, ground trampled into mire. On Siptitz Hill there is nothing that will burn: farther back, in the Domitsch Woods, are numerous fine fires, to which Austrians and Prussians alike gather: "Peace and truce between us; to-morrow morning we will see which are prisoners, which are captors." So pass the wild hours, all hearts longing for the dawn, and what decision it will bring.

Friedrich, at Elsnig, found every hut full of wounded, and their surgeries, and miseries silent or loud. He himself took shelter in the little Church; passed the night there. Busy about many things; — "using the altar," it seems, "by way of writing-table [self or secretaries kneeling, shall we fancy, on those new terms?], and the stairs of it as seat." Of the final Ziethen-Lestwitz effort he would scarcely hear the musketry or cannonade, being so far away from it. At what hour, or from whom first, he learned that the Battle of Torgau had become Victory in the night-time, I know not: the Anecdote-Books send him out in his cloak, wandering up and down before daybreak; standing by the soldiers' fires; and at length, among the Woods, in the faint incipency of dawn, meeting a Shadow which proves to be Ziethen himself in the body, with embraces and congratulations: — evidently mythical, though dramatic. Reach him the news soon did; and surely none

could be welcomer. Head-quarters change from the altar-steps in Elsnig Church to secular rooms in Torgau. Ziethen has already sped forth on the skirts of Lacy ; whole Army follows next day ; and, on the War-theatre it is, on the sudden, a total change of scene. Conceivable to readers without the details.

Hopes there were of getting back Dresden itself ; but that, on closer view, proved unattemptable. Daun kept his Plauen Chasm, his few square miles of ground beyond ; the rest of Saxony was Friedrich's, as heretofore. Loudon had tried hard on Kosel for a week ; storming once, and a second time, very fiercely, Goltz being now near ; but could make nothing of it ; and, on wind of Goltz, went his way.¹ The Russians, on sound of Torgau, shouldered arms, and made for Poland. Daun, for his own share, went to Vienna this Winter ; in need of surgery, and other things. The population there is rather disposed to be grumbly on its once heroic Fabius ; wishes the Fabius were a little less eunetatory. But Imperial Majesty herself, one is proud to relate, drove out, in Old Roman spirit, some miles, to meet him, her defeated ever-honored Daun, and to inquire graciously about his health, which is so important to the State.²

Torgau was Daun's last Battle : Daun's last battle ; and, what is more to the joy of readers and their Editor here, was Friedrich's last, — so that the remaining Two Campaigns may fairly be condensed to an extreme degree ; and a few Chapters more will deliver us altogether from this painful element ! —

Daun lost at Torgau, by his own account, “about 11,000 men,” — should have said, according to Tempelhof, and even to neutral persons, “above 12,000 killed and wounded, *plus* 8,000 prisoners, 45 cannon, 29 flags, 1 standard (or horse-flag),”³ which brings him to at least 20,000 minus ; — the Prussian loss, heavy enough too, being, by Tempelhof's admission, “between 13 and 14,000, of whom 4,000 prisoners.” The sore loss, not

¹ *Hofbericht von der Belagerung von Kosel, im October 1760* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 798–804) : began “October 21st ;” ended “at daybreak, October 27th.”

² Archenholtz, ii. 179.

³ Tempelhof, iv. 213 ; Kausler, p. 726.

so computable in arithmetic, — but less sore to Daun, perhaps, than to most people, — is that of being beaten, and having one's Campaign reduced to water again. No Conquest of Saxony, any more than of Silesia, possible to Daun, this Year. In Silesia, thanks to Loudon, small thanks to Loudon's Chief, they have got Glatz: Kosel they could not get; fiery Loudon himself stormed and blazed to no purpose there, and had to hurry home on sight of Goltz and relief. Glatz is the net sum-total. Daun knows all this; but in a stoical arithmetical manner, and refuses to be flurried by it.

Friedrich, as we said, had hoped something might be done in Saxony on the defeated Daun; — perhaps Dresden itself be got back from him, and his Army altogether sent to winter in Bohemia again? But it proved otherwise. Daun showed not the least disposition to quit his Plauen Chasm, or fall into discouragement: and after some weeks of diligent trial, on Friedrich's part, and much running about in those central and Hillward parts, Friedrich found he would have to be content with his former allotment of Saxon territory, and to leave the Austrians quiet in theirs. Took winter-quarters accordingly, and let the Enemy take. Cantoned himself, in that Meissen-Freyberg Country, in front of the Austrians and their impassable Plauens and Chasms: — pretty much as in the past Year, only that the Two Armies lay at a greater distance, and were more peaceable, as if by mutual consent.

Head-quarter of the King is Leipzig; where the King did not arrive till December 8th, — such adjusting and arranging has he had, and incessant running to and fro. He lived in the "Apel House, *New Neumarkt*, No. 16;"¹ the same he had occupied in 1757, in the Rossbach time. "*Ach!* how lean your Majesty has grown!" said the Mistress of it, at sight of him again (mythically, I should fancy, though it is in the Anecdote-Books). "*Lean, ja wohl,*" answered he: "and what wonder, with Three Women [Theresa, Czarina, Pompadour] hanging on the throat of me all this while!" But we propose to look in upon him ourselves, in this Apel House, on more authentic terms, by and by. Read, meanwhile, these Two

¹ Rödénbeck, ii. 65.

bits of Autograph, thrown off incidentally, at different places, in the previous busy journeyings over Meissen-Freyberg Country:—

1. *Friedrich to Marquis d'Argens* (at Berlin).

“MEISSEN, 10th November, 1760.

... “I drove the enemy to the Gates of Dresden; they occupy their Camp of last Year; all my skill is not enough to dislodge them,”—[Chasm of Plauen, “a place impregnable, were it garisoned by chimney-sweeps,” says the King once]. “We have saved our reputation by the Day of Torgau: but don't imagine our enemies are so disheartened as to desire Peace. Duke Ferdinand's affairs are not in a good way [missed Wesel, of which presently;—and, alas also, George II. died, this day gone a fortnight, which is far worse for us, if we knew it!]—I fear the French will preserve through Winter the advantages they gained during the Campaign.

“In a word, I see all black, as if I were at the bottom of a tomb. Have some compassion on the situation I am in; conceive that I disguise nothing from you, and yet that I do not detail to you all my embarrassments, my apprehensions and troubles. Adieu, dear Marquis; write to me sometimes,—don't forget a poor devil, who curses ten times a day his fatal existence, and could wish he already were in those Silent Countries from which nobody returns with news.”¹

2. The Second, of different complexion, is a still more interesting little Autograph, date elsewhere, farther on, in those wanderings. Madam Camas, Widow of the Colonel Camas whom we knew twenty years ago, is “Queen's *Ober-Hofmeisterinn* (Lady in Chief),”—to whom the King's Letters are always pretty:—

Friedrich to Madam Camas (at Magdeburg, with the Queen's Majesty).

“NEUSTADT, 18th November, 1760.

“I am exact in answering, and eager to satisfy you [in that matter of the porcelain: you shall have a breakfast-set, my

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*. xix. 204, 205.

good Mamma ; six coffee-cups, very pretty, well diapered, and tricked out with all the little embellishments which increase their value. On account of some pieces which they are adding to the set, you will have to wait a few days ; but I flatter myself this delay will contribute to your satisfaction, and produce for you a toy that will give you pleasure, and make you remember your old Adorer. It is curious how old people's habits agree. For four years past I have given up suppers, as incompatible with the Trade I am obliged to follow ; and in marching days, my dinner consists of a cup of chocolate.

"We hurried off, like fools, quite inflated with our Victory, to try if we could not chase the Austrians out of Dresden : they made a mockery of us from the tops of their mountains. So I have withdrawn, like a bad little boy, to conceal myself, out of spite, in one of the wretchedest villages in Saxony. And here the first thing will be to drive the Circle gentlemen, [Reichs Army] out of Freyberg into Chemnitz, and get ourselves room to quarter and something to live upon. It is, I swear to you, a dog of a life [or even a she-dog, *chienne de vie*], the like of which nobody but Don Quixote ever led before me. All this tumbling and toiling, and bother and confusion that never ceases, has made me so old, that you would scarcely know me again. On the right side of my head the hair is all gray ; my teeth break and fall out ; I have got my face wrinkled like the falbalas of a petticoat ; my back bent like a fiddle-bow ; and spirit sad and downcast like a monk of La Trappe. I forewarn you of all this, lest, in case we should meet again in flesh and bone, you might feel yourself too violently shocked by my appearance. There remains to me nothing but the heart, — which has undergone no change, and which will preserve, so long as I breathe, its feelings of esteem and of tender friendship for my good Mamma. Adieu."¹ — To which add only this on Duke Ferdinand, "whose affairs," we just heard, "are not in a good way : " —

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 144.

*Fight of Kloster Kampen (Night of October 15th–16th);
Wesel not to be had by Duke Ferdinand.*

After Warburg (July 31st, while Friedrich was on the eve of crossing Elbe on new adventures, Dresden Siege having failed him), Duke Ferdinand made no figure to the Gazetteers; fought no Battle farther; and has had a Campaign, which is honorable only to judges of a higher than the Gazetteer sort.

By Warburg Ferdinand had got the Diemel; on the north bank of which he spread himself out, impassable to Broglio, who lay trying on the opposite bank: — “No Hanover by this road.” Broglio thereupon drew back a little; pushed out circuitously from his right wing, which reaches far eastward of Ferdinand, a considerable Brigade, — circuitously, round by the Weser-Fulda Country, and beyond the embouchure of Diemel, — to try it by that method. Got actually a few miles into Hanoverian territory, by that method; laid hold of Göttingen, also of Münden, which secures a road thither: and at Göttingen there, “ever since August 4th,” Broglio has been throwing up works, and shooting out hussar-parties to a good distance; intending, it would seem, to maintain himself, and to be mischievous, in that post. Would, in fact, vainly entice Ferdinand across the Weser, to help Göttingen. “Across Weser, yes; — and so leave Broglio free to take Lippstadt from me, as he might after a short siege,” thinks Ferdinand always; “which would beautifully shorten Broglio’s communication [quite direct then, and without interruption, all the way to Wesel], and make Hanover itself, Hanover and Brunswick, the central Seat of War!” Which Ferdinand, grieved as he is for Göttingen, will by no means consent to.

Ferdinand, strong only as one to two, cannot hinder Broglio, though he tries variously; and is much at a loss, seeing Broglio irrepressibly busy this way, all through August and on into September; — has heard, however, from Wesel, through secret partisans there, that Wesel, considered altogether out of risk, is left in a very weak condition; weak in garrison,

weak even in gunners. Reflecting upon which, in his difficulties, Ferdinand asks himself, "A sudden stroke at Wesel, 200 miles away, might it not astonish Broglio, who is so busy on us just here?"—and, September 22d, despatches the Hereditary Prince on that errand. A man likely for it, if there be one in the world:—unable to do it, however, as the issue told. Here is what I find noted.

"*September 22d*, the Erbprinz, with a chosen Corps of 15,000, mostly English, left these Diemel regions towards Wesel, at his speediest. September 29th, Erbprinz and vanguard, Corps rapidly following, are got to Dorsten, within 20 miles of Wesel. A most swift Erbprinz; likely for such work. And it is thought by judges, Had he had either siege-artillery or scaling apparatus, he might really have attacked Wesel with good chance upon it. But he has not even a ladder ready, much less a siege-gun. Siege-guns are at Bielefeld [come from Bremen, I suppose, by English boating, up the Weser so far]; but that is six score miles of wheel-carriage; roads bad, and threatening to be worse, as it is equinoctial weather. There is nothing for it but to wait for those guns.

"The Erbprinz, hopefully waiting, does his endeavor in the interim; throws a bridge over the Rhine, pounces upon Cleve garrison (prisoners, with their furnitures), pounces upon this and that; 'spreads terror' on the French thereabouts 'up to Düsseldorf and Köln,'—and on Broglio himself, so far off, the due astonishment. 'Wesel to be snatched,—ye Heavens! Our Netherlands road cut off: Düsseldorf, Köln, our Rhine Magazines, all and sundry, fallen to the hawks,—who, the lighter-winged of them, might pay visits in France itself!' Broglio has to suspend his Göttingen operations, and detach Marquis de Castries with (say ultimately, for Castries is to grow and gather by the road) 35,000, to relieve Wesel. Castries marches double-quick; weather very rainy;—arrives in those parts *October 13th*;—hardly a gun from Bielefeld come to hand yet, Erbprinz merely filling men with terror. And so,

"*October 14th*, after two weeks and a day, the Hereditary Prince sees, not guns from Bielefeld, but Castries pushing into Wesel a 7,000 of additional garrison,—and the Enter

prise on Wesel grown impossible. Impossible, and probably far more; Castries in a condition to devour us, if he prove sharp. It behooves the Hereditary Prince to be himself sharp;—which he undoubtedly was, in this sharp crisis. Next day, our Erbprinz, taking survey of Castries in his strong ground of Kloster Kampen, decides, like a gallant fellow, to attack *him*;—and straightway does it. Breaks, that same night (October 15th–16th, 1760), stealthily, through woods and with precautions, into Castries's Post;—intending surprisal, and mere ruin to Castries. And there ensued, not the *Surprisal* as it turned out, but the *Battle of Kloster Kampen*; which again proved unsuccessful, or only half-successful, to the Hereditary Prince. A many-winged, intricate Night-Battle; to be read of in Books. This is where the Chevalier d'Assas, he or Somebody, gave the alarm to the Castries people at the expense of his life. '*A moi, Auvergne, Ho, Auvergne!*' shouted D'Assas (if it was D'Assas at all), when the stealthy English came upon him; who was at once cut down.¹ It is certain, Auvergne gave fire; awoke Castries bodily; and saved him from what was otherwise inevitable. Surprise now there was none farther; but a complex Fight, managed in the darkness with uncommon obstinacy; ending in withdrawal of the Erbprinz, as from a thing that could not be done. His loss in killed, wounded and prisoners, was 1,638; that of Castries, by his own counting, 2,036: but Kloster Kampen, in the wide-awake state, could not be won.

¹ Preuss (ii. 270 n.) asserts it to be proved, in "*Miscellen aus den neuesten ausländischen Litteratur* (1824, No. 3, p. 409)," a Book which none of us ever saw, "That the real hero [equal to a Roman Decius or more] was not Captain d'Assas, of the Regiment Auvergne, but a poor Private Soldier of it, called Dubois"!—Is not this a strange turn, after such be-pensioning, be-painting, singing and celebrating, as rose upon poor D'Assas, or the Family of D'Assas, twenty years afterwards (1777–1790)!—Both Dubois and D'Assas, I conclude, lay among the slain at Kloster Kampen, silent they forever:—and a painful doubt does rise, As to the miraculous operation of Posthumous Rumor and Wonder; and Whether there was any "miracle of heroism," or other miracle at all, and not rather a poor nocturnal accident,—poor sentry in the edge of the wood, shrieking out, on apparition of the stealthy English, "*Ho, Auvergne, help!*" probably firing withal; and getting killed in consequence? *Non nostrum est.*

"During the Fight, the Erbprinz's Rhine-Bridge had burst in two: his ammunition was running short; — and, it would seem, there is no retreat, either! The Erbprinz put a bold face on the matter, stood to Castries in a threatening attitude; manœuvred skilfully for two days longer, face still to Castries, till the Bridge was got mended; then, night of October 18th–19th, crossed to his own side; gathered up his goods; and at a deliberate pace marched home, on those terms; — doing some useful fighting by the road."¹

Had lost nothing, say his admirers, "but one cannon, which burst." One burst cannon left on the field of Kloster Kampen; — but also, as we see, his errand along with it; and 1,600 good fighters lost and burst: which was more important! Criticisms there were on it in England, perhaps of the unwise sort generally; sorrow in the highest quarter. "An unaccountable expedition," Walpole calls it, "on which Prince Ferdinand suddenly despatched his Nephew, at the head of a considerable force, towards the frontiers of Holland," — merely to see the country there? — "which occasioned much solicitude in England, as the Main Army, already unequal to that of France, was thus rendered much weaker. King George felt it with much anxiety."² An unaccountable Enterprise, my poor Gazetteer friends, — very evidently an unsuccessful one, so far as Wesel went. Many English fallen in it, too: "the English showed here again a *ganz ausnehmende Tapferkeit*," says Mauvillon; and probably their share of the loss was proportionate.

Clearly enough there is no Wesel to be had. Neither could Broglie, though disturbed in his Göttingen fortifyings and operations, be ejected out of Göttingen. Ferdinand, on failure of Wesel, himself marched to Göttingen, and tried for some days; but found he could not, in such weather, tear out that firmly rooted French Post, but must be content to "mask it," for the present; and, this done, withdrew (December 13th) to his winter-quarters near by, as did Broglie to his, — about the time Friedrich and Daun had finally settled in theirs.

¹ Mauvillon, ii. 120–129: Tempelhof, ii. 325–332.

² Walpole's *George Second*, iii. 299

Ferdinand's Campaigns henceforth, which turn all on the defence of Hanover, are highly recommended to professional readers ; but to the laic sort do not prove interesting in proportion to the trouble. In fact, the huge War henceforth begins everywhere, or everywhere except in Pitt's department of it, to burn lower, like a lamp with the oil getting done ; and has less of brilliancy than formerly. "Let us try for Hanover," the Belleisles, Choiseuls and wise French heads had said to themselves : "Canada, India, everything is lost ; but were dear Hanover well in our clutch, Hanover would be a remedy for many things !" Through the remaining Campaigns, as in this now done, that is their fixed plan. Ferdinand, by unwearied effort, succeeded in defending Hanover, — nothing of it but that inconsiderable slice or skirt round Göttingen, which they kept long, could ever be got by the French. Ferdinand defended Hanover ; and wore out annually the big French Armies which were missioned thither, as in the spasm of an expiring last effort by this poor haggard France, — at an expense to her, say, of 50,000 men per year. Which was good service on Ferdinand's part ; but done less and less in the shining or universally notable way.

So that with him too we are henceforth, thank Heaven, permitted and even bound to be brief. Hardly above two Battles more from him, if even two : — and mostly the wearied Reader's imagination left to conceive for itself those intricate strategies, and endless manœuvrings on the Diemel and the Dill, on the Ohm River and the Schwalm and the Lippe, or wherever they may be, with small help from a wearied Editor ! —



